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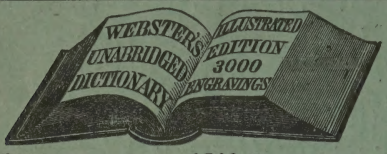

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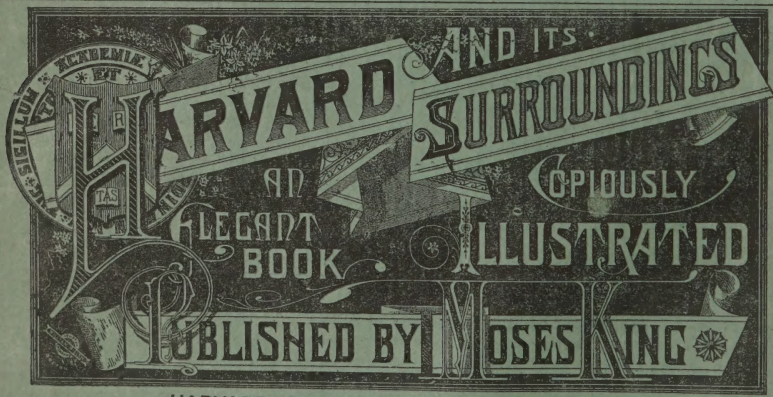

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THE

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SOME WAR SCENES REVISITED.

NOTHING in actual life can come so near the experience of Rip Van Winkle as to revisit war scenes after a dozen years of peace. Alice's adventures in Wonderland, when she finds herself dwarfed after eating the clover leaf, do not surpass the sense of insignificance that comes over any one who once wore uniform when he enters, as a temporary carpet-bagger, some city which he formerly ruled or helped to rule with absolute sway. An ex-commander of colored troops has this advantage, that the hackmen and longshore-men may remember him if nobody else does; and he at once possesses that immense practical convenience which comes only from a personal acquaintance with what are called the humbler classes. In a strange place, if one can establish relations with a black waiter or a newspaper correspondent, all doors fly open. The patronage of the great is powerless in comparison.

When I had last left Jacksonville, Florida, in March, 1864, the town was in flames: the streets were full of tongues of fire creeping from house to house; the air was dense with lurid smoke. Our steamers dropped rapidly down the river, laden to the gunwale with the goods of escaping inhabitants. The black soldiers, guiltless of all share in the flames, were yet excited by the occasion, recalled their favorite imagery of the Judgment Day, and sang and shouted without ceasing. I never saw a wilder scene. Fourteen years after, the steamboat came up to the same wharf, and I stepped quietly ashore into what seemed a summer watering-place: the roses were in bloom, the hotel verandas were full of guests, there were gay shops in the street, the wharves were covered with merchandise and with people. The delicious air was the same, the trees were the same; all else was changed. The earth-works we had built were leveled and overgrown; there was a bridge at the ford we used to picket; the church in whose steeple we built a lookout was still there, but it had a new tower, planned for peaceful purposes only. The very railroad along which we skirmished almost daily was now torn up, and a new track entered the town at a different point. I could not find even the wall which one of our men clambered over, loading and firing, with a captured goose between his legs. Only the blue sky and the soft air, the lovely atmosphere of Florida, remained; the distant line of woods had the same outlook, and when the noon guns began to be fired for Washington's birthday I could hardly convince myself that the roar was not that of our gunboats, still shelling the woods as they had done so many years before. Then the guns ceased; the past with-

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drew into yet deeper remoteness. It seemed as if I were the only man left on earth to recall it. An hour later, the warm grasp of some of my old soldiers dispelled the dream of oblivion.

I had a less vivid sense of change at Beaufort, South Carolina, so familiar to many during the war. The large white houses still look peacefully down the placid river, but there are repairs and paint everywhere, and many new houses or cabins have been built. There is a new village, called Port Royal, at the railroad terminus, about a mile from my first camp at Old Fort plantation; and there is also a station near Beaufort itself, approached by a fine shell-road. The fortifications on the old shell-road have almost disappeared; the freedmen's village near them, named after the present writer, blew away one day in a tornado, and returned no more. A great national cemetery is established near its site. There are changes enough, and yet the general effect of the town is unaltered; there is Northern energy there, and the discovery of valuable phosphates has opened a new branch of industry; but after all it is the same pleasant old sleepy Beaufort, and no military Rip Van Winkle need feel himself too rudely aroused.

However, I went South not to see places, but people. On the way from Washington I lingered for a day or two to visit some near kinsfolk in Virginia, formerly secessionists to a man, or, to be more emphatic, to a woman. Then I spent a Sunday in Richmond, traversed rapidly part of North Carolina and Georgia, spent a day and two nights in Charleston, two days at Beaufort, and visited various points in Florida, going as far as St. Augustine. I had not set foot in the Southern States for nearly fourteen years, but I remembered them vividly across that gap of time, and also recalled very distinctly a winter visit to Virginia during college days. With these memories ever present, it was to me a matter of great interest to observe the apparent influence of freedom on the colored people, and the relation between them and the whites.

And first, as to the material condition of the former slaves. Sydney Smith, revisiting Edinburgh in 1821, after ten years' absence, was struck with the "wonderful increase of shoes and stockings, streets and houses." The change as to the first item, in South Carolina, tells the story of social progress since emancipation. The very first of my old acquaintances whom I met in that region was the robust wife of one of my soldiers. I found her hoeing in a field, close beside our old camp-ground. I had seen that woman hoeing in the same field fifteen years before. The same sky was above her, the same soil beneath her feet; but the war was over, slavery was gone. The soil that had been her master's was now her own by purchase; and the substantial limbs that trod it were no longer bare and visibly black, but incased in red-striped stockings of the most conspicuous design. "Think of it!" I said to a clever Massachusetts damsel in Washington, "the whole world so changed, and yet that woman still hoes." "In hose," quoth the lively maiden; and I preserve for posterity the condensed epigram.

Besides the striped stockings, which are really so conspicuous that the St. Augustine light-house is painted to match them, one sees a marked, though moderate progress in all the comforts of life. Formerly the colored people of the sea islands, even in their first days of freedom, slept very generally on the floor; and when our regimental hospital was first fitted up, the surgeon found with dismay that the patients had regarded the beds as merely beautiful ornaments, and had unanimously laid themselves down in the intervening spaces. Now I noticed bedstead and bedding in every cabin I visited in South Carolina and Florida. Formerly the cabins often had no tables, and families rarely ate together, each taking food as was convenient; but now they seemed to have family meals, a step toward decent living. This progress they themselves recognized. Moreover, I often saw pictures from the illustrated papers on the wall, and the children's school-books on the

shelf. I rarely met an ex-soldier who did not own his house and ground, the inclosures varying from five to two hundred acres; and I found one man on the St. John's who had been offered $3000 for his real estate. In many cases these homesteads had been bought within a few years, showing a steady progress in self-elevation.

I do not think the world could show a finer sample of self-respecting peasant life than a colored woman, with whom I came down the St. John's River to Jacksonville, from one of the little settlements along that magnificent stream. She was a freed slave, the wife of a former soldier, and was going to market, basket in hand, with her little boy by her side. She had the tall erect figure, clear black skin, thin features, fine teeth, and intelligent bearing that marked so many of my Florida soldiers. She was dressed very plainly, but with scrupulous cleanliness: a rather faded gingham dress, well-worn tweed sack, shoes and stockings, straw hat with plain black ribbon, and neat white collar and cuffs. She told me that she and her husband owned one hundred and sixty acres of land, bought and paid for by their own earnings, at $1.25 per acre; they had a log-house, and were going to build a frame-house; they raised for themselves all the food they needed, except meat and flour, which they bought in Jacksonville. They had a church within reach (Baptist); a school-house of forty pupils, taught by a colored teacher; her husband belonged to the Good Templars, as did all the men in their neighborhood. For miles along the St. John's, a little back from the river, such settlements are scattered; the men cultivating their own plots of ground, or working on the steam-boats, or fishing, or lumbering. What more could be expected of any race, after fifteen years of freedom? Are the Irish voters of New York their superiors in condition, or the factory operatives of Fall River?

I met perhaps a hundred men, in different places, who had been under my command, and whose statements I could trust. Only one of these complained of poverty; and he, as I found, earned good wages, had neither wife nor child to support, and was given to whisky. There were some singular instances of prosperity among these men. I was told in Jacksonville that I should find Corporal McGill "de most populous man in Beaufort." When I got there, I found him the proprietor of a livery stable populous with horses at any rate; he was worth $3000 or $4000, and was cordial and hospitable to the last degree. At parting, he drove me to the station with his best carriage and horses; and I regret to add that while he was refusing all compensation his young steeds ran away, and as the train whirled off I saw my "populous" corporal double-quick down the shell-road, to recapture his equipage. I found Sergeant Hodges a master carpenter at Jacksonville; Corporal Hicks was a preacher there, highly respected; and I heard of Corporal Sutton as a traveling minister farther up the river. Sergeant Shemeltella, a fine-looking half-Spaniard from St. Augustine, now patrols, with gun in hand, the woods which we once picketed at Port Royal Ferry, and supplies game to the markets of Charleston and Savannah. And without extending the list I may add that some of these men, before attaining prosperity, had to secure, by the severest experience, the necessary judgment in business affairs. It will hardly be believed that the men of my regiment alone sunk $30,000 in an impracticable building association, and in the purchase of a steamboat which was lost uninsured. One of the shrewdest among them, after taking his share of this, resolved to be prudent, put $750 in the Freedmen's Bank, and lost that too. Their present prosperity must be judged in the light of such formidable calamities as these.

I did not hear a single charge of laziness made against the freed colored people in the States I visited. In Virginia it was admitted that they would work wherever they were paid, but that many were idle for want of employment. Rev. Dr. Pinckney, in a recent address before the Charleston Historical Society, declares that the negroes "do not refuse to

work; all are planting;" and he only complains that they work unskillfully. A rice-planter in Georgia told me that he got his work done more efficiently than under the slave system. Men and women worked well for seventy-five cents a day; many worked under contract, which at first they did not understand or like. On the other hand, he admitted, the planters did not at once learn how to manage them as freedmen, but had acquired the knowledge by degrees; so that even the strikes at harvest-time, which had at first embarrassed them, were now avoided. Another Georgia planter spoke with much interest of an effort now making by the colored people in Augusta to establish a cotton factory of their own, in emulation of the white factories which have there been so successful. He said that this proposed factory was to have a capital of fifty thousand dollars in fifty dollar shares, and that twenty-eight thousand dollars of it were already raised. The white business agent of one of the existing factories was employed, he said, as the adviser of those organizing this. He spoke of it with interest as a proper outlet for the industry of the better class of colored people, who were educated rather above field labor. He also spoke with pride of the normal school for colored people at Atlanta.

The chief of police in Beaufort, South Carolina, a colored man, told me that the colored population there required but little public assistance, though two thousand of them had removed from the upper parts of the State within a year and a half, thinking they could find better wages at Beaufort. This removal struck me as being of itself a favorable indication, showing that they were now willing to migrate, whereas they were once hopelessly fixed to the soil, and therefore too much in the power of the land owners. The new industry of digging phosphates for exportation to England employs a good many in Beaufort County, and they earn by this from seventy-five cents to a dollar a day. Others are employed in loading vessels at the new settlement of Port Royal; but the work is precarious and insufficient, and I was told that if they made two dollars a week they did well. But it must be remembered that they have mostly little patches of land of their own, and can raise for themselves the corn and vegetables on which they chiefly live. I asked an old man if he could supply his family from his own piece of ground. "Oh, yes, mars'r," he said (the younger men do not say "mars'r," but "boss"), and then he went on, with a curious accumulation of emphasis: "I raise plenty too, much more dan I destroy,"— meaning simply "very much more."

The price of cotton is now very low, and the sea-island cotton has lost forever, perhaps, its place in the English market. Yet Rev. Dr. Pinckney, in the address just quoted, while lamenting the ravages of war in the sea islands, admits that nearly half as much cotton was raised in them in 1875 as in 1860, and more than half as much corn, the population being about the same, and the area cultivated less than one third. To adopt his figures, the population in 1860 was 40,053; acres under cultivation, 274,015; corn, 618,959 bushels; cotton, 19,121 bales. In 1875 the population was 43,060; acres under cultivation, 86,449; corn, 314,271 bushels; cotton, 8199 bales.

When we consider the immense waste of war, the destruction of capital, the abandonment of estates by those who yet refuse to sell them, and the partial introduction of industry other than agricultural, this seems to me a promising exhibit. And when we observe how much more equitable than formerly is now the distribution of the products between capitalist and laborer, the case is still better. Dr. Pinckney's utmost complaint in regard to South Carolina is that the result of the war "has been injurious to the whites, and not beneficial to the blacks." Even he, a former slaveholder, does not claim that it has injured the blacks; and this, from his point of view, is quite a concession. Twenty years hence he may admit that whatever the result of war may have been, that of peace will be beneficial to both races.

In observing a lately emancipated race, it is always harder to judge as to the

condition of the women than of the men, especially where the men alone have been enfranchised. My friend the judge, in Virginia, declared that the colored men and women were there so unlike that they seemed like different races: the men had behaved "admirably," he said; the women were almost hopelessly degraded. On the other hand, my white friends of both sexes at Beaufort took just the opposite view, and thought the women there quite superior to the men, especially in respect to whisky. Perhaps the influences of the two regions may have made the difference, as the sea islands have had the presence, ever since the beginning of the war, of self-devoted and well-educated teachers, mostly women, while such teachers have been much rarer in Virginia. They have also been rare in Florida; but then the Florida negroes are a superior class.

Certainly it was pleasant to me to hear favorable accounts of this and that particular colored woman of whom I had known something in war times. Almost the first old acquaintance named to me on the sea islands, for instance, was one Venus, whose marriage to a soldier of my regiment I chronicled in war times. "Now, cunnel," said that soldier in confidence, "I want for get me one good lady." And when I asked one of his friends about the success of the effort, he said triumphantly, "John 's gwine for marry Venus." Now the record of Venus as a good lady was so very questionable in her earlier incarnations that the name was not encouraging; but I was delighted to hear of the goddess, fifteen years later, as a most virtuous wife and a very efficient teacher of sewing in Miss Botume's school. Her other sewing-teacher, by the way, is Juno.

I went into schools, here and there; the colored people seemed to value them very much, and to count upon their own votes as a means of securing these advantages, instead of depending, as formerly, on Northern aid. The schools I visited did not seem to me so good as those kept by Northern ladies during the war, at Port Royal; but the present schools form a part of a public system, and are in that respect better, while enough of the Northern teachers still remain to exert a beneficial influence, at least on the sea islands. I was sorry to be in Charleston only on Saturday, when the Shaw Memorial School was not in session. This is a large wooden building, erected on land bought with part of a fund collected in the colored regiments for a monument to Colonel Shaw. This school has an average attendance of five hundred and twenty, with twelve teachers, white and black. The Morris Street School for colored children, in Charleston, has fourteen hundred pupils. These two schools occupy nearly half of the four columns given by the Charleston News and Courier of April 12, 1878, to the annual exhibition of public schools. The full programme of exercises is given, with the names of the pupils receiving prizes and honors; and it seems almost incredible that the children whose successes are thus proudly recorded can be the sons and daughters of freed slaves. And I hold it utterly ungenerous, in view of such facts, to declare that the white people of the South have learned nothing by experience, and are "incapable of change."

Public officials at Beaufort told me that in that place most of the men could now sign their names, — certainly a great proof of progress since war times. I found some of my friends anxious lest school should unfit the young people for the hard work of the field; but I saw no real proof of this, nor did the parents confirm it. Miss Botume, however, said that the younger women now thought that, after marriage, they ought to be excused from field labor, if they took care of their homes and children; a proposal so directly in the line of advancing civilization that one can hardly object to it. The great solicitude of some of the teachers in that region relates to the passage of some congressional bill which shall set aside the tax sales under which much real estate is now held; but others think that there is no fear of this, even under a democratic administration.

This leads naturally to the question, What is to be the relation between the

two races in those Southern States of which I speak? I remember that Corporal Simon Crier, one of the oddities of my regiment, used to declare that when the war was over, he should go to "Libery;" and, when pressed for a reason, used to say, "Dese yer secesh will neber be cibilized in my time." Yet Simon Crier's time is not ended, for I heard of him as peacefully dwelling near Charleston, and taking no part in that insignificant colonization movement of which we hear so much more at the North than at the South. Taking civilization in his sense, — a fair enough sense, — we shall find Virginia, South Carolina, and Florida holding an intermediate position; being probably behind North Carolina, West Virginia, and the border States, but decidedly in advance of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi.

It is certain that there is, in the States I visited, a condition of outward peace and no conspicuous outrages; and that this has now been the case for many months. All will admit that this state of things must be a blessing, unless there lies beneath it some covert plan for crushing or reënslaving the colored race. I know that a few good men at the North honestly believe in the existence of some such plan; I can only say that I thoroughly disbelieve in it. Taking the nature of the Southern whites as these very men describe it, — impulsive and ungoverned, — it is utterly inconceivable that such a plan, if formed, should not show itself in some personal ill usage of the blacks, in the withdrawal of privileges, in legislation endangering their rights. I can assert that, carrying with me the eyes of a tolerably suspicious abolitionist, I saw none of these indications. During the war, I could hardly go anywhere within the Union lines for twenty-four hours without being annoyed by some sign of race hostility, or being obliged to interfere for the protection of some abused man or woman. During this trip, I had absolutely no occasion for any such attitude. The change certainly has not resulted from any cringing demeanor on the part of the blacks, for they show much more manhood than they once did. I am satisfied that it results from the changed feeling created towards a race of freedmen and voters. How can we ask more of the States formerly in rebellion than that they should be abreast of New England in granting rights and privileges to the colored race? Yet this is now the case in the three States I name; or at least if they fall behind at some points, they lead at some points. Let us look at a few instances.

The republican legislature of Connecticut has just refused to incorporate a colored military company; but the colored militia regiment of Charleston was reviewed by General Hampton and his staff just before my visit. One of the colored officers told me that there was absolutely no difference in the treatment accorded this regiment and that shown toward the white militia, who were reviewed the day before; and Messrs. Whipper and Jones, the only dissatisfied republican leaders whom I saw, admitted that there was no opposition whatever to this arming of the blacks. I may add that while I was in Virginia a bill was reported favorably in the legislature for the creation of a colored militia company, called the State Guard, under control of their own officers, and reporting directly to the adjutant-general.

I do not know a Northern city which enrolls colored citizens in its police, though this may here and there have happened. I saw colored policemen in Charleston, Beaufort, and Jacksonville, though the former city is under democratic control; and I was told by a leading colored man that the number had lately been increased in Charleston, and that one lieutenant of police was of that race. The republican legislature of Rhode Island has just refused once more to repeal the bill prohibiting intermarriages, while the legislature of South Carolina has refused to pass such a bill. I can remember when Frederick Douglas was ejected from the railway cars in Massachusetts, because of his complexion; and it is not many years since one of the most cultivated and lady-like colored teachers in the nation was ejected from a street car in Philadelphia, her birthplace, for the

same reason. But I rode with colored people in first-class cars throughout Virginia and South Carolina, and in street cars in Richmond and Charleston. I am told that this last is the case also in Savannah and New Orleans, but can testify only to what I have seen. In Georgia, I was told, the colored people were not allowed in first-class cars; but they had always a decent second-class car, opening from the smoking-car, with the door usually closed between.

All these things may be true, and still a great deal may remain to be done; but it is idle to declare that the sun has not risen because we do not yet see it in the zenith. Even the most extreme Southern newspapers constantly contain paragraphs that amaze us, not only in contrast to slavery times, but in contrast to the times immediately following the war. While I was in South Carolina the Charleston News and Courier published, with commendation, the report of a bill, passed by the Maryland legislature, admitting colored lawyers to practice, after the court of appeals had excluded them; and it copied with implied approval the remark of the Baltimore Gazette: "Raise the educational test, the rigidity of the examinations for admission, or the moral test as high as you please, but let us have done with the color test."

It is certain that every republican politician whom I saw in South Carolina, black or white, spoke well of Governor Hampton, with two exceptions, — Mr. W. J. Whipper, whom Governor Chamberlain refused to commission as judge, and Mr. Jones, who was clerk of the house of delegates through its most corrupt period. I give their dissent for what it is worth, but the opinion of others was as I have said. "We have no complaint to make of Governor Hampton; he has kept his pledges," was the general remark. For instance, a bill passed both houses by a party vote, requiring able-bodied male prisoners, under sentence in county jails, to work on the public roads and streets. The colored people remonstrated strongly, regarding it as aimed at them. Governor Hampton vetoed the bill, and the house, on reflection, sustained the veto by a vote of one hundred and two to ten. But he is not always so strong in influence: there is a minority of "fire-eaters" who resist him; he is denounced by the "up-country people" as an aristocrat; and I was told that he might yet need the colored vote to sustain him against his own party. Grant that this assumes him to be governed by self-interest; that strengthens the value of this evidence. We do not expect that saints will have the monopoly of government at South or North; what we need is to know that the colored vote in South Carolina makes itself felt as a power, and secures its rightful ends.

The facts here stated are plain and unquestionable. When we come to consider the political condition of the former slaves, we find greater difficulties in taking in the precise position. First, it must be remembered that even at the North the practical antagonism towards colored voters lasted long after their actual enfranchisement, and has worn out only by degrees. Samuel Breck, in his very entertaining reminiscences, tells us that in Philadelphia, in the early part of this century, the colored voters seldom dared to come to the polls, for fear of ill usage. Then we must remember that in South Carolina, the State which has been most under discussion in this essay, the colored voters were practically massed, for years, under the banner of spoliation, and the antagonism created was hardly less intense than that created by the Tweed dynasty in New York. As far as I can judge, neither the "carpet-bag" frauds nor the "Ku-Klux" persecutions have been exaggerated, and they certainly kept each other alive, and have, at least temporarily, ceased together. No doubt the atrocities committed by the whites were the worst, inasmuch as murder is worse than robbery, but few in South Carolina will now deny that the provocation was simply enormous.

And it is moreover true that this state of things left bad blood behind it, which will long last. It has left jealousies which confound the innocent with the

guilty. Judging the future by the past, the white South Carolinian finds it almost impossible to believe that a republican state administration can be decently honest. This is a feeling quite apart from any national attitude, and quite consistent with a fair degree of loyalty. Nor does it take the form of resistance to colored voters as such. The Southern whites accept them precisely as Northern men in cities accept the ignorant Irish vote, — not cheerfully, but with acquiescence in the inevitable; and when the strict color-line is once broken they are just as ready to conciliate the negro as the Northern politician to flatter the Irishman. Any powerful body of voters may be cajoled to-day and intimidated to-morrow and hated always, but it can never be left out of sight. At the South, politics are an absorbing interest: people are impetuous; they divide and subdivide on all local issues, and each faction needs votes. Two men are up for mayor or sheriff, or what not: each conciliates every voter he can reach, and each finds it for his interest to stand by those who help him. This has been long predicted by shrewd observers, and is beginning to happen all over the South. I heard of a dozen instances of it. Indeed, the vote of thanks passed by the Mississippi legislature to its colored senator, Mr. Bruce, for his vote on the silver bill was only the same thing on a larger scale. To praise him was to censure Mr. Lamar.

It may be said, "Ah, but the real test is, Will the black voters be allowed to vote for the republican party?" To assert this crowning right will undoubtedly demand a good deal of these voters; it will require courage, organization, intelligence, honesty, and leaders. Without these, any party, in any State, will sooner or later go to the wall. As to South Carolina, I can only say that one of the ablest republican lawyers in the State, a white man, unsuspected of corruption, said to me, "This is a republican State, and to prove it such we need only to bring out our voters. For this we do not need troops, but that half a dozen well-known Northern republicans should canvass the State, just as if it were a Northern State. The colored voters need to know that the party at the North has not, as they have been told, deserted them. With this and a perfectly clean list of nominees, we can carry the legislature, making no nominations against Hampton." "But," I asked, "would not these meetings be broken up?" "Not one of them," he said. "They will break up our local meetings, but not those held by speakers from other States. It would ruin them with the nation." And this remark was afterwards indorsed by others, white and black. When I asked one of the few educated colored leaders in the State, "Do you regret the withdrawal of the troops by President Hayes?" "No," he said; "the only misfortune was that they were not withdrawn two years earlier. That would have put us on our good behavior, obliged us to command respect, and made it easier to save the republican party. But it can still be saved."

There is no teacher so wholesome as personal necessity. In South Carolina a few men and many women cling absolutely to the past, learning nothing, forgetting nothing. But the bulk of thinking men see that the old Southern society is as absolutely annihilated as the feudal system, and that there is no other form of society now possible except such as prevails at the North and West. "The purse-proud Southerner," said Rev. Dr. Pinckney, in his address at Charleston, "is an institution which no longer exists. The race has passed away as completely as the Saurian tribes, whose bones we are now digging from the fossil beds of the Ashley." "The Yankees ought to be satisfied," said one gentleman to me: "every live man at the South is trying with all his might to be a Yankee." Business, money, financial prosperity, — these now form the absorbing Southern question. At the Exchange Hotel in Richmond, where I spent a Sunday, the members of the Assembly were talking all day about the debt, — how to escape bankruptcy. I did not overhear the slightest allusion to the

negro or the North. It is likely enough that this may lead to claims on the national treasury, but it tends to nothing worse. The dream of reënslaving the negro, if it ever existed, is like the negro's dream, if he ever had it, of five acres and a mule from the government. Both races have long since come down to the stern reality of self-support. No sane Southerner would now take back as slaves, were they offered, a race of men who have been for a dozen years freemen and voters.

Every secessionist risked his all upon secession, and has received as the penalty of defeat only poverty. It is the mildest punishment ever inflicted after an unsuccessful civil war, and it proves in this case a blessing in disguise. Among Southern young men it has made energy and industry fashionable. Formerly, if a Southern planter wished to travel, he borrowed money on his coming crop, or sold a slave or two. Now he must learn what John Randolph, of Roanoke, once announced as the philosopher's stone, to "pay as you go." The Northern traveler asks himself, Where are the white people of the South? You meet few in public conveyances; you see no crowd in the streets. In the hotels of Washington you rarely hear the Southern accent, and, indeed, my Virginia friends declared that some of its more marked intonations were growing unfashionable. Out of one hundred and three Southern representatives in Congress, only twenty-three have their families with them. On one of the few day trains from Washington to Richmond, there was but one first-class car, and there were not twenty passengers, mostly from the Northern States. Among some fifty people on the steamboat from Savannah to Jacksonville, there were not six Southerners. Everywhere you hear immigration desired and emigration recognized as a fact. My friend the judge talked to me eloquently about the need of more Northern settlers, and the willingness of all to receive them; the plantations would readily be broken up to accommodate any purchaser who had money. But within an hour, his son, a young law student, told me that as soon as he was admitted to the bar he should go West.

The first essential to social progress at the South is that each State should possess local self-government. The States have been readmitted as States, and can no more be treated as Territories than you can replace a bird in the egg. They must now work out their own salvation, just as much as Connecticut and New Jersey. If any abuses exist, the remedy is not to be found in federal interference, except in case of actual insurrection, but in the voting power of the blacks, so far as they have strength or skill to assert it; and where that fails, in their power of locomotion. They must leave those counties or States which ill-use them for others which treat them better. If a man is dissatisfied with the laws of Massachusetts, and cannot get them mended, he can at least remove into Rhode Island or Connecticut, and the loss of valuable citizens will soon make itself felt.

This is the precise remedy possessed by the colored people at the South, with the great advantage that they have the monopoly of all the leading industries, and do not need the whites more, on the whole, than the whites need them. They have reached the point where civilized methods begin to prevail. When they have once enlisted the laws of political economy on their side, this silent ally will be worth more than an army with banners.

T. W. Higginson.

KEARSARGE.

[On Sunday morning, June 19, 1864, the noise of the cannons was heard in English churches during the fight between the Kearsarge and the Alabama.]

SUNDAY in Old England;
In gray churches everywhere
The calm of low responses,
The sacred hush of prayer.

Sunday in Old England;
And summer winds that went
O'er the pleasant fields of Sussex,
The garden lands of Kent,

Stole into dim church windows
And passed the oaken door,
And fluttered open prayer-books
With the cannon's awful roar.

Sunday in New England;
Upon a mountain gray
The wind-bent pines are swaying
Like giants at their play;

Across the barren lowlands,
Where men find scanty food,
The north wind brings its vigor
To homesteads plain and rude.

Ho, land of pine and granite!
Ho, hardy northland breeze!
Well have ye trained the manhood
That shook the Channel seas,

When o'er those storied waters
The iron war bolts flew,
And through Old England's churches
The summer breezes blew;

While in our other England
Stirred one gaunt rocky steep,
When rode her sons as victors,
Lords of the lonely deep.

S. Weir Mitchell.

THE ROMANCE OF A FAMILY.

The English complain that the Americans, in their desire to search out their pedigrees and family histories, have in recent years bought up most of the volumes containing county annals, so that now it is impossible to purchase such books except at enormous prices. Sometimes whole towns in America seem to be fired with the desire to discover ancestral towns in England, and in one case at least, that of Gloucester, the enterprise has led to pleasant interchanges and interesting results. The English and the Massachusetts Gloucesters have exchanged visits and *cartes-de-visite;* and I have heard that Mr. Price, for twenty years representative of Gloucester in Parliament, placed on the picture of his town, sent to its namesake in Massachusetts, the Horatian prophecy that in the future it might be debated which was the original place. The results of inquiries into family history have not always corresponded to the motives with which they have been instituted. The rather stout sums paid for guidance along the illustrious rainbow have not led to the bag of gold supposed to have descended from its colors. Even as to fame, there are instances where the investments at the Heralds' College have been hardly remunerative. One distinguished American family found its name appearing for the first time as that of an executed poisoner; and several have fulfilled almost to the letter that good story which long ago amused the readers of The Atlantic Monthly, of the solemn family conclave gathered to open the long-sealed box supposed to contain the robes of a noble ancestor, but which turned out the livery of his servant. At the same time some of these facts, however apt to cool snobbish ambition, are sufficiently striking. An eminent American family, well represented in literature, found the last and only representative of its English stem to be a cobbler; but it was also found that this cobbler was a very unique workman, and the author of a forcible political pamphlet.

Some inquiries which I have had the opportunity to make have convinced me that our own Emerson belongs to the same family which in England produced the famous and eccentric Durham mathematician, William Emerson. This individual, who was born at Hurworth in 1701, and lived more than eighty years, wrote works still valued by mathematicians. He married the Hurworth rector's daughter, but having some disagreement with the clergyman put all his wife's clothing, and other things which she had brought with her, into a wheelbarrow, trundled them back to the rectory, and emptied them at the door. He wrote for the Curiosa Mathematica under the name of Philofluentimechanaalgegeomastrolongo. It is hardly wonderful that in a remote country district a man who indulged in algebraic signs and wrote under such a name should have been regarded four generations ago as a conjurer. But this reputation gave him at one time much disgust, more particularly as he was a very determined freethinker. On one occasion a poor woman, whose husband had gone to sea, came to ask him where her husband was. "In hell!" thundered the irate scholar, stalking back to his library. However, it was a time and region in which depredations on property were very frequent; and finding that his reputation for skill in the black art held all depredators in awe, the queer old gentleman does not seem to have repudiated the supposition so warmly in later life. He was a famous angler, and sometimes stood up to his middle in water for hours together, absorbed in his favorite sport. A monument to his memory, with an elegant Latin epitaph, stands in Hurworth churchyard. He was childless.

Since the necessary reaction against the claims of birth asserted itself in pol-

itics, there have arisen those remarkable discoveries of some of the laws of heredity which assuredly lend a philosophical interest to the subject of family evolution. The development of nature through the interaction of persistence and differentiation harmonizes with familiar, and yet almost mystical, facts observed in every family, and it is unquestionable that the *savant* now finds serious interest investing the lineal biography which the democrat has dismissed with contempt. Nor can there fail to attach some moral interest to the scientific generalizations which find their illustrations in the household. Mr. Francis Galton, the accomplished author of two admirable books on heredity, has proved that every family is surrounded by forces and laws which, intelligently used, may tend to the maintenance of health, and even in the end to the production of genius! It is perhaps premature to estimate with any attempt at doctrinal precision the bearings on family culture of the physical and intellectual laws of inheritance; but it is certain that a graver interest than formerly now attaches to the reappearance in children of the tendencies, and even the little tricks of manner, which belonged to relatives they never saw. For a long time, no doubt, observations of this character have exerted some influence in many families, especially in guarding against certain physical dangers; but it is probable that in the future they will enter more largely into the direction of education and vocation. Some of Mr. Galton's startling facts appear to prophesy a time when parents shall recognize that the choice of their boy's occupation, now such a source of anxiety, has already been decided, and that they need only read the verdict as the lad's early years translate it from the annals of his ancestors. The records there of the failure of one and the success of another may possibly intimate the direction of the family genius; and if any such genuine science should arrive to fulfill the disappointed promises of phrenology, and intervene between the child and the conventionalization to which he or she is subjected, the new philosophic genealogist will be triumphantly vindicated.

I happen to know an old Welsh family whose branches had long flourished by mercantile life, but to whose chief representatives there was born, fifty years ago, a seventh son of a seventh son. Enough of ancient superstition survived in their Welsh neighborhood and in themselves, at that period, to affect the destiny of this seventh son, for whom all authorities predicted second-sight and other occult powers. So they educated him to be a physician, the medical art being that which would give most play to the anticipated subtlety. But the seventh-son theory — albeit originating, probably, in some earnest effort at generalizing the phenomena of inheritance by a primitive Galton — failed sadly. The Welsh lad from the first revealed the family talent; he out-traded all the boys at school. He had no occult powers whatever, but clear common sense. If there was one thing he hated more than another it was medicine, and next to that medical study. After groaning through the College of Physicians, and wasting a year or two on a happily idle "practice," he summed up all his remedial attainments in amputating all invalidism, his own included, and becoming what he now is, a successful and honorable merchant. Many may smile at this instance of the potency of the seventh-son superstition who yet may be determining the career of their children by notions destined to be one day smiled at in their turn, — for instance, by the notion that the path of success can be arbitrarily selected. As one said of old, "we are born at all adventure," and many adventures are likely to be of unhappy result, until more serious attention is paid to family biography as the best interpreter of individual tendencies.

It has, however, been as a branch of archæology that the interest in genealogy has lately revealed signs of revival. So many historic facts have been discovered in old family papers and wills that it is pretty certain every old scrap will be overhauled and scrutinized. Some of the papers already found have been of

such value that it would hardly be a surprise if there should turn up in some old Warwickshire or London library all the missing links of Shakespeare's life. At this moment the ablest and most enterprising historic archæologist living — Colonel Chester, of Philadelphia — is engaged in collecting the wills of all the poets and actors of Shakespeare's time. These he will edit with full annotations, and the new Shakespeare Society for which he is acting has a very fair chance of making some special discovery with regard to Shakespeare, while it has the certainty of exhuming much valuable information concerning the literary history of his age. No one who has looked into Colonel Chester's wonderful volume of the Westminster Abbey Registers can fail to anticipate valuable results from the work in which he is now engaged. That volume, to which the author gave many years and much money, and which he presented to the Harleian Society (of which he was a founder), is a sufficient proof of his ability, and also of his enthusiasm.

Personal friendship some few years ago brought this American archæologist to enter upon researches of a more purely personal interest — as it appeared — than he is in the habit of making. The result, however, has been of such singular interest that one may well doubt whether the expected historic discoveries for which a parliamentary committee is searching among the documents of ancient families are any more likely to be found there than under humbler names. I have before me the volume to which I allude; it is printed for private use only, and it bears the unpromising title, Some Account of the Taylor Family. But this is one of the most instructive books I have ever read. Fletcher, of Madeley, considered that the obscurest individual life, if recorded with fidelity, would possess much of high and general interest; and the saying might be with more truth applied to an individual family, — a living entity, at once impersonal and individual, whose life is the continuous experience of centuries, completing lives that seemed cut short, justifying aims that appeared to fail, and weaving from the commonplace of one generation the romance of another. "Taylor" is a common enough name; antecedently, one would expect the historic tracks of it to be worth noting only if they led by the home where Jeremy, "Shakespeare of divines," was born, or the dear old Platonist who sacrificed the bull to Jupiter in the back parlor, or at least the "water poet." But no; it is the name of a plain and respectable family of London merchants, whose story has been followed, winding hither, thither, now bright, again sombre, but clearly traceable, through humble as well as grand homes, across seven centuries.

On reading a portion of this volume, it appeared to me such a type of the family histories which might be of great importance that I have obtained the consent of the gentleman who has made this bequest to his family — Peter Alfred Taylor, M. P. — to publish some facts from it that seem to me of general interest. But before proceeding to those interesting facts it may be well enough to refer to one matter, of no general importance except as showing the nature of the hard knots which meet the explorer of a family line, and the method by which alone they can be successfully untied.

The Taylors traced their family without much difficulty to 1662, but there the thread was lost. They had a tradition which connected them with an ancient family of Taylards, and they had the same coat of arms; but the Heralds' College had found the will of a Cardigan (into which family the main Taylard line had changed) in 1662 making a bequest to a "Taylard" kinsman as "the last of his name and fallen into poverty;" and so they decided that the family had ended then, and that the mere coincidence of arms was no evidence of connection. But Colonel Chester investigated the Taylard pedigree from the fourteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century, and found that the names frequent in the Taylard family during that time were repeated by the Taylor family after that time; even such peculiar names as Ursula, Venetia, Mar-

maduke, and others of a kind rarely given but for family reasons occurred repeatedly in the two families. So soon as this identity of peculiar names was discovered, the common arms, the family tradition, and other matters were by it cemented into a solid bridge over the genealogical chasm. But this bridge, built of dry stones over a dusty rut where no stream has run for centuries, what is it to us? Well, it is of quite as little importance in itself as any Hecuba that ever existed; but there is some little interest in the "Night-Cap" countries of time if we see living laws of human nature at work there. How is it that a family of aristocratic, wealthy Taylards disappears in Huntingdonshire, in 1662, and simultaneously a plebeian family of Taylors begins in London, these two being one and the same family? Just there the tale begins. The Taylors gained their name as workers at the honest occupation indicated by it. When they were first so called men were named after their work, and tailor was then commonly spelt with a *y*. Having accumulated little by little, they appeared as a very wealthy family, who, having invested in landed estates and become gentry, modified their name to Taylard. So it went on, until by omission of the normal word "male" in a will the vast estates and wealth of the Taylards all fell to be the portion of a little girl. This child married, at the age of fourteen, one Robert Brudenell. The entire Taylard fortune was impoverished at that marriage altar, and their wealth was alienated to become the foundation of the earldom of Cardigan. The rich Brudenell was at once adopted by the nobility; the disinherited Taylards were scattered, one to New England, another to the Bermudas, while their chief representative set up in London in something like the same business as that with which the family began. With a disgust at even the name associated with their family pride and its fall, this man set up his sign as plain "Mr. Taylor, Haberdasher," on the spot where the Longmans now publish their books in Paternoster Row, and when he died left his family what would now be a million dollars, as the nest-egg of a new family fortune. And so it was simply on account of this reversion to the more ancient but less aristocratic name which led the Earl Cardigan to mention the only one who retained the name Taylard as "the last of his *name*," — a bit of irony which quite nonplused the Heralds' College, until it was explained to them by the Philadelphian.

This honest haberdasher married a sister of the Rev. John Wilson, the first preacher ever settled in Boston (Massachusetts), and who was from 1630 to 1667 one of the ruling spirits of the colony. The same lady was the widow of one of the Rawson family, which gave the Massachusetts Colony from 1650 to 1686 that enterprising secretary of state, Edward Rawson, who served the government and persecuted the Quakers with equal zeal.

The humbled Taylor family became thoroughly puritanized. It is, perhaps, to be regarded as among the many symptoms of social anarchy two hundred years ago that we find here a man and his son marrying mother and daughter. The inner nature of these primitive Puritans seems to have been in every way confused. For example, Daniel Taylor, in his will, after sternly ordering his executors to keep his children from dancing or learning to dance, confirms gifts to his wife, such as pearl necklaces, diamond rings, and other finery. Here is the portrait of this gentleman who frowned on dancing and loved decorations: a right Greek nose above a projecting under-face; tasseled lace collar and cuffs on a dress otherwise funereal. His widow was married to Deputy Governor Willoughby, of Massachusetts, and on his death (1671) she married a Captain Hammond. One of her daughters married a Professor Salisbury, of Yale College, and no doubt the brilliants just mentioned are now heirlooms in that family. There are not a few documents here which show that the Puritans were quite as much mixed up in their theological doctrines as in their notions of practical propriety. What especially strikes me is the persistency with which

these godly men were accused of — Socinianism. The most hated Puritan preacher in London at the time was Mr. Goodwin, and his most able defender was Daniel Taylor, and the charge they had chiefly to combat was Socinianism. The eminent Mr. Goodwin seems also to have been put to much pains to rebut the charge of believing too much in good works. The divine approbation, he says, "is to bee obtained by good works; yet not properly nor so much by the merit of these works as by vertue of God's law, of God's most gracious and beautifull acceptation."

Against this divine one Rev. John Vicars levels a pamphlet intituled thus: "Coleman St. Conclave Visited & that Grand Impostor the Schismatics' Cheater in Chief (who hath long slyly lurked therein) truly and duly discovered: containing a most palpable and plain Display of Mr. John Goodwin's Self-Conviction (under his own hand-writing) and of the notorious Heresies, Errors, Malice, Pride & Hypocrisy, of this most Huge Garagantua in Falsely Pretended Piety: to the lamentable misleading of his too credulous, soul-murdered Proselytes, of Coleman Street and elsewhere, collected principally out of his own Big Braggadochia, Wave-like, Swelling, and Swaggering Writings; full-fraught with Six-footed terms, and Flashy Rhetorical Phrases, far more than solid and sacred Truths; and may fitly serve (if it be the Lord's will), like Belshazzar's hand-writing upon the wall of his conscience, to strike Terror and Shame into his Soul and shameless Face, and to Undeceive his most miserably Cheated and Enchanted, or Bewitched Followers, 1648."

One of the drollest documents found among the Taylor papers is a pardon issued by Charles II. to a boy, William Taylor, in condonation of the wickedness of his father, who bore an important part in the commonwealth. For this pardon the guardians of the child had to pay some five hundred pounds, equal to as many thousands now; and it seems that these compulsory condonations were a felicitous invention for keeping the ever-blessed Defender of the Faith in pocket-money. The pardon is written in dog-Latin, and makes no reference to the father at all, but condones the son, in his own name, of "all manner of treacheries, crimes, treasons, . . . misprisions, . . . all and singular murders," and so on, with an endless catalogue of all possible and impossible crimes; exception to the presents, however, being made in case the said William Taylor (then fourteen years old!) should have been found guilty of fomenting rebellion in Ireland, of aiding the Jesuits, of bigamy, conjuration, invocation, or witchcraft. The whole document would fill eight pages of The Atlantic.

Among the most interesting papers is an old MS. diary, which was found at a book-stall in Oxford Street, and gravitated through strange hands to the possession of its writer's descendant. It is the diary of a Mrs. Dorothy Turner, whose daughter married him whose pardon has just been noticed. It is admirably written, extending from 1644 to 1672; and surely there never was a more curious example of how little events of vast historic moment may be to a family living amid them. In January, 1649, we learn that this lady bore a still-born child, but of the execution of Charles I. in the same month there is no hint. In June of the same year another child died; what were the accession of Cromwell and Milton, the invasion of Ireland, to this mourning mother! She records the child's burial in Allhallows Bread Street "by my Cousen thomas Downes; the Scriptur he spoke to was the 1: thes: the 4th and the 13th. to the end." The Restoration, the Great Plague, the Great Fire, may have had their vast influence on this lady's life, — probably did, for there is a gap in the diary from 1657 to 1672, — but her homely records relate only to the sorrows and joys of her own life. Among these sorrows there was one which even now, after two centuries have elapsed, it is difficult to read without emotion. A beautiful daughter, Susannah, aged fifteen, dies. It is to be feared the lovely child per-

ished of precocious piety. "How pationatly [writes the mother] would shee mourne for sin and that shee had done noe more for god how much Time would she say shee had lost which if shee had well improved she might have bin a growne christian wheras now shee was but weak and should god damn her he were but Just . . . shee would uter it with much vehemency powering out her Teares in abundance . . . how did shee warne her sisters of that sin of curiosity in dreseing said shee have a care the divill will perswad you this curell is not struck right and might be new done and this pin is not well till he hath drawn you to while away that time you should devote to god." There is a portrait preserved of Susannah: here is the dainty little thing, a sort of snow-drop, around which one can imagine nothing less pure than the snow, and looking into her clear poetic eyes I feel a pang in reading of the agonies by which she was torn. "The divill knowing his time to be short set upon her with his fiery Asalts which made her cry out in this manner with tears oh said she if after all that god hath done for mee I should be Damd at last." It is a relief when one Sunday the child says, "Tomorrow shall I be singing my Hallelujahs in heaven and begin my eternall saboth ther," and when, indeed, on that morning the gentle Lethe touches her lips and ends her struggles with the phantasms of fear.

There is something in the bare simplicity of these annals of people who never dreamed that any eye would look upon them which is strangely realistic, and awakens a feeling which few novelists have had the art to excite. Here is a history, told in a few letters written by a mother to the young husband of her daughter, who has left his wife for a time while he is off merchandising in Dantzic. In the first letter, just four months after the marriage, the young girl is described as longing for her husband's return, and contains a sly intimation that "your litell one is able to spring for ioy at youre returne come as soone as you will;" then comes the mother's death, with the child's birth; then the outpourings of the grandmother's love for the babe that had cost them all so dear; then, alas, mingled love and reproaches to the young father, who had hardly fulfilled her hopes; and finally, after three short years, the sad surrender of the little one to the new wife, to whom, however, the old lady has the grace to write "deare daughter, ffor so you must give me leave now to call you, being now in the Roome and place of my own poore daughter." The heart-broken old lady! we can almost see her lay down her pen to wipe her moistened spectacles; ah, if her gathering tear could only have been a time-lens to reveal all the interesting results which were to follow the event of the pretty little lady's stepping into the place of her "poore daughter!"

Among the curiosities that turn up so frequently by the way is an account of a hail-storm that broke over London in May, 1680, of which Rebecca Sherbrooke writes to her daughter: "It ratled in the Are: and fell at first by degres the gretest part about the bignes of a nutmeg; but intermixed with a bundance as big as eggs: som biger som wer Long som round & squar hard & Ise: many waide after taken up in to hot hands a ounce som more coz John Thorald saw one and a Gent man a nother wayed 4 ounces a pece many 7 inches . . . beside great raine and thunder; god is terible in his Judgments how should we fear be fore him . . . one com to se me tould me a Gent man he saw had his hat of complimenting to a nother: and a hail stone sudenly came & broke his head by rasing down flesh and hair together: thes warnings calls for cencer repentance Lord grant I nor mine may not put it of till the evill day comes;" and so on; with the usual sermon that winds up so many letters of the period. It may be noted how this lady gathers courage as she proceeds in narrating the size of the hailstones. It is to be regretted she did not name the gentleman who fell a martyr to taking off his hat to an acquaintance in such a storm, in order that we might know the politest personage of English history.

Death appears to have maintained his sway as the King of Terrors in those days. Here is the fac-simile of a card of invitation to a funeral: a skeleton stands on either side, each beneath an hour-glass, ghastly on the deep black border; there are three death's-heads, a shrouded figure, four picks and spades, and many detached human bones scattered about for further ornamentation; the whole crowned at the arched, tomb-shaped top with a big death's-head, winged hour-glass, and scroll with "Memento mori." The Taylor family was not now Puritan, but they, their clerical pastors and church neighbors, appear to have been quite as sombre in their conceptions of life and death as any who went before them. Every letter bears some shadow of the religious glooms which perhaps corresponded with the gay frivolities prevailing in more worldly circles. The pious people of the time plainly had their little enjoyments, but they were received with dolorous reflections. A gentleman thanks his niece for "a briaw pig which was heartily eat & thanks drank round," but it at once leads him to reflect how much such kindness is needed because "In this worlds pilgrimage all of us are to expect many Conflicts from Enemys without and within, real & imaginary, there are evill men and variety of Diseases, there are unruly passions & inbred Corruptions there are foreboding and disquieting thoughts, there are vain projects & wild Imaginations, there are fruitless Cares & immoderate desires and there is superadded the great Enemy to our Souls the Devill."

One has sometimes to suspect that among these formidable assailants the imaginary were made more of than the real, and the divine judgments better attended to when they came as huge hail-stones than when they came in such simple ways as is here recorded in the case of Mr. Justice Pengelly, who died of disease caught through the filthy condition of prisoners brought before him, from the horrible dens in which they were then kept and for some time after. The Puritan movement seems to have set every one — man, woman, and child — to preaching for about a century. Then we find the reaction, — a new atmosphere, people grown hearty, lusty, and fond of writing and singing merry songs. Instead of the funereal gentlemen of the seventeenth century, we have by the middle of the eighteenth, in this family, a hilarious old gentleman writing sonnets to all the ladies of his acquaintance, and chaffing his son (a clergyman) while regaling him with the latest clerical scandals. He writes to his reverend son as follows: "When orpheus went down to the Regions below — wh^{ch} men are forbidden to see — he tun'd up his Lyre as old History shews — To set his Eurydice free — All Hell was astonish'd a person so wise — Should rashly endanger his life — and venture so far. But how vast their surprise! When they heard he had come for his wife — To find out a punishment due to the fault — Old Pluto had puzzled his brain — But Hell had not torments sufficient he thought — So he gave him his wife back again — But pity succeeding soon vanquished his heart — And pleased with his playing so well — He took her again in reward of his art — Such power has musick in Hell. Think of this and smoake tobacco." As an offset to the lack of gallantry in the above, I might extract pages of the opposite kind, such as this: "*Very gallant copy of verses but somewhat silly on ye ladies fine cloths at ye ball:*"

"Happy the worms, that spun their lives away
T' enrich ye splendor of this glorious day,
Well pleased those genrous foreignors expire,
A sacrifice to beauty's general fire.
Oh, had they seen with what superior grace,
Beauty here triumphs in each lovely face,
Their am'rous flame had their own work betray'd
And burnt ye web their curious art had made."

The son to whom the many droll epistles, of which I have given a specimen, were written became one of the most eminent authors of his day. By his most important work, The Apology of Benjamin Ben Mordecai for embracing Christianity, the Rev. Henry Taylor acquired the name of Ben Mordecai. He had to conquer some scruples before subscribing the thirty-nine articles in order to enter the University of Cambridge,

where he matriculated (1729) and subsequently obtained his M. A. and a fellowship. At the age of twenty-four he was ordained by Bishop Hoadly, and very soon was leading the reformers who labored to secure those changes in the prayer-book which are still the hope of the Broad Churchman. He was perhaps the most heretical man that has ever been allowed to remain as a clergyman in the English Church, unless Bishop Colenso be excepted. He boldly avowed Arian and Universalist opinions, and no menaces or persuasions could induce him to obey the law requiring him to read the Athanasian creed in his pulpit. Among his papers are various threats from his parishioners that they would invoke the authorities unless he should comply, but he stoutly refused. He was also a political radical, and it must have been an impressive discovery to his descendant, the present member of Leicester, when, after he had these many years annually challenged the Game Laws in Parliament, he found a resolution for their abolition penned by his ancestor of four generations before! Not less must this republican representative have felt his pulses warm when he read an account of the vain endeavor of certain courtiers to get Ben Mordecai to put himself out of the way to be presented to the king when the latter landed at Portsmouth, where the erratic rector resided as the most considerable personage of the place. It probably would have astonished those who were contemporary with Ben Mordecai, and not a little softened the wrath with which many regarded him, if they could have known half as much about the man as any reader of these memoirs may know of him now. He was a gentleman after the old definition; he was benevolent in small things. The daughter of the clerk at Portsmouth remembered that one Sunday, having put off the surplice for the black gown, and nearly reached the pulpit, he suddenly turned round and walked back to the vestry, whence he presently proceeded again to the pulpit. A friend learned afterwards that this incident was caused by the fact that, while arranging his surplice in the vestry he had observed a bee struggling on its back on the table; something drew his attention away at the moment, but he remembered it again when near the end of the service, and returned to set the bee right before entering on his sermon. Here are his love-letters, so sweet throughout that it must have been not time but love which has obliterated the first sentence of the earliest, and made it begin: "with a Robin singing at my" (torn). The robin sings all the way through, from youth to gray hairs: sings to the wife as it sang to the maid; sings to the daughter as it sang to the mother and the bride. Ben Mordecai lived a happy life, and mainly, I suspect, because he noted the robins which sang at his door, and possibly learned his theology from their song rather than the hair-splitting Homoiousians of his time, — a theology which may be summed up in one doctrine, the Divine Love.

It is amusing to note how very closely the situation in things ecclesiastical a hundred years ago resembled that of to-day. The rationalistic clergyman was denounced by a rigid bishop (Gloucester) on one side, and encouraged by a latitudinarian bishop (Winchester) on the other; the Broad Churchmen seem to have expected the speedy realization of a reformed prayer-book as confidently as their successors of the present time. We find even the familiar sermon-trade flourishing one hundred and twenty years ago. Among Ben Mordecai's papers is a circular, appropriately labeled by him "Impudent," which runs thus: "One hundred and fifty sermons, such as have been greatly admired and are but little known, engraved in a masterly running Hand, printed on stout writing paper, and made to resemble Manuscript as nearly as possible: in length from twenty to twenty-five minutes, as pithy as possible, intelligible to every Understanding, and as fit to be preached to a polite as a country congregation. As these sermons are designed for the use of clergymen only, and consequently the less known to others the more valuable, they will never be advertised in

the public Papers. The price of each sermon stitched in purple Paper will be only ONE SHILLING. Send a line to the Rev. Dr. Trusler, Care of Mr. Burns, King St. Covent Garden. Secresy may be depended on."

Nor did the rationalist clergyman of the church in the last century lack reminders such as are familiar to his brother of to-day of the vulnerable point in his armor. The problem often rose before Ben Mordecai, with what consistency he could maintain his rectory and pulpit while abjuring one of the creeds and several articles. His sympathetic sister admonishes him, on one occasion, of an adversary on his track who means to press this question, and asks, "What hole will you creep out by?" but the reply is undiscoverable. A hundred years have brought us several hundred rectors of similar views and position, but without eliciting any reply to that question of the shrewd and anxious sister.

One of the daughters of Ben Mordecai, Elizabeth, appears to have set up as a medical practitioner in London, to give the poor aid and advice *gratis;* and as this was in 1782, she may be regarded as the first British physician of her sex. Perhaps she did not know what a radical thing she was doing. Clearly the writer of another letter here, proposing to have a lady made parish clerk or pulpit reader (as she already is, virtually), was unconscious of the fearfulness of his suggestion. It is even a curate who writes as follows of his aged clerk: "He is so weak as to be obliged to use crutches. His daughter officiates for him; she has an excellent voice, & reads very well indeed, & is much approved of. When old George is called hence, I wish to recommend her as his successor. She can easily procure assistance for the graves: every other office she can do very well: the Parish approves of her." It is plain that the process of "Americanizing our institutions," so often denounced by Tories as a modern innovation, is of respectable antiquity. Though the Taylors had long ceased to be Puritans in religion, they seem to have preserved their political liberalism, and the sympathy of one of them with America, clergyman though he was, reveals itself incidentally during the revolutionary war. Under date of August 14, 1775, he writes: "We thank Bessy for her American news. But do not believe above one half of it. The Ministry may for a short time hire Foreign Troops, but in the way they go on, of diminishing the Revenue by destroying our trade with the Americans, they will not long have wherewith to pay Foreigners or other troops. The Quarrells of the Americans among themselves I believe to be all idle tales." Another letter of May 27, 1778, is still more interesting: "John Deval was born at Wexford in Ireland, by trade a Miller, he inlisted ab^{t} 3 years ago into ye 61 Comp^{y} of Marines, Portsmouth division. He was drummed out of Portsmth on 21 of Octr last for cutting off two fingers, wch he uniformly declared he did because he w^{d} not and c^{d} not in conscience fight ag^{t} the Americans. He declared his readiness to serve his Majesty anywhere but in America. But when he pleaded Conscience ag^{t} this ye Officer was in great heat & asserted y^{t} a Soldier ought not to have any Conscience ab^{t} the matter. The Soldier gave *reasons;* the Officer gave Oaths. The Soldier talkd of Conscience; the Officer talkd of Damnation: The man was committed to the Black Hole where with astonishing art, & patience of suffering, he cut off his fingers. Since this Another man wth more Character has attempted to cut his Throat to avoid this American Destination." Yet another clergyman writes (August 3, 1776): "We wait here in anxious expectation of the next news from America, great things I think depend on what that may be — But to Old England it cannot be good, good care has been taken of that — cutting of our own throats can never increase ye importance of this empire. A thunderclap I expect from some quarter. If Providence does let us down easy, it is infinitely more than we deserve — Individuals have long been gamblers. It is at this instant ye case of ye Nation. It has staked at one throw more than

it can afford to lose & has little or no chance of winning. This is not only gambling but gambling like a fool."

One of the most curious things in this volume is an account of a Spiritualist seance in London in 1762. Under date of February 16th in that year Rebecca Taylor writes to her brother: "I have lately been at London very near the Ghost of Fanny, yes! I have been among the Believers but could not help being, and owning myself an Infidel notwithstanding I was so near the spirit. Oh! that all the clergy had but as much understanding in their whole composition as my *Brother* has in his one little Toe, they would not then give in to such ridiculous nonsense. a friend of Mrs. Frenches a person of whose veracity and whose Integrity and Honour she could depend on, was present while the following Farce was Acting he was admitted at 10 o'clock one night where he found about 15 more persons 3 of whom were rev^{ds} the Candle was immediately put out and silence desired. soon after a soft rapping began & scratching, but not in an angry mood. one of the clergymen declared the spirit was come, and asked if he should question it which was assented to & accordingly he began. Fanny are you come? to which one knock was given, (which you must know is yes; and 2 knocks is no.) are you willing to answer such Questions as I shall put to you? if you are give one knock if not give 2 knocks One knock given. He then proceeded with great Solemnity to Interrogate this Female Ghost — are you a spirit? one knock. are you a good spirit? one knock. are you in a state of happiness? one knock. are you in a state of progressive happiness? I mean by that an increasing happiness. one knock. are you troubled in mind? one knock. have you injurd any one? 2 knocks. has Mr Parsons injurd you? 2 knocks. has his wife? 2 knocks. Did you die an unnatural death? 2 knocks. Some persons present having heard that the Ghost came to reveal its being poysoned, was Surprised at the answer to the last Query, but the Parson gravely said it was his fault in not Stating the Question right; he would therefore ask it again. Parson: Did you die a natural Death? Spirit gave 2 knocks. Was you poisoned? one knock. Was it in Beer Tea or Purl? knocked for Purl. What is it o'clock? gave 10 knocks. How many Quarters after? 2 knocks. Some persons said the Ghost was again out, for that it gone 3 quarters by St Sepulchre's chimes — the Revd Gen^{n} answerd that clocks might be faulty, but by real time the Spirit might be right. He then pursued his Interrogation — can I be of any service to you? one knock. Would it appear that you died by poyson if your Corps was taken up — one knock, yes. Would it give you satisfaction if M^{r} K was hangd? Yes. Will you appear in a Court of justice if he should be prosecuted? Yes, one knock. Is there no one here that comes to scoff? No. Do all present come with a serious mind? Yes. How many Clergymen are in the room? One knock. Parson — What only one knock? 2 knocks. Some observd there was 3 Clergymen in the room to which the parson judiciously observed that the 3^{d} was a stranger & not in a Canonical habit. Then Mrs Frenches friend askd if it could tell the coulour of the arsenick by which it was poisoned. One knock, yes. Was it red arsenick? yes. Now am I convinced of the imposture for red arsenick has not the least poisonous quality in it, 'tis white. I appeald to a physician present for my assersion. This was excused; how should a woman know such nice distinctions as to the coulour. Mrs Frenches friend — pray Gentlemen how does she know that she took arsenick at all? she declard she lived but 3 hours after taking it. its plain she did not know the Tast or she would not have taken it. Upon this much altercation ensued, at which the spirit shewd much anger by scratching. I hant room for more." A postscript adds: "I was much pleasd with one clergyman who sayd it was a Damd Lying spirit."

The history of the Taylors possesses a further interest for American readers through their intermarriage with the Courtauld family. This family, still

distinguished in London by the culture and wealth of its members, is traceable to Augustine Courtauld, born in the Isle d'Oléron, said by tradition to have been brought to England as an infant, concealed in a pannier, soon after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when the children of Huguenots were being placed in convents. From him was descended George Courtauld, grandfather of Peter Alfred Taylor, M. P., whose life belongs to the romance of the far West. Colonel Chester writes of him that, "after a life of most varied enterprise in America and England, he invested what property he finally found himself possessed of in the purchase of lands in the Western (United) States, and died as he was about to introduce the growth and manufacture of silk in the State of Ohio. He was a man of great power of character and of great philanthropy, and it is said of him that 'in all his path through life he left a track of light behind him.'"

The following narrative will fitly close my notes on the volume before me: —

"He [George Courtauld] had from early youth been a radical in his political opinions, and indeed held republican principles. At the age of fifty-nine [1819] he once more turned his steps to the United States of America, whither he went alone, intending to purchase land wherever it might seem most advantageous for the carrying out of a project he had of forming an association for the union of capital and labor on terms mutually advantageous. He purchased large tracts of uncultivated land in the State of Ohio, near the town of Marietta, and returned to England early in 1820, to organize the society and take over his family. On his homeward journey he went the whole distance from the Ohio River to New Orleans *alone* in a little skiff, navigating the Mississippi, . . . his only guide being a little painted chart. He arrived in New Orleans in safety, after facing and surmounting many difficulties and some dangers with his indomitable courage and inexhaustible buoyancy of spirit. Several persons and some families of different ranks in life sailed with him and most of his family from London to Philadelphia; only two of the intended members of the association proceeded with him to Ohio, therefore the whole plan fell through. Much hardship and many difficulties were encountered by him, and those of his family with him, alone in 'the forest primeval,' which were greatly increased by three years of almost unexampled sickness throughout the Union. All the family suffered from fever and ague, and from the fever of the country, which was of the type of yellow fever, though not so malignant. To this fever he fell a victim, August 13, 1823." This was at Pittsburgh, where he was buried. Like the rest of the family, and the Taylors also, within this century, George Courtauld was an earnest Unitarian, and he was a friend of Dr. Priestley. His letters from America reveal his strong sympathy with the political principles of Thomas Paine. "I cannot but think with Mr. Payne," he writes to a reverend relative in England, "that you have no Constitution; you have indeed a form of government, but how you came by that is very difficult to say, — certainly it was not that form which after mature deliberation the People of England chose for themselves." "May God bless Old England! In a political sense she is corrupt and abominable, but I love her private character, and her manners are congenial to my own." It has been for many years the happiness of the present writer to know a daughter of George Courtauld and his beautiful wife, Ruth Minton, of New York, who still resides at Hampstead. At the age of eighty-three this venerable lady's fine intellectual powers are still vigorous, and her memory undimmed. Many times have I listened to her recollections of that brave voyage which she shared with her father across the Atlantic and into the (then) far West. The disappointment of his and her enthusiastic dream of a happier life in the West seemed cruel at the time, but from her serene old age, surrounded by the devotion of her family and friends, she is able to see all those clouds float into the tinted light of even-tide. And even the

young among her relatives may be enabled by this story of their forerunners to gain some of that wisdom which generally is the crown of prolonged individual experience. Browning's Luria found too late

> "The only fault 's with time:
> All men become good creatures — but so slow!"

It takes the life of a family to round out and complete the events and incidents which its individual members often find so out of joint, and which have baffled the efforts of this or that generation to set them right. Another reflection suggested by such volumes as the one before me is the extent to which an honorable family record must influence and direct those who inherit it, and with whom it must advance or decline. The youth is surrounded by shadowy but potent witnesses, who look to him to further their aims and keep their scutcheon without stain. Blood is a great deal thicker than water: the first impulses of that red tide which turns to follow some noble ideal like a moon will in the end set many waves beating on the far shore of solid fulfillment, and the humblest family which to-day is trying to adorn its lowly circle with genuine virtues and culture may work on with assured faith that its labors cannot be in vain. Somewhere, in a future near or far, all the worth they have stored up in themselves or their children will be ripened and reaped. "Quisque patimur suos manes" was seen by Virgil as the destiny of the dead; the ages have revealed it as the law of the living.

In closing this unique work I will only add that at every stage of its tale of centuries the impression has grown upon me of the rarity with which the greatest events have been recognized at the time of their occurrence. What was the discovery of America to a Tailard of A. D. 1492, if he heard of it? Less, probably, than to us now would be the discovery of a promontory north of Greenland. The many families whose lives are traced in this large volume were each, in their generation, molded in mind and fortune by the outcome of events amid which their ancestors seem to have passed with little or no — generally no — note or comment. The forefathers and foremothers pursued the even tenor of their way while the voice of John Knox thundered through the land, and the Queen of Scots fell before Elizabeth, and the tramp of Cromwell's men shook the earth; but these events are left to be recorded in the lives of their descendants. Little was it to any one that, among the many barks which weighed anchor in English ports, one named the Mayflower bore a small band of emigrants to the wild coast of New England. The news was long in reaching English ears — as may be the yet unarrived light of some star — that beyond the sunset a nation was born. Not a word here of George Fox and the Quakers; one or two expressions of dislike sum up Wesley and Whitefield and their revivals. The omissions are remarkable, because the writers of these letters and papers were generally people of intelligence, wealth, and position, fair representatives of the great English middle class. They noted faithfully and even minutely events that seemed to them of commanding importance; but in most cases the so-startling event now looks small enough beside others that came and worked around them "without observation," as perhaps may be silently working at our side to-day unnoted men and events with whom history is traveling. Owing to the freedom of the press and its enterprise, we no doubt dwell in a larger world than our fathers, and are more intimate with events of public import; but it must be considered also that, as a result of civilization, social and political changes advance with comparatively noiseless instead of, as once, with revolutionary steps. It seems unquestionable that many intelligent people have passed through revolutions without knowing it, and there is all the more probability that the more quiet, but not less profound revolutions of modern times may be eluding much contemporary apprehension. "To-day is a king in disguise," says Emerson; and it seems as if our ideas of culture should include

some means of penetrating the disguise. A curious advertisement recently appeared in the London Times, in which a gentleman, much occupied with his mercantile business, desired to employ some competent person for a few hours of each week to "post him up" in the current affairs of the world. He would have the key to the Porte, Transvaal, the electoral trouble in America, and so forth, and not pass his life in a money safe. But we may be victims even of what appears to us culture, if the current of temperament or any special interest — even moral or religious — be so strong as to sweep us too rapidly past the living things around, above, and beneath us. And the same tendency to special interests may characterize a generation of men. Posterity may listen to our story at the other end of our time telephone, but decide that, with all our unearthed Homeric treasures and deciphered obelisks on the one hand, and our poetic dreams on the other, we were really, however unconsciously, dwelling in that circle of Dante's Inferno, whose spirits could see clearly the past and the future, while the present was to them dim and blurred.

Moncure D. Conway.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.[1]

All round the lake the wet woods shake
From drooping boughs their showers of pearl;
From floating skiff to towering cliff
The rising vapors part and curl.
The west wind stirs among the firs
High up the mountain side emerging;
The light illumes a thousand plumes
Through billowy banners round them surging.

A glory smites the craggy heights;
And in a halo of the haze,
Flushed with faint gold, far up, behold
That mighty face, that stony gaze!
In the wild sky upborne so high
Above us perishable creatures,
Confronting Time with those sublime,
Impassive, adamantine features.

Thou beaked and bald high front, miscalled
The profile of a human face!
No kin art thou, O Titan brow,
To puny man's ephemeral race.
The groaning earth to thee gave birth, —
Throes and convulsions of the planet;
Lonely uprose, in grand repose,
Those eighty feet of facial granite.

[1] Profile Notch, Franconia, N. H. The "Profile" is formed by separate projections of the cliff, which, viewed from a particular point, assume the marvelous appearance of a colossal human face.

Here long, while vast, slow ages passed,
Thine eyes (if eyes be thine) beheld
But solitudes of crags and woods,
Where eagles screamed and panthers yelled.
Before the fires of our pale sires
In the first log-built cabin twinkled,
Or redmen came for fish and game,
That scalp was scarred, that face was wrinkled.

We may not know how long ago
That ancient countenance was young;
Thy sovereign brow was seamed as now
When Moses wrote and Homer sung.
Empires and states it antedates,
And wars, and arts, and crime, and glory;
In that dim morn when man was born
Thy head with centuries was hoary.

Thou lonely one! nor frost, nor sun,
Nor tempest leaves on thee its trace;
The stormy years are but as tears
That pass from thy unchanging face.
With unconcern as grand and stern,
Those features viewed, which now survey us,
A green world rise from seas of ice,
And order come from mud and chaos.

Canst thou not tell what then befell?
What forces moved, or fast or slow;
How grew the hills; what heats, what chills,
What strange, dim life, so long ago?
High-visaged peak, wilt thou not speak?
One word, for all our learnèd wrangle!
What earthquakes shaped, what glaciers scraped,
That nose, and gave the chin its angle?

Our pygmy thought to thee is naught,
Our petty questionings are vain;
In its great trance thy countenance
Knows not compassion nor disdain.
With far-off hum we go and come,
The gay, the grave, the busy-idle;
And all things done to thee are one,
Alike the burial and the bridal.

Thy permanence, long ages hence,
Will mock the pride of mortals still.
Returning springs, with songs and wings
And fragrance, shall these valleys fill;
The free winds blow, fall rain or snow,
The mountains brim their crystal beakers;

Still come and go, still ebb and flow,
The summer tides of pleasure-seekers:

The dawns shall gild the peaks where build
The eagles, many a future pair;
The gray scud lag on wood and crag,
Dissolving in the purple air;
The sunlight gleam on lake and stream,
Boughs wave, storms break, and still at even
All glorious hues the world suffuse,
Heaven mantle earth, earth melt in heaven!

Nations shall pass like summer's grass,
And times unborn grow old and change;
New governments and great events
Shall rise, and science new and strange;
Yet will thy gaze confront the days
With its eternal calm and patience,
The evening red still light thy head,
Above thee burn the constellations.

O silent speech, that well can teach
The little worth of words or fame!
I go my way, but thou wilt stay
While future millions pass the same:
But what is this I seem to miss?
Those features fall into confusion!
A further pace — where was that face?
The veriest fugitive illusion!

Gray eidolon! so quickly gone,
When eyes that make thee onward move;
Whose vast pretense of permanence
A little progress can disprove!
Like some huge wraith of human faith
That to the mind takes form and measure;
Grim monolith of creed or myth,
Outlined against the eternal azure!

O Titan, how dislimned art thou!
A withered cliff is all we see;
That giant nose, that grand repose,
Have in a moment ceased to be;
Or still depend on lines that blend,
On merging shapes, and sight, and distance,
And in the mind alone can find
Imaginary brief existence!

J. T. Trowbridge.

NEW BOOKS ON ART.

II.

Mr. Hamerton, in comparing the studious perfection of detail in the accessories of Mr. Alma-Tadema's pictures of Roman life with the poverty which obtained in the backgrounds and surroundings of the classical compositions of the last century, states that the habit of the modern artist in this respect is "in perfect harmony with the spirit of research which belongs to the present day." It is this spirit of research which explains the characteristic relations which have been lately established between literature and art, — relations, the effect of which upon art is evident, not only directly in such work as we have referred to, but in a less obvious manner in the fundamental conception of the functions of art. Under this impulse, more or less consciously enforced, art has gained on the intellectual side what it has lost on the sensuous or emotional. We have seen what heights it is capable of attaining under the latter conditions in the religious art of the fifteenth century; we have yet to see, perhaps, what achievements are possible with such inspirations as are to be furnished by the nineteenth. Mr. Hamerton himself has contributed not a little to the discussions out of which, in great part, the new spirit of art is developing. The purely literary and speculative element in these discussions is not without its uses, but when, united with the literary and theoretical faculties, practical experience in art enters the field, the probability of an ideal no longer misty and doubtful, but definite and symmetrical, arising, like Anadyomene, from the troubled sea of dispute, is greatly enhanced.

Mr. Hamerton's monthly publication, The Portfolio, contains the most notable and effective expositions of current English thought on the subject of art, and these, set forth as they are with reproductions, by the best modern masters of engraving, of the best examples in English collections, are the most formidable and business-like demonstrations yet made for English-speaking people against the strongholds of Philistinism. There is plenty of dilettanteism elsewhere, but in these pages the silent spirit of the artist, the long-suffering spirit, which has pursued its way with the brush, the burin, or the modeling-tool, undismayed by the clamorous denunciations of absolute amateurs and the exactions of peremptory critics, seems at last to have found a voice. Art is speaking for itself in well-chosen and deliberate words, and it is well for us to listen.

The Portfolio for 1877, which is now before us, fully bears out the promise of its predecessor. Its most conspicuous contents are a series of articles by Mr. Sidney Colvin on Albert Dürer, his Teachers, his Rivals, and his Followers; a series by the editor on the Althorp Gallery; a continued series by R. N. Wornum on the National Gallery; and two series by the editor on Turner, and on Mr. Wyld and his sketches in Italy. The pages on Albert Dürer and his school are illustrated by a series of etchings, selected for comparison and contrast, by various masters of that age, when engraving was in its first perfection, and when the greatest men threw into the art their best powers of mind and body. These etchings are perfectly reproduced in these pages by the process of M. Amand-Durand, in which a new copper-plate is produced from a line engraving or etching in such a manner that all the force, delicacy, or brilliancy of the original is preserved in the facsimile. Among these prints the most remarkable reproduction, perhaps, is that

[1] *The Portfolio.* An Artistic Periodical. Edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With numerous illustrations. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1877.

of Marcantonio's masterpiece, the portrait of Pietro Aretino, the infamous bastard of Arezzo, considered the most consummate piece of engraved portraiture in existence. This fac-simile has been made with great skill, by the mechanical process of M. Amand-Durand, from an impression of the first state of the print, of which there are only two known examples. Mr. Colvin's text is distinguished for a very happy and, when occasion requires, a brilliant literary style, especially when concerned with analysis of methods in the production of artistic effects. The reciprocal influence of the Italian and German masters in the earliest development of the art of engraving during the sixteenth and the latter half of the fifteenth century, as explained in Mr. Colvin's fourth article, is a good example of the service which literature may render to art; from the nature of the case, the essential characteristics of the spirit of a school or of an artist are often of a kind to elude expression in language; they are called matters of feeling, and the lay reader is obliged to content himself with a mystery when he seeks for a tangible fact. But the words in these papers which are directed to the analysis of the genius of Andrea Mantegna (page 57), for instance, are not used in the merely literary manner, to cover a real absence of appreciation with an affluence of high-sounding phrases, but they convey concrete ideas with elegance and precision; they accomplish the difficult task of making clear to the layman some of the apparently unspeakable qualities of artistic genius, — qualities such as poetry of the highest order sometimes succeeds in suggesting to the imaginative and sympathetic mind, but which seem to defy the resources of prose to set forth in any uninspired, deliberate, or merely scientific manner.

This is high praise, but it may be applied also to Mr. Colvin's description of the Little Masters of Germany and their works. To the careful reader, not versed in the spirit of the earlier etchings and engravings of German, or, as Vasari always called it, of *Flemish* art, these descriptions and comparisons must prove a revelation, not alone of the quality of the art, which of course is the immediate point in question, but of the manners and customs of the time, the habits of thought which the art all unconsciously illustrates and embodies. Thus interpreted, the three little subjects opposite page 136, etched by Altdorfer, and the four opposite page 152, by the brothers Beham, must assume a new significance; their importunate and often homely and unimaginative detail, their exquisite care and finish, their quaintness of subject, their unaffected and earnest manner, — these qualities are genuine and naïve; to consider them intelligently is an exposition of history. The religious art, which places the awful subject of the Annunciation in a Dutch kitchen, with a roller towel hung against the wall behind the announcing angel, with the lily in a clay flower-pot, and a busy street scene outside the homely casement, as shown in one of the illustrative plates, is an art which needs more explanation than is readily attainable; the secret of it lies remote among the springs of human action, and, when discovered, explains far more than the real meaning of a print four inches by seven; it reveals the causes of wars, treaties, and reformations. Hence, such literature as we are now dealing with, in throwing light upon the obscure motives which formed a certain phase of art, is benefiting humanity as well as art. It is not merely a curious study; it is a contribution to essential knowledge.

The art of the Italian masters from 1450 to 1550, although compact of antique learning and traditions, is impassioned and emotional. As Mr. Colvin finely says of Mantegna, "founding his art upon the study of statuary and the antique, and upon the laws of perspective and geometry, he might easily have lost hold of nature and fallen into pedantry. But the art of that age in Italy was as incapable of pedantry as of vulgarity; it can carry any amount of learning without being pedantic; the very fervor of the artist's studies, the intensity of his devotion to science and the antique, — *il grande amore*, — somehow pass into the

marble or canvas, and prevent the work from seeming cold or labored." The contemporary art of Dürer and his compatriots, on the other hand, seems to have been evolved out of the necessities of their own natures; it was inspired by the *res angustæ domi*, and shaped its ideal out of the homely stuff such as may be found in peasant lives; but it was expressed with loving and minute care, with earnestness, delicacy, and force; so that the Italians, stimulated by the knowledge and imagination of the fresh Renaissance, with their minds full of heroes, demigods, the creatures of mythological traditions and their great doings, when they fell upon these German prints, grotesque but strenuous, rugged and commonplace in theme, but pathetic, intense, and rendered with patient skill, found a new inspiration drawn from contemporary life, and immediately adopted into their own art all the qualities out of German art which could improve their methods or humanize their genius. Of course the German ideal in contact with that of Italy was forthwith elevated to a higher plane, but it never lost its rural force and pathos.

The series of plates from the National Gallery is continued in the Portfolio for last year with etchings by Flameng, Mengin, Lhuillier, and other masters, and a new series from the collection of Earl Spencer (the Althorp Gallery) is begun with etchings by Flameng, Richeton, Murray, and Lhuillier. Of these the works of Flameng in especial are remarkable for their happy suggestion of the element of color in the original paintings, without which suggestion, in fact, the *raison d'être* of some of these plates might fairly be questioned; but in so far as they do set forth the values of color and the chiaro-scuro, as well as the qualities of drawing, in the masters whose works they undertake to reproduce, they must take a very high rank in the art. The etchings of Flameng, at least, easily and surely accomplish this result.

Any notice of this collection, however, would be incomplete without especial reference to the masterly etchings of Legros, in the portraits of Poynter, the English painter, and of Jules Dalou, the French sculptor. These two works are in the severe early Italian style of etching with lines running in one direction, without the usual cross-hatching which was invented by the Germans. Under this exceptionally difficult condition of handling, the modeling of these two heads is a triumph of technical skill. We have seldom met with such fine examples of portrait design in serious modern art.

Mr. Hamerton himself continues his temperate but appreciative papers on Turner. They are such papers as an artist should write of an artist; they get behind the apparent face of Turner's genius, and disclose the primary formations beneath the surface out of which, by the series of great revolutions and upheavals to which the sensitive mind is subject, finally emerged the perfected artistic nature of the man. It is a very workmanlike and thorough piece of analysis, which can enable the mind untrained in the *technique* of the painter's craft to "make sense" out of the shapeless iridescence and wanton aberrations by which, in the experimental stages of its career, this singular and fortunate imagination gave expression to its conflict with nature. It is to this task, however, that the artist critic successfully addresses himself in these pages. We have space to quote but one general observation as an example, but this, in view of the manner in which it is customary to talk of the greatest Turneresque effects, is worth remembering.

Mr. Hamerton, in speaking of Turner's distant effects, by which he made his first claim to be regarded as a master of landscape art, says: "Such painting requires not only much good-will in the spectator, but also great knowledge, freedom from vulgar prejudices, and some degree of faith in the painter himself. When people see a noble effect in nature, there is one stock observation which they almost invariably make: they always say, or nearly always, 'Now, if we were to see that effect in a picture we should not believe it to be possible.' One would think that, after such a re-

flection on their own tendency to unbelief in art and to astonishment in the presence of nature, people would be forewarned against their own injustice; but it is not so. They will make that observation every time they see a fine sunset or a remarkable cloud in the natural world, and remain as unjust as ever to the art which represents phenomena of the same order. Turner had to contend against this disposition to deny the truth of everything that is not commonplace."

This, in short, is the sort of literary work which, not stooping to amuse by mere prettiness, opens to common apprehensions the profound and serious mission of art in these modern days, and encourages the artist to approach the higher standards of culture. The Portfolio is by no means the least among the agencies at work to bring about this result. We commend it as a part of the machinery of the new civilization.

Dr. Wilhelm Lübke, professor of art at Stuttgart, and author of a number of works, all of which, like the present,[1] have been issued in repeated editions, seems to hold for his own country a position somewhat like that of Taine and Viollet-le-Duc in France and Ruskin in England. The analogy is not very close, since there is nothing in him of the *doctrinaire*, nothing of the warm enthusiasm of the latter two for the original views they propound with a corresponding impatience of contradiction. Nor is he, like Taine, purely a philosopher. He appears in the more patient and laborious *rôle* of a compiler. Instead of surveying the field of art with a keen, fresh glance, to divine in it a meaning hitherto undiscovered, his preoccupation appears to be rather to weigh judicially former systems in the various branches, to select the positions he deems the best supported, and to throw them together in a reliable whole for the use of those who desire a text-book in a moderate compass. He is reported by some of those who have listened to his lectures at Stuttgart, which are no doubt better at first than at second hand, to be a person of general appreciation and sympathies. Apart from a strong patriotic German bias, he certainly shows no especial predilection or favoritism for one form of art over another.

An important feature of the late awakening of interest in these matters is its extension amongst the middle classes. They cannot afford many or expensive books. They would like a work, ornamental and attractive in itself, to present the subject fully and lie upon the drawing-room table for reference. It need not go into all the minor sinuosities, but it ought to contain, without omitting any, those broader, leading aspects which may be mastered without neglecting the ordinary avocations of life. Bearing in mind thoroughness and painstaking as traditional German traits, looking over the very full illustrations, — there are five hundred and fifty in all, — and snatching here and there some passages of graphic and picturesque description, one is inclined at first to believe that he has found something quite meeting the requirement. It has, for the moment, much of the effect of examples of the new Munich school of painting, in which the mechanism is still as perfect as of old, while the traditional German hardness and coldness are replaced by freedom and warmth. The pleasant impression lasts especially through the distinct characterizations of the earlier epochs of art. So great is the accumulation of matters at the present time that it is particularly desirable — and this above all in a popular treatise — that each branch of human development should be displayed by its most distinctive side, in order that it may keep its place amid the pressure of a thousand new demands. The author is apparently aware of this, and aims to gratify it by tracing each successive phenomenon to a definite, physical cause. We are delighted with these lucid concepts, and astonished to find that so vast and apparently obscure a field has been so thoroughly sifted and reduced to rule. It is not until we begin to compare these neat summaries among themselves that

[1] *The History of Art.* By Dr. Wilhelm Lübke. A New Translation, from the Seventh German Edition. Edited by Clarence Cook. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1878.

the impression is disturbed. Then we are inclined to find that perhaps "he doth protest too much." His general theory is of an intimate correlation between civilization and topography. So unqualifiedly does he carry out its application that we may even have thought that, with the causes of every varied phase of development accurately spread before us, it might be possible to rise to the gift of prophecy. It seems that the indication of the localities of the next flowerings of art and their character need be nothing any longer but a matter of an atlas and some tables of mean temperatures. But arriving at the end of the first volume, if we please to go back and note how the detailed explanations support the general scheme, we shall find some strange discrepancies.

The general distribution of the matter is into four divisions: the ancient art of the East, classic art, mediæval art, and modern art. Each has its natural subdivisions, as classic into Greek, Etruscan, and Roman, and each, again, its appropriate periods. Each variety is discussed under the three heads of architecture, sculpture, and painting. They are considered historically and critically at the same time, and for the most part preceded by general remarks upon the kind and its origin. It is in following these preliminary remarks consecutively that we come upon an apparent carelessness; the author seems to have paid little heed to a theory of a special state of things when once it has served the purpose in hand, and to have confided in a similar happy forgetfulness on the part of the public. Though each explanation of causes stands fairly complete in itself, there is no thought taken to reconcile the conflict of the rise of quite similar art developments from most dissimilar circumstances, or to explain why it is, on the other hand, that from circumstances entirely analogous to those depicted at certain points no arts at all have arisen at other points. Such a line of treatment as the following is so common throughout the first sections as almost to serve as a formula: "The question suggests itself why it was that this particular branch which we know under the name of the Greek should have so far surpassed all other nations of similar origin. In order to understand this it will be necessary to study carefully the nature of the country." Its hills and valleys are then examined, and the author continues: "Bearing all these influences in mind, we shall comprehend how a people dwelling for centuries in such a region must gradually develop such a character as we find in the Greeks." A kind of argument in a circle recurs continually. Without adding any new premise to what was already known, it is concluded from an examination of surfaces, as if *a priori*, that results of a certain kind must follow. Turning, then, to the actual situation, what do we find? The wonderful coincidence of the exact results predicted. It is not easy to credit such a want of reflection, if it be that, or such an appearance of talking for the sake of talk, to a work of such grave and reverend character, from an author of such apparent repute. It is unfortunately, however, a matter of demonstration. We need only set side by side a number of the assigned causes from which we are given to understand that civilization and art took their origin. It appears that art arose in —

(1.) Egypt, from a great river flowing without tributaries through a narrow fertile belt. The spirit of the free development of the individual was lacking; hence its art development "must have been" chiefly in the direction of architecture.

(2.) Assyria, from a surface consisting of scattered fertile districts separated by inhospitable wastes. Man in these circumstances (as explained by Taine in Holland, where it was doubtless the case), compelled to active exertion to subdue external nature, developed in the process a general force, which he went on to apply in other directions.

(3.) India, from a vast peninsula of tropical luxuriance, watered by a network of rivers. "It could not have been otherwise" than that this should have filled the mind with brilliant pict-

ures, and also should have imparted a strong mystical and religious bias. Development was exclusively limited to religious matters. Buddhism is said to have been necessary, however, to the production of genuine artistic creations, in contrast to the before prevalent Brahminism, "which had corrupted to the utmost the national mind of the Hindoo people." Inasmuch as there are no earlier records than its own, it is hard to see what it had corrupted it from. Besides that, it presently appears, "Brahminism has produced a multitude of no less magnificent detached buildings;" and further, in China, where Buddhism had and has entire sway, a monumental and serious religious style has never arisen.

(4.) Greece, from a territory cut up by mountains into numerous independent valleys opening to the sea. "This infinitely rich individualizing of the surface at once suggests that here, if anywhere, scope was afforded for an analogous development of human existence." Unlike the slavish Orientals, the Greeks afford us the picture of personal inner development, severely subordinated, however, to the interests of the state. Hence, in the *temple* alone the art of architecture found a field for development. (But compare the statement of the exclusively religious development of India above and what is said of the result of the Romanesque condition below.)

(5.) Arabia, from a rocky, barren plateau, without rivers or maritime facilities.

The topographical argument does not extend much farther. It is not carried into modern times or among the modern nations as we know them; but other good and sufficient, always very definite reasons are sought for each successive occasion, and they contradict each other, as above, with great ease. In the division of Early Christian Art it is said, "So wonderful and profound are the laws of the inner life of humanity that *only by this road* (the adopting of antique models) the possibility of an immeasurably rich, new development could be attained." In the division of Romanesque Art architecture must have been the highest form of activity, because it was a period of transition and youthful fermentation. Compare the respectively dissimilar states of mind of Greece, Egypt, and the whole Orient, in which — the latter two especially — architecture also "must have been" and was the leading activity.

Much of this reasoning is valid and well founded by the agreement of archæologists, but it is only a partial and very far from a complete solution of the conditions for which it purports to account. When it is used as all sufficient, we cannot resist the desire to be told why it was that civilizations and arts did not arise by other rivers, and among other hills and valleys and plateaux, of identical character; and why, if it was only the exaltation of individualism here and the repression of it there to which phenomena were due, the phenomena were not uniform and constant, and the most marked where the respective conditions prevailed in the extremest degree.

If an ultimate principle to which everything is to be referred be a desideratum in a work of this kind, the race theory, so strongly insisted on by Michelet and prefaced by Ferguson to his voluminous history of architecture, seems much better adapted to the purpose. The four great original elements, unchanged and unchangeable in their essence — the Turanian, idolatrous, abject, without feeling for symmetry, but impressible to color; the Semitic, monotheistic, poetic, rather literary and cold than artistic; the Celtic, unstable in government, but sharply logical, and open to all glowing impressions; the Aryan, political, excelling in the useful, and without spontaneity in art — are not susceptible of demonstration; yet the plan can be supported by a mass of evidence, and it has the merit at least of comprehensiveness and of going to the bottom.

The same sort of forgetfulness is discoverable in minor matters in Dr. Lübke's work, to an extent which much confuses the general reader and leaves him without a final impression. What is denied in one paragraph is quite likely to be affirmed in the next: as, to take an ex-

ample at random, that Mohammedan art never succeeded in developing any universal and definite model for its houses of worship, and immediately after that it is possible to reduce the forms of mosques to two types. It is a puzzling line of conduct inasmuch as the ideas are apparently there, and we do not feel altogether prepared to say that they are not rightly understood and intended. We are at first inclined to lay it to the translator, but a comparison of the texts shows that, aside from a few harmless departures in the way of giving to sentences a more sonorous finish, the original is faithfully adhered to. There is a strange thickness and roundaboutness of statement, — a neglect of the smaller qualifications and of a close observation of their bearings, which is not only necessary to knit the argument into a perfectly logical whole, but without which, as we have seen, it is in parts elusive and unintelligible.

Considering the book apart from its philosophy of causes, which, though valuable, if consistent and authoritative, is by no means an indispensable adjunct of such a work, and taking it in its purely historical and critical aspects, it is possible to yield again to a more favorable impression, particularly in the earlier divisions and in the portions relating to plastic art as distinguished from architecture. If it does not present too acceptably the reasons of their being, it at least shows clearly, in the main, the appearances of things. The mysterious impassiveness of the Egyptian type, the crude, realistic tendency of the Assyrian, the wild fancifulness and luxurious softness, by turns, of the Indian, are strongly grasped, and the picture of Greek art will hardly be found anywhere more satisfactorily presented in so small a compass. This is indeed largely a matter of the illustrations. The true progress of the long, charming story is read only in turning the interminable series of these; the words but expand and define the impression already vividly received. Here is an Egyptian hero in the pictured chronicles of their walls, towering above men and cities, rushing along in his battle chariot, and slaughtering a myriad of insignificant enemies; here, again, Cyrus, with double wings, and mighty horns of dominion rising from his forehead, naïvely proclaiming, in a cuneiform inscription, "I am Cyrus, the king, the Achæmenide." Here are in turn the progress of Greek art, from the chrysalis of the Pelasgic bas-reliefs to the perfect, melting grace of the age of Pericles; the majesty of the Roman portrait statues; the conceits of the troubled early Christians in their catacombs, their symbols, and the archaic good shepherd carrying the lamb on his shoulders; the Byzantine mosaics, with their elegant embroidered patterns and stiff types forever fixed by rigid conventions; the unsympathetic tangle of Saracenic arabesques; the pure and noble draped statues of the cathedral porches; the lovely, symmetrical altarpieces of Andrea del Sarto and Fra Bartolommeo, and the wild, ecstatic ones of the great epic masters; the sensuous nudities of the revived classicists; their theatrical exaggerations later; the confined lights and rich shadows of the Flemings; the rise of *genre*, and the arrival at modern times with its wide acquaintance with all the perfections that were in their times developed each in its remote corner and under its special conditions, and its balancing uneasily upon the verge of great conceptions, which it seeks but does not find, for the display of its universal knowledge. Of all this and the scores of intermediate gradations there are representative views enough to be of great value, apart from a letter-press which is not marshaled with the clearness and directness of a Lecky, but is far from being without entertaining qualities in its more successful portions. The more successful departments, it must be unhesitatingly said, are those of the fine arts proper. In architecture the author seems to be much less at home. This appears in a failure to seize the essential meaning of forms as deduced from their constructive causes, which is the more singular since, as we have seen, this is the very point with which he has the air of being the most preoccupied. His descriptions are often in the reverse of the

real order of importance. Appearances are treated of as they might impress the uninitiated observer rather than one who knew the structural reason for their existence. Thus, in explaining the Romanesque (and Gothic) door-ways, it is said: "The central point of the façade was the main entrance, whose walls spread on either hand from the inside to the outside, and were often cut rectangularly, so that hollows are formed in which tiny, separate, slender columns are arranged." How much more clearly is this conception fixed in the head by the statement that the sides are thus spread or "splayed" simply to take off the disagreeable effect of sharp corners, and that the splaying is more marked and the angle shafts, with which the baldness of the arrangement is further mitigated, more numerous in proportion to the increasing thickness of the wall. Nor is the weight of evidence to the effect that the stained-glass windows were simply a decorative feature, devised to fill up the wall spaces left useless by the adoption of groined vaulting and the buttress system, but rather that this system was perfected to the utmost to give the greatest possible room for the brilliant new decoration and the elaborate traceries in which it was set, which made of the once sombre interiors vast jewel-boxes. There is, besides, an unusual and awkward technical nomenclature, as the "body" and the "giant" for certain parts of a buttress, — what parts we are not informed, — old and young "servants" for the primary and secondary fillets of clustered shafts, and "lisenes" for simple pilaster strips. On the whole, very little satisfaction will be got from Dr. Lübke's architecture. The reader will do infinitely better in this branch to turn from the German book to another, the straightforward treatise of Rosengarten, published by the Appletons in 1876. It must be of very nearly the same extent, comprising all of Lübke's scattered divisions in one, and there can be no comparison in point of clearness and completeness.

The national bias we have mentioned manifests itself by very frequent references to "the German mind," the attribution to this influence of effects which the writers with whom we have been most familiar heretofore have by no means so accurately traced to it, and the illustration of principles as far as possible by German examples. It is a partisanship, however, that seems rather creditably patriotic. It is exerted very little to the detriment of other nationalities, and this by the indirect method of neglect instead of the ill-natured fashion we recently had occasion to note in the travels of the French architect, M. Narjoux. But, just as it may be to bring into a clearer daylight, now that the German empire has advanced so prominently to the front, matters perhaps too long suppressed by unfriendly framers of opinion, this new distribution of merits adds to the difficulty of comprehension, at least for those who had already made some small advances towards the subject from the points of view which we had almost considered established.

The ostensible fairness of the author is manifested in such paragraphs as that in which he opens a survey of Dürer: "Dürer is rightfully the darling and pride of the German people, but we should not allow ourselves to forget that, being the highest expression of our excellences and virtues, he is at the same time the representative of our weaknesses and deficiencies. Blind idolatry is never seemly, least of all in connection with so genuinely true, so severe a master. We are not permitted to hurry over the austere, rugged externalities of his style either with indifference or pretended rapture."

Including the Netherlanders among Germanic peoples, the German influence in painting must be readily admitted, especially in the modern features of genre and landscape, to which attention was turned for new subjects after the upheavals of the great religious wars, in which in the North the old ideals were destroyed. Farther back, too, than this, the quaint Dombild of Master Stephen of Cologne takes rank as perhaps the highest development of the art in the distinctively Gothic period, and Holbein and Dürer yield to none, in their respect-

ive styles, for the boldest originality. We are tempted to wish — but this is a condition perhaps inseparable from a work which has so much ground to cover — that less of the narrative were a mere cataloguing of names, and that more of it were given to such full typical expositions as those of Holbein and Dürer.

In a final chapter, on the art of the nineteenth century, Dr. Lübke makes the claim — which seems so preposterous even to the editor that he avails himself of a foot-note to refute it — that in this period Germany takes the lead, and that "it is to her we owe the truly thoughtful and promising regeneration of art." Mr. Cook, on the contrary, decidedly holds that we owe the revival of art in our own time to France and England. He is not far from right, we think, in estimating that nearly everything that Germany has done in the last hundred years must survive, if it survive at all, as a warning example. We trust he does not mean to include in this, however, the Munich school of the latest date, which has done and is doing some work showing very admirable artistic qualities. The preface to this concluding chapter, aiming to generalize the peculiar conditions and spirit of the time, is an epitome of the elusiveness, in a mass of fair-seeming, philosophic verbiage, of which we have complained, and of which we had tried to believe, in escaping it for a time in some of the more satisfactory later sections, we had derived an unjust impression. In four pages it says nothing that can be definitely grasped as a solution. Of the United States, in the review of national conditions in this period, it is only said that it shows an evident leaning towards the German schools, under the leadership of Leutze. The names of Winslow Homer and Wordsworth Thompson, — certainly drawn out of a hat by lot, — it is said, may be added, "and among the numerous landscape painters, Bierstadt, Whittredge, Colman, and Gifford." That is all, and its absurdity as a concept of our art, without reference to its length, is one of the reduplicated circumstances that put it out of one's power — with the readiest disposition to do so, as a recognition of the handsome form in which the book is presented by the publishers and the very full and useful notes of the painstaking editor — to commend it as a valuable work for the purpose intended. We are not so far off as ancient Assyria, for instance, and if it be thus difficult to fix the status of the United States, the skeptical person can hardly help being troubled with misgivings about Korsabad and Kujjunjik.

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT, AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

The political testament of Peter the Great, the true founder of the great Russian Empire, is a unique and remarkable document. It is but little known, except to diplomatists, and is, at the present crisis of the Eastern Question, a key which may furnish a true solution of that complex problem. In this light it possesses a peculiar value, and will naturally claim the earnest attention of every reader. In the rapid development of public events in the East, Russia is likely to become at any moment the vast, overshadowing despotism of the world. Napoleon I. truly declared, among his last utterances at St. Helena, that Europe in fifty years from that time (1821) would be either republican or Cossack. The revolutions of 1848 enacted the final throes and convulsions of the republican

cause in Europe. Those frantic struggles only proved the weakness of the undisciplined multitude in their effort to cope with crowned heads and standing armies. Numbers succumbed to the superior strength of method and arbitrary power. The struggle has, to some degree, fastened their chains more firmly round the subject peoples. Since that period, kings and emperors have consolidated their power, and all hope of republican triumph is gone. The autocracy of Russia stands forth as the sworn foe to democracy, and is the declared champion of the divine rights of kings and of the omnipotent power of absolutism. The prophecy of the great emperor is about to be realized. Europe, not being republican, will become Cossack. He truly declared, "If Russia gets possession of Constantinople, leaning on the Baltic and the Bosphorus, she will subjugate Europe and Asia to the same yoke." Thus the will of Peter the Great, which here follows, will become an accomplished reality.

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.

In the name of the most holy and indivisible Trinity, we, Peter the Great, unto all our descendants and successors to the throne and government of the Russian nation:

The All-Powerful, from whom we hold our life and our throne, after having revealed unto us his wishes and intentions, and after being our support, permits us to look upon Russia *as called upon to establish her rule over all Europe.* This idea is based upon the fact that all nations of this portion of the globe are fast approaching a state of utter decrepitude.

From this it results that they can be easily conquered by a new race of people when it has attained full power and strength. *We look upon our invasion of the West and the East as a decree of divine Providence*, which has already once regenerated the Roman Empire by an invasion of "barbarians."

The emigration of men from the North is like the inundation of the Nile, which at certain seasons enriches with its waters the arid plains of Egypt. We found Russia a small rivulet; we leave it an immense river. Our successors will make of it an ocean, destined to fertilize the whole of Europe, if they know how to guide its waves. We leave them, then, the following instructions, which we earnestly recommend to their constant meditation: —

I. To keep the Russian nation in constant warfare, in order always to have good soldiers. Peace must only be permitted to remit the finances. To recruit the army, choose the moment favorable for attack. Thus peace will advance your projects of war, and war those of peace, for obtaining the enlargement and prosperity of Russia.

II. Draw unto you, by all possible means, from the civilized nations of Europe, captains during war and learned men during peace, so that Russia may benefit by the advantages of other nations.

III. Take care to mix in the affairs of all Europe, and in particular of Germany, which being the nearest nation to you deserves your chief attention.

IV. Divide Poland by raising up continual disorders and jealousies within its bosom. Gain over its rulers with gold; influence and corrupt the Diet, in order to have a voice in the election of the kings. Make partisans and protect them; if neighboring powers raise objections and opposition, surmount the obstacles by stirring up discord within their countries.

V. Take all you can from Sweden; and to effect this isolate her from Denmark, and *vice versa*. Be careful to rouse their jealousy.

VI. Marry Russian princes with German princesses; multiply these alliances; unite these interests; and, by the increase of our influence, attach Germany to our cause.

VII. Seek the alliance with England, on account of our commerce, as being the country most useful for the development of our navy (merchants, etc.), and for the exchange of our produce against her gold. Keep up continued communications with her merchants and

sailors, so that ours may acquire experience in commerce and navigation.

VIII. Constantly extend yourselves along the shores of the Baltic and the borders of the Euxine.

IX. Do all in your power to approach closely Constantinople and India. Remember that he who rules over these countries is the real sovereign of the world. Keep up continued wars with Turkey and with Persia. Establish dock-yards in the Black Sea. Gradually obtain the command of this sea, as well as of the Baltic. This is necessary for the entire success of our projects. Hasten the fall of Persia. Open for yourself a route towards the Persian Gulf. Re-establish, as much as possible, by means of Syria, the ancient commerce of the Levant, and thus advance toward India. Once there, you will not require English gold.

X. Carefully seek the alliance of Austria. Make her believe that you will second her in her projects for dominion over Germany, and secretly stir up other princes against her, and manage so that each be disposed to claim the assistance of Russia; and exercise over each a sort of protection, which will lead the way to future dominion over them.

XI. Make Austria drive the Turks out of Europe, and neutralize her jealousy by offering to her a portion of your conquests, which you will, further on, take back.

XII. Above all, recall around you the schismatic Greeks, who are spread over Hungary and Poland. Become their centre, and support a universal dominion over them by a kind of sacerdotal rule (*autocratie sacerdotale*); by this you will have many friends amongst your enemies.

XIII. Sweden dismembered, Persia conquered, Poland subjugated, Turkey beaten, our armies united, the Black and Baltic seas guarded by our vessels, prepare, separately and secretly, first the court of Versailles, then that of Vienna, to share the empire of the universe with Russia. If one accept, flatter her ambition and *amour-propre*, and make use of one to crush the other by engaging them in war. The result cannot be doubtful; Russia will be possessed of the whole of the East and of a great portion of Europe.

XIV. If, which is not probable, both should refuse the offer of Russia, raise a quarrel between them, and one which will ruin them both. Then Russia, profiting by this decisive moment, will inundate Germany with the troops which she will have assembled beforehand. At the same time, two fleets full of soldiers will leave the Baltic and the Black Sea, will advance along the Mediterranean and the ocean, keeping France in check with one, and Germany with the other. And these two countries conquered, the remainder of Europe will fall under our yoke.

Thus can Europe be subjugated.

The authenticity of this document seems to be well attested. Its existence has been known long enough to vindicate it from the charge of being a clever fraud of recent origin. The paper is wonderful for its thorough comprehension of the march of leading events in modern and current history, long in advance of their actual occurrence, and for its prophetic insight into the territorial and political destiny of Europe and the world. The original, deposited by Peter among the secret archives of the Russian government, has been preserved with vigilant care and religious reverence as a precious heir-loom to the successors of the testator. Rumors of such a document, preserved as a profound secret by his successors, are of an early date, and even traces of its contents have been found in the writings of historians and diplomatists of the eighteenth century. Its first copy in this country appeared in the Courrier des Etats-Unis, in New York, and was declared to be a true copy of the original, obtained by an *attaché* of the French embassy at St. Petersburg secretly and at great risk and expense. It is there styled "the secret plan of European supremacy, left by Peter the Great to his successors on the Russian throne," recommending a policy they have uniformly pursued, with a view

to the ultimate conquest of Europe and the founding of a universal empire after the manner of Cyrus, Alexander, and Cæsar. The fruits of this policy, devised with profound sagacity and followed up with untiring energy, are now visible in the wonderful aggrandizement of Russia and her claimed superiority over her contemporaries in Europe in all the elements of strength, territorial extent, population, diplomacy, and power, which, in human estimation, go to make up a nation's grandeur.

Upon one occasion Napoleon, looking into futurity, said to Dr. O'Meara, "In the course of years Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. Almost all the cajoling and flattering which Alexander practiced toward me was to gain my consent to this object. I would not consent, seeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. In the natural course of things, in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, who you may say are Russians. The powers it would injure and who could oppose it are England, France, Prussia, and Austria. Now, as to Austria, it would be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance by giving her Servia and other provinces bordering on the Austrian dominions, reaching near Constantinople. The only hypothesis upon which England and France will ever form an alliance with sincerity will be in order to prevent this; but even this alliance would not avail. France, England, and Prussia united cannot prevent it. Russia and Austria can at any time effect it. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God knows what may happen. She quarrels with you, marches off to India an army of seventy thousand good soldiers — which is nothing — and one hundred thousand *canaille*, Cossacks and others, and England loses India. . . . I think you will see that the Russians will either invade and take India, or enter Europe with four hundred thousand Cossacks and two hundred thousand real Russians. When Paul was so violent against you [the English], he sent to me for a plan to invade India. I sent him a plan, with instructions in detail. From a port in the Caspian Sea he was to march on to India. Russia must either fall or aggrandize herself."

In still another conversation, O'Meara asked Napoleon if it was true that Alexander once intended to seize Turkey, to which Napoleon replied, "All his thoughts are directed to the conquest of Turkey. We have had many discussions together about it. At first, I was pleased with his proposals, because I thought it would enlighten the world to drive those brutes, the Turks, out of Europe. But when I reflected upon the consequences, and saw what a tremendous power it would give to Russia, in consequence of the number of Greeks in the Turkish dominions, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted to get Constantinople, which I would not allow, as it would have destroyed the equilibrium of power in Europe. I reflected that France would gain Egypt, Syria, and the islands, which would have been nothing in comparison with what Russia would have obtained. I considered that the barbarians of the North were already too powerful, and probably, in the course of time, would overwhelm all Europe; and I now think they will. Austria already trembles; Russia and Prussia united, Austria falls, and England cannot prevent it. France, under the present family, is nothing, and the Austrians are so weak that they would be easily overpowered. They will offer little resistance to the Russians, who are brave and patient. Russia is the more formidable because she will never disarm. In Russia, once a soldier always a soldier; barbarians who, one may say, have no country, and to whom every country is better than the one that gave them birth."

Allan B. Magruder.

THE DREAM FAY.[1]

HARK! Am I with the living, or asleep,
Hearing the grass blades grow;
The hush of blossoms opening soft and slow;
The buzzing gnats that secret revel keep;
Honey dropping tranquilly
From the gold cells of the bees,
Buds that on the dreaming trees
A wistful night-wind wakens tenderly;
Bubbles whispering in the grape;
Mystic sighs that find escape
From the earth's o'erladen breast,
Stirred with spring's divine unrest?
Hark! hark! from overhead
The soft stroke of a silver bell
Pulses through the airy spell!
Thrilled with some delicious dread,
I hear a low and joyful song;
Fleet, light footsteps of a throng
To mortal sight invisible;
Tiny laughters of a rill
The mountains from their white breasts spill;
Gentlest kisses that the rose,
Waking from the bud's repose,
Gives the daring butterfly
That lays its deep heart open to the sky.
I hear the breaking icicle;
The music of the thawing frost,
When the wood's light boughs are tossed,
And all their flashing jewels fall.
I hear the dropping of the dew,
Tinkling all the forest through;
And every dancing columbine
Clinks its cups of honeyed wine
With the harebell's goblet blue.
Hark! I hear the bells again.
'T is the coming fairy train:
Bees are singing in the lime,
Bluebells ringing softest chime.
Sleeping birds that dream and sing,
Every head beneath a wing!
Doleful cricket! gossip fly!
Wake, oh wake! the Queen is nigh!
Every little brooklet's fall
Stir the night with madrigal!
Leaf, and moss, and tiniest flower,
Wake! it is the fairy hour!

[1] Scherzo. Queen Mab. Berlioz. Thomas's Orchestra, February 12, 1877.

Hush, hush, it dies away, —
Beyond the verge of day.
Broken forever is that spell of power.
Here is but common clay,
Lamps, and the crowd's array,
The tramp of mortal tread.
That wand hath dropped; those dreams in darkness cower;
The hour has fled!

Rose Terry Cooke.

ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY.

For seven years past Mr. John Ruskin has published monthly a pamphlet letter addressed to the workmen and laborers of Great Britain. In one of the recent numbers of Fors Clavigera[1] — as this series of letters is named — he intimates that during these seven years he has been engaged in setting forth principles which are now to have a more manifest declaration in the work of St. George's Company, a society ordered mainly by Mr. Ruskin, who holds the post of master in it. A review of the letters, then, may show what St. George's Company is, and what Mr. Ruskin is so earnest and persistent about. It may show this, but to the casual reader the letters, taken separately, seem desultory and hap-hazard, as if the author merely wrote down what happened to be uppermost in his mind at the time, with no method or thought for what should follow, letting chance carry the key for him. At the end of most of the letters appears a body of notes and correspondence, containing letters from friends and others to the author, with rejoinders and comments, and clippings from current newspapers, all intended to emphasize some point in the Fors in hand, or a previous number; accounts current of St. George's Fund or Affairs of the Company, with copies of Mr. Ruskin's own expense account. Occasional photographic frontispieces from works of art easily beguile one into thinking that he is in the neighborhood of Mr. Ruskin the critic in art.

A still closer examination would disclose discussions of rent, wages, capital, and interest; comments on the Franco-German war and the Paris Commune; inquiries whether bishops really oversee; suggestions as to the proper reading of the Bible; observations upon modern modes of education; a receipt for Yorkshire goose pie; translations from Plato, Marmontel, and a Swiss pastor's pretty story of The Broom Merchant; passages from Walter Scott's life; comments on scenes and characters in Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray; with many bits of autobiography, and a wide range of minor topics illustrative of the work in hand. One might be pardoned if he failed to see precisely what Mr. Ruskin's aim has been; but Mr. Ruskin would not pardon him, or rather he would waste no concern on the casual reader, for he exacts of his readers the tribute of close attention, and has no wish to tell them anything that they can understand without taking trouble. Meanwhile, he has himself, in two or three passages, summed up the main contents of his letters, and

[1] Mr. Ruskin gives in his second letter a comprehensive interpretation of this title, by which the reader is reminded that *Fors* is the best part of three English words, force, fortitude, fortune, and that *Clavigera* may mean either club-bearer, key-bearer, or nail-bearer. Each of these three terms being further illustrated by mythology, a body of meaning collects about the phrase which satisfies the reader that no two English words could possibly have served the purpose of the title.

it is quite possible to get from these summaries the outline of his plan so far as it has shaped itself. The reason for writing the letters is the reason for forming St. George's Company: it is despair of England as it is, and hope of what it may be if there is only a return to a few simple principles of honor and honesty which prevailed in an older England. These principles he formulates at the close of his second letter: —

To do your own work well, whether it be for life or for death.

To keep other people at theirs when you can, and seek to avenge no injury.

To be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones.

Honesty, Friendliness, Obedience, — these are the three words by which he seeks to reform England; words easily spoken, we may say, yet wrung bitterly from Carlyle and Ruskin, and frothing a little in Tennyson's Maud. Let us see what practical measures our philosopher offers to a people who pride themselves on their practicalness. He tells them that there are three material things essential to life: pure air, water, and earth; three immaterial things alike essential: Admiration, Hope, and Love. They vitiate pure air with foul chemical exhalations, while the horrible nests called towns are little more than laboratories for the distillation into heaven of venomous smokes and smells, mixed with effluvia from decaying animal matter, and infectious miasmata from purulent disease; they have changed every river of England into a common sewer; they have turned their science to the invention of explosive and deathful instead of blossoming and life-giving dust. For the immaterial essential things, instead of admiration they have learned contempt and conceit, instinctively hating the good and destroying it; and for hope the whole spirit is doubting and timid, with no confidence in the future of England; while in place of loving their neighbors as themselves they have founded an entire science of political economy on the basis of a desire to defraud one's neighbor, and have driven woman no longer to ask for love or fellowship, but for justice. So arraigning them he breaks out into this appeal: —

"Are there any of you who are tired of all this? Any of you, Landlords or Tenants, Employers or Workmen?

"Are there any landlords, any masters, who would like better to be served by men than by iron devils?

"Any tenants, any workmen, who can be true to their leaders and to each other? who can vow to work and to live faithfully, for the sake of the joy of their homes?

"Will any such give the tenth of what they have and of what they earn, not to emigrate with, but to stay in England with, and do what is in their hands and hearts to make her a happy England?

"I am not rich (as people now estimate riches), and great part of what I have is already engaged in maintaining art-workmen, or for other objects more or less of public utility. The tenth of whatever is left to me, estimated as accurately as I can (you shall see the accounts), I will make over to you in perpetuity, with the best security that English law can give, on Christmas Day of this year, with engagement to add the tithe of whatever I earn afterwards. Who else will help, with little or much? the object of such fund being to begin, and gradually — no matter how slowly — to increase, the buying and securing of land in England, which shall not be built upon, but cultivated by Englishmen, with their own hands and such help of force as they can find in wind and wave.

"I do not care with how many or how few this thing is begun, nor on what inconsiderable scale, — if it be but in two or three poor men's gardens. So much, at least, I can buy, myself, and give them. If no help come, I have done and said what I could, and there will be an end. If any help come to me, it is to be on the following conditions: We will try to make some small piece of English ground beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads; we will have no untended or unthought-of

creatures on it; none wretched but the sick; none idle but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it, but instant obedience to known law and appointed persons; no equality upon it, but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness. When we want to go anywhere, we will go there quietly and safely, not at forty miles an hour, in the risk of our lives; when we want to carry anything anywhere, we will carry it either on the backs of beasts or on our own, or in carts or boats; we will have plenty of flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields, — and few bricks. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance to it and sing it; perhaps some of the old people, in time, may also. We will have some art, moreover; we will at least try if, like the Greeks, we can't make some pots. The Greeks used to paint pictures of gods on their pots; we, probably, cannot do as much, but we may put some pictures of insects on them, and reptiles; butterflies and frogs, if nothing better. There was an excellent old potter in France who used to put frogs and vipers into his dishes, to the admiration of mankind; we can surely put something nicer than that. Little by little some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us, and feeble rays of science may dawn for us: botany, though too dull to dispute the existence of flowers; and history, though too simple to question the nativity of men; nay, even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude Magi, presenting at such nativity gifts of gold and frankincense."

In three months after writing this he is able to say definitely that St. George's Fund, as he proposes to call it, has been begun by a gift from himself of one thousand pounds; and with this announcement he gives further detail of the plan:

"I will tell you a little more of what we are to do with this money, as it increases.

"First, let whoever gives us any be clear in their minds that it is a Gift. It is not an Investment. It is a frank and simple gift to the British people; nothing of it is to come back to the giver.

"But also nothing of it is to be lost. This money is not to be spent in feeding Woolwich infants with gunpowder. It is to be spent in dressing the earth and keeping it, in feeding human lips, in clothing human bodies, in kindling human souls.

"First of all, I say, in dressing the earth. As soon as the fund reaches any sufficient amount, the Trustees shall buy with it any kind of land offered them at just price in Britain: rock, moor, marsh, or sea-shore, — it matters not what, so it be British ground and secured to us.

"Then we will ascertain the absolute best that can be made of every acre. We will first examine what flowers and herbs it naturally bears; every wholesome flower that it will grow shall be sown in its wild places, and every kind of fruit tree that can prosper; and arable and pasture land extended by every expedient of tillage, with humble and simple cottage dwellings under faultless sanitary regulation. Whatever piece of land we begin work upon we shall treat thoroughly at once, putting unlimited manual labor on it, until we have every foot of it under as strict care as a flower garden: and the laborers shall be paid sufficient, unchanging wages; and their children educated compulsorily in agricultural schools inland, and naval schools by the sea, the indispensable first condition of such education being that the boys learn either to ride or to sail, the girls to spin, weave, and sew, and at a proper age to cook all ordinary food exquisitely; the youth of both sexes to be disciplined daily in the strictest practice of vocal music; and for morality, to be taught gentleness to all brute creatures, finished courtesy to each other, to speak truth with rigid care, and to obey orders with the precision of slaves. Then, as they get older, they are to learn the natural history of the place they live in; to know Latin, boys and girls both, and the history of five cities, — Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, and London. . . . In the history of the five cities I have named they shall learn, so far as

they can understand, what has been beautifully and bravely done; and they shall know the lives of the heroes and heroines in truth and naturalness; and shall be taught to remember the greatest of them on the days of their birth and death, so that the year shall have its full calendar of reverent memory. And on every day part of their morning service shall be a song in honor of the hero whose birthday it is, and part of their evening service a song of triumph for the fair death of one whose deathday it is; and in their first learning of notes they shall be taught the great purpose of music, which is to say a thing that you mean deeply in the strongest and clearest possible way; and they shall never be taught to sing what they don't mean. They shall be able to sing merrily when they are happy, and earnestly when they are sad; but they shall find no mirth in mockery nor in obscenity; neither shall they waste and profane their hearts with artificial and lascivious sorrow."

One further quotation is desirable, although, as an expansion and more detailed account, it necessarily repeats somewhat the passages already given. It occurs in the first letter of the fourth year.

"The children will be required to attend training-schools for bodily exercise and music, with such other education as I have already described. Every household will have its library, given it from the fund, and consisting of a fixed number of volumes, — some constant, the others chosen by each family out of a list of permitted books, from which they afterwards may increase their library if they choose. The formation of this library for choice, by a republication of classical authors in standard forms, has long been a main object with me. No newspapers, nor any books but those named in the annually renewed lists, are to be allowed in any household. In time I hope to get a journal published containing notice of any really important matters taking place in this or other countries, in the closely sifted truth of them.

"The first essential point in the education given to the children will be the habit of instant, finely accurate, and totally unreasoning obedience to their fathers, mothers, and tutors; the same precise and unquestioning submission being required from heads of families to the officers set over them. The second essential will be the understanding of the nature of honor, making the obedience solemn and constant; so that the slightest willful violation of the laws of the society may be regarded as a grave breach of trust, and no less disgraceful than a soldier's recoiling from his place in a battle. . . .

"That it should be left to me to begin such a work, with only one man in England — Thomas Carlyle — to whom I can look for steady guidance, is alike wonderful and sorrowful to me; but as the thing is so, I can only do what seems to me necessary, none else coming forward to do it. For my own part, I entirely hate the whole business; I dislike having either power or responsibility; am ashamed to ask for money, and plagued in spending it. I don't want to talk, nor to write, nor to advise or direct anybody. I am far more provoked at being thought foolish by foolish people than pleased at being thought sensible by sensible people; and the average proportion of the numbers of each is not to my advantage. If I could find any one able to carry on the plan instead of me, I never should trouble myself about it more; and even now it is only with extreme effort and chastisement of my indolence that I go on; but, unless I am struck with palsy, I do not seriously doubt my perseverance, until I find somebody able to take up the matter in the same mind and with a better heart.

"The laws required to be obeyed by the families living on the land will be — with some relaxation and modification, so as to fit them for English people — those of Florence in the fourteenth century. In what additional rules may be adopted I shall follow, for the most part, Bacon or Sir Thomas More, under sanction always of the higher authority which of late the English nation has wholly set its strength to defy, that of the founder

of its religion; nor without due acceptance of what teaching was given to the children of God by their Father before the day of Christ, of which, for present ending, read and attend to these following quiet words." Thereupon follows a passage from the close of the ninth book of Plato's Republic.

In one of his letters, speaking of the doubtfulness which his readers feel of his plan, from its lack of definiteness, Mr. Ruskin says paradoxically that to define it severely would be to falsify it, and that he is wrong even in speaking of it as a plan or scheme at all. "It is only a method of uniting the force of all good plans and wise schemes; it is a principle and tendency, like the law of form in a crystal; not a plan." Accordingly the idea of the company grows with its palpable proportions. For the ordering of it there is to be a master; members, styled companions, who give money or lands, and are enrolled with due solemnity; and tenants and laborers, styled retainers. As a part of the general purpose a museum has been formed at Sheffield: the beginning has been made of a collection of classics, including thus far The Economist of Xenophon and Rock Honeycomb, or Broken Pieces of Sir Philip Sidney's Psalter;[1] and a series of photographs, four thus far (Madonna by Filippo, the Etruscan Leucothea, Madonna by Titian, and Infanta Margaret by Velasquez), have been issued for study and admiration in the homes of companions and retainers. Of the financial operations of St. George's Company the briefest statement is in this: that a debt is a crime, and store a duty; the store "to be primarily of food, next of materials for clothing and covert, next of books and works of art, — food, clothes, books, and works of art all being good, and every poisonous condition of any of them destroyed. . . . The most simply measurable part of the store of food and clothing will be the basis of the currency, which will be thus constituted. The standard of value will be a given weight or measure of grain, wine, wool, silk, flax, wood, and marble; all answered for by the government as of fine and pure quality, variable only within narrow limits. The grain will be either wheat, oats, barley, rice, or maize; the wine of pure vintage, and not less than ten years old; the wool, silk, and flax of such standard as can be secured in constancy; the wood, seasoned oak and pine, and for fuel in log and fagot, with finest wood and marble for sculpture. The penny's worth, florin's worth, and hundred ducats' worth of each of these articles will be a given weight or measure of them, the penny roll of our present breakfast table furnishing some notion of what, practically, the grain standard will become. . . . Of these articles the government will always have in its possession as much as may meet the entire demand of its currency in circulation. That is to say, when it has a million in circulation, the million's worth of solid property must be in its storehouses; as much more as it can gather, of course, but never less." Regulations follow as to coinage, markets, dress, and ornament, all inspired by the same purpose to secure entire honesty, public and private; to regard strictly the natural differences of rank, as indicated by the different gifts to men; and to make life orderly, decent, and beautiful. Finally, this creed or vow, written and signed by every person received into St. George's Company, may be taken as the spiritual pledge of the new crusade against corrupt England.

I. I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible.

And I will strive to love Him, and keep His law, and see His work, while I live.

II. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties,

[1] Other books promised are Gotthelf's Ulric the Farm Servant; a historical work, enigmatically stated as "relating the chief decision of Atropos respecting the fate of England after the Conquest;" the lives and writings of Moses, David, Hesiod, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, and St. John the Divine, these last not always being complete works, but representing the purest theological truth hitherto known to the Jews, Greeks, Latins, Italians, and English.

the fullness of its mercy, and the joy of its love.

And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and even when I cannot will act as if I did.

III. I will labor, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread, and all that my hand finds to do I will do with my might.

IV. I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor hurt, or cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor rob, or cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

V. I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty, upon the earth.

VI. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalship or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

VII. I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully; and the orders of its monarch, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its monarch, so far as such laws or commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God; and when they are not, or seem in any wise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately, not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

VIII. And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedience which I render to the laws of my country and the commands of its rulers, I will obey the laws of the Society called of St. George, into which I am this day received, and the orders of its masters, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its masters, so long as I remain a Companion, called of St. George.

The information given in Fors Clavigera of the actual working of the company is slight. In April, 1877, the statement is made that a few of the Sheffield workingmen, influenced by St. George's notions, asked permission to rent some ground from the company, whereon to spend what spare hours they had in useful labor. Thirteen acres had accordingly been purchased for this purpose, and let out to the workman at a rental of three per cent. on the cost; a little piece of England, Mr. Ruskin says, given into the English workman's hands, and Heaven's. Then, work having been organized at Abbey Dale, a possession of the company, Mr. Ruskin says, very characteristically, in Fors for November, 1877, that he had been greatly concerned by the difficulties attending this first venture; "the more that these are for the most part attributable to very little and very ridiculous things, which, with all my frankness, I see no good in publishing. The root of all mischief is, of course, that the Master is out of the way, and the men, in his absence, tried at first to get on by vote of the majority; it is at any rate to be counted as no small success that they have entirely convinced themselves of the impossibility of getting on in that popular manner; and that they will be glad to see me when I can get there."

Interesting as the history of a single case might be, with its practical difficulties, "attributable to very little and very ridiculous things," no such history is of course possible when the experiment has only just been placed on trial. But the experiment has had seven years of preliminary discussion and theoretical development, and it cannot be said that the plan of the company has been presented in altogether vague outline. Nothing could well be more definite than certain of the passages cited above; and though the vow taken by the companions is, with the exception of the last clause, possible to any right-minded man or woman, it is very evident that St. George's Company does not intend a Utopia but a Kalotopia. Enough, I think, has been taken from Mr. Ruskin's words to make clear the meaning which I read in the whole project. It is a protest against corruption of life, public and private, in England, thrown into visible shape by

the formation of an England within an England. The miniature state, whose order has been outlined, contains, it will be noted, all the functions of a state except what refers to international relations; and that offered now could only serve to throw an air of insincerity over the whole scheme.[1] In this state of St. George there is a fixed standard of exchange among the members, coinage is provided for, the wants of the body and soul are held to be the field for governmental administration, a system of laws including sumptuary provisions is rigidly studied and enforced by moral sanctions, and the life of the citizens is regulated by principles discovered in the history of the wisest states and the writings of the wisest men. Mr. Ruskin sees a decadence in English life since the coming in of the Stuart line, apparently, and looks upon the introduction of steam power, with the accompanying exchange of rural for urban life, as the most powerful impulse upon the downward road. He would restore England piece by piece, by reconstructing within her limits communities which should be visible records of a possible England, — an England where lords and squires recovered the rights and duties indicated by their names, and where a contented peasantry lived honorable lives; where art might be possible in a land no longer resting under the smoke cloud of innumerable factories, and where religion should be neither blind idolatry of a book nor sleek conformity to concealed worldliness. That kings and all leaders should prove their title by the service which they do; that every man should live by the labor of his hands, and not by the labor of other men who support him in idleness; that the weak, the poor, and the suffering should be a holy charge upon the strong, the rich, and the healthy, — these are cardinal points of his belief. What his own conception of the working of his design is may best be learned from the page with which he concludes the fifty-eighth number of Fors Clavigera, the number containing the fullest exposition: —

"The ultimate success or failure of the design will not in the least depend on the terms of our constitution, but on the quantity of living honesty and pity which can be found, to be constituted. If there is not material enough out of which to choose companions, or energy enough in the companions chosen to fill the chain-mail of all terms and forms with living power, the scheme will be choked by its first practical difficulties; and it matters little what becomes of the very small property its promoters are ever likely to handle. If, on the contrary, as I believe, there be yet honesty and sense enough left in England to nourish the effort, from its narrow source there will soon develop itself a vast policy, of which neither I nor any one else can foresee the issue, far less verbally or legally limit it, but in which, broadly, by the carrying out of the primally accepted laws of obedience and economy, the master and marshals will become the ministry of the state, answerable for the employment of its revenues, for its relations with external powers, and for such change of its laws as from time to time may be found needful; the landlords will be the resident administrators of its lands and immediate directors of all labor, its captains in war and magistrates in peace; the tenants will constitute its agricultural and military force, having such domestic and acquisitive independence as may be consistent with patriotic and kindly fellowship; and the artists, schoolmen, tradesmen and inferior laborers will form a body of honorably paid retainers, undisturbed in their duty by any chance or care relating to their means of subsistence."

It would be an easy matter to turn into ridicule the whole scheme, and to cover with laughter the man who propounds it. Most persons will dismiss it with the term quixotic, and those who really know what quixotic means will not much quarrel with the term; for the whole plan springs from the keenest sense of evil rampant, and the honest desire to break a lance in destruction of it. Is

[1] It will be obvious to the reader that in case of war St. George's Company could have recourse, on its principles, only to bows and arrows, swords and javelins

he, by his own confession, "old, tired, and very ill-natured"? I answer that no man can make his profound sense of human misery and wrongness lead him to the jeered-at task of feeling with his own hands for the root of it, that he may pluck it up if possible, without thereby proving his earnestness and the reality of his conviction. In the midst of scoffing England, bidding him keep to the fine arts and let political economy alone, pitied by the weaker sort and held by some to be an eccentric visionary, he holds firmly to his resolve, and at times seems to cling to it to save himself from making shipwreck altogether of hope.

A fair comparison might be made between Mr. Ruskin and Mr. W. R. Greg, who takes the attitude of Cassandra in his prophecy of England's decline.[1] In Mr. Greg's opinion the three national dangers are: I. The political supremacy of the lower classes. II. The approaching industrial decline of England. III. The divorce of the Intelligence of the country from its Religion. Mr. Ruskin might formulate his conception of England's fall under three similar heads: I. The abrogation of duties by the upper classes. II. The increasing poverty of the country through the enriching of a few. III. The divorce of faith from works, and the loss of the meaning of religion as summed up in the word obedience. With Mr. Greg the taking of representation out of the hands of the propertied class and putting it into the hands of the wage-receiving class is in itself a political revolution, the end of which is not yet, and the only remedy which he sees possible is in gradually transmuting this class into capitalists, summing his philosophy in the sentence, "Political power lies naturally with Intellect and Property, and what God has joined man cannot put asunder with impunity." With Mr. Ruskin, the position is taken that in human nature itself is an eternal division into leaders and led, masters and servants; that when the lords of Great Britain are true to their name, and the ladies are loaf-givers, the present blind attempts to set the pyramid of society on its apex will cease, and he will be found ruling who makes himself a servant of all. Mr. Greg sees in the near approach to the exhaustion of cheap coal the doom of British industry; and, while he recognizes in the deterioration of skilled labor a moral cause of decline, it is evident that the weight of the difficulty in his mind is economic. From this calamity of the loss of the world's market he finds no escape, and looks to emigration as but a partial relief from an overburdening population, since it is the able-bodied who will go, the weak and inefficient who will stay. Mr. Ruskin sees in the whole course of modern trade a gigantic evil, resulting in a selfishness which makes every one eager to get rich through an injury to his neighbor, and in an economic falsehood which makes a national debt a national blessing instead of a national curse; he rests the strength of England in the toil of its laborers, and holds that these are robbed of their rightful earning of food, clothing, and shelter. He would find a return to contentment and peace in a return to manual labor, in honesty of living, and in the ignobility of luxury. For the third national danger of England, Mr. Greg finds that skepticism of the national creed is rapidly permeating all classes, and dissolving those bonds of spiritual life which are essential to a nation's well-being; and the only escape which he discovers is in the gradual reconstruction, by the intelligence which has thrown down, of a new and more credible faith. His divorce of intelligence from religion is to be followed by a new marriage of intelligence with certain dim aspirations, in the hope that religion will be the offspring. Mr. Ruskin, believing that religion is submission to God and his laws, and is discovered by a life of fruitful obedience, is not much concerned about the skepticism which questions a formal theology, but takes greatly to heart the presence of a show of religion which is divorced from morality, and the submission to the decrees of such false gods as he sees worshiped in London and Manchester, while he knows no way of escape

[1] See Rocks Ahead; or the Warnings of Cassandra. By W. R. Greg.

from this but such as an old prophet might declare to a recreant Israel. The difference in position between the two men is the difference between a man who speculates with great sagacity upon the state of England, and finds a certain intellectual satisfaction in the inevitability of his reasoning, and a man whose insight is so charged with morality that he is compelled to turn away from the things he most enjoys to some visible lifting of the burden, taking up the task lest he should go mad. There is not, there never can be, a test of sincerity but the plain one of doing; and Mr. Ruskin, though he has been crying passionately that the axe is laid at the root of the tree, seems to turn, almost with scorn at his own ineffectual words, to take up the axe himself, striking a blow with a force which is rather nervous than muscular.

The eloquence of this writer, and the almost painful precision of his style, — by which he is constantly trying to make his words carry more freight than they ever bore, — his zeal, and the largeness of his intellectual sympathy, carry the reader over many doubtful stretches of logic, and make the entire scheme of St. George's Company assume an ideal perfectness of proportion and a grace of being which fill the eye as a poetic structure. One is permitted to draw from all sources, ancient and modern, as he gradually conceives the image: he hears the Tyrolese peasant sing like a robin; he watches the wife of Ischomachus ordering her household; he listens in turn to two Chelsea magi, separate by three hundred years and more; he catches a glimpse of Sir John Hawkwood and his white knights; and the dress and coins make Italy and England melt into one. Charge this picture with a profound moral meaning; believe in it as the harbinger of a new England, not found by crossing the seas, but by a moral cataclysm of the England of the London Times and Pall Mall Gazette, and it is possible that any embodiment in human kind and environment in English fields would catch some of this light that never was on sea or land. But a disillusionizing might take place if one were to look closely at some companion piece, not invested with the charm of literature, or flooded by any historic light. There is a grotesque likeness to St. George's Company in any one of the so-called Shaker families, to be found scattered about our New England States, and in some Western places. Here one may see the bare prose into which the loveliest of idyls has been turned. I happened to be spending a summer in the immediate neighborhood of one of these villages, and Fors Clavigera coming to me each month I was not slow to place it in the hands of the leader, nor greatly surprised to find it at once accepted as a grateful statement of many articles of the Shaker faith, and read aloud in the gatherings of the brothers and sisters. The keen analysis of usury which I listened to at the Sunday meeting was as final as in Mr. Ruskin's pages; the return to nature as the saviour of humanity was the central doctrine of the Shaker life; the broad farms were the manifest declaration of that redemption of the soil which forms an article in St. George's creed. Here was no debt, but only store; steam played no part, but human labor or the action of wind and water were the factors of industry; the looms, it is true, were idle, but the higher-minded looked at this as a loss and decay of the Shaker mind; perfectness of work and economy of resources were still regarded as religious duties.

That this life had done much to lift the human nature which tried it, and was itself tried by it, the honest observer could not doubt; but if he measured it by the test of Moses, David, Hesiod, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, and St. John the Divine, he was compelled to admit that the Shakers had not solved the problem of living, and he even suspected that the spiritual exaltation which found expression in rhythmic procession and rude music could not suffice to deliver the company from the suspicion of being worldly-minded after all, and of looking upon their apple-trees and blackberry-vines with not altogether an ancient Hebraic sentiment. There are differences,

to be sure, as well as likenesses to be noted in the two societies. In the Shaker family, there is the mildest possible form of hierarchy, and a homely approach to the Quaker principles of pure democracy; in St. George's Company, there is the fullest recognition of ranks and orders; in both, education is jealously guarded, but the Shaker family knows nothing of that choiceness of wisdom and example which the founder of St. George's Company offers in place of current literature and science. Yet the fatal error attaches to both, that with all their professions of trust in human nature the societies are founded on a practical distrust. Is human nature so poor a thing that it can be hedged about and its processes predetermined by such inflexible organizations as these? The assumption in each case is that men are children, and will continue such, and growth must constantly "put out" the well-ordered schemes. An observer of the Shaker families perceives how uneasily the women and elders watch the boys and girls who stand on the brink of conscious manhood and womanhood, and with what frequent pain they see them bid adieu to the family just when they give promise of becoming pillars to support it. St. George's Company, too, inevitably recalls the institution of slavery in our own country: the ideal excellence of that order was in the careless, child-like condition of the slaves, the protecting, determining government of the masters, with their chivalrous education and generous life. Yet somehow this relation was constantly disproved by the ungrateful disappearance of slaves and the unchivalric conduct of masters. The ideal St. George pins the dragon with his lance, but Mr. Ruskin's St. George sometimes appears to be armed with a fork, vainly endeavoring to expel, not a dragon, but Nature herself.

It must be said, too, that in their organization both of these societies are fragments — and not constituents — of a body politic. The Shakers are witnesses, as they believe, to a future state of single blessedness, and by an irresistible logic they have no part in the family or the state which God created. St. George's Company is a protest against a corrupt England; it mimics a greater state, and it has partial foundations in its trust in God and in the nobleness of human nature, but it is not founded in the whole nature of man; its integrity could only be preserved by isolation, and shut up within itself it would die of exhaustion. By a divine paradox it could only perpetuate itself by destroying itself in the larger life of the nation. Mr. Ruskin is building an ark against the deluge to come, and we are all laughing him to scorn. That is one way of regarding it. But it is quite possible for students of history and of revelation to believe that nations have their holy life, which is unbroken though a prophet may lodge in a cave and complain that he only is left, when altars are thrown down and a covenant forsaken. There is that in Mr. Ruskin's despair which is heroic; there is that also which is childish. With an exquisiteness of artistic sense, the power to perceive subtle harmonies of life and the capacity for irritation at ignoble discords go together; with a tremulous moral nature, inflexibly true in direction, there is joined a mind so persistently critical that the whole nature seems racked with the constant trial of cases of conscience. He has no rest from this labor of judgment, and one is puzzled at the double feeling with which one approaches him, — of reverence for his nobility of genius, and of gentle pity for his distraction. He is Hamlet the Englishman.

There are few pages in Fors Clavigera, for the reader on this side of the Atlantic, more moving and more lovely in their way than those given to Mr. Ruskin's autobiographic sketches. I should not wish to touch them in the way even of bringing them together into a connected narrative. Occurring as they do at intervals, they break in upon the discourse with delightful force, and certainly help a stranger to understand something of the author's training and vicissitudes of life. In one number there is a touching paragraph called out by a lively, half-irritable letter from a lady who feels the

force of Mr. Ruskin's pressure upon her conscience sufficiently to lead her to make excuses. Among other words she declares that she is willing to join the company when Mr. Ruskin himself does. "It seems to me," she says smartly, "that the first duty any one owes to his country is to live in it. I go farther, and maintain that every one is bound to have a home and live in that. Where is your house and your garden?" Then she reproaches him for wandering away to lovely places in England or on the Continent, while she stays at home a household drudge. To all this Mr. Ruskin replies with the melancholy words: —

"She tells me, first, that I have not joined the St. George's Company, because I have no home. It is too true. But that is because my father and mother and nurse are dead; because the woman I hoped would have been my wife is dying; and because the place where I would fain have stayed to remember all of them was rendered physically uninhabitable to me by the violence of my neighbors, — that is to say, by their destroying the fields I needed to think in, and the light I needed to work by. Nevertheless, I have under these conditions done the best thing possible to me, — bought a piece of land on which I could live in peace; and on that land, wild when I bought it, have already made not only one garden, but two, to match against my correspondent's; nor that without help from children, who, though not mine, have been cared for as if they were."

In somewhat other terms he lays claim to the name of gentleman. "It is quite possible for the simplest workman or laborer for whom I write to understand what the feelings of a gentleman are, and share them if he will; but the crisis and horror of this present time are that its desire of money and the fullness of luxury dishonestly attainable by common persons are gradually making churls of all men, and the nobler passions are not merely disbelieved, but even the conception of them seems ludicrous to the impotent churl mind; so that — to take only so poor an instance of them as my own life — because I have passed it in alms-giving, not in fortune-hunting; because I have labored always for the honor of others, not my own, and have chosen rather to make men look to Turner and Luini than to form or exhibit the skill of my own hand; because I have lowered my rents and assured the comfortable lives of my poor tenants, instead of taking from them all I could force for the roofs they needed; because I love a wood-walk better than a London street, and would rather watch a sea-gull fly than shoot it, and rather hear a thrush sing than eat it; finally, because I never disobeyed my mother, because I have honored all women with solemn worship, and have been kind even to the unthankful and the evil, therefore the hacks of English art and literature wag their heads at me, and the poor wretch who pawns the dirty linen of his soul daily for a bottle of sour wine and a cigar talks of the 'effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin.'"

The series of Fors Clavigera, as I have said, has mainly to do with the ordering of St. George's Company; but as that company is not, in Mr. Ruskin's intention, an arbitrary or wholly isolated guild, having peculiar laws and customs inapplicable to simple people elsewhere, in England or out of it, the explication of the principles at its foundation is broad and variously suggestive. From the wide range of his reading in literature, art, history, and religion, the author has gathered a remarkable store of wisdom and generous example. His running commentary, for example, on Sir Walter Scott's life, character, and work is full of fine interpretative power; his readings from Plato, from Sir Philip Sidney, from Marmontel, his inquiry into Biblical meanings, are of quite unusual force, provoking the student to fresh examination of familiar words; and nothing wiser, respecting the education of girls, has been written in this generation of schoolmasters and school-mistresses than the sixty-fifth and sixty-sixth letters.[1] No fair-minded reader can study this extraor-

[1] Reprinted in separate form as Letter to Young Girls.

dinary series without finding his mind quickened as to the application of eternal principles to the conditions of present civilization. That he will recoil from some of Mr. Ruskin's conclusions is inevitable, partly from his own unpreparedness, partly from a mental waywardness characteristic of the writer; but he will never find concession to falsehood or infidelity to truth.

To us on this side of the Atlantic the letters come shorn of some immediate force by reason of the different conditions of life here, but with an added weight by reason of a possibly wider application. That is to say, the conditions of life in England which have wrung the letters and the resolution from Mr. Ruskin are not as yet reproduced here; we have tendencies toward what he regards as fixed facts in England. The larger breathing space, the truer respect for law, the firmer establishment of a liberty that cannot choose evil, the wider charity, and above all the freer hope, which I believe to be inherent in American life, — these elements make us look with some wonder upon the picture which he draws of English misery. Nor are the principles laid down in Fors Clavigera so foreign from habits of thought familiar to Americans. The despotism of trade and the selfishness of a cruel competition have not yet degraded the common mind here to so great an extent as in England, and the difference in training which the American and English public mind receives renders the American more receptive of classic and generous ideas. An American traveling, for instance, in England might easily accept Mr. Ruskin's measure of Englishmen, accounting for what might seem extravagance by the better knowledge which a resident must have, but himself discovering the existence of the same evil in a less portentous form. On his return to his own country he would not be less aware of the incompleteness of the national character, but he would at once acknowledge joyfully that he had come to a land of larger hope and brighter skies.

Still, to us who have not the frequent opportunity of making these manifest comparisons, many of Mr. Ruskin's strictures upon modern civilization strike with real force by the suggestion they have of evils immediate and visibly present. For my own part I can see processes going on in the neighborhood of our great cities entirely answering to the severest of his denunciations. It is not difficult to discover the beginning of evil which it will be a weary work hereafter to overturn. To take the nearest example, the river Charles, offering small inducements to great commercial enterprises, ought to be the silver thread, shining with its lovely windings, all through a district rapidly growing in population. Efforts are making, against strong currents, to preserve this precious stream. Yet see what one or two men can do to destroy its beauty! Not far from the seat of the University, the river makes a turn around a tongue of land, and flows past what was once a lovely piece of river-bank. The ground rose in a little bluff overhanging the marshy rim of the water, and then sloped away from the river, having on its highest point little clumps of fir-trees. It was bought as a speculation, the trees cut down, the hill leveled, great gashes made in the slopes, and now what might always have been a delight to the eye is a level piece of gravel, with scarcely a sign of vegetation. The gravel, I am told, was sold for more than the land cost, and the owners have been complimented on their prudence and sagacity; but no arithmetical calculation can estimate the loss which I and many more have suffered who used to cross the bridge at that point, climb over the little knoll, watch the river at our feet, and walk down the grassy slope. Now, as I stroll along the bank, further up, and see the broad meadows which skirt the river, I think that something remains, for these meadows, covered with water at high tide, are as yet unprofitable to the speculator. But I have the dread of seeing in my paper, some day, a polite paragraph upon some enterprising land company which proposes to utilize the flats by making them the place of amphibious manufactories, belching forth smoke, and

fouling the river with their chemical waste. I doubt not that there are many timid people like myself, who find it hard to look on and see our cities spreading desolation about them. To such I commend these letters of Mr. Ruskin; at least they speak our thoughts with a consolatory vengeance. For weightier reasons, it could be wished that letters so irritating as these to a comfortable nature, so stimulating to all who would measure the thoughts of the time by noble standards, might be more generally known and studied. They have been caught at here and there by foolish people, eager only to find high authority for their own crude notions respecting labor, and the half-concealed truths in them distorted for partisan ends; they merit wider recognition and more fruitful application. If there are vagaries in them, these will be discovered and lightly dismissed only by those capable of discovering the enduring thoughts.

H. E. Scudder.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

Old neighbor, for how many a year
The same horizon, stretching here,
Has held us in its happy bound
From Rivermouth to Ipswich Sound!
How many a wave-washed day we 've seen
Above that low horizon lean,
And marked within the Merrimack
The self-same sunset reddening back,
Or in the Powow's shining stream,
That silent river of a dream!

Where Craneneck o'er the woody gloom
Lifts her steep mile of apple-bloom;
Where Salisbury Sands, in yellow length,
With the great breakers measure strength;
Where Artichoke in shadow slides,
The lily on her painted tides, —
There 's naught in the enchanted view
That does not seem a part of you:
Your legends hang on every hill,
Your songs have made it dearer still.

Yours is the river-road; and yours
Are all the mighty meadow floors
Where the long Hampton levels lie
Alone between the sea and sky.
Sweeter in Follymill shall blow
The Mayflowers, that you loved them so;
Prouder Deer Island's ancient pines
Toss to their measure in your lines;
And purpler gleam old Appledore,
Because your foot has trod her shore.

Still shall the great Cape wade to meet
The storms that fawn about her feet,
The summer evening linger late
In many-rivered Stackyard-Gate,
When we, when all your people here,
Have fled. But, like the atmosphere,
You still the region shall surround,
The spirit of the sacred ground,
Though you have risen, as mounts the star,
Into horizons vaster far!

THE EUROPEANS.

I.

A NARROW grave-yard in the heart of a bustling, indifferent city, seen from the windows of a gloomy-looking inn, is at no time an object of enlivening suggestion; and the spectacle is not at its best when the moldy tombstones and funereal umbrage have received the ineffectual refreshment of a dull, moist snow-fall. If, while the air is thickened by this frosty drizzle, the calendar should happen to indicate that the blessed vernal season is already six weeks old, it will be admitted that no depressing influence is absent from the scene. This fact was keenly felt on a certain 12th of May, twenty years since, by a lady who stood looking out of one of the windows of the best hotel in the ancient city of Boston. She had stood there for half an hour, — stood there, that is, at intervals; for from time to time she turned back into the room and measured its length with a restless step. In the chimney-place was a red-hot fire, which emitted a small blue flame; and in front of the fire, at a table, sat a young man who was busily plying a pencil. He had a number of sheets of paper cut into small equal squares, and he was apparently covering them with pictorial designs, — strange-looking figures. He worked rapidly and attentively, sometimes threw back his head and held out his drawing at arms-length, and kept up a soft, gay-sounding humming and whistling. The lady brushed past him in her walk; her much-trimmed skirts were voluminous. She never dropped her eyes upon his work; she only turned them, occasionally, as she passed, to a mirror suspended above a toilet-table on the other side of the room. Here she paused a moment, gave a pinch to her waist with her two hands, or raised these members — they were very plump and pretty — to the multifold braids of her hair, with a movement half caressing, half corrective. An attentive observer might have fancied that during these periods of desultory self-inspection her face forgot its melancholy; but as soon as she neared the window again it began to proclaim that she was a very ill-pleased woman. And indeed in what met her eyes there was little to be pleased with. The window-panes were battered by the sleet; the head-stones in the grave-yard beneath seemed to be holding themselves askance to keep it out of their faces. A tall iron railing protected them from the street, and on the other side of the railing an assemblage of Bostonians were trampling about in the liquid snow. Many of them were looking up and down; they appeared to be waiting for something. From time to time a strange vehicle drew near to the

place where they stood, — such a vehicle as the lady at the window, in spite of a considerable acquaintance with human invention, had never seen before: a huge, low omnibus, painted in brilliant colors, and decorated, apparently, with jangling bells, attached to a species of groove in the pavement, through which it was dragged, with a great deal of rumbling, bouncing, and scratching, by a couple of remarkably small horses. When it reached a certain point the people in front of the grave-yard, of whom much the greater number were women, carrying satchels and parcels, projected themselves upon it in a compact body, — a movement suggesting the scramble for places in a life-boat at sea, — and were engulfed in its large interior. Then the life-boat — or the life-car, as the lady at the window of the hotel vaguely designated it — went bumping and jingling away upon its invisible wheels, with the helmsman (the man at the wheel) guiding its course incongruously from the prow. This phenomenon was repeated every three minutes, and the supply of eagerly-moving women in cloaks, bearing reticules and bundles, renewed itself in the most liberal manner. On the other side of the grave-yard was a row of small red brick houses, showing a series of homely, domestic-looking backs; at the end opposite the hotel a tall wooden church-spire, painted white, rose high into the vagueness of the snow-flakes. The lady at the window looked at it for some time; for reasons of her own she thought it the ugliest thing she had ever seen. She hated it, she despised it; it threw her into a state of irritation that was quite out of proportion to any sensible motive. She had never known herself to care so much about church-spires.

She was not pretty; but even when it expressed perplexed irritation her face was most interesting and agreeable. Neither was she in her first youth; yet, though slender, with a great deal of extremely well-fashioned roundness of contour, — a suggestion, in her figure, both of maturity and flexibility, — she carried her three and thirty years as a light-wristed Hebe might have carried a brimming wine-cup. Her complexion was fatigued, as the French say; her mouth was large, her lips too full, her teeth uneven, her chin rather commonly modeled; she had a thick nose, and when she smiled — she was constantly smiling — the lines beside it rose too high, toward her eyes. But these eyes were charming: gray in color, brilliant, quickly glancing, gently resting, full of intelligence. Her forehead was very low, — it was her only handsome feature; and she had a great abundance of crisp dark hair, finely frizzled, which was always braided in a manner that suggested some Southern or Eastern, some remotely foreign woman. She had a large collection of ear-rings, and wore them in alternation; and they seemed to give a point to her Oriental or exotic aspect. A compliment had once been paid her, which, being repeated to her, gave her greater pleasure than anything she had ever heard. "A pretty woman?" some one had said. "Why, her features are very bad." "I don't know about her features," a very discerning observer had answered; "but she carries her head like a pretty woman." You may imagine whether, after this, she carried her head less becomingly.

She turned away from the window at last, pressing her hands to her eyes. "It's too horrible!" she exclaimed. "I shall go back — I shall go back!" And she flung herself into a chair before the fire.

"Wait a little, dear child," said the young man softly, sketching away at his little scraps of paper.

The lady put out her foot; it was very small, and there was an immense rosette on her slipper. She fixed her eyes for a while on this ornament, and then she looked at the glowing bed of anthracite coal in the grate. "Did you ever see anything so hideous as that fire?" she demanded. "Did you ever see anything so — so *affreux* as — as everything?" She spoke English with perfect purity; but she brought out this French epithet in a manner that indicated that she was accustomed to using French epithets.

"I think the fire is very pretty," said

the young man, glancing at it a moment. "Those little blue tongues, dancing on top of the crimson embers, are extremely picturesque. They are like a fire in an alchemist's laboratory."

"You are too good-natured, my dear," his companion declared.

The young man held out one of his drawings, with his head on one side. His tongue was gently moving along his under-lip. "Good natured — yes. Too good-natured — no."

"You are irritating," said the lady, looking at her slipper.

He began to retouch his sketch. "I think you mean simply that you are irritated."

"Ah, for that, yes!" said his companion, with a little bitter laugh. "It's the darkest day of my life, — and you know what that means."

"Wait till to-morrow," rejoined the young man.

"Yes, we have made a great mistake. If there is any doubt about it to-day, there certainly will be none to-morrow. Ce sera clair, au moins!"

The young man was silent a few moments, driving his pencil. Then at last, "There are no such things as mistakes," he affirmed.

"Very true, — for those who are not clever enough to perceive them. Not to recognize one's mistakes, — that would be happiness in life," the lady went on, still looking at her pretty foot.

"My dearest sister," said the young man, always intent upon his drawing, "it's the first time you have told me I am not clever."

"Well, by your own theory I can't call it a mistake," answered his sister, pertinently enough.

The young man gave a clear, fresh laugh. "You, at least, are clever enough, dearest sister," he said.

"I was not so when I proposed this."

"Was it you who proposed it?" asked her brother.

She turned her head and gave him a little stare. "Do you desire the credit of it?"

"If you like, I will take the blame," he said, looking up with a smile.

"Yes," she rejoined in a moment, "you make no difference in these things. You have no sense of property."

The young man gave his joyous laugh again. "If that means I have no property, you are right!"

"Don't joke about your poverty," said his sister. "That is quite as vulgar as to boast about it."

"My poverty! I have just finished a drawing that will bring me fifty francs!"

"*Voyons*," said the lady, putting out her hand.

He added a touch or two, and then gave her his sketch. She looked at it, but she went on with her idea of a moment before. "If a woman were to ask you to marry her you would say, 'Certainly, my dear, with pleasure!' And you would marry her, and be ridiculously happy. Then at the end of three months you would say to her, 'You know that blissful day when I begged you to be mine!'"

The young man had risen from the table, stretching his arms a little; he walked to the window. "That's a description of a charming nature," he said.

"Oh, yes, you have a charming nature; I regard that as our capital. If I had not been convinced of that I should never have taken the risk of bringing you to this dreadful country."

"This comical country! this delightful country!" exclaimed the young man, and he broke into the most animated laughter.

"Is it those women scrambling into the omnibus?" asked his companion. "What do you suppose is the attraction?"

"I suppose there is a very good-looking man inside," said the young man.

"In each of them? They come along in hundreds, and the men in this country don't seem at all handsome. As for the women — I have never seen so many at once since I left the convent."

"The women are very pretty," her brother declared, "and the whole affair is very amusing. I must make a sketch of it." And he came back to the table quickly, and picked up his utensils, — a

small sketching-board, a sheet of paper, and three or four crayons. He took his place at the window with these things, and stood there glancing out, plying his pencil with an air of easy skill. While he worked he wore a brilliant smile. Brilliant is indeed the word at this moment for his strongly-lighted face. He was eight and twenty years old; he had a short, slight, well-made figure. Though he bore a noticeable resemblance to his sister, he was a better favored person: fair-haired, clear-faced, witty-looking, with a delicate finish of feature and an expression at once urbane and not at all serious, a warm blue eye, an eyebrow finely drawn and excessively arched, — an eyebrow which, if ladies wrote sonnets to those of their lovers, might have been made the subject of such a piece of verse, — and a light mustache that flourished upwards as if blown that way by the breath of a constant smile. There was something in his physiognomy at once benevolent and picturesque. But, as I have hinted, it was not at all serious. The young man's face was, in this respect, singular; it was not at all serious, and yet it inspired the liveliest confidence.

"Be sure you put in plenty of snow," said his sister. "*Bonté divine*, what a climate!"

"I shall have the sketch all white, and I shall put in the little figures in black," the young man answered, laughing. "And I shall call it — what is that line in Keats? — Mid-May's Eldest Child!"

"I don't remember," said the lady, "that mamma ever told me it was like this."

"Mamma never told you anything disagreeable. And it 's not like this — every day. You will see that to-morrow we shall have a splendid day."

"Qu'en savez-vous? To-morrow I shall go away."

"Where shall you go?"

"Anywhere away from here. Back to Silberstadt. I shall write to the reigning prince."

The young man turned a little and looked at her, with his crayon poised. "My dear Eugenia," he murmured, "were you so happy at sea?"

Eugenia got up; she still held in her hand the drawing her brother had given her. It was a bold, expressive sketch of a group of miserable people on the deck of a steamer, clinging together and clutching at each other, while the vessel lurched downward, at a terrific angle, into the hollow of a wave. It was extremely clever, and full of a sort of tragi-comical power. Eugenia dropped her eyes upon it and made a sad grimace. "How can you draw such odious scenes?" she asked. "I should like to throw it into the fire!" And she tossed the paper away. Her brother watched, quietly, to see where it went. It fluttered down to the floor, where he let it lie. She came toward the window, pinching in her waist. "Why don't you reproach me — abuse me?" she asked. "I think I should feel better then. Why don't you tell me that you hate me for bringing you here?"

"Because you would n't believe it. I adore you, dear sister! I am delighted to be here, and I am charmed with the prospect."

"I don't know what had taken possession of me. I had lost my head," Eugenia went on.

The young man, on his side, went on plying his pencil. "It 's evidently a most curious and interesting country. Here we are, and I mean to enjoy it."

His companion turned away with an impatient step, but presently came back. "High spirits are doubtless an excellent thing," she said; "but you give one too much of them, and I can't see that they have done you any good."

The young man stared, with lifted eyebrows, smiling; he tapped his handsome nose with his pencil. "They have made me happy!"

"That was the least they could do; they have made you nothing else. You have gone through life thanking fortune for such very small favors that she has never put herself to any trouble for you."

"She must have put herself to a little, I think, to present me with so admirable a sister."

"Be serious, Felix. You forget that I am your elder."

"With a sister, then, so elderly!" rejoined Felix, laughing. "I hoped we had left seriousness in Europe."

"I fancy you will find it here. Remember that you are nearly thirty years old, and that you are nothing but an obscure Bohemian, — a penniless correspondent of an illustrated paper."

"Obscure as much as you please, but not so much of a Bohemian as you think. And not at all penniless! I have a hundred pounds in my pocket; I have an engagement to make fifty sketches, and I mean to paint the portraits of all our cousins, and of all *their* cousins, at a hundred dollars a head."

"You are not ambitious," said Eugenia.

"You are, dear baroness," the young man replied.

The baroness was silent a moment, looking out at the sleet-darkened graveyard and the bumping horse-cars. "Yes, I am ambitious," she said at last. "And my ambition has brought me to this dreadful place!" She glanced about her; the room had a certain vulgar nudity, the bed and the window were curtainless, and she gave a little passionate sigh. "Poor old ambition!" she exclaimed. Then she flung herself down upon a sofa which stood near against the wall, and covered her face with her hands.

Her brother went on with his drawing, rapidly and skillfully; and after some moments he sat down beside her and showed her his sketch. "Now, don't you think that 's pretty good for an obscure Bohemian?" he asked. "I have knocked off another fifty francs."

Eugenia glanced at the little picture as he laid it on her lap. "Yes, it is very clever," she said. And in a moment she added, "Do you suppose our cousins do that?"

"Do what?"

"Get into those things, and look like that."

Felix meditated a while. "I really can't say. It will be interesting to discover."

"Oh, the rich people can't!" said the baroness.

"Are you very sure they are rich?" asked Felix, lightly.

His sister slowly turned in her place, looking at him. "Heavenly powers!" she murmured. "You have a way of bringing out things!"

"It will certainly be much pleasanter if they are rich," Felix declared.

"Do you suppose if I had not known they were rich I should ever have come?"

The young man met his sister's somewhat peremptory eyes with his bright, contented glance. "Yes, it certainly will be pleasanter," he repeated.

"That 's all I expect of them," said the baroness. "I don't count upon their being clever or friendly, — at first, — or elegant or interesting. But I assure you I insist upon their being rich."

Felix leaned his head upon the back of the sofa, and looked a while at the oblong patch of sky to which the window served as frame. The snow was ceasing; it seemed to him that the sky had begun to brighten. "I count upon their being rich," he said at last, "and powerful, and clever, and friendly, and elegant, and interesting, and generally delightful! Tu vas voir." And he bent forward and kissed his sister. "Look there!" he went on. "As a portent, even while I speak, the sky is turning the color of gold; the day is going to be splendid."

And indeed, within five minutes the weather had changed. The sun broke out through the snow-clouds and jumped into the baroness's room. "Bonté divine," exclaimed this lady, "what a climate!"

"We will go out and see the world," said Felix.

And after a while they went out. The air had grown warm as well as brilliant; the sunshine had dried the pavements. They walked about the streets at hazard, looking at the people and the houses, the shops and the vehicles, the blazing blue sky and the muddy crossings, the hurrying men and the slow-strolling maidens, the fresh red bricks and the bright green trees, the extraordinary mixture of smartness and shabbiness.

From one hour to another the day had grown vernal; even in the bustling streets there was an odor of earth and blossom. Felix was immensely entertained. He had called it a comical country, and he went about laughing at everything he saw. You would have said that American civilization expressed itself to his sense in a tissue of capital jokes. The jokes were certainly excellent, and the young man's merriment was very joyous and genial. He possessed what is called the pictorial sense, and this first glimpse of democratic manners stirred the same sort of attention that he would have given to the movements of a lively young person with a bright complexion. Such attention would have been demonstrative and complimentary; and in this case Felix might have passed for an undispirited young exile revisiting the haunts of his childhood. He kept looking at the violent blue of the sky, at the scintillating air, at the scattered and multiplied patches of color.

"Comme c'est bariolé, eh?" he said to his sister in that foreign tongue which they both appeared to feel a mysterious prompting occasionally to use.

"Yes, it is *bariolé* indeed," the baroness answered. "I don't like the coloring; it hurts my eyes."

"It shows how extremes meet," the young man rejoined. "Instead of coming to the West we seem to have gone to the East. The way the sky touches the house-tops is just like Cairo; and the red and blue sign-boards patched over the face of everything remind one of Mahometan decoration."

"The young women are not Mahometan," said his companion. "They can't be said to hide their faces. I never saw anything so bold."

"Thank Heaven they don't hide their faces!" cried Felix. "Their faces are uncommonly pretty."

"Yes, their faces are often very pretty," said the baroness, who was a very clever woman. She was too clever a woman not to be capable of a great deal of just and fine observation. She clung more closely than usual to her brother's arm; she was not exhilarated, as he was; she said very little, but she noted a great many things, and made her reflections. She was a little excited; she felt that she had indeed come to a strange country, to make her fortune. Superficially, she was conscious of a good deal of irritation and displeasure; the baroness was a very delicate and fastidious person. Of old, more than once, she had gone, for entertainment's sake and in brilliant company, to a fair in a provincial town. It seemed to her now that she was at an enormous fair, — that the entertainment and the *désagréments* were very much the same. She found herself alternately smiling and shrinking; the show was very curious, but it was probable, from moment to moment, that one would be jostled. The baroness had never seen so many people walking about before; she had never been so mixed up with people she did n't know. But little by little she felt that this fair was a more serious undertaking. She went with her brother into a large public garden, which seemed very pretty, but where she was surprised at seeing no carriages. The afternoon was drawing to a close; the coarse, vivid grass and the slender tree-boles were gilded by the level sunbeams, — gilded as with gold that was fresh from the mine. It was the hour at which ladies should come out for an airing and roll past a hedge of pedestrians, holding their parasols askance. Here, however, Eugenia observed no indications of this custom, the absence of which was more anomalous as there was a charming avenue of remarkably graceful, arching elms in the most convenient contiguity to a large, cheerful street, in which, evidently, among the more prosperous members of the *bourgeoisie*, a great deal of pedestrianism went forward. Our friends passed out into this well-lighted promenade, and Felix noticed a great many more pretty girls, and called his sister's attention to them. This latter measure, however, was superfluous; for the baroness had inspected, narrowly, these charming young ladies.

"I feel an intimate conviction that our cousins are like that," said Felix.

The baroness hoped so, but this is not what she said. "They are very pretty," she said, "but they are mere little girls. Where are the women, — the women of thirty?"

"Of thirty-three, do you mean?" her brother was going to ask; for he understood often both what she said and what she did not say. But he only exclaimed upon the beauty of the sunset, while the baroness, who had come to seek her fortune, reflected that it would certainly be well for her if the persons against whom she might need to measure herself were all mere little girls. The sunset was superb; they stopped to look at it; Felix declared that he had never seen such a gorgeous mixture of colors. The baroness also thought it splendid; and she was perhaps the more easily pleased from the fact that while she stood there she was conscious of much admiring observation on the part of various nice-looking people who passed that way, and to whom a distinguished, strikingly-dressed woman with a foreign air, exclaiming upon the beauties of nature on a Boston street corner in the French tongue, could not be an object of indifference. Eugenia's spirits rose. She surrendered herself to a certain tranquil gayety. If she had come to seek her fortune, it seemed to her that her fortune would be easy to find. There was a promise of it in the gorgeous purity of the western sky; there was an intimation in the mild, unimpertinent gaze of the passers of a certain natural facility in things.

"You will not go back to Silberstadt, eh?" asked Felix.

"Not to-morrow," said the baroness.

"Nor write to the reigning prince?"

"I shall write to him that they evidently know nothing about him over here."

"He will not believe you," said the young man. "I advise you to let him alone."

Felix himself continued to be in high good humor. Brought up among ancient customs and in picturesque cities, he yet found plenty of local color in the little Puritan metropolis. That evening, after dinner, he told his sister that he should go forth early on the morrow to look up their cousins.

"You are very impatient," said Eugenia.

"What can be more natural," he asked, "after seeing all those pretty girls to-day? If one's cousins are of that pattern, the sooner one knows them the better."

"Perhaps they are not," said Eugenia. "We ought to have brought some letters — to some other people."

"The other people would n't be our kinsfolk."

"Possibly they would be none the worse for that," the baroness replied.

Her brother looked at her with his eyebrows lifted. "That was not what you said when you first proposed to me that we should come out here and fraternize with our relatives. You said that it was the prompting of natural affection; and when I suggested some reasons against it you declared that the *voix du sang* should go before everything."

"You remember all that?" asked the baroness.

"Vividly! I was greatly moved by it."

She was walking up and down the room, as she had done in the morning; she stopped in her walk and looked at her brother. She apparently was going to say something, but she checked herself and resumed her walk. Then, in a few moments, she said something different, which had the effect of an explanation of the suppression of her earlier thought. "You will never be anything but a child, dear brother."

"One would suppose that you, madam," answered Felix, laughing, "were a thousand years old."

"I am — sometimes," said the baroness.

"I will go, then, and announce to our cousins the arrival of a personage so extraordinary. They will immediately come and pay you their respects."

Eugenia paced the length of the room again, and then she stopped before her brother, laying her hand upon his arm. "They are not to come and see me,"

she said. "You are not to allow that. That is not the way I shall meet them first." And in answer to his interrogative glance she went on. "You will go and examine, and report. You will come back and tell me who they are and what they are; their number, gender, their respective ages, — all about them. Be sure you observe everything; be ready to describe to me the locality, the accessories, — how shall I say it? — the *mise en scène*. Then, at my own time, at my own hour, under circumstances of my own choosing, I will go to them. I will present myself — I will appear before them!" said the baroness, this time phrasing her idea with a certain frankness.

"And what message am I to take to them?" asked Felix, who had a lively faith in the justness of his sister's arrangements.

She looked at him a moment, — at his expression of agreeable veracity; and, with that justness that he admired, she replied, "Say what you please. Tell my story in the way that seems to you most — natural." And she bent her forward for him to kiss.

II.

The next day was splendid, as Felix had prophesied; if the winter had suddenly leaped into spring, the spring had for the moment as quickly leaped into summer. This was an observation made by a young girl who came out of a large square house in the country, and strolled about in the spacious garden which separated it from a muddy road. The flowering shrubs and the neatly-disposed plants were basking in the abundant light and warmth; the transparent shade of the great elms — they were magnificent trees — seemed to thicken by the hour; and the intensely habitual stillness offered a submissive medium to the sound of a distant church-bell. The young girl listened to the church-bell; but she was not dressed for church. She was bare-headed; she wore a white muslin waist, with an embroidered border, and the skirt of her dress was of colored muslin. She was a young lady of some three or four and twenty years of age, and though a young person of her sex walking bare-headed in a garden, of a Sunday morning in spring-time, can, in the nature of things, never be a displeasing object, you would not have pronounced this innocent Sabbath-breaker especially pretty. She was tall and pale, thin and a little awkward; her hair was fair and perfectly straight; her eyes were dark, and they had the singularity of seeming at once dull and restless, — differing herein, as you see, fatally from the ideal "fine eyes," which we always imagine to be both brilliant and tranquil. The doors and windows of the large square house were all wide open, to admit the purifying sunshine, which lay in generous patches upon the floor of a wide, high, covered piazza adjusted to two sides of the mansion, — a piazza on which several straw-bottomed rocking-chairs and half a dozen of those small cylindrical stools in green and blue porcelain, which suggest an affiliation between the residents and the Eastern trade, were symmetrically disposed. It was an ancient house, — ancient in the sense of being eighty years old; it was built of wood, painted a clean, clear, faded gray, and adorned along the front, at intervals, with flat wooden pilasters painted white. These pilasters appeared to support a kind of classic pediment, which was decorated in the middle by a large triple window in a rudely carved frame, and in each of its smaller angles by a glazed circular aperture. A large white door, furnished with a highly-polished brass knocker, presented itself to the rural-looking road, with which it was connected by a spacious pathway, paved with worn and cracked, but very clean bricks. Behind it there were meadows and orchards, a pond and a barn; and facing it, a short distance along the road, on the opposite side, stood a smaller house, painted white, with external shutters painted green, a little garden on one hand and an orchard on the other. All this was shining in the morning air, through which the simple details of the

picture addressed themselves to the eye as distinctly as the items of a "sum" in addition.

A second young lady presently came out of the house, across the piazza, descended into the garden, and approached the young girl of whom I have spoken. This second young lady was also thin and pale; but she was older than the other, she was shorter; she had dark, smooth hair. Her eyes, unlike the other's, were quick and bright; but they were not at all restless. She wore a straw bonnet with white ribbons, and a long red India scarf, which, on the front of her dress, reached to her feet. In her hand she carried a little key.

"Gertrude," she said, "are you very sure you had better not go to church?"

Gertrude looked at her a moment, plucked a small sprig from a lilac-bush, smelled it, and threw it away. "I am not very sure of anything!" she answered.

The other young lady looked straight past her, at the distant pond, which lay shining between the long banks of fir-trees. Then she said in a very soft voice, "This is the key of the dining-room closet. I think you had better have it, if any one should want anything."

"Who is there to want anything?" Gertrude demanded. "I shall be all alone in the house."

"Some one may come," said her companion.

"Do you mean Mr. Brand?"

"Yes, Gertrude. He may like a piece of cake."

"I don't like men that are always eating cake!" Gertrude declared, giving a pull at the lilac-bush.

Her companion glanced at her, and then looked down on the ground. "I think father expected you would come to church," she said. "What shall I say to him?"

"Say I have a bad headache."

"Would that be true?" asked the elder lady, looking straight at the pond again.

"No, Charlotte," said the younger one simply.

Charlotte transferred her quiet eyes to her companion's face. "I am afraid you are feeling restless."

"I am feeling as I always feel," Gertrude replied, in the same tone.

Charlotte turned away; but she stood there a moment. Presently she looked down at the front of her dress. "Does n't it seem to you, somehow, as if my scarf were too long?" she asked.

Gertrude walked half round her, looking at the scarf. "I don't think you wear it right," she said.

"How should I wear it, dear?"

"I don't know; differently from that. You should draw it differently over your shoulders round your elbows; you should look differently behind."

"How should I look?" Charlotte inquired.

"I don't think I can tell you," said Gertrude, drawing out the scarf a little behind. "I could do it myself, but I don't think I can explain it."

Charlotte, by a movement of her elbows, corrected the laxity that had come from her companion's touch. "Well, some day you must do it for me. It does n't matter now. Indeed, I don't think it matters," she added, "how one looks behind."

"I should say it mattered more," said Gertrude. "Then you don't know who may be observing you. You are not on your guard. You can't try to look pretty."

Charlotte received this declaration with extreme gravity. "I don't think one should ever try to look pretty," she rejoined, earnestly.

Her companion was silent. Then she said, "Well, perhaps it 's not of much use."

Charlotte looked at her a little, and then kissed her. "I hope you will be better when we come back."

"My dear sister, I am very well!" said Gertrude.

Charlotte went down the large brick walk to the garden gate; her companion strolled slowly toward the house. At the gate Charlotte met a young man, who was coming in, — a tall, fair young man, wearing a high hat and a pair of

thread gloves. He was handsome, but rather too stout. He had a pleasant smile. "Oh, Mr. Brand!" exclaimed the young lady.

"I came to see whether your sister was not going to church," said the young man.

"She says she is not going; but I am very glad you have come. I think if you were to talk to her a little" . . . And Charlotte lowered her voice. "It seems as if she were restless."

Mr. Brand smiled down on the young lady from his great height. "I shall be very glad to talk to her. For that I should be willing to absent myself from almost any occasion of worship, however attractive."

"Well, I suppose you know," said Charlotte, softly, as if positive acceptance of this proposition might be dangerous. "But I am afraid I shall be late."

"I hope you will have a pleasant sermon," said the young man.

"Oh, Mr. Gilpin is always pleasant," Charlotte answered. And she went on her way.

Mr. Brand went into the garden; where Gertrude, hearing the gate close behind him, turned and looked at him. For a moment she watched him coming; then she turned away. But almost immediately she corrected this movement, and stood still, facing him. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead, as he approached. Then he put on his hat again, and held out his hand. His hat being removed, you would have perceived that his forehead was very large and smooth, and his hair abundant but rather colorless. His nose was too large, and his mouth and eyes were too small; but for all this he was, as I have said, a young man of striking appearance. The expression of his little clean-colored blue eyes was irresistibly gentle and serious; he looked, as the phrase is, as good as gold. The young girl, standing in the garden path, glanced, as he came up, at his thread gloves.

"I hoped you were going to church," he said. "I wanted to walk with you."

"I am very much obliged to you," Gertrude answered. "I am not going to church."

She had shaken hands with him; he held her hand a moment. "Have you any special reason for not going?"

"Yes, Mr. Brand," said the young girl.

"May I ask what it is?"

She looked at him smiling; and in her smile, as I have intimated, there was a certain dullness. But mingled with this dullness was something sweet and suggestive. "Because the sky is so blue!" she said.

He looked at the sky, which was magnificent, and then said, smiling too, "I have heard of young ladies staying at home for bad weather, but never for good. Your sister, whom I met at the gate, tells me you are depressed," he added.

"Depressed? I am never depressed."

"Oh, surely, sometimes," replied Mr. Brand, as if he thought this a regrettable account of one's self.

"I am never depressed," Gertrude repeated. "But I am sometimes wicked. When I am wicked I am in high spirits. I was wicked just now to my sister."

"What did you do to her?"

"I said things that puzzled her — on purpose."

"Why did you do that, Miss Gertrude?" asked the young man.

She began to smile again. "Because the sky is so blue!"

"You say things that puzzle *me*," Mr. Brand declared.

"I always know when I do it," proceeded Gertrude. "But people puzzle me more, I think. And they don't seem to know!"

"This is very interesting," Mr. Brand observed, smiling.

"You told me to tell you about my — my struggles," the young girl went on.

"Let us talk about them. I have so many things to say."

Gertrude turned away a moment; and then, turning back, "You had better go to church," she said.

"You know," the young man urged, "that I have always one thing to say."

Gertrude looked at him a moment. "Please don't say it now!"

"We are all alone," he continued, taking off his hat; "all alone in this beautiful Sunday stillness."

Gertrude looked around her, at the breaking buds, the shining distance, the blue sky to which she had referred as a pretext for her irregularities. "That 's the reason," she said, "why I don't want you to speak. Do me a favor: go to church."

"May I speak when I come back?" asked Mr. Brand.

"If you are still disposed," she answered.

"I don't know whether you are wicked," he said, "but you are certainly puzzling."

She had turned away; she raised her hands to her ears. He looked at her a moment, and then he slowly walked to church.

She wandered for a while about the garden, vaguely and without purpose. The church-bell had stopped ringing; the stillness was complete. This young lady relished highly, on occasions, the sense of being alone, — the absence of the whole family and the emptiness of the house. To-day, apparently, the servants had also gone to church: there was never a figure at the open windows; behind the house there was no stout negress in a red turban lowering the bucket into the great shingle-hooded well. And the front door of the big, unguarded home stood open, with the trustfulness of the golden age; or, what is more to the purpose, with that of New England's silvery prime. Gertrude slowly passed through it, and went from one of the empty rooms to the other — large, clear-colored rooms, with white wainscots, ornamented with thin-legged mahogany furniture, and, on the walls, with old-fashioned engravings, chiefly of scriptural subjects, hung very high. This agreeable sense of solitude, of having the house to herself, of which I have spoken, always excited Gertrude's imagination; she could not have told you why, and neither can her humble historian. It always seemed to her that she must do something particular, — that she must honor the occasion; and while she roamed about, wondering what she could do, the occasion usually came to an end. To-day she wondered more than ever. At last she took down a book; there was no library in the house, but there were books in all the rooms. None of them were forbidden books, and Gertrude had not stopped at home for the sake of a chance to climb to the inaccessible shelves. She possessed herself of a very obvious volume, — one of the series of the Arabian Nights, — and she brought it out into the portico and sat down with it in her lap. There, for a quarter of an hour, she read the history of the loves of the Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess Badoura. At last, looking up, she beheld, as it seemed to her, the Prince Camaralzaman standing before her. A beautiful young man was making her a very low bow, — a magnificent bow, such as she had never seen before. He appeared to have dropped from the clouds; he was wonderfully handsome; he smiled, — smiled as if he were smiling on purpose. Extreme surprise, for a moment, kept Gertrude sitting still; then she rose, without even keeping her finger in her book. The young man, with his hat in his hand, still looked at her, smiling and smiling. It was very strange.

"Will you kindly tell me," said the mysterious visitor, at last, "whether I have the honor of speaking to Miss Wentworth?"

"My name is Gertrude Wentworth," murmured the young woman.

"Then — then — I have the honor — the pleasure — of being your cousin."

The young man had so much the character of an apparition that this announcement seemed to complete his unreality. "What cousin — Who are you?" said Gertrude.

He stepped back a few paces and looked up at the house; then glanced round him at the garden and the distant view. After this he burst out laughing. "I see it must seem to you very strange," he said. There was, after all, something substantial in his laughter. Gertrude looked at him from head

to foot. Yes, he was remarkably handsome; but his smile was almost a grimace. "It is very still," he went on, coming nearer again. And as she only looked at him, for reply, he added, "Are you all alone?"

"Every one has gone to church," said Gertrude.

"I was afraid of that!" the young man exclaimed. "But I hope you are not afraid of me."

"You ought to tell me who you are," Gertrude answered.

"I am afraid of you!" said the young man. "I had a different plan. I expected the servant would take in my card, and that you would put your heads together, before admitting me, and make out my identity."

Gertrude had been wondering with a quick intensity which brought its result; and the result seemed an answer — a wondrous, delightful answer — to her vague wish that something would befall her then and there. "I know — I know," she said. "You come from Europe."

"We came two days ago. You have heard of us, then, — you believe in us?"

"We have known, vaguely," said Gertrude, "that we had relations in France."

"And have you ever wanted to see us?" asked the young man.

Gertrude was silent a moment. "I have wanted to see you."

"I am glad, then, it is you I have found. We wanted to see you, so we came."

"On purpose?" asked Gertrude.

The young man looked round him, smiling still. "Well, yes; on purpose. Does that sound as if we should bore you?" he added. "I don't think we shall, — I really don't think we shall. We are rather fond of wandering, too; and we were glad of a pretext."

"And you have just arrived?"

"In Boston, two days ago. At the inn I asked for Mr. Wentworth. He must be your father. They found out for me where he lived; they seemed often to have heard of him. I determined to come, without ceremony. So, this lovely morning, they set my face in the right direction, and told me to walk straight before me, out of town. I came on foot because I wanted to see the country. I walked and walked, and here I am! It 's a good many miles."

"It 's seven miles and a half," said Gertrude, softly. Now that this handsome young man was proving himself a reality she found herself vaguely trembling; she was deeply excited. She had never in her life spoken to a foreigner, and she had often thought it would be delightful to do so. Here was one who had suddenly been engendered by the Sabbath stilln for her private use; and such a brilliant, polite, smiling one! She found time and means to compose herself, however; to remind herself that she must exercise a sort of official hospitality. "We are very — very glad to see you," she said. "Won't you come into the house?" And she moved toward the open door.

"You are not afraid of me, then?" asked the young man again, with his light laugh.

She wondered a moment, and then, "We are not afraid — here," she said.

"Ah, comme vous devez avoir raison!" cried the young man, looking all round him, appreciatively. It was the first time that Gertrude had heard so many words of French spoken. They gave her something of a sensation. Her companion followed her, watching, with a certain excitement of his own, this tall, interesting-looking girl, dressed in her clear, crisp muslins. He paused in the hall, where there was a broad white staircase with a white balustrade. "What a pleasant house!" he said. "It 's lighter inside than it is out."

"It 's pleasanter here," said Gertrude, and she led the way into the parlor, — a high, clean, rather empty-looking room. Here they stood looking at each other, — the young man smiling more than ever, Gertrude, very serious, trying to smile.

"I don't believe you know my name," he said. "I am called Felix Young. Your father is my uncle. My mother was his half sister, and older than he."

"Yes," said Gertrude, "and she turned Roman Catholic, and married in Europe."

"I see you know," said the young man. "She married, and she died. Your father's family did n't like her husband. They called him a foreigner; but he was not. My poor father was born in Sicily, but his parents were American."

"In Sicily?" Gertrude murmured.

"It is true," said Felix Young, "that they had spent their lives in Europe. But they were very patriotic. And so are we."

"And you are Sicilian," said Gertrude.

"Sicilian, no! Let 's see. I was born at a little place — a dear little place — in France. My sister was born in Vienna."

"So you are French," said Gertrude.

"Heaven forbid!" cried the young man. Gertrude's eyes were fixed upon him almost insistently. He began to laugh again. "I can easily be French, if that will please you."

"You are a foreigner of some sort," said Gertrude.

"Of some sort — yes; I suppose so. But who can say of what sort? I don't think we have ever had occasion to settle the question. You know there are people like that. About their country, their religion, their profession, they can't tell."

Gertrude stood there gazing; she had not asked him to sit down. She had never heard of people like that; she wanted to hear. "Where do you live?" she asked.

"They can't tell that, either!" said Felix. "I am afraid you will think they are little better than vagabonds. I have lived anywhere — everywhere. I really think I have lived in every city in Europe." Gertrude gave a little, long, soft exhalation. It made the young man smile at her again; and his smile made her blush a little. To take refuge from blushing she asked him if, after his long walk, he was not hungry or thirsty. Her hand was in her pocket; she was fumbling with the little key that her sister had given her. "Ah, my dear young lady," he said, clasping his hands a little, "if you could give me, in charity, a glass of wine!"

Gertrude gave a smile and a little nod, and went quickly out of the room. Presently she came back with a very large decanter in one hand and a plate in the other, on which was placed a big, round cake with a frosted top. Gertrude, in taking the cake from the closet, had had a moment of acute consciousness that it composed the refection of which her sister had thought that Mr. Brand would like to partake. Her kinsman from across the seas was looking at the pale, high-hung engravings. When she came in he turned and smiled at her, as if they had been old friends meeting after a separation. "You wait upon me yourself?" he asked. "I am served like the gods!" She had waited upon a great many people, but none of them had ever told her that. The observation added a certain lightness to the step with which she went to a little table where there were some curious red glasses, — glasses covered with little gold sprigs, which Charlotte used to dust every morning with her own hands. Gertrude thought the glasses very handsome, and it was a pleasure to her to know that the wine was good; it was her father's famous madeira. Felix Young thought it excellent; he wondered why he had been told that there was no wine in America. She cut him an immense triangle out of the cake, and again she thought of Mr. Brand. Felix sat there, with his glass in one hand and his huge morsel of cake in the other, — eating, drinking, smiling, talking. "I am very hungry," he said. "I am not at all tired; I am never tired. But I am very hungry."

"You must stay to dinner," said Gertrude. "At two o'clock. They will all have come back from church; you will see the others."

"Who are the others?" asked the young man. "Describe them all."

"You will see for yourself. It is you that must tell me; now, about your sister."

"My sister is the Baroness Münster," said Felix.

On hearing that his sister was a baroness, Gertrude got up and walked about slowly, in front of him. She was silent a moment. She was thinking of it. "Why did n't she come, too?" she asked.

"She did come; she is in Boston, at the hotel."

"We will go and see her," said Gertrude, looking at him.

"She begs you will not!" the young man replied. "She sends you her love; she sent me to announce her. She will come and pay her respects to your father."

Gertrude felt herself trembling again. A Baroness Münster, who sent a brilliant young man to "announce" her; who was coming, as the Queen of Sheba came to Solomon, to pay her "respects" to quiet Mr. Wentworth, — such a personage presented herself to Gertrude's vision with a most effective unexpectedness. For a moment she hardly knew what to say. "When will she come?" she asked at last.

"As soon as you will allow her, — to-morrow. She is very impatient," answered Felix, who wished to be agreeable.

"To-morrow, yes," said Gertrude. She wished to ask more about her; but she hardly knew what could be predicated of a Baroness Münster. "Is she — is she — married?"

Felix had finished his cake and wine; he got up, fixing upon the young girl his bright, expressive eyes. "She is married to a German prince, — Prince Adolf, of Silberstadt-Schreckenstein. He is not the reigning prince; he is a younger brother."

Gertrude gazed at her informant; her lips were slightly parted. "Is she a — a *princess?*" she asked at last.

"Oh, no," said the young man; "her position is rather a singular one. It 's a morganatic marriage."

"Morganatic?" These were new names and new words to poor Gertrude.

"That 's what they call a marriage, you know, contracted between a scion of a ruling house and — and a common mortal. They made Eugenia a baroness, poor woman; but that was all they could do. Now they want to dissolve the marriage. Prince Adolf, between ourselves, is a ninny; but his brother, who is a clever man, has plans for him. Eugenia, naturally enough, makes difficulties; not, however, that I think she cares much, — she 's a very clever woman; I 'm sure you 'll like her, — but she wants to bother them. Just now everything is *en l'air.*"

The cheerful, off-hand tone in which her visitor related this darkly romantic tale seemed to Gertrude very strange; but it seemed also to convey a certain flattery to herself, a recognition of her wisdom and dignity. She felt a dozen impressions stirring within her, and presently the one that was uppermost found words. "They want to dissolve her marriage?" she asked.

"So it appears."

"And against her will?"

"Against her right."

"She must be very unhappy!" said Gertrude.

Her visitor looked at her, smiling; he raised his hand to the back of his head and held it there a moment. "So she says," he answered. "That 's her story. She told me to tell it you."

"Tell me more," said Gertrude.

"No, I will leave that to her; she does it better."

Gertrude gave her little excited sigh again. "Well, if she 's unhappy," she said, "I am glad she has come to us."

She had been so interested that she failed to notice the sound of a footstep in the portico; and yet it was a footstep that she always recognized. She heard it in the hall, and then she looked out of the window. They were all coming back from church, — her father, her sister and brother, and their cousins, who always came to dinner on Sunday. Mr. Brand had come in first; he was in advance of the others, because, apparently, he was still disposed to say what she had not wished him to say an hour before. He came into the parlor, looking for Gertrude. He had two little books in his

hand. On seeing Gertrude's companion he slowly stopped, looking at him.

"Is this a cousin?" asked Felix.

Then Gertrude saw that she must introduce him; but her ears, and, by sympathy, her lips — were full of all that he had been telling her. "This is the Prince," she said, — "the Prince of Silberstadt-Schreckenstein!"

Felix burst out laughing, and Mr. Brand stood staring, while the others, who had passed into the house, appeared, behind him, in the open door-way.

III.

That evening, at dinner, Felix Young gave his sister, the Baroness Münster, an account of his impressions. She saw that he had come back in the highest possible spirits; but this fact, to her own mind, was not a reason for rejoicing. She had but a limited confidence in her brother's judgment; his capacity for taking rose-colored views was such as to vulgarize one of the prettiest of tints. Still, she supposed he could be trusted to give her the mere facts; and she invited him, with some eagerness, to communicate them. "I suppose, at least, they did n't turn you from the door," she said. "You have been away some ten hours."

"Turn me from the door!" Felix exclaimed. "They took me to their hearts; they killed the fatted calf."

"I know what you want to say: they are a collection of angels."

"Exactly," said Felix. "They are a collection of angels, — simply."

"C'est bien vague," remarked the baroness. "What are they like?"

"Like nothing you ever saw."

"I 'm sure I am much obliged; but that 's hardly more definite. Seriously, they were glad to see you?"

"Enchanted. It has been the proudest day of my life. Never, never have I been so lionized! I assure you, I was cock of the walk. My dear sister," said the young man, "nous n'avons qu'à nous tenir; we shall be great swells!"

Madame Münster looked at him, and her eye exhibited a slight responsive spark. She touched her lips to a glass of wine, and then she said, "Describe them. Give me a picture."

Felix drained his own glass. "Well, it 's in the country, among the meadows and woods; a wild sort of place, and yet not far from here. Only, such a road, my dear! Imagine one of the Alpine glaciers reproduced in mud. But you will not spend much time on it, for they want you to come and stay, once for all."

"Ah," said the baroness, "they want me to come and stay, once for all? *Bon.*"

"It 's intensely rural, tremendously natural; and all overhung with this strange white light, this far-away blue sky. There 's a big wooden house, — a kind of three-story bungalow; it looks like a magnified Nüremberg toy. There was a gentleman there that made a speech to me about it and called it a 'venerable mansion;' but it looks as if it had been built last night."

"Is it handsome — is it elegant?" asked the baroness.

Felix looked at her a moment, smiling. "It 's very clean! No splendors, no gilding, no troops of servants; rather straight-backed chairs. But you might eat off the floors, and you can sit down on the stairs."

"That must be a privilege. And the inhabitants are straight-backed too, of course."

"My dear sister," said Felix, "the inhabitants are charming."

"In what style?"

"In a style of their own. How shall I describe it? It 's primitive; it 's patriarchal; it 's the *ton* of the golden age."

"And have they nothing golden but their ton? Are there no symptoms of wealth?"

"I should say there was wealth without symptoms. A plain, homely way of life; nothing for show, and very little for — what shall I call it? — for the senses; but a great *aisance*, and a lot of money, out of sight, that comes forward very quietly for subscriptions to institutions, for repairing tenements, for paying doctor's bills; perhaps even for portioning daughters."

"And the daughters?" Madame Münster demanded. "How many are there?"

"There are two, Charlotte and Gertrude."

"Are they pretty?"

"One of them," said Felix.

"Which is that?"

The young man was silent, looking at his sister. "Charlotte," he said at last.

She looked at him in return. "I see. You are in love with Gertrude. They must be Puritans to their finger-tips; anything but gay!"

"No, they are not gay," Felix admitted. "They are sober; they are even severe. They are of a pensive cast; they take things hard. I think there is something the matter with them; they have some melancholy memory or some depressing expectation. It 's not the epicurean temperament. My uncle, Mr. Wentworth, is a tremendously high-toned old fellow; he looks as if he were undergoing martyrdom, not by fire, but by freezing. But we shall cheer them up; we shall do them good. They will take a good deal of stirring up; but they are wonderfully kind and gentle. And they are appreciative. They think one clever; they think one remarkable!"

"That is very fine, so far as it goes," said the baroness. "But are we to be shut up to these three people, Mr. Wentworth and the two young women, — what did you say their names were, — Deborah and Hephzibah?"

"Oh, no; there is another little girl, a cousin of theirs, a very pretty creature; a thorough little American. And then there 's the son of the house."

"Good," said the baroness. "We are coming to the gentlemen. What of the son of the house?"

"I am afraid he gets tipsy."

"He, then, has the epicurean temperament! How old is he?"

"He 's a boy of twenty; a pretty young fellow, but I am afraid he has vulgar tastes. And then there is Mr. Brand, — a very tall young man, a sort of lay-priest. They seem to think a good deal of him, but I don't exactly make him out."

"And is there nothing," asked the baroness, "between these extremes, — this mysterious ecclesiastic and that intemperate youth?"

"Oh, yes; there is Mr. Acton; I think," said the young man, with a nod at his sister, "that you will like Mr. Acton."

"Remember that I am very fastidious," said the baroness. "Has he good manners?"

"He will have them with you. He is a man of the world; he has been to China."

Madame Münster gave a little laugh. "A man of the Chinese world! He must be very interesting."

"I have an idea that he brought home a fortune," said Felix.

"That is always interesting. Is he young, good-looking, clever?"

"He is less than forty; he has a bald head; he says witty things. I rather think," added the young man, "that he will admire the Baroness Münster."

"It is very possible," said this lady. Her brother never knew how she would take things; but shortly afterwards she declared that he had made a very pretty description, and that on the morrow she should go and see for herself.

They mounted, accordingly, into a great barouche, — a vehicle as to which the baroness found nothing to criticise but the price that was asked for it, and the fact that the coachman wore a straw hat. (At Silberstadt Madame Münster had had liveries of yellow and crimson.) They drove into the country, and the baroness, leaning far back and swaying her lace-fringed parasol, looked to right and to left, and surveyed the way-side objects. After a while she pronounced them "affreux." Her brother remarked that it was apparently a country in which the foreground was inferior to the *plans reculés;* and the baroness rejoined that the landscape seemed to be all foreground. Felix had fixed with his new friends the hour at which he should bring his sister; it was four o'clock in the afternoon. The large, clean-faced house wore, to his eyes, as the barouche drove up to it, a very friendly aspect; the high, slender elms made lengthening

shadows in front of it. The baroness descended; her American kinsfolk were stationed in the portico. Felix waved his hat to them, and a tall, lean gentleman, with a high forehead and a clean-shaven face, came forward toward the garden gate. Charlotte Wentworth walked at his side; Gertrude came behind, more slowly. Both of these young ladies wore rustling silk dresses. Felix ushered his sister into the gate. "Be very gracious," he said to her. But he saw the admonition was superfluous. Eugenia was prepared to be gracious as only Eugenia could be. Felix knew no keener pleasure than to be able to admire his sister unrestrictedly; for if the opportunity was frequent, it was not inveterate. When she desired to please she was to him, as to every one else, the most charming woman in the world. Then he forgot that she was ever anything else; that she was sometimes hard and perverse; that he was occasionally afraid of her. Now, as she took his arm to pass into the garden, he felt that she desired, that she proposed, to please, and this situation made him very happy. She would please, triumphantly.

The tall gentleman came to meet her, looking very rigid and grave. But it was a rigidity, a gravity, that had no illiberal meaning. Mr. Wentworth's manner was pregnant, on the contrary, with a sense of grand responsibility, of the solemnity of the occasion, of its being difficult to show sufficient deference to a lady at once so distinguished and so unhappy. Felix had observed on the day before his characteristic pallor; and now he perceived that there was something almost cadaverous in his uncle's high-featured white face. But so clever were this young man's quick sympathies and perceptions that he had already learned that in those half-mortuary manifestations there was no cause for alarm. His light imagination had gained a glimpse of Mr. Wentworth's spiritual mechanism, and taught him that, the old man being infinitely conscientious, the special operation of conscience within him announced itself by several of the indications of physical faintness.

The baroness took her uncle's hand, and stood looking at him with her ugly face and her beautiful smile. "Have I done right to come?" she asked.

"Very right, very right," said Mr. Wentworth, solemnly. He had arranged in his mind a little speech; but now it quite faded away. He felt almost frightened. He had never been looked at in just that way — with just that fixed, intense smile — by any woman; and it perplexed and weighed upon him, now, that the woman who was smiling so, and who had instantly given him a vivid sense of her possessing other unprecedented attributes, was his own niece, the child of his own father's daughter. The idea that his niece should be a German baroness, married "morganatically" to a prince, had already given him much to think about. Was it right, was it just, was it acceptable? He always slept badly, and the night before he had lain awake much more even than usual, asking himself these questions. The strange word morganatic was constantly in his ears; it reminded him of a certain Mrs. Morgan whom he had once known, and who had been a bold, unpleasant woman. He had a feeling that it was his duty, so long as the baroness looked at him, smiling in that way, to meet her glance with his own scrupulously adjusted, consciously frigid organs of vision; but on this occasion he failed to perform his duty to the last. He looked away toward his daughters. "We are very glad to see you," he had said. "Allow me to introduce my daughters, — Miss Charlotte Wentworth, Miss Gertrude Wentworth."

The baroness thought she had never seen people less demonstrative. But Charlotte kissed her and took her hand, looking at her sweetly and solemnly. Gertrude seemed to her almost funereal, though Gertrude might have found a source of gayety in the fact that Felix, with his magnificent smile, had been talking to her; he had greeted her as a very old friend. When she kissed the baroness she had tears in her eyes. Madame Münster took each of these young women by the hand, and looked

at them all over. Charlotte thought her very strange-looking and singularly dressed; she could not have said whether it was well or ill. She was glad, at any rate, that they had put on their silk gowns, — especially Gertrude. "My cousins are very pretty," said the baroness, turning her eyes from one to the other. "Your daughters are very handsome, sir."

Charlotte blushed quickly; she had never yet heard her personal appearance alluded to in a loud, expressive voice. Gertrude looked away, — not at Felix; she was extremely pleased. It was not the compliment that pleased her; she did n't believe it; she thought herself very plain. She could hardly have told you the source of her satisfaction; it came from something in the way the baroness spoke, and it was not diminished — it was rather deepened, oddly enough — by the young girl's disbelief. Mr. Wentworth was silent; and then he asked, formally, "Won't you come into the house?"

"These are not all; you have some other children," said the baroness.

"I have a son," Mr. Wentworth answered.

"And why does n't he come to meet me?" Eugenia cried. "I 'm afraid he is not so charming as his sisters."

"I don't know; I will see about it," the old man declared.

"He is rather afraid of ladies," Charlotte said, softly.

"He is very handsome!" said Gertrude, as loud as she could.

"We will go in and find him. We will draw him out of his *cachette*." And the baroness took Mr. Wentworth's arm, who was not aware that he had offered it to her, and who, as they walked toward the house, wondered whether he ought to have offered it, and whether it was proper for her to take it if it had not been offered. "I want to know you well," said the baroness, interrupting these meditations, "and I want you to know me."

"It seems natural that we should know each other," Mr. Wentworth rejoined. "We are near relatives."

"Ah, there comes a moment in life when one reverts, irresistibly, to one's natural ties, — to one's natural affections. You must have found that!" said Eugenia.

Mr. Wentworth had been told the day before by Felix that Eugenia was very clever, very brilliant, and the information had held him in some suspense. This was the cleverness, he supposed; the brilliancy was beginning. "Yes, the natural affections are very strong," he murmured.

"In some people," the baroness declared. "Not in all." Charlotte was walking beside her; she took hold of her hand again, smiling always. "And you, *cousine*, where did you get that enchanting complexion?" she went on; "such lilies and roses?" The roses in poor Charlotte's countenance began speedily to predominate over the lilies, and she quickened her step and reached the portico. "This is the country of complexions," the baroness continued, addressing herself to Mr. Wentworth. "I am convinced they are more delicate. There are very good ones in England, — in Holland; but they are very apt to be coarse. There is too much red."

"I think you will find," said Mr. Wentworth, "that this country is superior in many respects to those you mention. I have been to England and Holland."

"Ah, you have been to Europe?" cried the baroness. "Why did n't you come and see me? But it 's better, after all, this way," she said. They were entering the house; she paused and looked round her. "I see you have arranged your house — your beautiful house — in the — in the Dutch taste!"

"The house is very old," remarked Mr. Wentworth. "General Washington once spent a week here."

"Oh, I have heard of Washington," cried the baroness. "My father used to tell me of him."

Mr. Wentworth was silent a moment, and then, "I found he was very well known in Europe," he said.

Felix had lingered in the garden with Gertrude; he was standing before her

and smiling, as he had done the day before. What had happened the day before seemed to her a kind of dream. He had been there, and he had changed everything; the others had seen him, they had talked with him; but that he should come again, that he should be part of the future, part of her small, familiar, much-meditating life, — this needed, afresh, the evidence of her senses. The evidence had come to her senses now; and her senses seemed to rejoice in it. "What do you think of Eugenia?" Felix asked. "Is n't she charming?"

"She is very brilliant," said Gertrude. "But I can't tell yet. She seems to me like a singer singing an air. You can't tell till the song is done."

"Ah, the song will never be done!" exclaimed the young man, laughing. "Don't you think her handsome?"

Gertrude had been disappointed in the beauty of the Baroness Münster; she had expected her, for mysterious reasons, to resemble a very pretty portrait of the Empress Josephine, of which there hung an engraving in one of the parlors, and which the younger Miss Wentworth had always greatly admired. But the baroness was not at all like that, — not at all. Though different, however, she was very wonderful, and Gertrude felt herself most suggestively corrected. It was strange, nevertheless, that Felix should speak in that positive way about his sister's beauty. "I think I *shall* think her handsome," Gertrude said. "It must be very interesting to know her. I don't feel as if I ever could."

"Ah, you will know her well; you will become great friends," Felix declared, as if this were the easiest thing in the world.

"She is very graceful," said Gertrude, looking after the baroness, suspended to her father's arm. It was a pleasure to her to say that any one was graceful.

Felix had been looking about him. "And your little cousin, of yesterday," he said, "who was so wonderfully pretty, — what has become of her?"

"She is in the parlor," Gertrude answered. "Yes, she is very pretty." She felt as if it were her duty to take him straight into the house, to where he might be near her cousin. But after hesitating a moment she lingered still. "I did n't believe you would come back," she said.

"Not come back!" cried Felix, laughing. "You did n't know, then, the impression made upon this susceptible heart of mine."

She wondered whether he meant the impression her cousin Lizzie had made. "Well," she said, "I did n't think we should ever see you again."

"And pray what did you think would become of me?"

"I don't know. I thought you would melt away."

"That 's a compliment to my solidity! I melt very often," said Felix, "but there is always something left of me."

"I came and waited for you by the door, because the others did," Gertrude went on. "But if you had never appeared I should not have been surprised."

"I hope," declared Felix, looking at her, "that you would have been disappointed."

She looked at him a little, and shook her head. "No — no!"

"Ah, *par exemple!*" cried the young man. "You deserve that I should never leave you."

Going into the parlor they found Mr. Wentworth performing introductions. A young man was standing before the baroness, blushing a good deal, laughing a little, and shifting his weight from one foot to the other, — a slim, mild-faced young man, with neatly-arranged features, like those of Mr. Wentworth. Two other gentlemen, behind him, had risen from their seats, and a little apart, near one of the windows, stood a remarkably pretty young girl. The young girl was knitting a stocking; but, while her fingers quickly moved, she looked with wide, brilliant eyes at the baroness.

"And what is your son's name?" said Eugenia, smiling at the young man.

"My name is Clifford Wentworth, ma'am," he said in a tremulous voice.

"Why did n't you come out to meet me, Mr. Clifford Wentworth?" the

baroness demanded, with her beautiful smile.

"I did n't think you would want me," said the young man, slowly sidling about.

"One always wants a *beau cousin*, — if one has one! But if you are very nice to me in future I won't remember it against you." And Madame Münster transferred her smile to the other persons present. It rested first upon the candid countenance and long-skirted figure of Mr. Brand, whose eyes were intently fixed upon Mr. Wentworth, as if to beg him not to prolong an anomalous situation. Mr. Wentworth pronounced his name; Eugenia gave him a very charming glance, and then looked at the other gentleman.

This latter personage was a man of rather less than the usual stature and the usual weight, with a quick, observant, agreeable dark eye, a small quantity of thin dark hair, and a small mustache. He had been standing with his hands in his pockets; and when Eugenia looked at him he took them out. But he did not, like Mr. Brand, look evasively and urgently at their host. He met Eugenia's eyes; he appeared to appreciate the privilege of meeting them. Madame Münster instantly felt that he was, intrinsically, the most important person present. She was not unconscious that this impression was in some degree manifested in the little sympathetic nod with which she acknowledged Mr. Wentworth's announcement, "My cousin, Mr. Acton!"

"Your cousin, — not mine?" said the baroness.

"It only depends upon you," Mr. Acton declared, laughing.

The baroness looked at him a moment, and noticed that he had very white teeth. "Let it depend upon your behavior," she said. "I think I had better wait. I have cousins enough. Unless I can also claim relationship," she added, "with that charming young lady," and she pointed to the young girl at the window.

"That 's my sister," said Mr. Acton. And Gertrude Wentworth put her arm round the young girl and led her forward. It was not, apparently, that she needed much leading. She came toward the baroness with a light, quick step, and with perfect self-possession, rolling her stocking round its needles. She had dark blue eyes and dark brown hair; she was wonderfully pretty.

Eugenia kissed her, as she had kissed the other young women, and then held her off a little, looking at her. "Now this is quite another *type*," she said; she pronounced the word in the French manner. "This is a different outline, my uncle, a different character, from that of your own daughters. This, Felix," she went on, "is very much more what we have always thought of as the American type."

The young girl, during this exposition, was smiling askance at every one in turn, and at Felix out of turn. "I find only one type here!" cried Felix, laughing. "The type adorable!"

This sally was received in perfect silence, but Felix, who learned all things quickly, had already learned that the silences frequently observed among his new acquaintances were not necessarily restrictive or resentful. It was, as one might say, the silence of expectation, of modesty. They were all standing round his sister, as if they were expecting her to acquit herself of the exhibition of some peculiar faculty, some brilliant talent. Their attitude seemed to imply that she was a kind of conversational mountebank, attired, intellectually, in gauze and spangles. This attitude gave a certain ironical force to Madame Münster's next words. "Now this is your circle," she said to her uncle. "This is your *salon*. These are your regular *habitués*, eh? I am so glad to see you all together."

"Oh," said Mr. Wentworth, "they are always dropping in and out. You must do the same."

"Father," interposed Charlotte Wentworth, "they must do something more." And she turned her sweet, serious face, that seemed at once timid and placid, upon their interesting visitor. "What is your name?" she asked.

"Eugenia-Camilla-Dolores," said the

baroness, smiling. "But you need n't say all that."

"I will say Eugenia, if you will let me. You must come and stay with us."

The baroness laid her hand upon Charlotte's arm very tenderly; but she reserved herself. She was wondering whether it would be possible to "stay" with these people. "It would be very charming, — very charming," she said; and her eyes wandered over the company, over the room. She wished to gain time before committing herself. Her glance fell upon young Mr. Brand, who stood there, with his arms folded and his hand on his chin, looking at her. "The gentleman, I suppose, is a sort of ecclesiastic," she said to Mr. Wentworth, lowering her voice a little.

"He is a minister," answered Mr. Wentworth.

"A Protestant?" asked Eugenia.

"I am a Unitarian, madam," replied Mr. Brand, impressively.

"Ah, I see," said Eugenia. "Something new." She had never heard of this form of worship.

Mr. Acton began to laugh, and Gertrude looked anxiously at Mr. Brand.

"You have come very far," said Mr. Wentworth.

"Very far, — very far," the baroness replied, with a graceful shake of her head that might have meant many different things.

"That 's a reason why you ought to settle down with us," said Mr. Wentworth, with that dryness of utterance which, as Eugenia was too intelligent not to feel, took nothing from the delicacy of his meaning.

She looked at him, and for an instant, in his cold, still face, she seemed to see a far-away likeness to the vaguely remembered image of her mother. Eugenia was a woman of sudden emotions, and now, unexpectedly, she felt one rising in her heart. She kept looking round the circle; she knew that there was admiration in all the eyes that were fixed upon her. She smiled at them all.

"I came to look — to try — to ask," she said. "It seems to me I have done well. I am very tired; I want to rest." There were tears in her eyes. The luminous interior, the gentle, tranquil people, the simple, serious life, — the sense of these things pressed upon her with an overmastering force, and she felt herself yielding to one of the most genuine emotions she had ever known. "I should like to stay here," she said. "Pray take me in."

Though she was smiling, there were tears in her voice as well as in her eyes. "My dear niece," said Mr. Wentworth, softly. And Charlotte put out her arms and drew the baroness toward her; while Robert Acton turned away, with his hands stealing into his pockets.

Henry James, Jr.

MIDSUMMER DAWN.

While the weird, white midnight creepeth by,
Awake and quiet and sad to lie;
Then, when the midsummer moon is set,
To sleep a while, and forget.

To wake again at the hour of terror,
And writhe in the grasp of a deathless error,
And shrink on the brink of an ocean of loss,
Doomed, so it seemeth, to cross.

Invisible foes in vain defying,
To fight and fall, and, helpless lying,
To wonder why, if the hour be small,
It is light again on the wall;

For the moon is down. To look, and, lo,
All over the land what a solemn glow!
Like that of the strange, prophetic year,
A time not dark, not clear,

But full of peace and tremulous hope.
There is the stately, wooded slope;
There is the head of the mountain old
Outlined on palest gold.

A mystery, — hope in the hour of gloaming,
Surely a luminous change is coming!
Shadows and light and virginal dew,
And all things pure and new!

And what is yon dulcet note, and shrill?
Can it be the new song of the whip-poor-will, —
Till the day dawn and the shadows flee,
Now will I wait for thee?

Yea, this is day. In the hyaline heaven,
Doth shine a sign of the dark forgiven,
'Mid the tender glow o'er the mount afar;
"I will give him the morning star."

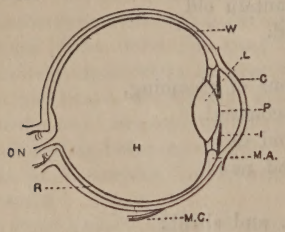
Harriet W. Preston.

WEAK SIGHT.

The inability to use the eyes continuously, without pain or confusion of vision, for near work, as in reading, writing, and like occupations, constituting the affection called *asthenopia*, or weak sight, is so prevalent in this country that a wider knowledge of the nature and management of the disorder would seem to be of some importance.

In order that we may clearly comprehend the exact nature of weak sight, let us consider for a moment the structure of the eye, and how we see. The figure numbered A gives an idea of the anatomy of the eye, sufficiently full for our purpose. The rays of light from an object enter the eye through the pupil (P), and, passing back to the inner coat of the eye, the retina (R), form an image of the object upon it very much as an image is formed on the plate in the camera of the photographer. Indeed, quite lately experiments have been made that show a very close relation between the nature of photography and the nature of the process that goes on in the act of seeing. Rabbits have been held a few seconds before a window, and then

immediately killed, when the picture of the window has been found distinctly photographed on the retina of their eyes. After the reception of the image upon the retina, the act of seeing is completed by the transmission of the impression to the brain through the optic nerve (O N in the figure). But in order that the image of an object on the retina shall be distinct, it is necessary that the rays of light passing into the eye through the pupil should be properly focused. See Figure B.



(Flg. A.)

Figure A gives a profile view of the eye; that is, the eyeball is divided into two equal parts, just as one might divide an apple or an orange, and the flat, cut surface held up to view.

W points out the white of the eye, a strong protective coat extending quite around the eyeball except in front. It is called the *sclerotic coat.*

C, the *cornea*, or transparent front of the eye; and, behind it,

I, the *iris*, or colored part of the eye, extending in a circle around

P, the *pupil*, which is a circular hole in the iris, that admits the light into the eye, and out of which the eye sees.

L is the crystalline *lens* directly behind the pupil. In health, the lens is transparent, like the front of the eye, and offers no obstruction to the passage of rays of light; but if it becomes opaque, it is called *cataract*, and the eye is more or less blind from the obstruction of the passage of light.

M A is a little muscle, called the *muscle of accommodation*, that adjusts the focus of the lens and the eye for near objects.

M C is a muscle attached to the white of the eye on the outside, that converges or turns the eyes inward, and is the *muscle of convergence.*

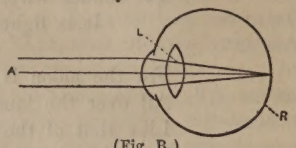
R points to the inner lining of the eye, the *retina*, upon which images of objects are pictured; and

O N is the *optic nerve* that conveys these pictures to the brain.

H is the body of the interior of the eye, filled by a transparent *humor.*

Vision will be clearest and easiest if the rays of light are brought to a point exactly as they reach the retina. If they are focused just before, or if they reach the retina before being focused, the sight will be more or less blurred.

When we look at distant objects, if our eyes are neither near-sighted nor far-sighted (over-sighted), the rays of light that enter the eye are focused on the



(Fig. B.)

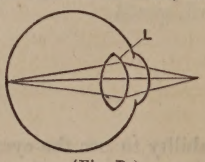
A, the rays of light entering the eye.

R, the retina, where they should be focused.

L, the lens by the aid of which the rays of light are focused.

retina, as seen in Figure B, without effort; but if we regard near objects, as in reading or sewing, there is an effort of the eye to focus the light; otherwise it would reach the back of the eye without being brought to a point.

The reason of this is that rays of light from small objects — as in letters, for example — approach the eye, not in parallel lines, as seen in Figure B, but in lines that diverge as they pass into the eye, as seen in Figure D. To converge such lines to a point on the retina requires more focusing power than if they entered the eye in parallel lines, as seen in Figure B. This power of increasing the refraction, which is called the accommodative power of the eye, is furnished by a muscle (M A, Figure A). This muscle we may call the muscle of accommodation, and when it is brought into use, the lens (L in the figures) is made more convex or full, and thus a



(Fig. D.)

greater refractive power is given to the eye. The fuller or more convex the lens, whether the natural one within the eye, or a glass lens such as is used in spectacles, the greater its power of bending rays of light to a point.

Figure D represents the eye accommodated for near vision, the lens (L) being more convex than in Figure B, where the eye is fixed for distance. Though involuntary, the accommodation or adjustment of the eyes for near objects is

an effort; hence the relief that comes from looking up and off from near work, so especially grateful to fatigued and sensitive eyes.

Another factor in the act of adjustment of the eyes for near objects is convergence. By this is meant the turning inward of the eyes so that both may be directed to the same object. If we hold up a finger before the face, at a distance of four or five inches, and look at it fixedly with both eyes, it will be noticed that a distinct effort is made to turn the eyes inward; and if we continue to look at the finger in this position, the act will soon become painful. The convergence of the eyes is brought about by a muscle on the outside of each eyeball, attached to the white of the eye on the side towards the nose. This muscle (M C, Figure A) we may call the muscle of convergence. There are other muscles which modify the action of this one, but they need not be considered here.

Weak sight is therefore nothing more nor less than a disorder of the accommodative apparatus; or, we may say, a disorder of the two muscles of accommodation and convergence. In health, these two muscles work together in perfect harmony. If either one becomes affected, this harmony is disturbed, and weak or painful sight may follow. It is plain, then, that as in distant vision this muscular apparatus is not used, and as in near work it must of necessity be brought into service, if sight is weak or painful, and we wish to improve and cure it, we must carefully regulate the way in which we use our eyes.

Persons having a tendency to weakness of sight, or those experiencing unusual fatigue of the eyes in reading or similar occupations requiring close vision, should carefully observe the following rules: —

(1.) Cease to use the eyes for the time being, and look away from the work, when sight becomes in the least painful, blurred, or indistinct. After perfect rest for a moment, or longer, work may be resumed, to be discontinued as before when the eyes feel again fatigued.

(2.) See that the light is sufficient, and that it falls properly upon your work. Never sit facing it. It is best that the light should fall upon the work from above and behind. Failing this, it may fall from the side. Never use the eyes at twilight. Any artificial light for the evening is good if it is brilliant enough and steady. When artificial light is at all painful, it is safer to read or write only during the day.

(3.) Never read in the horse or steam cars. It requires too great an exertion of the accommodative power to keep the eyes fixed on the letters. Business men are in the habit of reading the evening papers on their way out of the city, and the morning papers on their way in. This dangerous practice is a somewhat frequent cause of weakness of sight. There are those who can follow it with impunity year after year, but there are more who cannot.

(4.) Never read when lying down; it is too fatiguing for the accommodative power. Many a tedious case of weak sight has been traced to the pernicious habit of reading in bed after retiring for the night.

(5.) Do not read much during convalescence from illness. Before the muscular system generally has quite recovered its healthy tone, we ought not to expect the muscles of accommodation to bear the continuous use to which they are subjected in reading or writing. We cannot be sure that the delicate muscles of the eye are in a condition to be used until the muscles of the leg and the arm have regained their strength and firmness.

(6.) The general health should be maintained by a good diet, sufficient sleep, air, exercise, amusement, and a proper restriction of the hours of hard work. One ought not to expect strong eyes in a body weakened by bad habits or an injudicious amount of labor. Bright gas-lights in crowded rooms, and the impurity of the air in such places, are especially to be avoided. Medical advice should be sought in regard to any nervous debility, disorder of the organs of digestion, or functional disturbances

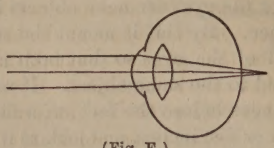
of a general nature, whether they appear to have a direct connection with the weakness of sight or not.

(7.) Take plenty of sleep. It is a sovereign balm for those who suffer from weak sight. Retire early, and avoid the painful evening lights. Ten hours' sleep for delicate eyes is better than eight.

If the weak sight does not improve satisfactorily under the observance of the rules given, it will be necessary to resort to the use of convex glasses. Such glasses aid in focusing the light from near objects, and so assist the accommodative power. For the benefit of such as cannot consult an oculist, it may be well to say that the convex glasses will probably require to be of about forty-eight-inch focus, and that they are to be worn only in reading, sewing, and such occupations as require the accommodative apparatus of the eye to be brought into use. The moment the eye tires, the glasses must be removed; to be replaced again, after a rest of the eyes, when work is resumed.

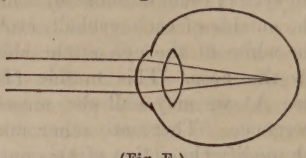
To accustom the eyes to the help of glasses may require some days or weeks, and considerable patience. After beginning with them, it is best not to omit their use in reading or sewing, even temporarily, but to work or read always by their help; limiting the amount of reading at first, and then increasing it day by day, or week by week, until the sight becomes strong.

We have thus far been considering what are called perfectly formed eyes. But there are certain imperfections of form in the eyeball that are very common, and that render the eye optically defective and tend to the production of weakness of sight. One of these malformations produces what is called over-sight or far sight. This is a defect of a nature exactly the opposite of near-sight. In near-sight the eye is adjusted or accommodated for a point nearer than the object looked at, and consequently does not see distinctly. In over-sight it is fixed for a point beyond the object looked at, and does not see well either. In near-sight the eyeball is too full or convex, and in over-sight it is too flat. Being too flat, the rays of light entering the pupil reach the retina at the back before being focused, as represented in Figure E, and therefore vision is blurred and indistinct.



(Fig. E.)

Figure F shows a profile view of a near-sighted eye. Here the rays of light are seen to come to a focus before reaching the retina, because the eyeball is too full or too long from front to rear.



(Fig. F.)

We have seen that weak sight is the result of overworking the muscles of accommodation and convergence. Now an over-sighted eye being too flat, a constant use of the muscles of accommodation is necessary in order that rays of light may be focused before reaching the retina. Such an eye is almost certain to become weak-sighted. Having to use its accommodative power for distant as well as for near objects, there is no rest for it except during the hours of sleep. The remedy for over-sight suggests itself at once. If the eye is too flat, of course a convex glass makes it less so, practically, and thus removes the effect of its defective form. Convex glasses in the form of eye-glasses or spectacles are therefore imperative to prevent the development of weak sight as well as to aid vision. What the strength of the glasses should be will depend upon the degree of faulty formation of the eyeball.

Old sight is due to a partial loss of the accommodative power of the eye. Hence, in looking at a distance, the accommodative or adjusting power not being required, the eye sees as well, or nearly as well, as ever; but in regarding near objects, as for instance in read-

ing, the accommodative power being required and not being available, vision is imperfect. The loss of the accommodative power is not from disease of the eye at all, but is owing chiefly to the natural increase of the hardness of the lens and consequent loss of its elasticity. We must bear in mind that the accommodation of the eye for near work, as in reading, means the calling into action of the muscle of accommodation. (M A, Figure A.) This action results in making the lens more convex, as seen in Figure D, which represents the eye accommodated or adjusted for near vision. As the lens grows harder with advancing age, this change of form becomes more and more difficult.

Convex glasses are of course the remedy for old sight, as their effect is to increase the refractive power, and thus supply the partially lost accommodation for near objects. The spectacles should be sufficiently strong to enable one to read the finest type as near as ten or twelve inches; if too strong, the print must be brought nearer than ten inches, and this will tire the muscles of convergence that turn the eyes inward; if too weak, the fine print will have to be held farther than twelve inches away, and the letters are too small to be seen easily much beyond this distance from the eyes.

The putting on of suitable glasses should not be neglected after the early evening symptoms of old sight are noticed. Nothing is gained by waiting, and much may be lost. We lose, in the first place, a great deal of amusement and instruction from the necessity of giving up our evening reading, avoiding small print, resting our eyes, and neglecting fine work of all kinds. In the beginning these interruptions in our ways of life are not so serious and frequent as to give much annoyance, but as old sight increases they become of importance. In the second place, and of greater moment, is the risk we run of fatiguing and straining the accommodative power of the eyes, and so causing weak sight.

In these days of weak sight and eye-glasses, there need be no fear that the adoption of glasses will be interpreted as a confession of old age. Old sight comes very early — much earlier than forty — in most over-sighted eyes, and this flat formation of the eye is more common than any other. Glasses as strong as those usually worn by people sixty and seventy years old are sometimes required by young persons. Frequently, even in the best-formed eyes, ill health, nervous debility, or a constant and severe use of the vision in fine work or night work will develop the symptoms of old sight as early as the age of twenty-five or thirty. All things being equal, a farmer, if he is not studious, may postpone the use of glasses longer than a professional or literary person, or any one who reads a great deal. But if we take the age of forty or forty-five as the average age for the beginning of old sight, it can by no means be considered as the time of that decline of the faculties which marks the beginning of old age. Most men and women do the serious and best work of their lives after the age of forty, and some even after the age of sixty.

Another defective form of the eye which sometimes causes weakness of sight is that the front of the eye is too oval, so that rays of light are not uniformly refracted. To such eyes vertical and horizontal lines do not appear equally black and distinct. The remedy is to be found in wearing glasses ground in such a manner as practically to restore the spherical shape of the cornea. These glasses help vision for all distances, near as well as far, and the relief they give to eyes weakened and congested by unnatural effort to see clearly is sometimes remarkable.

Either blue or smoke-colored glasses are useful in weak sight, if there is great dread of light. But if not really necessary, it is better not to wear them, as the eye may become so habituated to a subdued light as to be intolerant of ordinary daylight. They may be worn profitably, if needed, in bright sunlight on the snow, sand, or water. When the dread of light is great, one may also have glasses of the proper number, convex or concave, for over-sight or near-

sight, slightly blue-tinted, so as to soften the glare of the white page in reading. Colored glasses should not be too dark in tint, lest it require too much exertion to see clearly through them.

In near-sight, as we have seen, the eye is too full, so that rays of light from a distance are brought to a focus before reaching the retina. (See Figure F.) The exercise of the accommodative or adjusting power of the eye is of no use, or even worse than useless, because, when brought into service, its function is to make the lens more convex, and this addition to the refractive power of the eye would of course focus the light still sooner, and so increase rather than help the difficulty.

To render vision clear in near-sight, it is obviously necessary to resort to some means by which the rays of light may be prevented from being focused too quickly after entering the pupil. That is, we wish to do exactly the opposite of that which we wished to do in over-sight. This is accomplished by putting before the eyes concave glasses, either in the form of eye-glasses or spectacles. A concave glass is one which is hollowed out, or thinner at the centre than at the edges. A convex glass, suitable for far-sight or over-sight, is one thicker at the centre than at the edges. Such glasses help to focus the rays of light; while a concave glass, by diminishing the effect of the convex form of the eyeball, lessens its focal power, and permits the light to reach the back of the eye in proper form for good vision.

Near-sight is usually complicated by a disease in the back part of the eye. This is nearly always the case in the near-sight of children and youth. Besides this disease, such eyes are often weak-sighted, — the weak sight being mostly due to weakness and fatigue of the muscles of convergence. These muscles are very liable to be overworked, because print in reading and fine objects of all kinds must be held quite near, which necessitates a strong turning inward of the eyes.

Progressive near-sight in children is noticed usually at about the age of seven or eight, or earlier, if the tendency is inherited; and from this age up to that of fifteen or sixteen, if acquired. It is probably very often acquired, — oftener than is generally supposed; at least, it is observed when neither parents nor relatives, so far as can be learned, are similarly affected. Too much study, too much school, too continuous use of the eyes on near objects, too little out-door life and exercise of the eyes in distant vision, — these are, apparently, sufficient to cause near-sight, without hereditary influence. Acquired near-sight almost invariably comes in the weakly, ill-nourished, studious, precocious child. And this general weakness and ill health favor the rise and progress of the disease at the back of the eye.

It will be remembered that in this defect the eyeball (as seen in Figure F) is too long; that the refractive or focusing power of the eye, therefore, brings the rays of light to a point before they reach the retina. A tendency to near-sight, or even a deficient light without the tendency, inclines the child to hold the book rather near, and this requires the turning inward or convergence of the eyes, so that both may be brought to bear upon the same point of vision. Now, a studious boy or girl of ten or fifteen years, besides the five or six hours' work in school, studies also more or less at home, while the leisure hours are spent over novels or books of travel. In short, the eyes are not only used almost continuously in regarding near objects, but their use for distance is almost wholly neglected. It is not surprising that, under such training, an organ should lose some portion of its functional power. It is to be remembered that in youth the tissues of the eye are soft, yielding, and undeveloped; that it is a growing organ, easily molded; that its future, like other parts of the body, is to be very much what it is made by training, use, or abuse. When we regard near objects, there is the action of the accommodative power, the convergence, the movement of the pupil and the adjacent tissues, and a forward movement of the whole eyeball. All this is muscular exercise; and whether

this exercise is kept up all through the day or not cannot be a matter of indifference to an immature and growing eye. It is supposed — and very reasonably, I think — that the muscular pressure upon the yielding eyeball, and especially the pressure in turning the eyes inward, promotes indirectly a bulging of the eye at the back, and so contributes to the progress of near-sight.

The elongation of the eyeball in near-sight is at the back, and of course, as the outer or protective coat of the eye is stretched, the two inner tissues (the vascular and nervous coats) are unnaturally distended also. The inner tissues do not bear this distention well; they become thinned, congested, inflamed, degenerated, and finally are partially lost over a limited portion of the interior of the eye near the entrance of the optic nerve.

It seems almost needless to say that an affection at the back of the eye, capable of destroying its tissues, may if neglected lead to blindness. Every oculist is sought now and then for advice in regard to an eye blind from neglected myopia. Vision from this cause is, however, not often lost before adult age, — usually between the age of thirty and forty-five, perhaps. Fortunately, the destruction of the tissues, under abuse of the eyes in progressive myopia, does not advance with equal rapidity in both eyes; so that if sight be lost in one, the sufferer is quite sure to adopt every means for its preservation in the other. It is clear, therefore, that a myopic eye is not, as is frequently supposed, a strong eye, but on the contrary a weak one; or at least liable to become, if abused, a weak one. It is true that inherited myopic eyes are sometimes strong, but the greater number are nevertheless weak and diseased. Acquired myopia almost invariably threatens the integrity of the eye and its functions.

There is no doubt that deficient and improperly admitted light in school-rooms is one cause of the rapid progress of this optical defect. To sit facing a light during study, for instance, is extremely injurious to the best eyes. On looking up, the eye becomes saturated with light, and then, on turning to the printed page, an extra accommodative effort must be made to overcome the dazzling and clear up the vision. The light should enter from above and at the side, so as to strike the page of the book, and not the eyes; and it should be, if possible, a direct rather than a reflected light.

A deficient illumination is injurious, because it requires the book to be brought near the eye; and this, as we have seen, tends to promote the posterior bulging already noticed.

School furniture is also often ill adapted for the scholar, even if properly placed as regards light. The bench is too high for the desk, so that the pupil must bend over his work, thus promoting congestion to the head, and contributing to the congested condition at the back of the eyes; or the seat is too far away from the desk, and the head is thereby brought too near the book, so that the growth of near-sight is directly encouraged.

The first and the best thing to do for progressive near-sight in children is to take them from school, stop their reading and all use of the eyes for near objects as far as practicable, and see that they use their eyes for distance. Encourage them to climb the hills and look miles and miles away. I remember a boy of twelve in whose case the above advice was fully carried out, and in less than one month his power of vision for distant objects had doubled. The quick improvement in the sight for distant objects brought about by the method above described is surprising.

It is probably understood by the reader, from what has been said, that the immediate cause of weak sight is very often a defective form of the eyeball. It is too flat, too full, or of irregular form. This makes vision an effort under all circumstances, and sooner or later the result is weak sight. General ill health may also account for some of the inability to use the eyes. There are, however, some people who appear to have eyes nearly perfect in form, and, having also a large power of accommodation, see apparently with slight effort. Such per-

sons can be very careless of their sight; can read in the steam-cars by night or day; in fact, neglect all the nice rules that I have given. But such individuals are not common.

All eyes, including such as are considered perfect, are, optically considered, far from perfect. These faults, unlike those already noticed, are irremediable, and are chiefly as follows:—

(1.) There is a want of transparency in the cornea (C, Figure A) and the lens (L, Figure A), and fluorescence of both. Fluorescence is the property that certain substances have of becoming faintly luminous from blue or violet light. The bluish tint of a solution of quinine in water is an example of fluorescence. A blue light thrown into the eye shows a haziness of both cornea and lens. These parts of the eye are therefore inferior to the clear and transparent lenses used by opticians in the manufacture of optical instruments.

(2.) Spherical aberration, due to a lack of corresponding symmetry in the cornea and lens, or to a lack of correspondence in their axes. This makes the refractive power of the two inharmonious, creating a slight astigmatism. The traditional figure of a star has five points. The eye sees a star with more or less luminous points, when, if it were optically perfect, it would see it as it is; that is, without the points.

(3.) Achromatism, or chromatic dispersion of rays. The solar rays being made up of the different colors of the spectrum, and each color being refracted in a different degree by the same medium, they are not united by it in a single focus. Look at a street-lamp at a distance through a violet-colored glass. This stops the intermediate green and yellow rays, and allows the first and last rays — the violet or blue and the red — to pass into the eye. The result is that the red is focused, but the violet and the blue are seen in a broad halo around the red gas-light. Optical instruments are free from this defect.

(4.) Slight color-blindness is common to all eyes. The eccentric portion of the retina does not perceive red as soon as other colors. If we fix our eyes steadily on something in front of us, and then move a red object from the centre of the visual field towards either side, we shall find that the *color* is not recognizable as far away as the *outline* of the object. The eye also fails to distinguish a difference between a white produced by the union of scarlet and bluish-green light and a white made by yellowish-green and violet; yet the first comes out black in a photograph, the latter very bright.

(5.) There is a blind spot on the retina of every eye, due to the space occupied by the entrance of the optic nerve. If we make a small cross on a sheet of paper, and three inches at the right of this a black dot, then close the left eye, hold the paper at arms-length, and fix the right eye on the cross, it will be found, on bringing the paper nearer, that at about eleven inches from the eye the dot will not be seen. The blind spot is large enough to hide the face of a man at six or seven feet distance.

(6.) The yellow spot — the centre and most sensitive point of the retina — is by virtue of its yellow tint unable to recognize weak blue light. The smaller stars are seen better by astronomers if they look slightly at one side rather than directly towards them.

This formidable array of common optical defects is unnoticed chiefly because, having two eyes in almost constant motion, one makes up for the temporary visual disturbance in the other. Even with one eye, these faults are rarely noticed, owing to the great mobility of the eye and its continuous change in direction, and to the fact that the imperfections are mostly away from the centre of the field of vision. Habit, inattention, experience, the power of accommodation, may also be given as reasons why our natural visual defects are mostly unobserved. Nevertheless, these optical defects do exist in all eyes; and, as Professor Helmholtz observes, if an optician offered for sale an instrument with these faults, one would be justified in refusing to buy it.

H. C. Angell, M. D.

MOSUMÈ SETS YO; OR, WOMAN'S SACRIFICE.

[The plot of the following tale is based upon that of a well-known Japanese novel. In offering this pathetic story to the readers of The Atlantic, the Editors feel that they could not recast the occasionally quaint English of their Japanese contributor without depriving it of a peculiar charm.]

In the prosperous period of the Tycoon administration Yedo was considered as the centre of the Japanese civilization; thither flocked all classes of the people from every quarter; and the Tycoon was surrounded by the brilliancy of Oriental luxury and the splendor of the feudal system. Among his favorites there was a baronet by the name of Hidaka, who had two sons, the elder Bunzero, and the younger Kotaro. By the custom of primogeniture Bunzero was to inherit all the family property — title as well as estate — on his succeeding his father, who had thought of retiring from an active duty of baronetcy, which, according to the customary law, imposed upon a baronet an obligation to attend the Tycoon's court. Bunzero had been for some time attached to a maiden of inferior rank; he asked the baronet to permit him to marry her, but the father, being proud of his family name, was much displeased by this proposal, and told his son that he must either abandon the low marriage or forfeit the right of succession. In spite of his father Bunzero married the woman of his choice, left the paternal roof, and went to Osaka, the largest commercial city of that day, where he lived with his wife in a humble cottage, and made a livelihood by teaching the children of the district, soon becoming quite rich by his untiring industry. Although unfriended and cast out from home, they set forth on the journey of life with the brightest hopes. Soon after a son was born to them, whom they named Kenzero, and to whom they were attached by the strongest affection, regarding him as the source of future happiness.

In their neighborhood there lived a poor tradesman who had just lost his wife, and could not support himself and his little girl, Sumie, on account of poverty and sickness. Bunzero, moved by pity towards this helpless girl, took her into his family and brought her up as if she were a child of his own. Although he had forfeited his rank, Bunzero did not stifle a feeling of ancient pride that he had been once the sole heir to nobility. He now hoped that his son Kenzero would some time or other distinguish himself and wipe off the disgrace that he had brought upon the family name; therefore he educated Kenzero with the utmost care. Kenzero, by his marvelous aptitude for learning, soon distinguished himself, and became the leading youth in the school. His noble and dignified countenance, which showed that he was descended from a noble family, and his easy grace of manner gained him many admirers. Sumie, though born of a peasant family, was endowed with unrivaled beauty, which well accorded with her gentle and charming manner; her natural talent for music was shown even in her infancy. Growing up under the same roof as brother and sister, they shared in each other's joy and grief; their fondness grew stronger and stronger as they advanced in years, and each vowed in heart and soul to be a life-partner of the other.

One morning, Bunzero, coming into Kenzero's study with a letter in his hand, said, "I have received joyful tidings from Yedo!"

"What is it, father?" asked Kenzero.

"The time has come!" exclaimed the father, with a flush of triumph and gladness. "Here is a letter from my father in Yedo, offering his forgiveness for my past offense, and asking me if I can spare you. As you know, I am dead in

the eye of the law, by my forfeiture; I cannot succeed to the family estate; but as you are a son of the true heir of the Hidaka family, you have some claim to the estate, if you can only be adopted by my father's house. What do you suppose is my father's intention? It is to adopt you in my brother's family, who succeeded me after my disappearance. There is a messenger coming from Yedo in a few days to receive our answer, and if we agree before he arrives you are to go to the capital at once. To obtain this was my ambition and my hope for you. For this purpose I gave you the best education possible, and now the time has come for you to take off the disgrace from the name of your father." So delighted was Bunzero that his voice trembled with joy, and his face brightened with ecstasy.

Kenzero was surprised at this unexpected news, and said triumphantly, "Now, sir, the way to the world and honor is open to me." A flush came up immediately to his face, and his eyes glistened with delight. Suddenly he turned his face away from the father, and wrung his hands as if in grief; he thought that he must part with Sumie, his long-wished-for bride.

"What is it, my dear boy? What ails you?" asked the father, bending over his son with anxious looks.

"No— nothing — sir," stammered the son; "but — but — I must leave you and" — Here the name Sumie trembled on his lips, but he suppressed it with a sigh. "I must now renounce my duty toward you, and leave you alone with Sumie."

"Oh, do not think of me," said the father, "for I am legally dead, and have none but a moral claim on you. I am only too happy to make any sacrifice for the welfare of my only son." Kenzero, who had all the while remained silent, with downcast eyes, now looked up to his father's face with an expression of mingled joy and grief; and the father continued: "Now you are to be adopted in another family, and perhaps you know already the customary law of such adoption; but as this is our last interview as father and son, let me say a few words. When you are adopted, you must renounce all your home duties and rights, and honor your adoptive parents more than your own; for the maxim tells us, 'The first is the adopted, and the second the natural.' Your natural father has no claim to your person after the adoption. When you go into my brother's family, regard him as a father, though an uncle in reality; obey his commands, and let me hear that you have shown yourself worthy of my affection. As I shall live forever in retirement, and never be in the glare of worldly splendor, so I trust that you will remember my last words, and be a credit to the name of Hidaka. After you are gone, I shall give all my property to Sumie, who was, as you know, left helpless, and has been brought up as one of my family. I once thought of concluding your betrothal with her, but as you have a higher hope and brighter future her inferior birth might hinder your succession to a noble family; therefore I shall marry her to some tradesman, with the settlement of my property upon her." Kenzero's countenance suddenly turned ghastly pale, and he sat with folded arms, speechless and motionless. In his troubled mind duty and love struggled to conquer, and one could almost hear the beatings of his heart; but at last he sacrificed love to duty. He assented to his father's proposal, and returned to his room to prepare for his journey, sorrowful and reluctant.

Sumie received the tidings as sadly as Kenzero, but she concealed from the world the sufferings of her heart, and brooded constantly over her future destiny and her unfortunate life. She looked sad and gloomy. Her sleep was haunted by melancholy dreams. She soon became helpless and exhausted; she finally shut herself up in her own chamber, and refused to be either cheered or comforted. As soon as he had finished his preparations, Kenzero hastened to Sumie's room and opened the paper slide, and saw her leaning on her couch and supporting her head on her hand, as if utterly destitute of strength; her vacant

gaze showed her total insensibility to his presence. Kenzero, approaching near her, said softly, "Do you feel better than yesterday?"

At the sound of his voice she looked up, and said, with a sad smile, "No, about the same as yesterday;" and she sank again into her former state of unconsciousness.

"If you shut yourself up in this close room you will only feel worse. Come out into the garden. The weather is mild and pleasant, and the cherry-trees are in full bloom; it will do you good to take the fresh air. Do not brood so, but try to look for some happier future," said Kenzero, in order to divert her thought.

"How can I cease to think of our cruel separation! When I learned the history of my misery and destitution, I wept bitterly at the thought that I was an orphan, and had nothing to depend upon except the mercy of others; but as you had always pitied my miserable lot, and sympathized with me in my sorrow, so I had in you a master, the light of life, and the source of future happiness. Now you are going away to Yedo, and such a long distance will lie between us; and perhaps we shall never more see each other again." As she finished the sentence, she covered her face with her hands and wept.

"Do not take it so sorely. If you could only know the anguish of my heart. Duty and love! The weight of duty always turns the scale in its favor. But my love for you shall know no change. After my arrival at Yedo I will at once send for you, and introduce you as one of the family; but if I cannot accomplish this, we can hope and wait for the time when I succeed to the family estate and everything is at my disposal; then our union will be happily consummated, and without fear we can brave the world together." He then persuaded her to take a walk around the garden. It was near twilight; the last rays of the setting sun were gleaming through the thick foliage and the blooming branches, beneath which slowly rambled the youth and maiden. Their thoughts were wrapped in joy and happiness for the future; their sweet whispers were often interrupted by the enchanting melody of the nightingale; their forms were sometimes lost in the gloom of gathering night.

On the morning of his departure they all gathered around the gate to see Kenzero off. Sumie's heart was too full to admit of saying more than a simple "good-by;" she gave him an affectionate yet melancholy look, and lowered her head to conceal her tears. Kenzero could neither speak nor exchange a glance of parting with her, but only cast a farewell look on the little group clustered around the gate, and suddenly turned his face and proceeded on his journey. At the turn of the road he looked back toward the house, and saw Sumie standing alone. When she perceived Kenzero turn, she waved her hand with cheering nods and mingled emotions of sorrow and despair.

She waited some time, but no letter came from Yedo. As the days rolled away in this dreadful suspense she grew anxious, impatient, and at last hopeless. Her anguish was uncontrollable; she gave way to her grief, and wept like a forsaken child.

"Have you changed so soon?" cried she, in agony. "Has your promise evaporated into nothing? Kenzero, O Kenzero, this is too unmerciful to bear!" She raised her head, flung back her disheveled hair, and shuddered at the changed appearance of her own face, once so fair and beautiful. As she sat alone by a dim, flickering lamp, which made her confused mind more despondent, she heard a voice from outside calling distinctly, "Sumie, Sumie!" She sprang up and opened the window, asking, in a trembling voice, "Who is there?" No answer came but the echo of her own words. She leaned exhausted on the window-sill, and looked up to the vast and peaceful firmament studded by myriads of brilliant stars, and she wondered why her life could be so sad and gloomy while everything around her was so calm and undisturbed. She sang in a plaintive tone; and the sorrowful

melody was wafted on the midnight air, and lost among the rustlings of the leaves. Again she starts from a profound melancholy, and looks out with a frightened gaze.

"Am I dreaming?" she wondered. "No; I heard it again distinctly. 'T is the voice of a pleading angel calling me to the Blessed Isle. Yes, yes, anon I come." And she jumps from the window, holding in one hand her tangled hair, and in the other the fold of her long robe. She runs blindly toward the bank of the Yodo River, while a flock of ravens flap their wings and croak over her head as if to chant her funeral dirge. She now stands on a bridge, gazing on the furious stream below, and wondering whether beneath the frowning waves there lies the tranquil shore of a "land of rest." "O God, deliver me from sorrow!" she prayed tremblingly; "take me anywhere out of this unmerciful world." She then plunged headlong into the rushing current, and a midnight bell from a distant pagoda tolled forth, as if ringing the knell of one so young, so beautiful, so good. The moon had just waned behind the western hills, and a mysterious darkness dropped like a curtain over the scene of desolation.

This sudden disappearance of Sumie startled Bunzero and his neighbors. They at once began to search for her; they sent the detectives to every place of concealment, and they dragged the river, but no trace of her could be found. To the memory of this unfortunate girl he erected a tomb in the burying-ground of his ancestors, and fixing the day of her disappearance as the date of her death, he offered prayers for her departed soul.

Kenzero was cordially received by his uncle's family, which consisted of his grandfather, a retired noble, his adoptive parents, and their only daughter Eukie. The intention of the family was soon told: they wished to marry Kenzero to Eukie, and thus enable both the heirs of Bunzero and Kotaro to participate in the fortune and estate of the family, this being the general practice in the case of adoption.

Eukie is now on the verge of womanhood: she is gentle in manner and graceful in movement; her heart is free from selfishness and conceit; she has a certain air of inexperience and innocence which makes her extremely charming. In her personal beauty she was not surpassed by Sumie. The latter was sagacious and intellectual; the former was amiable and graceful. Kenzero was much troubled. If he did not follow the intention of his parents, he would violate filial duty toward the family. If he did, he would break his parting promise to Sumie, whose very existence depended on that one hope, and he might ruin forever the peace and happiness of that unfortunate maiden. But the adoption was already recorded in the office of the Tycoon's council, and there was no other way to avoid the difficulties except to wait for his succession to the family estate; until then he must refuse to marry Eukie on some ground. Should he tell them of Sumie? No; her inferior birth would be a decisive objection, and the very fact of his engagement with her might cause his disinheritance, and he might meet again the fate of his poor father. Once he thought of sending Sumie a letter, to acquaint her with his present circumstances. But he feared that the idea of the intended matrimony would be a fatal blow to her; so he decided not to write to her until he ascertained the time of his succession. As Kenzero sat alone, careworn and exhausted, thinking of Sumie and her anxiety consequent upon his long silence, his uncle stepped into the room, and, delivering a dispatch, said with an air of coldness, —

"It has a seal of mourning; open and see." The sight chilled Kenzero to his heart; he remained speechless for a moment, gazing upon the letter, which still lay unopened in his trembling hand.

"It is not your father?" persisted the baronet. By this time Kenzero, slowly recovering his strength, opened the letter; it was the announcement of Sumie's disappearance. He sank helpless into his seat, and turned deadly pale. Once or twice his lips moved as if to ut-

ter the words, "I have killed her." His heart swelled into his throat, and, notwithstanding the presence of his adoptive father, the tears rolled down on his cheeks.

"Whose death is it?" asked the baronet, anxiously.

"Only that of a member of my father's family, sir," answered Kenzero, with affected coldness; but his heart rebuked him for assuming this indifference to the death of Sumie, — the love of younger days and the hope of future years. After the reception of this sad news he seemed always wrapped in deep, melancholy thought, and became quite unconscious of his friends and surroundings. Though he often mingled in the pleasures of Yedo, and frequented tea-houses with his companions, yet his face, which now bore deep lines of sorrow, was never seen to smile.

On the day of the summer festival, Kenzero went with some friends to a certain tea-house to see the procession of the gaisha, — the female musicians. While the first part of the procession was passing by, Kenzero was leaning over the balcony and gazing absently on the promiscuous crowd below, half unconscious of the surrounding gayety. Suddenly deafening cheers roused Kenzero from his sombre reverie, and he glanced dreamily at the moving procession; his eyes fell upon a female figure, and he turned pale and seemed stricken motionless. This female was Sumie, who was supposed to have drowned herself in the Yodo, and whose reported death had ruined the peace of Kenzero's mind. Amazed at the sudden resurrection of the dead, he surveyed her figure with wild perplexity. She wore gay, brilliant apparel, with an embroidered figure of dragons coiling through a cloud, and her hair was dressed in the manner of the gaisha. The figure, slowly moving beneath the balcony, filled Kenzero with mystery and awe, and it was at last lost in a thick cloud of dust, leaving him speechless and insensible. As soon as his friends left the room, Kenzero went to the proprietor of the tea-house and asked, —

"Do you know that gaisha who was so heartily greeted by the people?"

"She is from Osaka, sir," replied the proprietor, "and to-day is her first appearance."

"Do you think that I can in any way see her after the procession is over?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I know her master well; I will ask him to send her here after the procession." So saying the proprietor left the room, with many bows and assurances, and Kenzero was once more left alone to reflect upon the unexpected incident and its probable cause.

Soon a light step is heard in a long corridor; nearer and nearer it comes; now it climbs the stairs. With gay spirit and smiling face she comes into the room; but no sooner has she perceived Kenzero than she starts, she staggers back in astonishment, she turns deadly pale, fixing her eyes on his face, which is flushed with anger. Trembling and stammering she turns from him and falls to the floor.

Kenzero strode boldly to her, and said calmly, but scornfully, —

"What a shameful meeting! Sumie, how can you endure so base a life as this!"

Sumie rushed towards him, saying, "Forgive me!" But she was stopped by the wave of his hand. She knelt before him, with her hands clasped on her breast, and cried, "It is reasonable that you should think so; but let me explain the cause of my misery. Do not rebuke me, but hear" — She was interrupted by Kenzero, who gave a glance of reproach which made her tremble.

"This slavish appearance of my — future bride!" said he, angrily. "I cannot hear you! No more of your explanations!"

"But wait, my lord," said she, confusedly. "I live this slavish life for the love I cherish for one whose name I dare not to breathe now."

"Stop! I will hear no more of that," interrupted Kenzero. "How could you leave my father, when he brought you up from your helpless state, and now depends on you for the support of his old age? Oh, you shameless girl, enticed

away from home by wicked wretches, and sold into this quarter!"

"Oh, judge not before you hear," pleaded Sumie; "however disgraced I may be now, have pity on me for my sufferings' sake." She raised herself from the floor and stood before Kenzero, and seizing his sleeves looked up to him with tearful eyes. "Do you remember your promise? How long did I hope and wait for your letter, but, alas, all in vain! One night I heard a voice calling my name. I went out and asked who it was, thinking perhaps it might be you; but no one was there, and I thought it must be a voice from another world, calling me to rest. In that state of mind I determined to drown myself in the river, and leave this unmerciful world. I started from home and went to the bridge, whence, as I cast one farewell glance on the glimmering light of this world, I saw a bright star of heaven reflected in the water, and it showed me where my 'happy home' was. I plunged in, while my lips repeated your name. After that I remember nothing until, as I opened my eyes and glanced dreamily about me, I saw a group of dreadful ruffians. Oh, I shall never forget that sight! I tremble at the thought of it. Seeing such men about me, I fainted away; but on opening my eyes again I found myself supported by one ruffian, while another was holding a cup of water. Terrified by the sight I closed my eyes, and when I peeped through I saw five ruffians, in rags, sitting cross-legged around the dim light of a camp-fire. I then heard one cry out, 'I was the first who heard the splash of water, and discovered this girl floating in the river; so I have the right to her!' Then, smoothing my hands, he said in an affected tone of sympathy, 'Unfortunate maiden, as you have gained your life by my help, may I ask you to be mine? But if you refuse'— Here he stopped short and looked full into my eyes, as if to impress strongly upon my mind what he was about to say. 'In the case of your refusal,' continued he, 'we must sell you as a gaisha. Which will you do? Come, fair maiden, to my house and live with me.' The alternative was before me, and there was disgrace in both; I thought to myself that if I must live and suffer more I had rather be sold in the Musician's quarter of Yedo, where perhaps I might see you, and then I should tell you all the miseries I had suffered for you. So I said, 'Sell me, but I will not marry you.' At this my suitor flung away my hands and gave me one furious glance, while the rest cried out, 'Decided!' Having failed in the attempt at self-destruction, I came here to seek for you, whom I once loved, but now dare not love, for I have disgraced you by this slavish state. For the reward of my love and sufferings, I only ask your forgiveness." Kenzero, lying on a couch, remained silent, and did not heed what she had said.

Sumie took his hands, and implored him, "Say you forgive me. Forgiveness is all I now ask." But Kenzero still remained speechless and motionless. Sumie rose with a flush of anger.

"There is a limit to woman's patience," said she, tremblingly. "I waited — suffered for you; but you have, notwithstanding, broken your promise. You have deceived and deserted me. Are women made to be treated so unmercifully? Are men so stubborn and unable to read the heart of a true woman? I lived in the hope of meeting you, and now that I see you, it is worse than the worst I feared. Oh, Kenzero, how can you be so cruel!"

She turned to descend the stairs, but Kenzero suddenly seized her, and said in a melancholy tone, "Are we to forget each other forever, and endure the anguish of our hearts for nothing? Say no more of forgiveness. It is I who ought to ask your forgiveness. As vile as you are now, I love you more, for it is your love which brought you to this misfortune and disgrace. It is my fault, — my fault!" And he told her of his unfortunate situation in his adoptive family, and the cause of his long silence.

He now determined to redeem her from her master, but as he had not succeeded to the family title he had not sufficient means to execute his intention; therefore he only continued his visits to

Sumie with her master's permission. When the master learned from Kenzero of his relation to Sumie, he was moved by the affecting story of their sufferings, and he consented to the proposal of their immediate marriage; moreover, he told Kenzero to pay the redemption money on his succession to the family estate. The marriage ceremony took place at the master's house, but without the consent of the adoptive family; for Kenzero feared that they would object to the union, and he intended, after his succession, to introduce her to the family as his wife.

After their marriage, Kenzero bought for Sumie a small cottage on the banks of the Sumida, where she lived in a quiet manner with her attendant maid. The cottage was situated on the shore, a short distance from the road, and surrounded by bamboo hedges exquisitely trimmed. The path, bordered with various Oriental flowers, winds through the garden to the arched portal, from which hangs the morning-glory with its delicate tendrils. On one side of the garden there rises an artificial embankment, with trim shrubberies and mossy sides, and on its top a small temple of the household god is seen through the green of pines and hemlocks. On the other side are dwarfed trees, artificial streams, and large trunks of trees overrun with ivy and fern arranged with skill and taste. The piazza commands the whole view of the river, whose right bank is covered by a row of pretty houses, with pretty balconies, and neat steps leading to the water, where numerous "roofed boats" are rocking at their moorage; on the left, there is a famous orchard of cherry-trees. A long path, with a row of the trees on either side, extends the whole length of the bank; the branches, meeting at the top, form one continuous arch. When the cherry-trees are in full blossom, one walking beneath this deep and flowery bower can hardly see the sky. The surrounding atmosphere is filled with fragrance, and the place itself is so charming, so unlike any earthly scene, that it reminds one of the descriptions of fairy-land.

After Sumie's removal to the Sumida, Kenzero spent a greater part of his time there; thus he neglected his home duty, and showed slight attention to his intended bride. Months had rolled by without causing any serious effect in the family; but when there was a baby born on the Sumida, Kenzero's absence and his cool treatment toward "the daughter of the house" became so marked that the family, for the first time, felt suspicious of his mysterious conduct. Kenzero was a favorite of his grandfather, whose influence was still felt in the domestic affairs, although he had long since retired. His interest and affection for his grandson made him fear that, although in his lifetime there would be no change in the family, after his death they might disinherit Kenzero, if his present behavior continued; therefore he determined to search for Kenzero's secret, and arrange the affair himself. When he made inquiry, he was informed that Kenzero was engaged to Sumie, a singing-girl on the Sumida. He was shocked by such unwarrantable conduct in his grandson, and hastened at once to see the woman and solve the difficulty. It was a May afternoon; the weather was mild, and the broad surface of the river was here and there disturbed by calm ripples. Sumie was clad in her flowing gown with loose sleeves; with the child in her arms, she was telling the nurse the story of her past misery. Suddenly there came a voice asking for entrance. Sumie, after bidding the nurse to take the child into the next room, opened the door, and there stood an old stranger.

"Excuse me," said the stranger; "is Miss Sumie living here?"

"Yes, sir," replied Sumie; "I am the person inquired for." The stranger bowed politely, and begged to be pardoned for the liberty he had taken in thus addressing her. A seat was soon assigned to him; but both remained silent, for she was vexed by this unexpected visit from a stranger, with whose name even she was not yet acquainted, and he did not know how to introduce the object of his call.

At last he broke silence, saying, "I do not know how to come to the point. I have attempted several times, but all in vain. I now force myself to state the object of my coming. I am Kenzero's grandfather. I do not know whether you are aware that he is an adopted son, and is to be united with the daughter of the house; but his coldness — nay, his aversion to her — made us suspect the existence of a secret engagement. I am informed that you are the one to whom he is attached. I am quite alarmed, for if this were known to his adoptive parents they might disinherit him. As I have only a few more years to live, my only hope is to see him succeed peacefully to the family fortune; but as long as his acquaintance with you continues, so long his future remains uncertain." Here his courage failed him, and he could proceed no further. All the while Sumie sat with downcast eyes, thinking that the fatal moment had at last arrived, and she must either announce her marriage with Kenzero, or resolve nevermore to see her loved husband. She thought of acknowledging the marriage; but then what would be the result? Kenzero would surely be disinherited for his secrecy and disregard of the family, and his name forever blotted from the fair pages of human record. Upon her answer hangs the fate of Kenzero! There is no other way to save him and his honor but to sacrifice herself.

"I was unaware," said she, pressing down the swelling of her heart, "that I had caused so much — alarm in your family. However, I shall hereafter renounce the honor of Kenzero's attentions. Now, for the first and last time, I beg your forgiveness."

A flood of tears rolled down on her cheek, and, burying her face in her hands, she knelt down at the feet of the old baronet.

"Rise, madam," said he, trying to lift her; "pray rise, for you have done nothing to be forgiven. I know too well the pains of separation. It makes my heart ache when I think that I have made you break your engagement and caused all your sufferings."

"As I have no hope or happiness in the future, if my sacrifice can save Kenzero and his honor I will gladly make it, for the love I have long cherished for him."

It was so touching to hear her, and to witness her calm resignation, that the old baronet wept, and, expressing his sympathy for her sorrow, he bade her farewell.

After the visit of this mysterious stranger, the scene in the cottage assumed a very different aspect; the merriest laughter had now changed into saddest stillness and despondency, and over Sumie's beautiful face came an expression of woe and despair. As she sat alone in her own room, thinking of the sorrow of her last meeting with Kenzero, she observed him standing on the threshold and wondering at the change in her.

"What ails you?" asked he, advancing toward her. "Has anything happened?" But receiving no answer he came to her, and said, while looking into her tearful eyes, "Come, come! tell me what ails you."

"Nothing," said she, dropping her head on his arm; "but I was thinking of my unfortunate condition, and I could not help" —

"I wish you would not brood over such a silly thing. Thus far we have both had a full share of sufferings; but now we are married, let us forget the story of our past miseries; and as soon as I succeed my father, I will acknowledge you as my lawful wife. Therefore until then be patient, and wait for our brighter future. Why do you talk so hopeless?" said he, bending over her tenderly. "Why do you look so strangely? Why, you perplex me! you alarm me! Does anything distress you? Come, tell me, and I will share your sorrow."

"I have nothing to tell you now; but I will inform you to-morrow," said she, while she was repeating in her mind, "To-morrow itself will inform you."

"Then until to-morrow," said he, "do not despond so, for my sake. I will come early to-morrow morning, for I am a substitute for my father in attendance at court to-night. I must go

now, so adieu." As he was turning to start on his duty, Sumie looked at him with a despairing expression, as if they were never to meet again. Kenzero was troubled; returning to her, he said, "Why do you look so sad? I will come to-morrow, early. Is there anything that you wish me to do before I go?"

"Nothing particular," replied Sumie; "but somehow I feel very lonely. Stay a while, for it is not yet the fourth hour."

Kenzero returned to her side, and they are once more together.

"I often think," continued she, "that I was born to make others grieve, and my life is the representative of the saddest. How many phases of human life are there in the world! Life resembles several streams: some dash forth from between huge rocks, ooze through crack and crevice, and are sometimes hurled down over cataracts and waterfalls, and whirled around in a dark, fathomless basin. Calmness and tranquillity are not assigned to them; but their whole course represents a constant turmoil and disturbance, until at last they are all emptied into the ocean. Others bubble up by the hill-side, and warble along sunny banks and peaceful meadows. They sometimes glide over mossy stones and beneath the cool shade of summer foliage, while their gentle murmur makes harmony with the sweet songs of skylarks. The roaring rivers and laughing brooks are alike hushed at last by the waves of the mysterious ocean. Likewise grief and pleasure, sorrow and happiness are swallowed up in death, — the common destiny of human life. My life is a scene of constant troubles; I live in sorrow, and so shall I die. To-night we sit together, but we know not what to-morrow will bring forth. Should I ever be called away suddenly, think of me mournfully, and pity my child for its mother's sake."

"Why do you talk always of sorrow and death?" interrupted Kenzero. "As frail as we are, and as uncertain as our life is, we must idealize a world of happiness, and hope for a brighter future. In this transitory world there is nothing substantial, nothing to be called happiness except hope. Misfortune disperses the airy castles of imagination; sorrow breaks into the happy circle of contentment. Sadness plays as important a part as happiness in the drama of human life." Just then the bell of Asakusa struck the fourth hour of night. "It is time to go," said Kenzero, starting from his seat.

"Oh, then must you go?" said Sumie, looking at him steadfastly. "I do not know why, but I feel sad in view of so short a separation."

"You alarm me! I do not dare to go to the court and leave you here alone."

"Pray attend the court," said she, eagerly. "For the world, I would not have you omit a duty." Her heart was full, for this was the last time she was to see him, and to-morrow she would hear him no more; but, trusting that she should meet him in the happier region, she bade him farewell.

After the whole family had retired Sumie began her preparation by dressing herself in the "white apparel;" which is generally worn by one who intends to commit suicide. She wrote a long farewell letter to Kenzero; and just as the hour of midnight struck she grasped a short sword, wrapped in white cloth, all save the point about an inch in length. She raised it to thrust into her throat, but her courage failed her at the sight of her child. She knelt at his cradle, bent over him, and embraced him again and again. The thought of leaving him alone made her tremble; she shuddered at the sight of the sharp sword before her. Weeping, sobbing, she for the last time fondly clasped him to her bosom; and as her warm tears fell upon the child's cheek he stretched out his arms, he moved as if waking. Sumie started back and held her breath in dismay, but again the child dropped asleep.

"Oh, my dearest child!" cried she, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes. "Oh, most unfortunate one! Forever must I leave you? But I shall hover above you, and guard you against the troubles of this wicked world. Do not cry when I am gone, for I shall never

return. When waking in the morning you seek a mother's smile, my lips will be closed and my spirit departed. Do not grieve when I am dead. I am not to be mourned, but only to be forgiven. When you know that I brought you into this world only to suffer and be thrown in the shadow of the world's splendor, do not think hardly of me, but pray to God that my sins be forgiven. This is my fondest — saddest — and last" — She embraced the child again and again, then thrust the sword into her throat, gasped, and died.

Kenzero was haunted all night by the thoughts of his sorrow-stricken wife. Next morning, at the close of his attendance, he hurried to the Sumida. On arriving at the cottage, he found the door closed; he knocked for admission, and he was soon answered by the nurse, who appeared as if just awakened from a deep slumber.

"How is Sumie?" asked Kenzero, eagerly.

"She has not yet called me; so I suppose she has slept soundly," replied the nurse.

"That is well. Sleep does her so much good." And Kenzero went straight to Sumie's chamber. A loud scream was heard. In a minute the nurse and servant were on the spot. What a terrible scene! There was Sumie lying in white apparel covered with blood, the nurse kneeling and weeping, Kenzero holding Sumie's face in both his hands and gazing upon it with an expression of intense agony, and the servant standing dumb with horror.

"O Sumie!" cried Kenzero, still gazing on her face. "My own and dearest! Your sufferings were too heavy to bear; but was there not any other way but to rest in the shadow of death? Were those her last words to me? Oh, how ignorant was I of the working of her heart! My life, my happiness, forever gone!" He trembled with despair and remorse; but he reflected upon her words, and bitterly reproached himself. As he turned about, he found a letter on the desk; on its outside was written, "Farewell letter to Kenzero." He opened it hurriedly, but, unable to proceed, he dropped it on the floor. On recovering his strength he read as follows: —

Midnight on the Sumida.

Dearest Kenzero, — Parting is a correlative of meeting; no meeting can ever exist but it is followed by parting. As the number of happy meetings increases, so much nearer do we approach to the melancholy of parting. At last the time has come when I must leave you and the world forever. Standing on the threshold of death, as I look back upon my life I see nothing but sadness and misery. In spite of my inferior birth you have shown me more sympathy and love than was due to my unworthy self; and shall I ever forget them? I have often felt it would have been better and happier for you and me had we never met. I had a dread of myself as the cause of disgrace to you and your noble family. I believe that I was intended to die when I was left in my infancy without home and parents. It was never intended that I should thus live and make you grieve for my misery. These thoughts render my life no pleasure to me, but create a constant fear of future sufferings; therefore, now once for all, I sacrifice my life and end my fears to save you from disgrace. I have only one request, my worthy — In what term shall I address you now? As a husband? The world ignores our marriage, and your noble parents have not ratified it. Whatever name it be, I care not. For the sake of your unfortunate Sumie, have pity on my child, and give him such an education as will save him from ignorance and disgrace. Do not tell him who was his mother, or how she died, for it will only add sorrow and shame to his innocent mind; but teach him to pray that her sins be forgiven. As I leave all those who are dear to me on earth, and turn my thoughts to the mysterious region of death, I tremble at the darkness of my path; but I trust that God will be merciful, and guide my poor, weary soul to its blessed destiny. This parting — sorrowful and heart-rending — will be only for a mo-

ment, and soon we shall meet again in a happier land, where sorrows are unknown and friends never parted. My thoughts are as countless as the pebbles on the shore; but as an approaching dawn separates day from night, and life from death, so I close this last token of my love with adieus and tears.

As he finished the reading of the letter, Kenzero laid it down, clasped his hands in prayer, and gazed upon it as the last expression of Sumie's love. Every heart was swelled by grief; every eye was filled with tears; silence and sorrow reigned everywhere.

When the family was informed of Sumie's personal history, the parents reproached Kenzero for the concealment of his early betrothal. The grandfather said that if Sumie had told him of her marriage, and of her child, he would have secured the favor of the family in her cause; and Eukie regretted her own existence as an obstacle to Kenzero's union with Sumie, and as the cause of her self-destruction. Her parents took the child into the family, trusted his education to the loving hands of Eukie, and erected a tomb to the memory of Sumie, young and beautiful, who sacrificed her own life for man and his honor.

N. T. Kanèko.

OPEN LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

VI.

A GLIMPSE has been deferentially taken of the exterior of the quarter of brown stone and shining plate-glass, with its central avenue, the chosen abode of the most select high life in New York. Sometimes it seems the abode of no life at all. People are rather rarely seen to enter or leave the houses. Children and organ-grinders do not play much in front; and the tenants are by no means to be found personally negotiating with a vegetable man at the curb-stone, or loaning each other a saucepan over the area railings. At night, however, here and there a carpet is laid across the sidewalk, and a striped, barrel-shaped awning erected above it. Certain passengers on foot and on wheels, responsive to the action of the exhaust-chamber within, disappear into the awning as if swallowed up in the mouth-piece of some curious pneumatic tube. There is a little knot of spectators gathered about it: a couple of intimate servant-girls, with arms about each other's waists; a pair of rude young loafers, who laugh coarsely and make fictions of being about to draw on their gloves and step airily in themselves; a well-dressed woman from a lower station, who does not fear recognition in detaining her husband and pushing boldly to the front to gratify for a moment a commendable feminine curiosity, — the whole kept in check by a sturdy policeman who has the air of being in society himself, and something more in having it thus under his patronage. Perhaps a young man not too long from the interior, a student or beginner in law or a clerk in a mercantile house, turns his head to note the disembarkation of a wonderful being in a cloud of fleecy draperies, and passes on musing. He is not convinced of the justice of the embargo by which he is shut out from acquaintanceships of such charming promise, nor that it is not a station in life he himself is as well calculated to adorn as another. How long will it be before some astonishing development of legal talent, or the investment of his savings in some wholesale enterprise affording enormous profits, will place him there on equal terms?

Supposing, however, that the young man were already one of the kind of floating atoms that this particular pneumatic tube by preference took in, what would he find? He would mount to an elegant library room or sleeping apartment, directed with a sweeping gesture by a serving-man in livery. He would find a place for his ulster and stick among a thick array of similar small bundles on the chairs and tables and floor, but would carefully retain, all the evening, his hat, made with a spring to shut up into a disk. Coming down he would take the hand of the hostess, standing, with one or more assistants, in the realized intricacy of the latest fashion plates, at the drawing-room door. Perhaps, as he waited his turn, he would hear his predecessors, invited for their desirability from a select list, with little or no previous acquaintance, mentioning their names, and the beaming entertainer greeting with more than usual effusion the bearer of some particularly good Knickerbocker title, and regretting that so little of the old blue blood is left. Within, in the babel of well-bred sounds and the tangle of rich materials, from which only the upper half of the bodies of the men, in immaculate black and white, emerges, he looks for familiar faces. It is not at all a cheerful thing if he finds none. Take the arm of Westbrook, imaginable young man! He is far from the mad presumption of thinking he knows anything particular about it himself, but we shall find witnesses in the course of the promenade to give us points.

Possibly the vision of loveliness you saw escaping up the steps is close at hand. If you had the honor of her acquaintance she might ask if you were at the Merry-Go-Rounds last night. Yes, you would reply, and found it charming. Was she going to the Whirligigs to-morrow night, you might return. "No," she might say, "I can't go." Then it would be almost time already to be moving on. The physical appearance of the people is prepossessing. Equestrianism is popular with the young girls, and they walk the avenue with a quick, elastic step. The case seems a little problematic, it is true, during the full-fledged society period, for some of these over-slender figures, but after marriage a more robust health reappears. In the case of the men, who affect an English carriage and aspect, while the women, with their greater vivacity, more resemble the French, the taste for athletic sports has risen to the height of a profession. There is no longer any reason for those who do not care to make a pretense of playing at business being driven abroad for their pleasures. It is a taste that will not hinder the natural tendency of accumulated wealth to dispersal, but it ought at least to hand down the inheritance of robust constitutions to the descendants who must commence the work of accumulation anew. There is such a variety of styles — light and dark, slender and stout, tall and short — that it is not easy to pick out the prevailing type. There is evident a wide range of intermarriages, and the influence of many climates and manners of living. A strong element made up from the foreign consuls and resident foreign merchants intermingles closely, chatting in its own languages, and aids the diversity of effect. The men, it must be said, can be inspected to better advantage in a physical way at the Racquet Club or the Polo grounds. Precious privilege as it is to be here, the heat and burden of the evening is borne largely by quiet immature youths, while there are numbers of handsome stalwart fellows approaching, say, the age of thirty who would consider it the worst kind of a bore to have to come. So is it ordained that the too much must offset the too little.

The young girl is the central figure. In Brief Honors, a late gracefully told little story from the Chicago house of Jansen, McClurg & Co., devoted to New York matters, and especially, with much pointedness, to the abuses of insurance companies, she is thus described: "The New York girl is the wonder and envy of all other American young women. She is not prettier, or more graceful, or more favored in any way by nature; she cannot dance, sing, paint, play, talk, write, or perform in any of the so-called

accomplishments better than any other of her countrywomen. She does not necessarily spend more time or money in her toilette; but she acquires a nameless faculty of satisfaction with herself which young ladies of the best education and surroundings in lesser cities and towns never quite possess. . . . She begins society where other and so-called provincial young ladies leave off, namely, in understanding it."

The satire called The Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy, in the December and January numbers of Blackwood's, attributed to an English author of the best social opportunities, who passes much of his time here, ascribes her success matrimonially to this thorough sophistication and her assumption of the management of her own affairs; unlike her English sister, who is kept in leading-strings and browbeaten by a kind of "awfully-aw" style of men. The same writer rates her as much brighter and more solidly accomplished than her equals of the other sex. "I remember one evening," says the sprightly Irene, pursuing her breathless autobiography, "half a dozen of us girls counting up the young men who could converse intelligently on any of the literary, scientific, or even political questions of the day. When we had got up to two we were obliged to stop. . . . When you are not down in your eternal Wall Streets, you are out at Jerome Park, or looking out of the club windows; but as for informing your minds and giving your naturally bright intellects some wholesome food to digest, which should make you instructive as well as agreeable members of society, you won't do it. . . . I feel that I owe you some explanation for having taken an Englishman when I had the whole Spuyten Duyvel Club to choose from."

If the young girl be the central figure, her domain is much circumscribed in favor of the young married woman, and will inevitably be more so in the approximation in progress towards European manners. The age and civilization of "societies" can be accurately gauged according to the prevalence in them of mature people. You recollect how it was with you at X——, before coming to New York. You selected a young lady you knew to have been invited to the same party, escorted her there, and brought her safely home without the interposition of anybody. Here the chaperone is a necessity; a more complicated system is installed. The chaperone forms the rallying point for an older element, who gather to talk to her. At first, we may suppose the young matron assisted in this capacity. By degrees she took part, and is now involved in the whirl to the fullest degree. Marriage in metropolitan society is not the signal for a portentous gravity and an exclusive interest in domestic affairs. The theory prevails that with increased intelligence people can come together with even greater profit than before. The whole of life is thus thrown open, and participation in its pleasures no longer circumscribed by an arbitrary limit.

The young married men are of great social importance. They are said to be the most indefatigable ball-goers, the recognized leaders of the German, and established authorities on all matters of etiquette. They flirt actively with unmarried girls, in some cases keeping it up until their own daughters come out. They overwhelm "the girls of their choice with bouquets, *bonbonnières*, and trifling presents, taking them drives, giving them dinners, boxes at the opera, and distinguishing them by such marks of delicate attention as are always grateful to the female mind." The more intelligent elderly portion of the men seem to have only a temporary connection with the assemblages. They are strangers in town, or newly risen to fame, or returned after a long absence, and friends who have come out to welcome them. Whatever the recurring reasons may be, the ranks are kept tolerably full. Here is a noted artist, long resident in Rome, with a gallant and polished air, complimenting and being complimented by a circle of ladies. A distinguished ex-candidate for a very high office is smiling feebly by the mantel-piece. A tall young editor raises above the assem-

blage, for a while, a serious head that seems exotic to such scenes. He converses with the distinguished candidate, and both disappear early. The well-known wit, Mr. Rip-Rap, brought out of retirement by his connection as a witness with the famous Tanglewood case, is finishing one of his anecdotes to this group and passing on to the next. There are some traveling lords from the Brevoort House, some army officers on leave, and the interesting Lady Banbury Cross, who was such a "card" at Newport last summer. Almost everybody in this circle has traveled. To have lived abroad is the rule rather than the exception. There are plenty of persons who have passed not one or two, but six and seven years there. In its elements and opportunities it is a great cosmopolitan society. It might be supposed, under these circumstances, that conversation of an improving order would flourish. There is, of course, much interesting talk, but it is not so to a notable extent. Manner is an object of attention quite as much as matter. The new-comer sometimes finds, with a sense of surprise that makes him an unequal participant, that to be particularly well read and interested in intellectual matters is thought not quite "in good form."

Perhaps the conversation of society, like that of common life under similar circumstances, can never depart very far from the description of Rousseau, who complains that "nothing so dwarfs the mind, so engenders trivialities, tittle-tattle, evasions, and falsehoods, as to be shut up face to face in an apartment, and reduced to the necessity of continual babble." "Let it be a condition that I must talk, and I inevitably make a fool of myself. Moi présent on n'aurait jamais su ce que je valais." And it is not I, but Matthew Arnold, who, speaking of the use of an aristocracy to counteract that hard type of life which a constant subjection to petty cares tends to establish, says further that the peculiar serenity of aristocracies, of Teutonic origin at least, appears to come from their never having had any ideas to trouble them. There appears to be at present no semblance of a *salon*, like the salons of history, and perhaps of New York in the past, where persons of opinions and definite knowledge come together, amidst an agreeable luxury of surroundings, for intellectual friction.

If it lack profundity somewhat, society conversation is not wanting in a dashing readiness, often approaching wit. The desire to be entertained implies the duty of entertaining, and it is by this method that the effort to fulfill the obligation is chiefly attempted, rather than by the conveying of information, which is not indeed an easy matter, everybody being courteously supposed to know everything already. Proficiency in this talent throws its lustre around "the fashionable set," indifferently known as "the fast set," whatever it may be for the moment. The fashionable set is a variable domination. "It is Mrs. Brown's set this year, Mrs. Jones's set next year, and Mrs. Robinson's set the year after," says The Sarcasm of Destiny, of Mrs. Sherwood, — a work whose value consists in the observations her intimate connection with society enables the authoress to make more than in its plot or characters. "Whoever has health, money, and a disposition, whoever will give attention enough, can for a short season be a leader of a fashionable set. The moment one becomes too autocratic a new departure comes." Certain belles and enterprising persons, it thus seems, create, as it were, schools of fashion, which display for the moment definite characteristics and an animating principle, and are presently dissipated as lightly as the dust on a butterfly's wing. The fashionable set is apt to approach, in an off-hand freedom of manners and lack of squeamishness (so curiously do the ends of life approach) sets quite at the other extreme of society. Nor is this an exclusively New York or an exclusively American trait of high society. Is there not a noble *attaché* at Windsor, in Charles Sumner's letters, who comes down-stairs and talks about "the gals," meaning no less prominent persons than

the august maids of honor of the royal household?

Meanwhile, the music has been playing since ten o'clock, and round dancing desultorily in progress. At midnight the doors are thrown open and a glittering table disclosed. The elegant men in black and white fall upon the pinnacled and rose and lily tinted comestibles like a descent of Goths and Vandals upon Italy, and bear away sections, held by a precarious tenure, to the ladies distributed in chairs, with their voluminous skirts as close-reefed as possible, in the vicinity. Then the chairs are arranged in pairs, and the real business of the evening begins, — the German cotillion. The last carriages are rolling away at three o'clock. This is society, the ball, the culminating act of the long series of society conjurations whose object is to bring people together. *A priori*, one who knew nothing about it would imagine — would he not? — that a society freed from the sordid cares of the struggle for bread, with unlimited opportunities of development in education and the arts, would be found conversing like the Poet at the Breakfast-Table, engaged in some subtle and exquisite pursuits, cherishing ideals radically different from and beyond those prevailing below. The hard truth in life is rather that the impulse obtained by the overcoming of difficulties is that which goes on to the greatest accomplishments after the immediate purpose for which it is aroused is subserved. It is not the denizen of the tropics, stretching his hand to the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut grown for him without planting, who develops letters and the arts and founds great commercial republics, but the assiduous Hollander, first snatching his dreary marsh from the jaws of the North Sea. It would not do to claim that any American society had yet reached the point of being benumbed by its luxury. Its men, at least, are engaged in the common avocations and the common struggle. The scale, not the kind, of their demands is altered. But if it has not gone down it has not gone up. The ideal of the largest and best secured fortunes does not differ greatly from yours and mine, — material gains, more interest, advantageous marriages.

"Society" is not a different order of beings, it is disappointing to find, but simply the upper classes taking their pleasure. To take their pleasure in the way deemed decorous and requisite involves a certain expenditure. Money, therefore, is the first condition of society. Possibly there are thirty thousand people in New York capable of carrying on the desirable scale of display in houses, dress, equipage, and entertainments. This is altogether too many; bases for divisions must be found. The uneducated rich are left out. The local political rich form a circle by themselves. There is a religious set, houses that remind one of Lady Pitt Crawley's in Great Gaunt Street. Bible-reading is mingled with its gayeties, and ladies who delighted to be gone all day on coaching excursions with profligate young millionaires, considerably the worse for their wine after dinner, and to return tooting horns through the streets at night, would not be received, nor possibly the millionaires either, though the painful reflection occurs to one that they might not want to be. The rich of "family" insist upon taking the topmost position. Their claim is half admitted, owing to the need of some peculiar titles to consideration where all are otherwise equally equipped, and is half maintained by force. It is a very shrewd claim. It cuts the ground from under the feet of ambitious aspirants, who can never arrive at this qualification, whatever they may do with the others, and it also obviates the need of uncomfortable exertions on the part of its assertors. In any partnership with money or brains, family preserves a consciousness of contributing its full share to the fund. Why will not somebody undertake a defense of these much-abused factitious distinctions? Money and family are at least something tangible; how difficult of estimation is true worth! It can't be positively determined by looks or talk, and who has time to go around hunting up conduct? Besides that, appearances may be deceptive. If Gall

and Spurzheim were only infallible, and there were a central bureau where everybody's head could be charted and placed on file for reference, it would be quite another matter.

By these various eliminations society is reduced to manageable proportions. The circle determined to be the best company, by the Chesterfieldian rule of selection, — that which all other circles admit to be the best next to their own, — invites from six hundred to one thousand people to its balls, and thus practically admits so many to terms of equality. But this number is already unwieldy, and further divisions would seem to be called for. The swarm of guests has outgrown any but the largest houses. The rooms at Delmonico's begin to be taken for all sorts of private festivities. It must be a convenience to buy a coming-out party or a birthday party of any desired size, and pay for it in a single solid lump; but the growth of the custom is regretted by some as a detraction from a more sentimental ideal of hospitality and the home formerly prevailing.

Without money, family, or conspicuous brains, — you would do much better with the first than with either of the others unaided, — imaginary student or merchant's clerk, it will do you no good to be at this party. You might as well not have come. You cannot have a career. This is natural. The two purposes of society are to be fashionable and to be entertained. If you can contribute to neither, why should you come? One would like to know as much as possible, since this is to be but a momentary glimpse, of the inner meaning of society, of its capabilities for happiness.

All the accounts I have glanced at agree as to the reality of the "old family" claim; all insist upon the prevalence of an excessively mercenary spirit, and a proneness to unblushing withdrawals of countenance from unfortunate associates. Young Morgan, the anonymous Chicago author's hero, is thrown over by Miss Juliette Ramsay as a person of low tastes, because he continues to visit the bankrupt family of Stephen Wilting in a back street down town. He marries the bankrupt merchant's daughter in the end, a girl with a bright, active mind, a talent for chess, and some vestiges of coquetry in spite of her reverses, and seems to have made a happy exchange; but this, of course, is a matter that the novelist has entirely in his own hands. Nina, in Mrs. Sherwood's story, seeking aid as a teacher at houses where she had once been fêted and flattered, is represented as having her card returned to her by Mrs. Merivale, with the message, "I do not know the person." When she returns to prosperity, Mrs. Merivale again fawns upon her. There is no gambling set now, as there was shortly after the fierce excitements of the war, where ladies of fashion smoked cigarettes with "the men," and played for fifties and hundreds of dollars at a time; but there are unpleasant statements as to other points of morality. Mrs. Rose Averill is quoted as saying, arguing for the admission of certain questionable guests to her ball, "I do not wish to be called the young American matron, and derided for my propriety. I assure you, men laugh very much at any assumption of that kind. It is out of fashion, and it is only that I am young and pretty and rich and well born that I can afford to be in love with my husband."

"I should hope any daughter of mine would be in love with her husband, or else pretend to be," said Mrs. Pear-Tree.

"No, mamma, that is not the fashion of the period; if you are *not* wrong, you must pretend to be, or else you lose caste."

This is not so far from the pictures of life presented by the comic dramatists of the Restoration and similar luxurious periods. "My friends who are living quiet and guarded lives," says another society account, — in the March Appletons' Journal, — "are very unhappy. They describe their dull monotony of days as something very forlorn." The young married women "are left alone, with every want in life satisfied except the greatest of all wants, something to do, and with but one possible excitement, and that is flirtation."

It must be borne in mind that the striking effects of satirists, and half the time those of the story-writers, have to be produced with the faults instead of the merits of the community. One crime resounds farther than a hundred virtues. Demoralization of manners is probably one of the things in time to be expected here, as it has always followed elsewhere in the train of great wealth and prosperity, but the manifestations are yet too extremely slight to justify any general aspersions. Whatever may be the doings of "a certain set," always exaggerated by rumor, a proposition to take the "not" out of the Decalogue is far from being yet in order. The best company in New York has many aspects of freshness and simplicity. Church-going is the rule. Its younger element is trained at the grave seminaries and colleges of the quiet interior. In the classes from which it is drawn, though not immediately in society, there are persons of studious tastes, surrounding themselves with the appliances of an admirable culture, who lead lives that seem the worthiest and most enviable of all. There is some frivolity and inconstancy in the classes below; I suppose life is not quite free from it anywhere. There are butchers who maltreat their poor relations, and bakers who give themselves airs over candlestick-makers for living on a fourth-floor flat at fifteen dollars a month instead of a fifth at ten.

I hope this account is not going to appear abusive. It would not be much less so if any other class were the subject of its story. All it ought to do is to justify an inference that society is not so unspeakably more precious and exalted in its transactions than ordinary life that one need repine bitterly, like the fabled Peri at the gate of Paradise, disconsolate, if he never quite gets into it. Rightly understood, contentment is no doubt possible outside of it.

Raymond Westbrook.

AMERICANISMS.

III.

Already I begin to see that The Atlantic is a kind of Oneida Community in the republic of letters. At least it is so in the use of mutual criticism as a mode of discipline for its contributors. If one of us makes a slip, or is supposed by another to have made one, — which comes to much the same thing, — he is pretty sure to hear of it next month in the Club, where he finds himself subjected to a form of castigation which is in use not only under the government of Father Noyes, but in the estimable Society of Friends. I remember having seen in my boyhood one of my companions, whose family belonged to that social order, dealt with in this way. He had been guilty of some outrageous piece of mischief, and the maternal magistrate arraigned him in this fashion: "Now, Robert, thee has been a very bad boy; thee ought to be" — I winced for my playmate; for I expected the conclusion common under such circumstances among the world's people. But no; the threatened punishment was of another kind. The judgment pronounced was, "Thee ought to be *talked to*." I discovered afterwards that this was a common mode of correction among the Quakers; a kind of family pillory, in which a culprit was set up to have his ears bored with sharp sayings, and to be pelted with dead mysteries and moralities, and rotten proverbs. Perhaps it was a figurative memorial of the persecution to which the sect had been subjected in its early days, both in the Old England and in the

New. I am not quite sure that it was not a more dreadful punishment than the veritable whipping-post. Certainly it was more effectual, if we may judge by the sober and discreet carriage of the people who put it in practice. However this may be, it is manifest that some of my collaborators think that I too ought to be talked to. I am quite willing to submit myself to this chastening: first, because I believe that the discipline is good; and next, because I have the right, which the poor Quaker boy did not have, of talking back. Of this, however, I shall not avail myself, unless it seems to me that I can do so for the benefit of my readers.

As to words and phrases peculiarly American, I am asked how I would regard cases where a partial variation in the form of things has led to a variation in words between the two nations. The answer is plain enough. A variation which is not merely in fashion and style, but which is sufficient to produce a really new thing, justifies a new name; and this is not an Americanism. Indeed, among the few real Americanisms in language, no small proportion is composed of words which are improperly applied to things which we do not possess. For example, we, that is the Episcopalians among us, speak of the rector of a parish; and our boys, and I am sorry to say some of our men, shoot what they call robins. Now there is not a rector or a robin in America. A rector is a clergyman who has certain legal relations to a legally constituted community known as a parish, and who has rights there even against his parishioners. We have no such religious officers. Our so-called rectors are merely the ministers of Episcopalian churches or congregations; and their parishes have a purely conventional existence; their not very easily determinable limits being set by the Episcopal church for its own purposes. Our robin is a tawny-breasted thrush; a bird of a family quite different from that of the robin. An Englishman will shoot almost anything that flies or that runs, except a fox; but he would about as soon shoot his grandmother as shoot a robin. And so, I think, should we, if we had the tiny little crimson-breasted creature that haunts the house, perches upon the window-sill and peers through the pane with one-sided glance, and flies trustingly almost into the hand that brings its breakfast of crumbs. These perversions of words are, perhaps, unavoidable; but they are to be deplored, for they are the occasion of misapprehension, and not unfrequently they are accompanied by a perversion of sentiment. We have no such associations with our so-called robin as those which pervade all England and are illustrated in all English literature in regard to the redbreast.

To come to the particulars of my querist: he asks if I should call one of our railway cars a carriage. In strict propriety it might so be called; for a carriage is anything that carries. Oddly enough, while he was putting the question I was answering it in the article that was published in the last Atlantic, in which the nomenclature of railways had ample, although incidental, illustration, so far as I could give it. I must, however, correct one trifling error made by my Club critic in saying that the vehicles on English railways are "modeled on private carriages." They are, or were originally, modeled on the old stage-coach. They are even now, as I remarked, sometimes called coaches; and a few of the old ones still retain traces of the external form of the obsolete vehicle which they have displaced. I should not call one of our cars a coach, simply because a car is not a coach. Pushing his inquiry farther, my critic asks, "When Mr. White goes to his office by the horse-car, for instance, does he call that mode of communication a tramway? If not, does he not violate his own canon?" I certainly do not call a horse-car a tramway, nor should I do so in England. But not to be as sharply critical upon my fellow contributor as he is upon me, I should not say that I went by tramway, or even by railway. It would not be necessary to do so, or natural. Unless we are pedantic, we do not go into such particulars. We

take the car to our offices and the train to Washington, or, if we are worthy of such translation, to Boston.

But, to touch a point of much more importance, suppose Mr. W. did violate his own canon? What of that? Is the canon therefore any the less binding? I cannot see that it is. The culprit in question is human, although he is permitted, and has in past years been permitted, to write for The Atlantic. He is but a poor mortal creature, and fallible, although he has often been to Cambridge. Having had these privileges, is it at all strange that he should know what is right, that he should be able to see and to say what is the correct thing? And on the other hand, being, as he confesses, an erring man, born in the city and county of New York, can he be expected always to live up to his knowledge? I trow not. He would not presume to take such a position for himself. Indeed, I doubt that he would do so even if he had played on Boston Common, graduated at Harvard, and lived in Beacon Street. But would his falling from grace invalidate the doctrines that he preached? Far from it. There must be grace, or he could not fall.

Seriously, the *argumentum ad hominem*, ever a poor resort, is conspicuously feeble when it is used against a doctrine because he who advocates it does not practice what he preaches. In language, above all things, evil communications corrupt good manners. From the very nature of language a man will, a man must, be influenced in his speech by what he hears day by day; and he may thoughtlessly, or even consciously, use words and phrases which are offensive to his taste and condemned by his judgment. I have had occasion, in connection with this subject, to say before that there was never a sillier mandatory maxim than "Physician, heal thyself." Considering it even in regard to the function of the medical man, it is so. A physician may be dying of a disease for which neither he nor any one of his professional brethren can give *him* a remedy; and yet he may from his death-bed prescribe a course of life or a medicine which may relieve others. Proverbs are often the folly of one man perpetuated by the lazy thoughtlessness of many. As to what I say or write about language, let it be judged upon its own merits, and not by my manner of speaking or writing. I make no pretense about the latter, and, to tell the truth, take little thought of it; and I may be like the tipsy lecturer upon temperance who furnished in his own person his dreadful example. Let no man think to frighten me by showing, if he can, that I have violated my own canon, or seek to shield himself under the cloak of my errors. My pages may be spotted with faults, and they are none the less faults, but rather the more, if I should know better than to commit them; nor because of them is anything the less true that I may declare. I hope that none of my readers are of that sort that will not even serve God if the devil bids them; if so, they are less wise than I should like those to be for whom I write,

> "Since he whose words can save, himself may be
> Among the lost."

So, truly and finely, Mr. Trowbridge sings.

One critic kindly and privately points out to me an error which he thinks that he has found in my assertion that a certain meaning of *conclude* is not given in any English dictionary from Bailey downward; and he cites this definition as given by Bailey: "Conclude, to resolve upon, to determine." He is quite right as to the existence of the definition; and he might have gone back farther than Bailey and found the same definition, "to resolve upon," in Kersey's English Dictionary, 1721; and going back yet farther, more than a century, he would find the very same definition of *conclure* in Cotgrave's French and English Dictionary, 1611. But "resolve upon" does not here mean to intend, to resolve *to do*. My correspondent evidently referred to Bailey of 1735, or some earlier edition; had he turned to the folio edition of 1755, he would have found the following passage from Addison given as illustrative of the use of *conclude* in the sense of to resolve upon:—

> "But no frail man, however great or high,
> Can be *concluded* just before he die."

So Dryden says of Ben Jonson: "To *conclude* of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his discoveries we have as many and as profitable rules for the perfecting the stage as any which the French can furnish." *Conclude* here means to resolve upon the problem of a man's life or professional career; to pass a final (conclusive) judgment upon it.

May I here venture to say that it is generally safe to assume that a man of ordinary intelligence and of honest purpose may be trusted as to an assertion of fact which he makes upon a subject to which he has given special attention; unless, indeed, he is unwise enough to make a negative assertion of exclusive force upon a subject of which his knowledge, however wide, is not complete. I know the value of accuracy, of which George Eliot, somewhere in that greatest of her books, Romola, makes old Bardi say that it "is the soul of scholarship;" an aphorism the truth and the importance of which no one capable of appreciating scholarship would for a moment question. But on the other hand, a great scholar, Monier Williams, says in the preface to his Sanskrit Dictionary — his second — that his confidence in the accuracy of human beings in general has been painfully shaken in the course of his great work; and this also presents a truth in literature, as every attentive student must know. How then are these two sayings to be reconciled? If accuracy is the soul of scholarship, and no scholar is accurate, scholarship is soulless, dead; it is deprived of the very conditions of its being.

It is thus that both these sayings are true. Almost every intelligent and honest man who gives himself to study, and lays before the world the fruit of his reading and his thought, is accurate in essential things. In that which is non-essential, incidental, accidental, unimportant to *his purpose*, he may be more or less accurate or inaccurate, according to his temper and the circumstances under which he works; but as to the point to which he gives his attention and asks the attention of others, it is very rarely indeed that an intelligent and honest writer is not accurate. Indeed, it will be manifest, on a moment's reflection, that if it were not so literary criticism would be effectually checked; it would stand still; it could hardly exist. But a man who is thus accurate may in minor matters be inaccurate, merely because he has not the time or the inclination to look closely after unessential matters of detail. He may call a man James whose name was John, may give the date of his birth as 1700 when it was 1701, may assign a quotation to the wrong page or the wrong volume, and may not quote a passage with literal accuracy in all its parts. Now, if the question is, what was the year of a certain man's birth, or what his name, or on what page a passage may be found, accuracy upon these points is of essential importance and will be sought by an earnest writer with the utmost diligence; but otherwise it seems to me, although desirable, not to be a matter to vex one's soul or to waste much of one's time about. And if in a passage quoted the essential word or phrase is right, positively and relatively, the rest must be left to the ordinary chances of memory, of copying, and of proof-reading. This, at least, my readers may assume as my way of working, such all the accuracy that I strive for, — perhaps because I can make but the humblest pretensions to the title of scholar.

To turn more closely to our subject: a British critic, who does not wish his name to be known, and who, although he informs me that he is in no way connected with literature, writes with a clearness and an idiomatic soundness to which many of its professors do not attain, as well as with a courtesy which some of them neglect, sends me some observations upon language in this country which have intrinsic interest, and a few of them, at this stage of this series of articles, some value. He says, "Some years ago I visited America for the first time; but neither then nor subsequently had I the

pleasure of acquainting myself with New England and New Englanders, my destination being the plains of Kansas and the newly settled districts there. The people I came in contact with were for the most part Northerners, and either natives of New England or the sons or grandsons of New Englanders. I was surprised to find that many words and phrases obsolete in this country were in daily use among them, and that these so-called Americanisms belonged to the English of Shakespeare, Bunyan, and the Bible." He then goes on to mention some of the words and phrases which are "obsolete" in England. Before remarking upon these, let me say that this notion that the English of Shakespeare, Bunyan, and the Bible has been preserved here, but has passed out of use in England, though it has some foundation, — a very little, — has not enough to bear all that has been built upon it. Misled by my elders and superiors, I yielded too much to it when I wrote Shakespeare's Scholar and edited Shakespeare's works. Studying more, and thinking more for myself afterwards, I found reason to change the opinion which I had taken up partly because it was made to my hand.[1] Not less erroneous, as I shall show hereafter, is the opinion, which has been recently broached, that the English of America is about a century behind that of the mother country; that is, that we speak and write the language of the grandfathers or the great-grandfathers of the Englishmen of to-day. The difference between the speech of the two is very slight, hardly perceptible to the not-nicely-critical reader of Richardson, or even of Fielding; and the speech of the grandfather is not more in vogue here than it is in England.

And now as to some of the words which my kind and intelligent British critic found to be Americanisms only because they were obsolete English. They will surprise many British as well as some American readers.

"*Slough*," he says, "which is very common in the West, I have never heard used colloquially here; and the first time I heard it, it reminded me of the Slough of Despond, showing that in conversation it was a total stranger to my ears, though I was born and bred in this country." Now I was not born and bred in England, but I have heard *slough* used there colloquially by educated people again and again. And it appears frequently — just as frequently as there is necessity for its use — in all English literature, modern, that of this very day, as well as that of the past. See: in a book which I happened to be reading just when this letter came to me, The Seven Curses of London, by James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual-Pauper," I met with these instances: "It is terribly hard to struggle out of a *slough* of laziness in which a man has lain for a length of time with nothing to do but to open his mouth and permit other people to feed him." (Page 258.) "Is there one who, blessed with means, can find delight in raising from the *slough* of despond a poor wretch stranded on the bank of the black river of despair?" (Page 268.)

"*Pshaw*," he says, is "a common Western expression, but met by me only in the tales of thirty or forty years ago." This is amazing. The word is as common in daily English speech as "rubbish" or "nonsense," and even more so than the horrid slang "rot." And in the very book to which I have just referred I find the following passage quoted from A Thousand Temperance Facts and Anecdotes, a book than which there could hardly be one more adapted to popular apprehension: "'Pa, does wine make a beast of a man?' '*Pshaw*, child, only once in a while.'" (Seven Curses, etc., page 370.) And I asked (not because I felt any need of so doing) an English gentleman very lately arrived here, whose general culture and whose knowledge of such subjects would give great weight to his opinion upon a matter of this kind, even were it one of doubt, delicacy, and importance — I do not know why I should not mention the name of my friend, Mr. Charles Welford — about it; and his re-

[1] So also as to the theory that the discriminative use of *shall* and *will* was not settled until after the Elizabethan period. But of that elsewhere and at another time.

ply was that there was no limitation to the use of the word in England; it was neither obsolete nor provincial, neither vulgar nor fine, and it was upon the lips of all classes in all parts of the country. And such is the testimony of all English literature of the day.

"I 'll *build me* a stable, I 'll *get me* a horse. This use of *me* after a verb," my British correspondent says, "is quite common in the West; and when I first heard it it sounded almost ludicrous, reminding me, as it did, of Solomon's 'I *gat me* men singers and women singers.'" If the last example was amazing, this is astounding. For this use of *me*, *her*, *him*, *us*, with a dative sense, after a verb is a peculiar English idiom; these words have been so used for centuries, and are now so used in all kinds of English speech and writing, from the prattle of the nursery and the talk of peasants up to the rhapsodies of poets and the debates of peers. It is as common now as it was three hundred years ago; so common that there is not a single idiom that occurs to me as commoner. As I turned the leaves of the book mentioned, looking for matter quite other than the trivialities of verbal criticism, I happened to light on the very phrase that seemed to my correspondent so ridiculous. "'If I entrust a builder with so much timber, so much stone, and so many bricks to *build me* a house, and I afterwards discover that by clever dodging he has contrived to make me believe,'" etc. (Seven Curses, etc., page 170.) But this idiom is so common, so essentially English, so pervasive of the whole body of English speech and literature now as well as heretofore, that to support or even to illustrate it by examples would be childish.

This writer is not alone, however, among intelligent and cultivated men in such misapprehension of the facts of language, as is shown by some Shakespearean fumbling and blundering over the word *sheer*, and by a little experience of mine in regard to it. In the Taming of the Shrew, Sly the tinker says that he is "fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale;" and from the middle of the last century until the publication of Shakespeare's Scholar there was discussion over so simple a phrase as sheer ale. It was conjectured by various commentators, from Malone to Collier and Singer, to mean shearing ale, and shire ale (as, Warwickshire ale), and ale drunk on sheer Tuesday, and also to be the name of a pure and potent liquor otherwise known as stark beer. In Shakespeare's Scholar, for the discomfiture of the Collier emendator, I showed, what it seemed to me should need no showing, that sheer ale was merely ale alone, ale only. Temporarily misled by the apparent significance of the failure of the British critics to apprehend its meaning, I referred to it as one of those English expressions which had survived here, although they seem to have died out in the mother country. But the word is as common in English speech and writing of the present day and of the immediate past as any other required to express an idea of its kind. It is inherent in the colloquial and literary phraseology of the present day, as of that of the fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers of this generation of Englishmen; so common that the following examples are at once at my hand without seeking: "These and such as these may truly ascribe their pauperism to neglect on somebody's part; but by far the greater number are what they are through *sheer* misfortune. (Seven Curses of London, page 2.) "Victory of *sheer* brain over circumstance pleases us, even in an adversary." (London Spectator, April 13, 1878, page 563.) However, such being the position of this word in the English language as it is spoken in England, when, on the publication of Shakespeare's Scholar, the Earl of Ellesmere, then president of the Shakespeare Society, wrote me a kind letter about the book, one of the passages which he selected for commendation was this very one upon *sheer*, and he thanked me for clearing up the obscurity about it. But the passage deserved no commendation and I no thanks for it; a school-boy in either country should not have blundered over Sly's "fourteen pence for sheer ale."

And yet it is well known that Lord Ellesmere owed his position as president of the Shakespeare Society not to his rank alone, or even to his taste, but to his very considerable literary culture and accomplishment.

From what has gone before it is manifest how unsafe it is, even for persons of intelligence and education, to assert that words and phrases are obsolete or uncommon in England, or peculiar in any way to America. No one should venture to do this without having a far wider and more minute acquaintance with the English of the day, as it is spoken and written in England, than has been exhibited by any person who has yet written upon the subject. It would seem safe to assume that the testimony of such a person as my correspondent, before referred to, a man of intelligence and education who has lived in both countries, in regard to the language of his contemporaries was to be relied upon, and all the more so because he is plainly acquainted with the English of the past as well as that of the present. But we have seen that he declares certain words obsolete, and so strange as to be almost ludicrous in their effect, when in fact they are of the commonest occurrence in the daily speech and writing of Englishmen. The same incongruity between opinion and fact is manifested in the comments of the Shakespearean commentators and Lord Ellesmere upon the word *sheer*. The case seems to be that many persons hear and read certain words without remarking them, until they are suddenly brought to their attention in the writings of an old author, or the speech of a new community; and then, as they happen not to have used those words themselves (and such limitations of the vocabularies of individuals are very common), they seem strange, and are assumed at once to be obsolete or provincial. Only by some such supposition can such mistakes as those which I have noticed be accounted for.

Upon *darn* the same correspondent remarks: "In your quotation of English authorities for *darn* will you allow me to take exception to Anthony Trollope? I think that any educated Englishman of the present day would use the word as an Americanism, — American slang being rather in vogue just now. Among the English peasantry I believe *darn* is common." Just so. But neither do educated Americans use *darn*, except very rarely and jocosely as rustic slang. The word has, therefore, according to the testimony of this intelligent British critic, precisely the same position in both countries. The educated Englishman, however, when he uses the word, does so with the mental protest and reservation that it is an Americanism, when in fact it is a part of rustic speech in his own country just as it is here. He thus makes the very mistake and commits the very injustice against which I am combating.

Our British critic thus summarizes the result of his observations: "It is undeniable, I think, that although America has developed many new words and phrases (the most of which I believe and hope are only ephemeral), there are a great many so-called Americanisms that are to be found in English writers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and that in fact America has preserved to the English language many words that England has forgotten." The first of these suppositions is discreet as well as considerate. Of the words and phrases referred to as developed here, by far the greater number are of the most ephemeral nature, and will pass away like the Bowery boy and his vocabulary, referred to in a previous article. Many of them are not even of ephemeral prevalence, but mere productions of individuals extravagantly ingenious in vulgar speech, which are copied into and used by unimportant newspapers for the mere sake of their vulgarity and their supposed humor. They are also much fewer in number than is generally believed. The supposition that many obsolete English words are in use here we have already seen is a great exaggeration of the fact. A few such there are; but many of those which are supposed to be obsolete by insufficiently informed philological observers, such for instance

as Dr. Hall, are not so, as I have shown in a previous article and in the present. The mere fact that a man does not remember to have met with a certain word, which is used in America, in his reading of English authors, or to have heard it used colloquially by educated Englishmen, does not warrant him in setting it down as an Americanism. Such mere negative testimony is likely to be set aside at any moment, as we have seen, by affirmative evidence of the use of the word by contemporary writers of repute. The fact is illustrated by our British critic before mentioned when he says, "I was rather amused to learn from your interesting article that Mr. Bartlett considers *blackberry* an Americanism. . . . As far as my experience of English people goes they *all* speak of blackberries and blackberry bushes." Such positive testimony from one intelligent observer is destructive of the mere negative assertions of a whole college of philologists.

Little room is left me now for particular remark upon words erroneously regarded as peculiar to America; but it will suffice for the dispatch of those coming under letter E, which are comparatively few. Some of those which appear in Mr. Bartlett's dictionary I shall merely mention as being thoroughly English in origin and in use: these are *ear-mark*, *educational*, *eel-grass*, *e'enamost* for almost, *eend* for end, to *egg*, to *egg on*, *every which way*, and *expect* for think, suppose. The last, like many words stigmatized as "Americanisms," is merely bad and slovenly English. The misuse is of quite as long standing and is quite as common among good writers in England as here. Even a writer like Dasent affords an example of it: "But it is an old saying that a story never loses in the telling; and so we may *expect* it must *have been* with this story." (Burnt Njal, preface, page viii.)

Elect. Mr. Bartlett is far from being alone in the supposition that a certain use of this word, as in elect to go, elect to submit, which he gives as examples, is an Americanism. He remarks, "The Americanism consists in the construction of this verb with a following infinitive." Let us see how American that construction is.

"Truly a plain-spoken damsel, perfectly sure of her victim, if she *elected to lead* him to the altar of sacrifice." (Wm. Russell, LL. D., Eccentric Personages, London, 1863, page 207.)

"That fatal passion [jealousy] he [Shakespeare] now *elects to paint* as the natural fault of the individual." (Heraud, Inner Life of Shakespeare, page 336.)

"Miss Prescott, known as Di to her intimates, by reason of her god-parents having in a thoughtless hour *elected to call* her Dinah." (Charles Carew, by the author of Dennis Doune, chap. i.)

"It was no slight thing to say of himself that he had *elected to give up* the occupation in which he had been engaged for many years." (Mr. Goschen, M. P., Speech at Lord Mayor's banquet, January 15, 1866.)

"This was not very prudent, as the young Galen had *elected to establish* himself in Bowchester." (Anthony Trollope, Dr. Thorne, chap. ii.)

"Resolving to stick bravely to the side of the house to which he had *elected to belong.*" (Idem, chap. viii.)

"'She won't care about my boots being dirty.' So at last he *elected to walk.*" (Same author, Small House at Allington, iii. 13.)

"When the opinion had in some sort been left to herself, she had *elected to walk* back with Harry." (Same author, The American Senator, chap. vii.)

"But a noble young lady to whom he offered himself rejected him, to his surprise and indignation, for a beggarly clergyman with a small living, on which she *elected to starve.*" (Thackeray, The Newcomes, ii. 34.)

"'I am sure you played very nicely,' said good-natured Lady Dormer, whom Trafford had *elected to escort.*" (Mrs. Alexander, The Wooing O't, chap. xxxi.)

"And so society *elects to be battered* about, variously maltreated on a sliding scale of changes." (Ruskin, Fors Clavigera, Letter xliv., page 184.)

"The courtesy is misplaced; for we

fear the critic will *elect to be insulted.*" (London Reader, July 1, 1865.)

"The winner of the queen's prize [at Wimbledon] may *elect to receive* his £250 in specie, or in any other shape that he prefers." (London Times, July 24, 1865.)

"When he *elected to be judged* by the solid fruit of his legislation, he ceased to be ranked among conservatives." (Saturday Review, June, 1873.)

Thus we see that the use of *elect* with a following infinitive is so far from being an Americanism that it has the support of the best English writers of the day, including Thackeray, John Ruskin, and London journals of the highest position. Let not my readers suppose, however, that I quote these passages in support of its Englishood with approval. A usage may be undeniably general and yet be bad. Citation of evidence does not imply respect for the thing evidenced. In the treatment of the subject of these articles my own opinions are not to the purpose, and are not obtruded. The question is merely whether this word or that phrase is of peculiarly American origin and usage. But of "elect to" I will say that to my taste it is a vile phrase, as vile as "most beautified." If a man chooses to do a thing, let him say that he chooses to do it, and speak plain English. This use of *elect to* has not been long in vogue, and is, I suspect, of very modern origin.

Engineer. Mr. Bartlett remarks, "The engine-driver on our railroads is thus magniloquently designated." True, and it were better not. But English writers do not leave him alone in his verbal magnificence.

"Regard that able-bodied individual, the leader of the gang, with his great grimy fists, the smut still on his face, and for a moment doubt that he is a deserving laboring man. He is an *engineer* out of work since last Christmas, and ever since so hard up that he has been unable to spare a penny to buy soap with." (James Greenwood, The Seven Curses, etc., page 253.)

Esquire. Upon the indiscriminate and therefore unmeaning use of this title I have remarked in Words and their Uses. I shall say here only that there is no peculiar Americanism in such use. It is used in just the same inappropriate way in England; but there there is a level, somewhat indefinite, it is true, below which it does not descend. John Bull always feels that he must draw a line somewhere; and *esquire* with him usually stops at professional men and merchants, among whom he does not include shopkeepers.

Exercise. The use of this word with a certain moral significance is very generally, but erroneously, supposed to be an Americanism. Mr. Bartlett discreetly omits it from his catalogue. The sense in question will be apprehended from the following passages from a few English writers, past and present, all that it is necessary to bring forward: —

"She was continually *exercised* with the affliction of a weak body." (Bishop Hall, born 1574, died 1656, Autobiography, page xiv.)

"So many days and nights as they had been *exercised* with such imminent danger, and had despaired of life together." (Rev. William Jones, of Nayland, 1726–1803, Sermons, page 444.)

"One of the greatest favorites of heaven, the patriarch Job, was *exercised* with these trials." (Idem, page 467.)

"Through the whole of that Saturday the town had been much *exercised* in its belief and expression as to the disposition of the property." (Anthony Trollope, The American Senator, chap. lxiv.)

"Within reach of a waiter to suggest beefsteaks, and a railway guard who can substitute the familiar word *tickettes* for some less intelligible form of demand, he is not too severely *exercised* in his mind." (Saturday Review, October 31, 1868.)

Nor does this phrase seem to me altogether lovely: —

Enjoy. "'*To enjoy bad health*,'" Mr. Bartlett remarks, "is a whimsical yet by no means uncommon expression," — in America of course. I should call it rather ridiculously absurd than whimsical; and as to its being not uncommon,

that is "thereafter as it may be." I have never seen or heard it used by educated writers or speakers except jocosely. But that it is not American, see this evidence from one of the most admirable female writers of the day:—

"It is not the manual workers alone who, *as they say in Leicestershire*, enjoy very poor health." (English Matrons, London, 1873, page 128.)

The phrase is merely the result of a blundering misapprehension of the meaning of language by people whose mental fingers are all thumbs. It is merely nonsense and bad English; but, like much other nonsense and bad English, it ignorantly is set down as an Americanism or as provincial to some shire. I have no doubt that the estimable authoress of English Matrons might find it in use among the rustic folk of other shires than Leicester.

Richard Grant White.

SONG.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

I.

SWEETHEART, name the day for me
When we two shall wedded be.
Make it ere another moon,
While the meadows are in tune,
And the trees are blossoming,
And the robins mate and sing.
Whisper, love, and name a day
In this merry month of May.

No, no, no,
You shall not escape me so!
Love will not forever wait;
Roses fade when gathered late.

II.

Fie, for shame, Sir Malcontent!
How can time be better spent
Than in wooing? I would wed
When the clover blossoms red,
When the air is full of bliss,
And the sunshine like a kiss.
If you 're good I 'll grant a boon:
You shall have me, sir, in June.

Nay, nay, nay,
Girls for once should have their way!
If you love me wait till June;
Rosebuds wither picked too soon.

Edmund C. Stedman.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I AM glad to see the suggestion in the last Contributors' Club of making an examination of the tomb of Shakespeare. I have often spoken of it, and I am pleased that one of us has had the courage to come out boldly with the thought that must be in many minds.

The imprecation on the tomb-stone is unquestionably all that prevents the exploration. But there is no sufficient evidence that the lines were written by Shakespeare. It would not be surprising to find that they were, as the Reverend Mr. Jephson says they were, old church-yard rhymes, like "Afflictions sore long time I bore," and that they had served many others before the days of Shakespeare.

Whether he wrote them or not, it is altogether probable they were meant to keep his bones from being dug up and huddled into the great charnel-house attached to the Stratford church. Ward, the old Stratford vicar, says, in his diary, that he "searched thirty-four skulls or thereabouts," four of which had the exceptional though not very rare "frontal suture." This was, no doubt, in the Stratford charnel-house. Many persons might object to their own bones or those of a relative being removed to this receptacle of the fragments of mortality, where future vicars and physicians — worthy Mr. Ward united the functions of both — could handle their skulls and "pah" at them as Hamlet did at Yorick's.

Everybody's tomb gets opened at last. Cheops or Agamemnon, their bones or their dust must sooner or later revisit "the warm precincts of the cheerful day." King John came to the light in 1797; King Henry IV.'s sarcophagus in Canterbury Cathedral was opened, and Bolingbroke's face was looked upon once more; Sir Henry Halford has given us a full account of what appeared on opening the coffin of King Charles I. in 1813; the crypt where the bones of Raphael were lying gave up its precious deposit in 1833, to be replaced after the examination for which the vault had been unsealed; and the chest containing the bones of Dante was searched and reported upon by a committee in 1865.

No question was settled by any of these examinations to compare for a moment in importance and interest with that which would attach to the exploration of the spot where Shakespeare lies buried. Our race has a right to know, if it can be known, in what kind of tenement that supreme human intelligence was lodged. It is not an idle curiosity. *The examination might determine which of the alleged portraits is the true one.* A portrait may be identified by a skull more readily than many would suppose who have never looked on the fleshless frame of the features they have known during life.

The stones that lie over what remains of Shakespeare may be "spared" and replaced, so as to call down the blessing of the epitaph. The bones need not be "moved" in the sense against which the curse was levelled, that is, *re*moved. Let the Archbishop of Canterbury lift the malediction by his consecrating presence. Let the heir of the throne stand by with uncovered head while with reverential hands the sacred relics are tenderly sought for. Let the men of science chosen for the task see that every fact which is of interest or value to the race is carefully observed and recorded for after ages. The world will have gained much, and the yet unmeasured poet, who lives in his writings, and not in his mortal remains, will have lost nothing.

Will the experts tell us whether or not it is too late?

— In a late number of The Nation, the writer of an article entitled Recent Poetry remarks: "In *some* previous papers under this head *it has been* necessary to exhibit *some* flowers of rhetoric so marvelous as to excite a little incredulity among readers. *It has been* suggested that we must have invented them."

I am not aware that any one has sug-

gested this, but the suggestion commends itself as natural, for the writer of those papers has shown that he is quite capable of producing (one does n't "invent" flowers, except in confused metaphor) as curious flowers of rhetoric as any which have fallen under the scythe of his criticism. For instance, in this same article he speaks of certain odes "which seem to aim at a Horatian flavor." If to aim at a flavor is an Americanism, it is certainly an Irish-Americanism; and if the poet under consideration really did aim, or cause his odes to aim, at a flavor, his Recent Poetry got no more than it deserved at the hands of the recent critic. But is it too much to demand that the critic should put his death-sentences into clear, compact English? It often happens that the condemned poet has a vague consciousness of injustice when he finds himself expiating offenses of which his judge is equally guilty. Indeed, to drop the simile, it is only fair that the critic should write good prose when he is giving lessons to bad poets. However, it was not a question of style which I wished to discuss; I merely desired to point out a discovery that has been made by the writer on Recent Poetry. He has discovered that Browning is a model of condensation. Speaking of one of Mr. Fawcett's lyrics, the writer in The Nation says, "It is a genuinely poetic motive; Heine would have crystallized it into two short verses [meaning stanzas], and Browning into a line and a half." It is very possible that Heine could have suggested in eight lines what Mr. Fawcett has told in twenty-four, — but Browning? It appears to me that the author of The Red Cotton Night-Cap Country, or Turf and Towers (there 's a neatly condensed title for you!), is the last man to be held up as a model for diffuse young writers. If there was ever a true poet sunk to the chin in the quicksands of verbiage, and threatening wholly to disappear from the eyes of mortals, that poet is Robert Browning. Here and there, in his earlier poems, he said a fine thing simply and finely; but since 1856, when he gave us Men and Women, he has required a hundred verses to express a thought which Milton, for instance, would have expressed in ten words. I wonder in what shape the author of Pacchiarotto-and-How-he-Worked-in-Distemper would have stated this: —

> "If Virtue feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoop to her."
> (Milton's Comus.)

Somewhat in the following fashion, possibly: —

If Virtue . . . Nay, then, since the word offends,
Let us say Good Intention, though, indeed,
That 's somewhat turgid for R. B., — you take? . . .
For I bore deep, cut close, pack hard the sense,
Hurtle the blue thread through the crimson's woof;
If Good Intention make false step and plunge
Prone o'er the edge o' the world, Heaven's self perhaps —
Though I 'm by no means very sure of that,
Seeing how no one heeds a Browning now —
Would stoop i' the chasm and pluck Goodness up,
Setting her on her pegs again . . . who knows?

If that is not very fair Browningese, it at least "seems to aim," as our mentor of The Nation would say, at a Browning flavor. My personal conviction is that it hits the flavor in the bull's-eye.

— In The Atlantic Monthly for April, 1878, page 460, among other statements is the following: "It was Sherman and Porter who projected the many schemes at Vicksburg and vicinity, except the last successful demonstration, which originated with Farragut, who, in 1863, when lying between Grand Gulf and Vicksburg, sent his marine officer, Captain, now Major, John L. Broome, and Paymaster Meredith, of the Hartford, across the peninsula at Vicksburg, and advised that the army should come below and make its advance, instead of wasting its strength and that of the navy above, on the Yazoo."

As bearing directly on this point, and showing that the writer of the above is mistaken, I submit the following extract from a private letter from General Grant, written in February, 1863.

W. F. R.

BEFORE VICKSBURG,
February 22, 1863.

DEAR R——: A large mail, the first in a week, has just arrived, and in it yours. I hasten to answer, but will nec-

essarily be short, having a number of letters to go out by the 12 M. mail. . . .

I am much obliged to you for your kind expressions of confidence. The reduction of Vicksburg is a heavy contract, but I feel very confident of success. Since arriving here, however, the amount of rain that has fallen, and the very high water, has been a great drawback to our progress.

It is now impossible to effect a landing on the east bank of the river at any point from which Vicksburg can be reached except under the guns of the enemy. By passing below and taking Port Hudson it would give high land all the way up to operate on, and give in addition coöperation from Banks' forces.

Hoping news from this department will be favorable to our cause, I remain, truly yours, U. S. GRANT.

— I wish to say to a contributor in the last Club that the reason "why English and American printers always put a circumflex accent over the first vowel in the word *chalet*" (sic) is that it is correct under the following rule: "On emploie l'accent circonflexe lorsque la voyelle est longue, et qu'il y a suppression de lettre." (Grammaire du Grammaire; par Girault-Duvivier, page 972.)

Château, formerly *chasteau* (Latin *castellum*), is a large mansion house in which the lord of the manor lives.

Châtelet is a little château.

Châlet is a sti.. smaller building, the name being restricted to such buildings in Switzerland.

For orthography, see the Grand Dictionnaire Général et Grammatical des Dictionnaires Français, par Napoléon Landais, la quatorzième édition, Paris, 1862.

— As to that note about the circumflex accent on *chalet* which you send me: Alfred de Musset, Jacques Porchat, and twenty other French authors whose works have been crowned by the Académie Française are *wrong* if Mr. —— is *right*. Of course I did not make my criticism without looking deeply into the matter. I did n't base my charge on even such good authority as the dictionary of Spiers and Surenne, who do *not* give the circumflex accent to *chalet*. I did n't trust to a dictionary; I got the whole literature of France to back me. I went through my collection of French authors (selecting the masters of style) and found the word in *twenty* different works, and in not a single instance was it printed with the circumflex accent. I've this moment come across the word in De Musset's La Nuit de Décembre (Poésies Nouvelles, page 671): —

> "À Brigues, dans les vieux *chalets*;
> Au sein des Alpes désolées."

Porchat, in Trois Mois sous la Neige, says, "enfermé dans ce *chalet*" (page 1), "dans les *chalets*" (page 5), "laissez-moi aussi dans le *chalet*" (page 12). He uses the word thirty or forty times in the course of the narrative, and nowhere prints it with the accent. Moreover, there are etymological reasons why the circumflex accent is not admissible. I will lay myself out to give them, if it becomes necessary.

Perhaps Mr. —— has fallen foul of *châlit* in his dictionary. Châlit, a wooden bedstead, — the circumflex accent is correct there. I don't pretend to know much more about these matters than the French Academy does; I was always modest.

"Un grand *chalet*." (George Sand, Le Dernier Amour, page 17.)

Mr. Henry James, Jr., writes *chalet*. (Transatlantic Sketches, page 65.)

"Swiss *chalets* glitter'd on the dewy slopes,"

writes Matthew Arnold. (Poems, page 146.)

The authors of all civilized nations are now coming to my rescue! Chalets are springing up all around me, and not one of them has a pointed gable!

— Here is what I think a queer bit of philology, which, I venture to surmise, may be as new to most of your readers as it was to me. Did you ever happen to become interested in any of the discussions which have raged, so to speak, about the word *Kearsarge?* That name, as everybody knows, has been bestowed on two mountains, one gun-boat, and several hotels; and whether it be an Indian name or no, and if Indian how it happens to bear no sort of kinship

to any other Indian name, and which of the mountains received it first, and which was named for the other, and for which, if either, the gun-boat and the hotels were named, and what the proper spelling of the word may be, are a few of the questions which have agitated the public mind, and on which I have a modest confidence that I am both competent and called to set that mind at rest. In the first place, the word should be spelled *Kiarsarge*. All the oldest documents in which it is mentioned give it so, and there is even extant the artless narrative of an ancient Dutch mariner, who used to trade with Portsmouth in the days of her greatest prosperity, and who once pushed his way far enough into the interior of New Hampshire to discern the summit of what he calls by the extremely imposing and Niebelungenish name of the *Kiah Saga Mount*. He did not go to North Conway, however. The Conway Kearsarge, so often sung by Boston bards and climbed by Boston boots, was really christened *after* the southern or Merrimac County Kearsarge, both morally and chronologically. The somewhat passionate prepossession which has prevailed to the contrary is due to the fact that Boston discovered the northern mountain before she did the southern one, and argued, naturally enough, that neither could have existed long without her knowing it. But in fact the towns adjoining and including the southern mountain (which is situated almost exactly in the geographical centre of the State of New Hampshire), Warner, Boscawen (pronounced *Boskwine*), Andover, and New London, were nearly all settled in the earlier half of the last century; while the Conway tract was first occupied, late in the seventeen hundreds, *by emigrants from the Merrimac County region*. They must have named the northern mountain for the southern one, on account of a resemblance of outline, which is remote enough from some points of view, but rather striking from others. The southern mountain is almost isolated. Its massive proportions dwarf to mere undulations all the nearer hills. The northern mountain is accompanied by a troop of other peaks, hardly less distinguished than itself. But they are both triple mountains, and when they are seen in a three-quarters profile the likeness comes out. The Conway mountain is much the lighter and more graceful. That sweet-souled enthusiast in mountains, Thomas Starr King, said it was the most *feminine* of all great heights; whereas the southern eminence has a vast breadth of shoulder and a stupendous, not to say piggish character of head, which are even triumphantly masculine. The two would answer very well for husband and wife. Now let us see where they got their family name. The tradition is yet alive in Merrimac County of a famous hunter and trapper who had a lodge in the vast wilderness which clothed all the sides of the southern mountain a hundred and fifty years ago, and even, some say, extended over the now bare granite top, whence the very soil was burned away, within the memory of man's grandfather, by an unparalleled forest fire. However that may be, the old hunter was the only person who had ever explored the mountain in earlier days, while he enjoyed a hermit's intimacy with it, — descending only at intervals of months, and taking a taste of civilization (so called) at some of the settlers' farms, where he was never refused hospitality. This man's name was Currier Sargent. Both these surnames are still common in Warner and New London, and in the sweet *patois* of the latter place the former is still softened to *Kiah*, — as Reynolds in the same region becomes *Runnels*, and Whittier *Whicher*. The great mountain was Kiah Sargent's or Kiar Sarge's Mountain before geography had dreamed of adopting it.

The only trouble about this explanation seems to be that it is too satisfactory. A real philologist once said to me, "In seeking for the derivation of a word always remember that nothing is so perilous as probability, and that what is reasonable is untrue."

As for the hotels, — if our married mounts insist on a divorce, — part will

probably be given to one, and part to the other. But the gun-boat was unquestionably named for the old man. Captain Winslow, who commanded her, was born in what is poetically termed the shadow of the southern mountain. He could not very well have been born in any of the middle counties of New Hampshire and escaped it, but, as a matter of fact, I believe that he first saw the light — or the shadow — in the town of Andover, at its northern base. Lest, however, I should be suspected of a league with some "gentlemanly proprietor," I shall forbear to mention the fact that a hotel on the northwestern slope of the original Kiarsarge, "commanding an unrivaled expanse of lake, river, and valley," commands the commander's early home also, and is named for him.

— The curiosity as to Saxe Holm seems now to be turning from biographical to botanical details. As a tolerably careful student of nature and of that lady's writings, I am compelled to question your correspondent's statements of fact, under both these heads. To begin with, one is always suspicious of a critic who first misquotes a passage and then parodies it. It is perfectly safe to assert that Mrs. Jackson did not write "My snowy eupatorium came today" in Mercy Philbrick, because nobody wrote it. There is no such line. The passage probably intended is this (page 209): —

> "My snowy eupatorium has dropped
> Its silver threads of petals in the night."

As to the appearance of the plant, there are ten or twelve wild species of white eupatorium, of which your correspondent selects the very coarsest, in order to question the epithet. These species often grow intermingled, and as the careful Gray describes some of them as "very white" it is certainly within poetical license to say "snowy." Even the boneset, on favorable soils, sometimes deserves this epithet.

Now as to the critic's dates. He objects to Draxy Miller's wearing blossoms of the low cornel in September, because "it is a spring flower." So is the dandelion a spring flower, but who has not seen it in the autumn? I have myself often gathered the low cornel in September, and have heard of it in October. The actual range of time in our wild flowers is often much greater than the books allow. Again, your critic complains that in Hetty's Strange Story a church in Canada is dressed with dogwood blossoms, Ayrshire roses, and carnations, "flowers respectively of May, June, and July, and therefore "impossible to combine in out-door culture." Here, again, your critic is mistaken. The dogwood is assigned by Gray to "May, June," and by Bigelow to "early June;" the Ayrshire rose is a June flower; and Copeland says, in his Country Life (page 656), that carnations "naturally bloom in June and July," but that some varieties can be forced even earlier. The simple fact is that the wedding is supposed to have taken place in June, in time for the earliest carnations, but not too late for the last dogwood blossoms. The combination is not "impossible;" it is not even improbable.

This disposes of the only specifications given by your critic to sustain the charge of utter "ignorance," a phrase which I will not retaliate. The assertion that the plot of the One-Legged Dancers is taken bodily from Mary Howitt's Strive and Thrive appears to me one of those trivial charges in which Poe delighted; the plot in both stories is very simple, and might well have occurred to half a dozen different persons. What is more to the purpose is a coincidence which your correspondent does not seem to have discovered, namely, that the fancy from which this story takes its name — the comparison of vine-trellises to one-legged dancers — is "taken bodily" from H. H.'s Bits of Travel (page 65), and so far tends to defeat the critic's main argument.

— I believe there is nothing sacred in our present English spelling; but do not many good people act and talk as if it were an article in their creed to believe in the dictionary or typographical orthography, and in none other? In their infatuation they forget that a hundred years

ago books and printers were the only "correct" orthographers, and that gentlemen and ladies of the best education followed the leadings of fancy in their spelling. Sir Walter Scott, for example, as secretary of a literary society in Edinburgh, was careless enough to make mistakes in his records, writing, for example, "Teusday, scociety, ballance, presant," etc.; and it is said that some Englishmen of great reputation are equally erratic to-day.

Bishop Thirlwall says, "The public cling to these anomalies with a tenacity proportioned to their absurdity." I think the bishop is correct, for one of our own Contributors' Club writes to me thus: "Words are the dearest of old friends. Each has a consistent and legitimate ancestry. If some of them are a little big-headed or thick in the waist, they can't help it. It seems to me that the variety of feature and composition of English words is a large part of the beauty of the English language. I may be thick-headed and strongly conservative on this question, but I shall *fight* for every letter in my little vocabulary." To which I venture to reply in the words of Professor Child, of Harvard: "Nothing can be more absurd than the veneration felt and paid to the actual spelling of English, as if it had been shaped by the national mind, and were not really imposed upon us by the foremen of some printing-offices." My friend assumes (1) that the present spelling is an aid in tracing the pedigrees of words, and (2) that the reformed orthography will leave them less varied in feature and less beautiful than they are now. The first of these assumptions is not supported by the best philologists, who agree with the late Professor Hadley, of Yale, that "our common spelling is often an untrustworthy guide to etymology," and with Max Müller, who says, "If our spelling followed the pronunciation of words, it would in reality be of greater help to the critical student of language than the present uncertain and unscientific mode of writing." Professor Müller says also, by the way, that he feels convinced of the truth and reasonableness of the principles on which the spelling reform rests, and believes that our "corrupt and effete orthography" will in time be swept away, following those other "dear and sacred" things, "corn laws," "Stuart dynasties," and "heathen idols." My fellow member of this Club is mistaken in thinking that a reform will leave our words less varied and beautiful in form than they are now. By *any* system there must be as much variety as there is at present; and as for beauty, is it any more ornamental to print with our fathers "fantum" and "prophane," with our dictionaries "phantom" and "profane," or in a new style "fantom" and "profain"?

There are four ways in which it is possible for us to spell: (1.) The historical method, which was originally as nearly phonetic as it could be made by men who had more sounds to indicate than there were letters to represent them with. That it is simply impossible to reconstruct our spelling in this way will be apparent to any who will examine the irregular orthography of past times. (2.) The etymological method. That this is another impossible plan is plain when we consider that the wisest scholars are unable to discover the derivation of very many English words; but it would also involve a vast number of changes in the present spelling, and would offend all who are ready to "fight for every letter" fully as seriously as any phonetic system could. Besides, some great scholar has said, "There is no etymology without phonetics"! (3.) The typographical method. This is the one now employed in China, Arabia, and the English-speaking countries; and the sagacious Dr. Franklin said that we must give it up, or "our writing will become the same with the Chinese as to the difficulty of learning and using it." It has already brought us to the point where English spelling is to be learned by observation and practice only, and our language is in this respect the worst off of all which use the Latin alphabet. This arises from the fact that we adopt the alphabet practically unchanged, though it is acknowledged to be inadequate to

represent the rich variety of our phonic elements, and we have made less effort than the other nations to make our writing phonetic. Typographical spelling is difficult for us, confusing to foreigners, causes the prevalence of ignorance, is a hindrance to missionaries, travelers, and scientific men, obscures the history of our language, and hinders its extension into other countries. It has, however, one recommendation: our fathers established it, — though even this is qualified, for their fathers knew it not. (4.) The phonetic method. This is a return to and a perfection of the most ancient use. The earliest alphabetic writing was phonetic, though its symbols were insufficient, and the science of sound had not yet been perfected. In Sanskrit words were written as they were sounded, and yet there is no language in which etymological and grammatical relations are more clearly exhibited or easily traced. To this system we are urged to return by the representative scholars in philology of England and America, by the successful efforts put forth in this direction by most of the European nations, and by Anglo-Saxon common sense. Such men as Franklin, Pitman, and Bell, joined with Professors Ellis, Child, Latham, March, Hatchman, Whitney, Hadley, Marsh, and Trumbull, give us the most assuring words, and offer the fruits of many years of thought to help us to a decision.

Mr. Ellis, one of the most thorough students of phonetics and pronunciation, presents some of the advantages of phonetic spelling, briefly, thus: "It renders reading very easy, forms the best introduction to reading the present typographical spelling, is as easy as correct speaking, renders learning to read a pleasant task, increases the efficiency of primary schools by economizing time, affords a logical training to the child's mind, improves pronunciation, will greatly assist the missionary traveler and ethnologist, would exhibit the real history of our language, would favor the extension and universal employment of English, and would be of material use in facilitating etymological investigation." The interested reader is referred to Ellis's Early English Pronunciation, pp. 606–632, published by the Early English Text and Chaucer societies.

"Words are the dearest of old friends" my correspondent rightly tells me, but they have no prescriptive right by reason of being "old" and "dear" to appear before me in a costume that is absurd and irrational. All the more because they are dear and old do I wish to see them dressed in garments that become them and accord with the good characters they bear.

— It certainly seems only right that an author should have the last word in deciding which of his books shall be given to the public and which shall be left in obscurity. After his death, if he has been famous during his life-time, it is to be expected that every cupboard shall be ransacked and every trunk examined for literary matter that he had always meant to burn, but which will be printed and bound up in the final collection of his writings; yet most living authors do not find indecent greed for manuscript the prevailing trait of publishers. There are, however, some writers who are troubled by finding books they thought long forgotten raked out of the past and printed again without proper dusting and mending. Mrs. Burnett is a memorable victim of this course of action. A novel of hers, That Lass o' Lowrie's, became popular, and at once a number of her old stories that were quietly floating down to oblivion found themselves again on the book-shelves.

With the morality of this proceeding I have nothing to do. The books are there against the author's will, to be sure, and full of glaring misprints and little ends of phrases that even careless revision could not fail to correct; yet it is to be hoped that the public will not be kept from reading them by their author's indignation at their unauthorized republication. It is Dolly and Theo that we have in mind. They are not strikingly new stories, with their accounts of the happiness, after much suffering, of very charming girls, who grow up in out-of-the-way places, breathing the air of gen-

teel poverty, which they exchange very naturally for the perfumes of the gilded drawing-room. It is not the plots that are noteworthy, but the animated and fascinating style in which these threadbare incidents are recounted. Where so many novel-writers are pompous or affected, Mrs. Burnett is as simple, as natural, and as amusing as any one could wish. For myself I find her high spirits and her pathos much better reading than the cold discussion of a "problem" in That Lass o' Lowrie's, and the willful accumulation of distressing incidents in Surly Tim and Other Stories. This last book is a record of various forms of mental and physical suffering that enrage while they depress the reader. One man has hot words with his wife, and then goes out on the beach to help launch a boat; something gives way; the boat falls on him, not comfortably killing him, but leaving him pinned down to watch the futile efforts of his friends to lift the boat up, and to make impressive farewell speeches while the tide slowly crawls up and drowns him. Why the hardy fishermen and children of the sea did not think of digging the sand away from beneath him, and so freeing him, is not made clear, but they did not; and what with the man's dying and the way of his dying the sympathetic reader gets a choking feeling in his throat, as if he had held his head under water a few seconds longer than was pleasant; which, however, is no more pathos than reading the morning paper is devoting one's life to study. So in the other tales there is a tendency to wring the heart of the reader, which is not counterbalanced by equally marked literary merit. In a word, Mrs. Burnett seems to have learned to think ill of the much-trodden path she first followed, and under this feeling to have tried to strike out for herself where her rivals were fewer. Dickens is one whose influence may be seen in one or two of the short sketches in this volume. But the more serious attempts to be impressive at all hazards seem to me to tempt this writer beyond her depth; for the heaping up of casualties is not tragedy, and the problem she took up in That Lass o' Lowrie's, how to marry a pauper and quickly civilize her, leads her aside from work in which she has done well, in describing the hopes and fears of conventional life.

— It strikes me that nothing is more bewildering than the totally different impressions the same words often make upon different minds; an unprejudiced person, with a turn for analysis, must sometimes stop and ask himself, seriously, whether he is mad, or his neighbor. The other day, in a mixed company, the subject of following the hounds came up, in connection with the new Queen's County hunt, on Long Island. Some one remarked that English ladies no longer took part in such sports, as formerly. "But," I said, "in the latest English stories they do. Take Daniel Deronda: Gwendolen followed the hounds." "Yes; but Gwendolen was fast," was the answer. "Fast!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible that Gwendolen Harleth impressed any of you as fast?" "Decidedly so," they said. "But," I protested, "I do not think George Eliot meant to portray a fast girl, at all." They did not know what she meant, of course; one thing was certain, however, her Gwendolen to them *was* fast. I looked around their unmoved circle. There was no appeal. They were ten against me. So, then, the proud, refined, dainty Gwendolen, with her intense fastidiousness and repugnances, was labeled "fast;" the very last word *I* should have dreamed of applying to her.

More recently, in speaking to a friend of some paragraphs on That Lass o' Lowrie's, which appeared in the Contributors' Club, I said, "they struck you as favorable, of course?" "Why, no," she answered; "they did not strike me so, especially." "What can you mean!" I exclaimed. "I intended a high degree of praise, for I liked the book. Did I not say that the Lass had gained for herself a place in my memory as a distinct character, next to that occupied by Grandcourt, thereby placing Mrs. Burnett's work, in this instance, next to that of George Eliot herself? What

more could be said?" "Oh, I don't know," replied my friend; "still, it certainly did not strike me as a favorable criticism." Now, what *is* one to do?

All this comes to my mind as I write the name Farjeon. He is in this country now, and attention is freshly directed towards his stories. Discussion, even acrid discussion, means strength, I think. The continued arguing of the Contributors' Club over Tourguéneff and Henry James proves that they have strength of some kind, does it not? Just as the fact that there are many opinions about a man proves that at least the man is not a nonentity. Solomon Isaacs, at this writing Farjeon's latest story, shows his good and bad points together. It is not so good as Blade-o'-Grass; it does not approach At the Sign of the Silver Flagon; but neither is it so bad as Love's Victory, nor so wildly improbable and dislocated as Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses, or The Duchess of Rosemary Lane. The old-clothes man, Moses Levy, is well drawn; we feel an affection for him, and are glad when on Saturday morning he has for his breakfast, in addition to bread and coffee, a "bit of fish stewed in brown gravy," with onions "made tasty with lemon." We picture him coming home at night, with a pyramid of acquired hats on his head and a well-filled bag over his shoulder, happy in the thought of a good bargain and the hot supper his pretty daughter Rachel has ready for him in their little second-story room. The other old-clothes man, Solomon Isaacs, is not so well drawn; nor do we feel much interest, either, in his son Leon, that talkative, successful young Hebrew. In spite of all we can do, the way in which he discourses upon "frying" and "a raisin stew," combined with the particular statement that he has "wide nostrils" and a "large mouth," brings up an image with which we are all familiar, — the smartly-dressed young Israelite on railroad cars and at railroad eating-houses, buoyantly fulfilling his mission as a commercial traveler. There are some very good bits of description in the book, such as the ceremony called "sitting for joy;" the arrival of old Moshé from Jerusalem, with his ninety years, his smiling, uncomprehending nods, his long beard, and his Hebrew benedictions; fat Milly Isaacs running "to give Mr. Levy a 'ug;" and, best of all, the cribbage played by the two old men, and Solomon Isaacs' final triumph with his battered half-penny. One does not exactly see what the Introduction and the last four pages have to do with the tale; it looks as though they were fastened in to make it a Christmas story by force, and account for the opening illustration.

To go back over the list of Farjeon's books. Blade-o'-Grass and its sequel, Golden Grain, seem to me the best of the London stories. The picture of the poor little girl, with the tiger "in her inside," crawling to the lamp-post for its friendly light, stealing meat from the cat's-meat man, telling lies deftly, and sleeping in gate-ways is pathetic; the story of the same child grown to womanhood, loving a thief devotedly and passionately, and happy with him in her miserable home, is powerfully touching. The end of the poor, mournful little baby, who died silently in the darkness, all alone, while the wretched girl-mother scoured the streets in search of food, is something one cannot forget.

It is a pity that this undoubtedly strong writer cannot prune his branches a little. Did any one ever behold such a collection of plots! Most of the stories are short, but so crowded with characters and incidents that there is time only for a statistical mention of them; like the catalogue of a picture exhibition. Take The Duchess of Rosemary Lane: how well it opens! — the beautiful child living in the cellar, with her faithful Sally and the reasoning cobbler. We are interested at once, and expect a romance in which poor thin Sally can play a part also, as the gypsy distinctly predicts. But nothing of the kind happens; after childhood nobody does or is anything that you expect, and Sally has no chance at all. The duchess herself turns out a soulless young creature, without force enough to be anything clearly, either good or bad; and she is

enveloped in a whirl of mixed-up people, among whom the "lovely lad," playing on a tin whistle and cherishing a sentimental affection for a baby throughout long years of vagabond life, and Arthur Temple, who, on the last page, passes his arm around Mrs. Lenoir, turns his back upon his father (his mother, too? one wonders), and takes "the road which justice points out," whatever that may be, are the most fantastic. Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses is a kaleidoscope picture of people and places, in which Totty's fig grandfather with cinnamon legs, and death in thousands of tons of snow, are thrown together, but with about as much connection as the phantasmagoria of a dream.

There is a good deal of Australia in Farjeon's stories, some strong pleas for the wretched London poor, some life pictures of that brutal English crime of wife-beating, — comparatively unknown among us, thank Heaven! — and a curious insistence upon the terms "lady" and "gentleman." He will have it that his heroines are distinctly ladies, although they may be waistcoat-makers, singing chambermaids in a poor traveling dramatic company, or girls brought up in a cellar, who have never been to school a day in their lives. This is a flaw, and resembles one of our worst local Americanisms. Farjeon has been compared with Dickens; but Dickens never proclaimed that Dot in The Cricket on the Hearth, Little Dorrit, and Emily in David Copperfield were ladies. He cared nothing at all for the title, but showed us the women as they were, and taught us to love them.

It does not seem to me that Farjeon is in the least like Dickens. He writes Christmas stories, and he describes the homes of the poor; but that is all. Where is the unfailing humor which shines on almost every one of Dickens's pages? Where are Dick Swiveller, Mr. Guppy, Chadband, Mrs. Todgers, and a hundred others? No; Farjeon is serious, and in earnest. If he must be likened to somebody, I should liken him to Charles Reade; he belongs to that school. Take what is, in my opinion, his best story, At the Sign of the Silver Flagon; how it recalls the quick, vivid work of Reade! It is a brilliant, exciting, splendid tale, which is fairly hot in the telling, so that you breathe quickly as you read (that is, as far as the death of Philip and the end of part first. After that, Farjeon's evil genius in the shape of Plot appears, and spoils all the rest). I have never seen anywhere a more striking picture of Australian gold-fields, and of life there. The love of Philip for the "singing chambermaid," his gallop after the flowers, the "pray for rain, darling," the christening of the stamping-machine and the midnight ride of the two partners from the ball to the Reef to see the sparks flying and hear the iron feet at work; the terrible, tragic end of poor burned Philip, lying there motionless, trying to whisper "Margaret," are told with wonderful force, which is all the stronger for being so simple. If the story ended with part first, I should put it up on a line with Christie Johnstone; it has the same vivid narration of deeds and words, — a positive story, a story of action, and not the explanation of motives and thoughts, the psychological analysis, and slow movement of the style so much in vogue to-day. "Do?" said an old woman, laying down her spectacles the other day, when asked about the characters in a late novel she was reading, "do? They don't *do* anything, that I can make out; but they *think* a deal!"

Analysis is interesting; but are we not in some danger of going too far in that direction, and becoming one-sided? Let us pardon some of Farjeon's faults, therefore, for the sake of his positiveness and this Silver Flagon; the story can go into the other side of the balance, and restore our equilibrium.

— I wish to confide to the Club a paradox in the philosophy of Household Art which has troubled me a good deal. I have got so far as to know that I ought to be "sincere;" but I also hear the virtue of economy extolled as sincere, and there are various points in which economy and Decorative Art are not reconcil-

able. Threadbare carpets and defective wall-papers and damaged paint on the wood-work are all sincere enough, if you have n't got the money to pay for anything better; but there is a want of picturesqueness in them, at times. Now, poetic papers and elevated furniture are expensive. I know of a conscientious young couple who, on setting out in life together, wished to be both sincere and economical. Accordingly, when the question arose of having a new border along part of the parlor wall, the bridegroom arose too, and said it must be a frieze; and the frieze must be painted by hand. Very well; a man was consulted, who agreed to take the contract for the painting at five dollars. But the young enthusiast thought he could do it cheaper, himself, with some paints he had on hand, and fancied that this would somehow be more "sincere." He mounted his ladder and began work. All at once the ladder breaks, and down falls the bridegroom with a paint-brush and a broken tooth in his mouth, and the contents of the paint-pot impartially distributed over his best clothes. A doctor had to be sent for, to begin with; and the result of the whole experiment was footed up in the following items: —

Doctor (two visits)	$4.00
Broken paint-brush	.35
Dentist's bill	3.00
Value of clothes damaged . . .	18.00
Repair of ladder	.87
Total	$26.22

After which the frieze remained to be painted.

— While reading that very entertaining sketch, Count Pulaski's Strange Power, in the June Atlantic, the following bit from out the count's quotation from Cicero — "The soothsayers, while awake, could detach their minds from their bodies, and wander away among the minds of departed men and among superior intelligences, holding communion with them, and retaining the knowledge thus acquired after returning to the body" — reminded me that I once heard substantially the same thing, and in quite similar words, too, from the lips of a *medium*, with whom I fell into conversation on a railway journey; and who, although a rarely intelligent woman for her class, could hardly know anything of Cicero. Of course she spoke thus in explanation of her own power, and added (and this I tell for the consolation of those who may be disappointed in their quest after hidden knowledge) that in no case was she ever balked in her desire to give satisfaction except where the visitor or the spirit invoked was vastly her (the medium's) mental superior; the same law which in all mundane affairs enables the higher intellect fully to measure the wants and aspirations of the lower, while no amount of intuition on the latter's part can put him into full communication with the former, holding equally good in all disembodied intercourse.

How the spirits of several departed worthies, whom we have suspected of deteriorating in the other world, must rejoice to have this doctrine fully understood! Does it not also explain why disembodied Indians and broken-English tongued foreigners are so fond of coming to the front in the average spiritual *séance?*

— In your February number a contributor suggests that friends adopt the phonic system in their correspondence with each other, as a method of promoting the spelling reform. But why should not our literary writers organize a club, not only for the promotion but for the introduction of this reform? Let six of our acknowledged leaders in literature agree among themselves upon the best attainable system, and henceforward use it exclusively in their published writings, and the whole question would be solved. The authors making use of the new system, as well as the papers and magazines publishing their articles, could not fail to receive largely increased popularity. The "immortal six" would soon have followers enough willing to share their popularity, and if their system was one that would commend itself to the people they would doubtless live to see its adoption.

RECENT LITERATURE.

If novelists and poets are not the best critics of their art, they are often the most suggestive commentators upon it; and when they have the skill to formulate and weave together their opinions they give us something rather better than mere criticism. Readers of Mr. Henry James, Jr., were for some time, and a few of them may still be, in doubt whether he is more a novelist than critic; but we think his recent volume of essays[1] may go a good way towards fixing the opinion that his peculiar attractiveness in this line of writing is due in great measure to the fact that he is himself a creative artist. His reviews of other writers are not precisely criticism, but they possess a pleasant flavor of criticism, agreeably diffused through a mass of sympathetic and often keenly analytical impressions. It is saying a great deal when we admit that he reminds us more of Sainte-Beuve than any other English writer; but he is more a *causeur* than the author of the famous Causeries, and less a critic in the systematic sense. We hardly know how we can fully illustrate our meaning except by more references and quotations than it is convenient to make here. But let the reader turn to the splendid chapter on Balzac, who has never before received so abundant and interesting a showing, within similar compass, as at Mr. James's hands. In this there are to be found most of the interesting facts of Balzac's life grouped with good judgment, a sketchy view of the character of his works, and a great many vivid statements of the impressions produced by them. But we can imagine that to a person who had read nothing of Balzac the article would have an exasperating inconclusiveness. It is a mixture of the frankest admiration and (to use Mr. James's own word) of brutal snubbing, which continues to the very last page. The one unqualified statement — and that, by the way, is a real gain to one's stock of well-defined perceptions — is that Balzac's great characteristic was his "sense of this present terrestrial life, which has never been surpassed, and in which his genius overshadowed everything else." For the rest, we are given to understand that his greatest merits were his greatest faults; that his novels are ponderous and shapeless, yet have more composition and more grasp on the reader's attention than any others, etc. "He believed that he was about as creative as the Deity, and that if mankind and human history were swept away the Comédie Humaine would be a perfectly adequate substitute for them," is the writer's witty statement of the degree of his conceit; and he quotes Taine, approvingly, as saying that after Shakespeare Balzac is our great magazine of documents on human nature; yet this he partially retracts, again, by saying that when Shakespeare is suggested we feel rather Balzac's differences from him. The French novelist's atmosphere, we are told, is musty, limited, artificial. In the next sentence, however, Mr. James assures us that, notwithstanding this "artificial" atmosphere, Balzac is to be taken, like Shakespeare, as a final authority on human nature. Then again he lowers him a peg by saying that he lacked "that slight but needful thing, — charm." "But our last word about him is that he had incomparable power." The writer himself seems to feel, in this closing sentence, that he has given a somewhat too paradoxical summary. The same difficulty could be raised with all the other essays in this collection, excepting the one on Tourguéneff, which comes near being a masterpiece of criticism, and perhaps ought to be decidedly rated as such. In general, there is a want of some positive or negative result clearly enunciated; and the presence of such results is what, to our mind, distinguishes the systematic critic like Sainte-Beuve or Matthew Arnold from the highly suggestive, charming talker like Mr. James.

If we are speaking of criticism, the question is whether we are to approach as nearly as possible to an equation of conflicting views, or whether we are to work out a problem to some conclusion on one side or the other. As a matter of definition we are inclined to say that pure criticism has for its aim the latter task. In the case of Balzac, for example, there is a wonderful stimulus and surprise in the obvious inadequacy and disrelish with which Sainte-Beuve treats him. The very narrowness of his judgment has a value. Mr. James may say that he does not write either for readers

[1] *French Poets and Novelists.* By Henry James, Jr. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878

who simply want information about French authors, or for those who prefer opinions that cut only one way; and that he cultivates breadth, of set purpose. It is not necessary, however, to be narrow in taking a side: there are critics who show the finest comprehension of all the aspects of a genius, yet on the whole advocate a certain view with satisfactory unity and consecutiveness. We find fault with Mr. James's attitude, judged as a critic, because it implies a certain nervousness that if he curtails his contradictory impressions he may not appear liberal enough. With less extreme expression and more art, liberality need not fear to be overlooked. A fault connected with this is the tone of patronage which the writer is led to take towards the larger minds among those which he discusses; and possibly attributable to the same source is a not altogether pleasant jocularity in the treatment of those dubious relations between men and women which the themes selected naturally involve.

But we have said that a creative artist discoursing on the works of other creators can be more entertaining than the mere critic; and Mr. James is irresistible in the ease and brilliancy of his style, and the felicity with which he calls our attention to the qualities most to be admired in his subjects and traces some of the reasons why they are admirable. Next to the Tourguéneff we like best the paper on De Musset, which differs from all the others in having to some extent the tone of advocacy, and pushing its view of the poet with a thoroughly enjoyable ardor. That on Mérimée's Letters is almost too slight to keep company with the rest, and we do not know how to excuse, in the essay on the Théatre Français, the haste with which Mlle. Sarah Bernhard is passed by. Even with the style, too, one is occasionally dissatisfied, owing to some obscurity which seems to be due to a disinclination to correct. It is regrettable that we have not space to pay the homage of quotation to several of the searching, the humorous, the sympathetic things which Mr. James scatters copiously over his pages; and we cannot deny ourselves, in closing, the privilege of reproducing here, if only in tribute to our own appreciativeness, these fragments from the shrewd and trenchant essay on Baudelaire. "A good way to embrace Baudelaire at a glance is to say that he was in his treatment of evil exactly what Hawthorne was not, — Hawthorne, who felt the thing at its source, deep in the human consciousness. Baudelaire's infinitely slighter genius apart, he was a sort of Hawthorne reversed." "The crudity of sentiment of the advocates of 'art for art' is often a striking example of the fact that a great deal of what is called culture may fail to dissipate a well-seated provincialism of spirit. They talk of morality as Miss Edgeworth's infantine heroes and heroines talk of 'physic'. . . It is in reality simply a part of the essential richness of inspiration, — it has nothing to do with the artistic process, and it has everything to do with the artistic effect." That is almost the best thing in this superior book. The point has hardly been put with so much grasp and cleverness before.

— The essays entitled Creed and Deed[1] were delivered, on various Sundays in the winter of 1877, to crowded audiences in New York, by Dr. Adler; who, born an American Hebrew, and imbued with the latest German lore of philological and philosophical thought, declined on his return from Germany post after post of Jewish honor in this country, that he might establish a society on principles which should include the best teaching of Judaism, of Christianity, and of all religions. This society was formed not so much to hear the gospel of ethical culture preached to it by himself as to constitute a band of earnest workers, who should be pledged with him to the amelioration of society by ethical culture, by the spirit if not always by the method of co-operation, and by a "brotherhood of the common life." Though not two years old, the society has indefatigable friends and zealous workers, who have already succeeded in placing it on a satisfactory pecuniary basis, and on one of permanent and wide-extended usefulness.

The essays are marked by dignity, earnestness, and simplicity, by directness of purpose and entire absence of sensational effect. Perhaps the most valuable part of Dr. Adler's Creed and Deed consists of the appendix, containing articles reprinted on The Evolution of Hebrew Religion, and Reformed Judaism. The first of these is a very able statement, in condensed form, of the growth of monotheism as gradually arising out of purer notions of the family relation. The Hebrew spirit, incited by prophetic inspiration, rebelled against the worship of Baal and Moloch. Not till the

[1] *Creed and Deed.* A Series of Discourses. By Felix Adler, Ph. D. New York: Published for the Society for Ethical Culture by G. P. Putnam's Sons

eighth century did the monotheistic belief become prominent; then it was evolved as a necessary consequence from the idea of a just patriarch, a faithful husband. The priesthood and its code of sacrifices arose in later times, as men required a creed and symbols for their faith. Leviticus, even in its most elementary form, held no place in Jewish literature till the time of Ezekiel. The Bible itself is a process of evolution, for each age demanded something more; here and there it should be read backwards, for the date of much of the Pentateuch should be advanced to a thousand years after Moses, "whose name was not even known to the elder prophets." The distinguishing traits of Hebrew character and the belief in the closeness and purity of family life were embodied in Hebrew religion.

If the test of excellence in a book is the impression of unity left upon the mind and of lofty impulse communicated to the inward life, this book ranks high in the service thus rendered; its diction is pure, clear, and melodious, and its spirit unfettered by sarcasm. It is impossible to close the volume without feeling that religion is more than sectarianism, and that morality is both the germ and development of all right living. With morality as our aim we can afford to leave the question of immortality unsolved; to claim it as reward of virtue is forfeiture of that claim; to desire it as continuance of growth is, as Dr. Adler says, noble, but as we know nothing of the nature of the soul, each one will arrange his hope or belief by his individual bias. Deeds and influences are immortal. The deed remains, the creed vanishes. And yet unconsciously Dr. Adler shows how important is the creed in forming the deed. Through a series of negations we arrive at non-belief, which is almost as important an equilibrium as belief. The author plants himself on an ethical basis, acknowledging, indeed, that that basis is involved in Christianity. But is not the same basis almost the whole of Christianity to those who call themselves Christian in a historic sense alone? The feeling of the sublime is to him the root of the religious sentiment. Is it not so also to all those who limit the realm of the sublime by the authority of inward consciousness or of the Bible? It is very trite to declare that mental differences vanish as moral purposes meet, or that the noblest utterances are also the common property of minds untrained to self-expression; yet such a volume as this makes one realize this common brotherhood. But must there not be dogma for ourselves, coupled with freedom to others? The world is increasing in individualism, whilst our deeds belong to humanity.

The third essay is very noble and true. The modern view of life, it says, starts with the universality of nature's laws. "Morality has developed outward in concentric circles." New conceptions of the purpose of our being and the help we are to give forms the New Ideal. "Ethics is the idealism of character, manners are its offspring, self-possession and deference their rule,"—three sentences worthy of careful remembrance. The power of the priest of the new ideal lies in his speaking what others feel. But when Dr. Adler adds that the new ideal differs from Christianity in that "it seeks to approach the goal of a kingdom of heaven upon earth, not by the miraculous interference of the Deity, but by the laborious exertions of men and the slow but certain progress of successive generations," he does not recognize in words, though probably he does in thought, the fact that a large minority of Christians would agree that this goal was only to be approached by the same means. One of the best essays is that on Our Consolations. We ask more than we have any right to receive; the conflict of the law of nature and of morality is acknowledged; the purpose of life is worthiness, not happiness; pain is the price humanity pays for an invaluable good, and the pain lessens as knowledge increases; the performance of duty is the solace of affliction. In the lecture on the Founder of Christianity, the beautiful humanity, sympathy, and reverence of Jesus meet with the fullest veneration.

— We have been especially struck, in late poems of Mr. Longfellow, not only by the growing simplicity of that art which makes him far the greatest poetic artist of his time, but by the freshness, the contemporaneity, of the inspirations. Kéramos[1] seems to us a perfect example of what the highest skill, sympathizing with a new æsthetic mood, can do in giving form to the general sense of beauty in a certain direction. Far removing itself from contact with what is known as "keramics," it yet expresses in graphic and suggestive monologue whatever charm we most subtly feel in fictile art; its lines are rich and lustrous with

[1] *Kéramos and Other Poems.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

the hues of Delft, and Palissy, and Majolica, and Faenza, and China, and Imari; they flow in the matchless forms of the Greek vases. The poem, when you have done, seems a reverie of your own; looked at in another way, it is a connoisseur's rapturous description of characteristics and qualities.

The sonnets in the book are only less good than the wonderful group in the volume preceding this; and we are not sure that even that group contained anything finer than the following: —

THE POETS.

O ye dead Poets, who are living still
Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,
And ye, O living Poets, who are dead
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,
With drops of anguish falling fast and red
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,
Ye were not glad your errand to fulfill?
Yes; for the gift and ministry of Song
Have something in them so divinely sweet,
It can assuage the bitterness of wrong;
Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

The sonnet called Moods is almost equally good; and those on Whittier and Irving are insurpassable of their kind; those on The Two Rivers, also, are "like" their author, and full of his peculiar charm. In the sonnet, a poet approaches his reader, perhaps, more intimately than in any other form, and Longfellow especially wears his air of friendliest confidence in it. His art redeems it from all artificiality; it is as living and natural as something that he says to you. Here, for example, is a perfect sonnet, expressive of a profound and beautiful thought, in which the phrasing is the perfection of simplicity: —

NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

Mr. Longfellow's later poetry is very observably different from his earlier, in the manner in which he leaves the reader to "moralize his song," and forbears himself to make any application. Yet nothing is lost that long ago made him dear to his race, — that made it glad of him and better for him; and the beautiful art has still its lofty lesson. Among the pieces here which are in his best manner are The Leap of Roushan Beg, — an anecdote touched into vivid poetry one knows not how, it is so plainly done; and The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face, — in the strong, abrupt lines of which all the fierceness and sadness, and all the wrong within wrong, of the massacre of Custer and his men is remembered. As for Castles in Spain, if everything else that the poet has done were lost to us, one might say, Longfellow is not all here, but this is so wholly Longfellow that from this alone you may infer an art that was the most refined and gracious and sympathetic of its time.

The most notable of the translations, which occupy a third of the book, are the first eclogue of Virgil in hexameters, and the tenth and twelfth elegies of the third book of Ovid's Tristia in hexameters and pentameters. These meters seem not so satisfyingly managed, quite, as the verses of Evangeline and Miles Standish, though probably they more closely approach the pace of the Latin. In all qualities of pastoral and elegiac simplicity and tenderness the versions seem to us perfect.

— We think that the highest level in Mr. Winter's new volume of poems[1] is touched in the piece called Beyond the Dark. This seems to express at their best the sincere, pensive, and tender qualities that mark his work, together with that spirit of resignation which does not despair, and which redeems his verse from the reproach of idle repining. This spirit pervades all the better part of his poetry, and touches it with a certain religious light. The book, as the name hints, is a collection of lyrics, which are more or less sombre in theme, and have the monotony inseparable from sombre moods. But through all runs a strain of meditative sweetness, a color of sympathy which wins the reader's affectionate regard, and makes him friends with the poet. There is something in the poems — one hardly knows what to call it — as if the poet had not found full voice in them, which may be referable to a different habit of expression yet something delicately kind and gentle — the touch of a fine sensibility — is always felt. It is felt especially in such a poem as

[1] *Thistle-Down: A Book of Lyrics.* By William Winter. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1878.

that written for the dedication of the monument to Poe, which fitly, perhaps, exaggerating the injustice done that poet, closes with the impressive lines: —

"And know, with fame that cannot die,
Thou hast the world's compassion too."

It characterizes all the commemorative poems, deepening toward the serene close of the ode read before the Army of the Potomac with a psalm-like solemnity. In this poem is a picture all the more striking because the poems are singularly unambitious of picturesque effect; in the lines referring to the dreaming soldier: —

"For him the cruel sun of noon
Glares on the bristling plain;
For him the cold, disdainful moon
Lights meadows rough with slain."

Mr. Winter's literary attitude in these poems is curiously unmodern; nothing is here to remind one of any great contemporary poet or his school; so far as he has had models, the author of Thistle-Down has formed himself upon singers of an olden time, and recalls the meditative verse of the first Charles's age. The difference, we confess, from nearly all recent poetry is a grateful and prepossessing one, and Mr. Winter has great advantages in his repose, his sane English, his simple and decent manner. He does not remind you, even in his epithets, of the prevailing taste, but chooses phrases now growing a little quaint from long disuse in poetry. Perhaps he persists in them too much. There is here and there an ill-chosen word and a trace of hasty unfinish, which verse so sober-hued can ill afford, and which show in it as they never would in a gaudier fabric.

— The student of poetry will find in Allan Ramsay's Poems, of which a new and complete edition [1] has lately been issued in the Paisley series of reprints, a most interesting illustration of certain historic movements in literature, while the general reader who is gifted with the art of skipping will be grateful for the touches of nature and homely beauty which keep alive in other places than Scotland the memory of a poet who justly holds a rank at home second only to that of Burns. Burns himself, coming a generation later, had a genuine admiration for Ramsay, and with his instinctive sense of poetic beauty touched the secret of Ramsay's poetic power: —

"Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden stream through myrtles twines
Where Philomel
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

"In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hagelly shaws and braes
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day."

This is an account rather of the true poetry in Ramsay than of all which he actually wrote, for the student cannot fail to discover how much he was affected by just that artificiality of a pseudo-classic style which Burns condemns, and how singularly the genuine struggles out of the meshes in which Ramsay's deference to fashion would at times fain have bound it. He was half ready to introduce an attitudinizing Philomel and a golden stream amongst the birds and burns of Scotland. In a clumsy poem, The Quadruple Alliance, he celebrates his praise of Swift, Pope, Young, and Gay, and one constantly discovers the shadow of these men falling across his pages. It is curious to see how much more he yields to these influences in his English than in his Scottish poems. Whenever he attempts English verse he falls a prey to literary rules, and is frigid and uninteresting; a return to the Scottish dialect and to Scottish scenes is accompanied by a freedom and a spirit which admirably illustrate the value in poetry of a native element. Even here he is not wholly free from the touch of conventionalism, as when, in one of his songs, he says, —

"If she love mirth, I 'll learn to sing;
Or likes the Nine to follow,
I 'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring
And invocate Apollo."

Yet if the skirts of the Nine are still getting a little in Burns's way, we can only wonder that Ramsay, nearer to an artificial period, should have escaped bald classicism as well as he has. His Gentle Shepherd is a delicious pastoral. There is just enough of the conventional about it to give it an opera-like character, and suggest singing in costume; but the natural, both in the conception of character and in the sketches of pastoral life, is so charming that we easily endure what with an inferior poet would be tiresome big-wiggery. It sings itself as one reads, and the songs, which run through it like rippling brooks, make their own music even to an English ear. "My Peggy is a

[1] *Poems of Allan Ramsay.* With Glossary, Life of the Author, and Remarks on his Poems. In two volumes. A new edition. Paisley: Alexander Gardner. 1877.

young thing," "By the delicious warmness of thy mouth," "Jock said to Jenny, 'Jenny, wilt thou do 't?'" have an echoing laughter in them which makes mirth in the heart. One is not surprised to learn that this pastoral is still popular in Scotland as a country-side entertainment. There is an amusing story told in the introductory note which may be taken as a companion piece to the familiar sketch of the actor who, in his enthusiasm, blacked himself from top to toe when he was to appear as Othello: "A few years ago, when arrangements were being made by an Ayrshire gentleman with one of these companies for a performance in his drawing-room, he objected to the presentation of a real haggis on the scene, and with difficulty obtained the concession that an imitation one, stuffed with bran, should be substituted. To his consternation, he discovered, while the play was in progress, that several of the actors considered it their duty to eat the bran as if it had been savory haggis."

Ramsay anticipated Scott in his enthusiasm for Scottish ballads, many of which he slightly remodeled in the same spirit. The most notable thing in this way was his continuation of the old comic piece Christ's Kirk on the Green, the first canto of which, in its original form, was said to have been written by King James I. of Scotland. The picture of life drawn by Ramsay is vigorous and lusty, and something of the same power appears in other verses, — a power that seems heightened by the audacity with which the poet paints grossness. That is to say, Scottish life is described with a cruel fidelity to fact, and the calling of a spade a spade gives a nervous force which makes the reader suspect that Ramsay in his dialect verse suffered a reaction from the refinement of his attempted classicism. Some of the verses fairly reek with the earth. It would be worth one's while to read the two volumes carefully and mark the few pieces to which he would wish to return again and again. The work is accompanied by the original glossary, which might well have been discarded for a new and thorough one.

— We owe to the enthusiasm of a provincial Scottish publisher an edition of Alexander Wilson's writings,[1] containing poems not before collected, and a more complete series of his letters than has hitherto appeared. Wilson's Ornithology has never been forgotten in America, and is not likely ever to be forgotten, both because of its historical interest and because it is intrinsically valuable; his poems are not so likely to be valued, although the Scottish ones have enjoyed a continuous lease of popularity in Scotland; but the student of American literature and manners will be glad to read again and again the letters which tell so much of life here in the first decade of this century. Above all, Wilson himself, as a character, is a precious legacy; his life has often been written, but nothing can show it quite so well as the record which he himself has given in his letters and in his Ornithology.

The essays contained in the Ornithology are not all reprinted in this edition, but only such as the editor chose for their literary value. We are sorry that the number was not extended to take in others quite as characteristic and as entertaining. The Great Heron, the Stormy Petrel, the Great Horned Owl, the Mocking Bird, the Crow, are all well worth the general reader's perusal. Indeed, it would be safe to say of the entire work that it appeals quite as forcibly to the general reader as to the ornithologist, for Wilson's own interest was human rather than professional or strictly scientific. He gives the necessary scientific descriptions, but it is plain that he looked upon every bird which he watched, or mounted, or drew, as an individual, and not as a "specimen;" and therefore his interest was strong in its habits, manners, appearance, and history. In one of his letters he tells a tender little story of a mouse, which points at the sympathy which he had with humble life. "One of my boys caught a mouse in school, a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that same evening, and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl, but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to

[1] *The Poems and Literary Prose of Alexander Wilson, the American Ornithologist.* For the first time fully collected and compared with the original and early editions, MSS., etc. Edited with Memorial-Introduction, Essay, Notes, Illustrations, and Glossary, by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, editor of The Fuller Worthies Library, etc., etc. In two volumes. With Portrait, Illustrations, etc. Paisley: Alex. Gardner.

life and liberty. The agonies of the prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torment are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty." How charming, too, is his naïve discovery of the reason for the cruel prejudice against the cat-bird, and his playful defense of his favorite! "After ruminating over in my own mind all the probable causes, I think I have at last hit on some of them; the principal of which seems to me to be a certain similarity of taste and clashing of interest between the cat-bird and the farmer. The cat-bird is fond of large ripe garden strawberries; so is the farmer, for the good price they bring in market. The cat-bird loves the best and richest early cherries; so does the farmer, for they are sometimes the most profitable of his early fruit. The cat bird has a particular partiality for the finest ripe mellow pears; and these are also particular favorites with the farmer. But the cat-bird has frequently the advantage of the farmer by snatching off the first fruits of these delicious productions; and the farmer takes revenge by shooting him down with his gun, as he finds old hats, windmills, and scarecrows are no impediments in his way to these forbidden fruits; and nothing but this resource — the *ultimatum* of farmers as well as kings — can restrain his visits. The boys are now set to watch the cherry-trees with the gun; and thus commences a train of prejudices and antipathies that commonly continue through life. Perhaps, too, the common note of the cat-bird, — so like the mewing of the animal whose name it bears, and who itself sustains no small share of prejudice, — the homeliness of his plumage, and even his familiarity, so proverbially known to beget contempt, may also contribute to this mean, illiberal, and persecuting prejudice; but, with the generous and the good, the lovers of nature and of rural charms, the confidence which this familiar bird places in man by building in his garden, under his eye, the music of his song, and the interesting playfulness of his manners will always be more than a recompense for all the little stolen morsels he snatches."

There is a curious parallel which might be drawn between the earlier part of Wilson's life spent in Scotland, and the latter part spent in America. In Scotland he was known as a poet, and his Watty and Meg, attributed to Burns, has always been popular. In America his reputation rests on his Ornithology, though he continued to write verse, both in Scottish brogue and in English tongue. Yet his poetry and his bird-hunting may both be referred to a genuine, almost child-like love of nature, and each pursuit was accompanied by a business venture. He was bred as a weaver, but took up the pack as peddler, and wandered thus through Scotland, selling tapes and needles and other small wares with one hand, while he asked for subscriptions to his book of poetry with the other, using the time of his jaunt besides for studying nature and human nature. Wordsworth's peddler, who seems to most a philosophical projection, finds a fairly concrete representation in Wilson. So when he undertook his Ornithology, he traveled throughout the territory of the United States, soliciting subscriptions and using every opportunity to discover birds for treatment in forthcoming volumes. In both cases the poetry was uppermost. He has left a record of his travels as a peddler, and though he recites the rather forlorn experience which he endured as a tradesman, one can read also of the joy he took in sunrise and sunset and mountain view. His letters give his fortune in securing subscribers; and, while his sensitiveness was often wounded by the rebuffs or discourtesy which he met, one feels that all was forgotten in the enthusiasm with which he plunged into the woods in quest of some bird not hitherto described. It is this enthusiasm, bearing him up above the vicissitudes of a somewhat depressing life, which makes the atmosphere in which we now see Wilson's fine spirit. A weaver, a peddler, an engraver, a school-master, a homeless man, — the material facts of his daily life are narrow and mean; he lived in communities which were either hard or indifferent to what he most cared for, and the beauty of his life is in its struggles after the upper air in a divine discontent which troubled itself little about the restrictions of his common pursuits. The birds which he loved with so natural and genuine an ardor seem fit emblems of a life which alighted on the earth only for necessary food and rest.

The editing by Mr. Grosart is careful and apparently thorough, although there are signs of some change in his work, since he refers the reader in two instances to his Memorial-Introduction for what is not to be found there. His own contributions are

brief and slightly pungent. Heaven has favored him and us in not casting him in the mold of an exhaustive commentator.

— In the recently published Reminiscences of Froebel[1] there is a passage which has an interest for those who are desirous of incorporating the kindergarten with the public-school systems of America. "The kindergarten," says Froebel, "is the free republic of childhood;" and the phrase is further explained as indicating the absence of whatever is dangerous to morality, the freedom being the state in which childhood is developed. Froebel would remove whatever would impair the free development of the individual child. It was charged upon him in 1848 and the years immediately following that his educational views were revolutionary and dangerous, and in 1851 the Prussian government prohibited kindergartens. The specific ground for the prohibition was the publication by Carl Froebel, a nephew of Friedrich, of a pamphlet entitled High Schools and Kindergartens. It was in vain that Froebel disowned the authorship of the pamphlet and begged for an examination of his school; the answer came that "concurrence with that objectionable pamphlet consisted in laying at the foundation of the education of children a highly intricate theory."

It is not our purpose to review the course of the reactionary party at this time, but only to point out that the real peril apprehended by the authorities lay in the close connection between popular education and the kindergarten system. The kindergarten suffered then and has suffered since from being identified with the extreme liberal party, but reactionists and liberals alike were right in looking upon it as especially the school of the people. As such, there is a peculiar significance attaching to it when made a part of the public-school system of a state which rests for its final authority upon the voice of the people. Superficially, there is something laughable in connecting a school which precedes the primary school with republican institutions, but an examination of the principles of the kindergarten will show that the connection is a substantial one.

The theory of the kindergarten is a twofold one: regarding the development of the child in harmony with the law of universal development as discovered in nature and human history, and regarding the child as one of a community. It is of this latter phase that we wish to speak. A child's life finds its chief expression in play, and in play its social instincts are developed. Now, the kindergarten recognizes the fact that play is the child's business, not his recreation, and undertakes to guide and form the child through play. It converts that which would otherwise be aimless or willful into creative, orderly, and governed action. Out of the play as guided by the wise kindergartner grows a spirit of courtesy, self-control, forbearance, unselfishness. The whole force of the education is directed toward a development of the child which never forgets that he is a person in harmonious relation to others. Community, not competition, is the watch-word of the school.

It is claimed, with good right, that the organization of our public schools tends to discipline and order; that the drill of the school room, the marshaling in ranks, the prompt answer, the evolutions, are all forces in education as well as helps to government, and that principles of public life are thus taught. But we claim higher ground in this respect for the kindergarten. Obedience as taught by the system of the public schools is an obedience to rules; it is to be likened more closely to the obedience of the soldier, — a noble thing, but not the highest form of human subjection of the will. Obedience as evolved in the true kindergarten is a conscious obedience to law. In the one case the will is broken; in the other it is guided into subordination to a higher will asserting itself in reason. It is not asserted that in the public-school system there is often given a training which issues in self-government; the good teacher is always better than the best system, and many a teacher in our primary schools is a true gardener; so the system of the kindergarten will not prevent play from degenerating into purposeless mechanism under the hand of a foolish teacher. It is claimed that government in the public schools is far more a matter of rule and regulation, and therefore incapable of developing the highest power of order and self-government; that government in the kindergarten is made an essential part of the education of the child; and that the art of living with others is sedulously cultivated. The unity of life in the school with entire freedom of development

[1] *Reminiscences of Friedrich Froebel.* By B. von Marenholz-Bülow. Translated by Mrs. Horace Mann With a Sketch of the Life of Friedrich Froebel, by Emily Shirreff. Boston: Lee and Shepard New York: Charles T. Dillingham 1877.

in the individual is the aim of the kindergarten; in the public school the highest perfection seems by many to be attained when the unity of life is best represented by a closely fitted machine, and the individual is most entirely separated by a system of keen competition and rivalry.

If this comparison is a just one, then, so far as primary education goes, the principle at the basis of the kindergarten is most in accord with the principles of a free republic. The emphasis which is laid upon the need of special training for teachers in the kindergarten is justified by the theory of the kindergarten itself. That rests on law, and not on routine; and it is essential that the teacher should comprehend the law before she can govern in it. But once possessed of this truth she becomes the visible representative of law, guiding, forming, developing in accordance with the law which she obeys as well as administers. In her the children learn to see the reasonableness of the authority under which they act. They respect and love her as intelligent men and women in a republic use an honest deference toward their rulers. Doubtless, there are such teachers in public schools, and the same relation springs up between them and their scholars, but the system of the public schools makes authority, discipline, government, to have more or less a despotic and arbitrary meaning.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the kindergarten should have been looked upon with suspicion in its early days by those who had just witnessed a revolution; nor is it to be wondered at that this germ of free and intelligent institutions should then and there have been planted. Equally true is it that in no country has the kindergarten so strong a right to flourish as in the United States, where the education which the kindergarten offers is precisely that most vitally necessary to the maintenance of freedom, reciprocal rights, order, and self-control.

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LITERARY BULLETIN

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price, by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., *Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on the fourth page.*

Dr. Clarke's "Visions," aside from the profound interest of its theme and the transparent candor and admirable skill with which it is treated, derives additional interest from the circumstances under which it was written. Dr. Holmes, in the introduction, says : —

The unfinished essay here presented to the public has a singular and quite exceptional interest. When its author had read his death sentence, and knew that the malignant disease of which he was the subject would be slow in its work and involve great suffering, he felt that he must have something to occupy his mind, and turn it away in some measure from dwelling only on the tortures of his body. He therefore took up the study of a question in which he had long been interested, and made it his daily occupation to write upon it. So long as his strength lasted sufficiently, he wrote with his own hand. After this he employed another to write at his dictation.

Dr. Holmes adds that "although the essay is left unfinished, it should not be called a fragment." He says that "ingenious and interesting as are the speculative portions of the essay, the numerous hitherto unrecorded cases will, perhaps, be found its most permanently valuable contribution to science," and, after alluding to several cases, he remarks : —

But there is one case recorded which I venture to say no human being who draws the breath of life can read without profound interest. It is that which may be found on page 262. It is a deep-sea sounding of the dark abyss where each of us all is to sink out of sight sooner or later. The wise physician is on friendly terms with death. It is as much a physiological necessity as life, and though, like the visit of an officer of justice, its entrance must not be allowed without a proper warrant, yet that warrant is sure to be issued at last. The wonderful calmness of the observed and the observer, in this almost if not quite unique case, impart a perfectly scientific character to this observation of an event which is commonly yielded passively to the empire of emotion. Many, who, through fear of death, have been all their life-time subject to bondage, will, I believe, find more consolation in this recital than in almost any other human record.

Dr. Holmes's introduction includes the singularly beautiful and tender obituary notice he wrote for the *Boston Advertiser*, and at once excites great interest in the book and profound admiration for the character of the author.

Mr. Warner's New Book, "In the Wilderness," comprises the papers contributed to recent numbers of the ATLANTIC, under the title of "The Adironacks Verified," and a very genial essay describing "How Spring came in New England." Readers of the ATLANTIC do not need to be told that Mr. Warner is one of the most charming essayists of the time; that he blends good sense, thoughtfulness, and humor as very few writers do; and that what he writes, even on a slight topic, is not ephemeral in character, but has qualities that give it a permanent value and place in literature. His "Adirondack" papers are deliciously humorous, and his little book ought to be in the pockets of all who go to that wilderness for summer recreation. It is equally delightful for those who go anywhere else, and for those who stay at home.

Life of Charlotte Cushman. — Miss Stebbins's admirable tribute to the memory of the great actress has been received with eager welcome by the press and the public. The *New York Tribune* says : —

The career of Charlotte Cushman, in the full splendor of its public aspects, is already the subject of history, and needed not the cordial and affectionate tribute of personal friendship to perpetuate its triumphs. The point of view in which the present work assumes an exceeding interest is that of the portraiture of a rare and noble woman, rather than of a critical estimate of an illustrious dramatic artist. Charlotte Cushman furnishes a study of human character more inspiring in its influence than the record of her admirable achievements on the stage. The very grandeur of her successes tends to overshadow the original and peculiar nature of which they were the spontaneous fruits. Towering in the native majesty of her character, like the cedar of Lebanon among the trees of the mountain, she exhibited such a luxuriance and beauty of expression as to suggest no question in regard to its inner springs. The memoir of her friend reveals the wonderful combination of gracefulness and strength which was the secret of her private character and her artistic victories.

The *Philadelphia Bulletin* remarks : —

It is in every way worthy of its subject; it is a noble study for young men and women who have aspirations for artistic distinction or for a noble life in any profession; it is a most satisfactory me-

morial for those who had the good fortune to be Miss Cushman's personal friends; and it is by all odds the most delightful biography of an American woman that has ever been written.

The *Boston Traveller* regards it as "one of the most noteworthy books of the year."

All College students and graduates will find "Hammersmith" a very entertaining book. In it Mr. Mark Sibley Severance purports to chronicle the Harvard experiences of his hero, who may fairly be regarded as a type of the sport-loving, athletic, inherently noble college student, who intends to have a good time while studying, and then to take hold in earnest and do his full share in the world's work. Its graphic and sympathetic descriptions of student life, also its manly tone, remind one of Tom Brown at Rugby and Oxford. While the story has a peculiar attraction for those who have had or seen experiences like Hammersmith's, it is told with such vigor and sustained interest that all story-readers will find it eminently engaging.

The Life of General Bartlett has already reached the fourth edition. The simplicity, integrity, heroism, and royal manliness of the character it commemorates win the affectionate admiration of all who read the book, as these qualities charmed all who knew General Bartlett in life. The *New York Tribune* felicitously expresses the universal sentiment: —

The story of his brief career is related by his biographer with simplicity, modesty, and excellent taste. In truth, the character of General Bartlett was of that genuine, sterling stamp of which a simple portraiture affords a more correct impression than all the labored embellishments of art. . . . . Brief and fleeting as was his career, General Bartlett singularly combined the brilliant virtues of youth with the solid wisdom of veteran experience, presenting in his own person a noble example of the qualities which are so admirably portrayed in the poet's description of "The Happy Warrior": —

"Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness like a man inspired;
And through the heart of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need."

The South honors him hardly less than the North. As the *Charleston News and Courier* well says:

Massachusetts remembers General Bartlett as one of the foremost of her soldiers in the late war. The whole country will remember him as one of those gallant souls who dared to be just to the men against whom they fought. . . . . His life throughout was a noble example to his countrymen.

Bret Harte's New Book, "Drift from Two Shores," comprises so large a variety of stories and sketches that the most satisfactory statement concerning them is the list of contents, which is as follows: Pacific Shore Drift: The Man on the Beach, Two Saints of the Foot-Hills, Jinny, Roger Catron's Friend, Who was my Quiet Friend? A Ghost of the Sierras, The Hoodlum Band (a condensed novel). Atlantic Shore Drift: The Man whose Yoke was not Easy, My Friend the Tramp, The Man from Solano, The Office-Seeker, A Sleeping-car Experience, Five o'clock in the Morning, With the Entrées. — A recent number of the *New York Sun* contained a long article apropos of Mr. Harte's last preceding book, "The Story of a Mine," which the writer praises in very strong terms and justifies these by extracts that certainly have the stamp of the same rare genius which made classic the "Luck of Roaring Camp" and the "Outcasts of Poker Flat." The writer says: —

We will not ask those gentlemen who conceive that Bret Harte's success should be credited to his opportunity to compute how many Agamemnons may have existed before Homer, but we will simply remind them that some three and a half centuries had elapsed since the afflux of adventurers to the mines of Peru and Mexico created conditions substantially identical with those of "Roaring Camp" and "Poker Flat," while the mining life of California was, at a later period, duplicated in Australia; yet neither before nor since, nor by any other writer in any language, have the characteristic stamp and flavor of a gold hunter's existence, and the strange traits of a community smitten through and through with the gold fever, been truthfully, effectively, and delightfully reproduced.

The Riverside Edition of the British Poets already numbers twenty-nine volumes, including the poetical works of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Scott, Byron, Chatterton, Burns, Moore, Cowper, Thomson, Goldsmith, Gray, Akenside, Beattie, and — latest issued — Pope and Collins. Two or more volumes will appear each month until the edition is finished. Its completeness, its careful editing by Professor F. J. Child of Harvard, its lives of the poets and their portraits, the tasteful style in which it is issued, and its inexpensiveness, make it a very desirable library edition.

BOOKS OF PLACES.

All intelligent travelers understand the great advantage of using good guide-books. By these their comfort and convenience are immensely increased, and they can accomplish a great deal more in the same time and at less expense. They are excellent inventions for the saving of money, labor, time, and temper. The satisfactions of travel are greatly enhanced also by books that have a special local interest. Summer tourists or persons spending a summer vacation in the country or at the seaside find their interest in their temporary home very much quickened if it is the scene of some story or poem, — if something has been written about it. Among the books of Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., are many that have just this element of interest and so commend themselves to the great army of summer travelers.

New England, comprising the six Eastern States, is described very comprehensively and faithfully in Sweetser's guide-book, which with six Maps and eleven Plans contains all the information tourists wish. ($2.00.)

British Provinces. Sweetser's guide-book "Maritime Provinces," four Maps, four Plans, gives just the facts and emphasizes precisely the points travelers desire to understand. ($2.00.) Some information about Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, etc., and a great deal of the most delightful humor, will be found in "Baddeck," by C. D. Warner. ($1.00.) The St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec, and the Saguenay River are on the routes of Mr. Howells's two delightful stories, "Their Wedding Journey" and "A Chance Acquaintance," and his descriptions of scenery are hardly less charming than the girls and ladies whom he photographs so exquisitely. ($1.25 each.) In Thoreau's "A Yankee in Canada" are some admirable sketches. ($1.50.)

Maine Woods, Lakes, and Seaport Towns, which attract a host of summer wanderers, are very effectively and winningly described in Lowell's "Moosehead Journal" (50 cents); Thoreau's volume entitled "Maine Woods" ($1.50), which is devoted to Ktaadn (better known to the general public as Mount Katahdin), Chesuncook Lake, and the Allegash and East Branch; Mrs. Stowe's "Pearl of Orr's Island" ($2.00); J. Emerson Smith's "Oakridge: an Old-Time Story of Maine" ($2.00); Miss Jewett's delightful "Deephaven" ($1.25); and Miss Howard's widely popular story "One Summer" ($1.25, with Mr. Hoppin's entertaining illustrations, $3.00), — are all Maine books, and though good to read anywhere, they can be read with special zest in the places from which they derive their local color and charm.

The Isles of Shoals are treated historically in Mr. Jenness' book of this name ($1.50), which in addition to its great value and interest as containing a description and the annals of these famous islands, has cuts and maps. Mrs. Celia Thaxter's little book "Among the Isles of Shoals" ($1.25), has a peculiar charm coming from one whose life has mostly been spent on the islands, and who writes of them with a deep and poetic enthusiasm as sincere as it is delightful. Mrs. Thaxter's "Poems" ($1.50) are so penetrated by the life and spirit of the ocean, and interpret so melodiously the voices and aspects of the sea, that all who visit the Isles of Shoals or the seaside should not fail to take with them this engaging volume.

The White Mountains are minutely and admirably described in Sweetser's White Mountain Guide-Book, which gives all the information tourists can desire and, in addition, all that the most inquisitive can wish to know of the topography of the White Hills, their history, traditions, and poetry. It has six Maps and six Panoramas, which add greatly to its value. ($2.00.) Whittier's "Among the Hills" contains very beautiful mountain descriptions and suggestions. ($1.50.) Scenery and summer life among the White Mountains are described very attractively in Mrs. Whitney's "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life." ($1.50.)

Portsmouth, under the name of Rivermouth, has been made a charmingly classic place by Mr. Aldrich, in "Prudence Palfrey" (paper $1.00; cloth, $1.50); in several of the short stories in "Marjorie Daw" (paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.50); and in "A Rivermouth Romance" (50 cents).

Concord (Mass.). — Its historic scenes, and the homes of Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau, etc., are described or sketched in Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse" ($2.00); "Septimius Felton" ($1.25), a story of the Revolution, and of earthly immortality; "American Note-Books" ($2.00); Thoreau's "Walden" ($1.50), recording his hermit experiences and observations by Walden Pond, and "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack" ($1.50). All these books possess a literary excellence that gives them a permanent value, while they are of immediate interest to all who wish to derive special hints or information regarding Concord and the famous men and historic incidents that make it one of the Meccas of the New World.

Cambridge, celebrated as the seat of Harvard University and the home of many distinguished writers, has numerous strong claims to the esteem and interest of all intelligent Americans. These will appreciate Mr. Paige's "History of Cambridge" ($6.00), and the "Poetic Localities of Cambridge" ($3.50), which contains heliotype illustrations of several views, trees, buildings, etc., in Cambridge, with extracts from poems by Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes, descriptive of them.

Far Western. — Those who go to California and the Pacific Coast will find Avery's "Californian Pictures in Prose and Verse" ($5.00), with many fine illustrations, exceedingly interesting; also Ludlow's "Heart of the Continent" ($2.50), which is a record of travel across the Plains and in Oregon, with illustrations; Clarence King's spirited and exhilarating book on "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" ($2.00); Hodge's book, which sees in "Arizona as it is" ($1.50) the coming country; and Bowles's "Across the Continent" ($1.50), the story of a summer journey, by the famous editor of the *Springfield Republican*, to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States; and "The Pacific Railroad Open" (75 cents), a very readable sketch of the journey and scenery from the Mississippi to the Pacific, by the same skilled hand.

Miscellaneous American. — Sweetser's Middle States Guide-Book describes fully the large region which it covers, the mountain and seaside resorts, and the multitude of interesting sights it contains. ($2.00.) Other books of local interest are Howells's "Suburban Sketches" ($2.00), which, besides other charming essays, has an engaging description of a day's pleasure in Boston Harbor; Miss Woolson's "Castle Nowhere," stories located along the Great Lakes ($2.00); Thoreau's "Cape Cod" ($1.50),

and "Excursions in Field and Forest" ($1.50), two delightful out-door books; "Thalatta," Poems for the Seaside ($1.00); "Roadside Poems for Summer Travellers" ($1.00) and "Hillside and Seaside in Poetry" ($1.00), two little handy volumes in which Miss Lucy Larcom has gathered a large quantity of the best poetry in all literature, celebrating the charm, the majesty, and the beauty of mountain, woodland, rivers and brooks, the country full of happy homes, and the varied fascination of the sea; and Mr. Burroughs's "Wake Robin" ($1.50), which has a chapter on the Adirondacks, that would be read with profit and delight by all who go to that famous summer wilderness; "Winter Sunshine" ($1.50), which has, besides other admirable essays, one describing "Exhilarations of the Road;" and "Birds and Poets" ($1.50), which is full of out-door and in-door fascination.

A New Book on Political Economy. Evidently one of the most pressing needs in this country is the general diffusion of sound scientific views in political economy. Whoever can present these effectively is a great public benefactor. Hon. J. B. Howe has devoted much study and research to the subject, and the result is a book to be published soon by Houghton, Osgood & Co., on "The Political Economy of Great Britain, the United States, and France, in the Use of Money." He feels so confident he has got at the heart of the matter, that he calls his book "a new science of production and exchange." Shrewd thinkers may gain a hint of the nature of the work from this paragraph, which appears on the title page:—

Money cannot be separated from its use; because, if separated, it ceases to be money. Bank debt is the record of production by the aid of bank loans, and bank reserve is the record of the exchanges for consumption of the things produced by the aid of bank loans. Therefore bank reserve and bank debt ought to be kept in as steady a ratio as possible. The great need of the commercial world, at this time, is a sound theory of production and exchange, by actual demonstration.

The Harvard Book. — A new edition of this sumptuous work has just been issued. It contains contributions from President Eliot, Professor J. R. Lowell, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Rev. E. E. Hale, and many other eminent teachers, clergymen, and citizens, alumni of Harvard, illustrating the history and commemorating the characteristic features and the distinguished graduates of this renowned University. It comprises within two large quarto volumes a vast amount and variety of matter exceedingly interesting to all sons and lovers of Harvard, and is embellished with many portraits and views.

The Artist Biographies, which Mr. Sweetser is writing, win most favorable opinions from the press and the public. They are pronounced models of brief biography and invaluable to students of art. The latest volume in this series is on Michael Angelo; the next will be devoted to Guido.

Webster's Dictionaries, the Unabridged in its many styles of binding, and the National Pictorial, have been added to the Catalogue of Houghton, Osgood & Co. They are still published by the Messrs. Merriam of Springfield, but, by special arrangement, they will also be furnished henceforth to the trade by the publishers of the ATLANTIC. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary is one of the institutions of the country, but is by no means limited to this country. It is in great demand wherever the English language is spoken or read, and bids fair to be a potent instrument in making English the language of the world. Fifty copies have just been sent out to Japan, where there is a steady demand for the work. Its great merits are too well known to need mention here. For those who think they cannot afford the Unabridged, the National Pictorial, with its thousand pages of definitions, and more than six hundred illustrations, is so good that it would seem perfect if the Unabridged were not fuller and completer.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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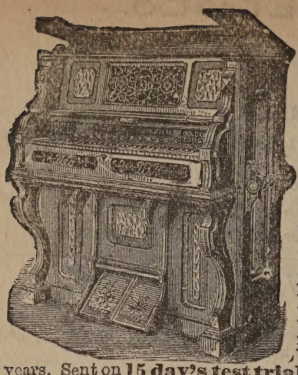

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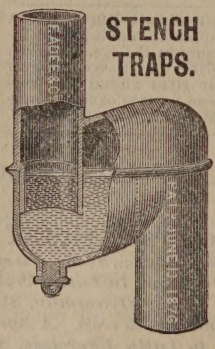

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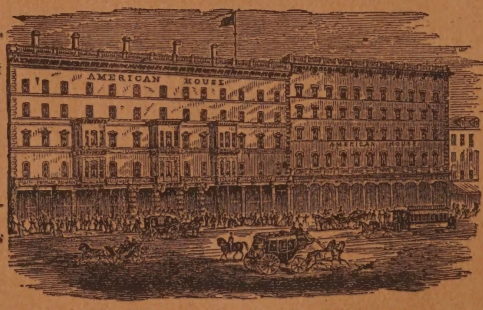

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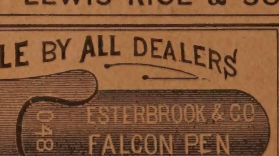

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THE

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A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. XLII.—AUGUST, 1878.—No. CCL.

ONE TOO MANY.

HABIT, more than reason or impulse, is the governing influence of mankind; hence it was difficult for Richard Hazlehurst fully to adjust his consciousness to the fact of his changed relations with Irene Van Voorst. But then he had been engaged to her for two years, and even before that time had associated her intimately in every thought and intention. She had embroidered his slippers ever since she was thirteen, and he had bought her Christmas presents for some nine years with unfailing regularity. Irene had become, besides his habit, so to speak, his conscience. She possessed, in truth, that unfaltering integrity of character, combined with divine calm of self-assertion, which results in an irresistible habit of decision. She governed her coterie; and Hazlehurst, in particular, had rested his actions so confidently upon her imperious mandates that, without her, he at first felt himself unequal to the task of making up his mind about the most trivial question. For a week after their engagement was broken he nursed a gentle melancholy and rigidly adhered to the routine Irene had long since marked out for him. At the end of that time he began to experience a vague wonder as to whether his habitual dullness betrayed a radical incapacity for pleasure. Just to test the matter he joined some friends and went to the theatre, had a supper afterwards, and did not return to his rooms until three o'clock in the morning. The next day a close observer might have seen that his shackles were broken and one by one were falling, and in a week his emancipation was entire. It must be confessed that when he first saw himself in process of deterioration he felt the joy of successful rebellion, for his subjection had been long and complete; but when his full enfranchisement from feminine tyranny was established, he began to look back upon his old servitude with tender regrets. Irene had, it is true, taken the measure of his liberty with a trifle too much precision, but the dear girl's views had no doubt been admirable. Her tastes were all formed upon the best standards, and although good taste is a fallible guide at times, Irene's was far more infallible than his own. He felt an older and a sadder man now that he could carry around the scent of cigars unrebuked, and wear, unnoticed, signs of dissipation about his eyes. It was too early in the season for social engagements; he had long since renounced the frivolity of evening visits save at one well-known house in Thirty-Fifth Street, and time was heavy on his hands. He used to sit over the fire at his club thinking sentimentally about Irene. She did not approve of clubs, nor of the talk and

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habits of men when congregated together; she had no lofty idea of their standards when unredeemed by woman's presence; she pronounced billiards, except in a private parlor, an unworthy pursuit; she had spoken more than once somewhat peremptorily concerning the enormity of dropping in promiscuously at theatres and gaining a nice discrimination about a certain class of actresses not altogether in the highest line of the profession. Yes, Hazlehurst sighed when he told himself that he had nobody to look after him now, and he took a sort of morbid interest in his own facile descent into the pleasant Avernus of bachelor life. It was in one of these moments of regretful reminiscence of his former censor that he sat down and wrote a long letter to Miss Van Voorst in Paris. It was a very pretty letter indeed, with much honest and unaffected humility and sorrow in it, and an implied confession that without her he was on his way to the dogs. Hazlehurst was proud of his production; some of it sounded really poetical, and reminded him of Byron in his darkest vein of poisoned regret; he had no idea he could have done anything so well up to high literary mark. Having thus spent his suffering in song, he no longer felt wholly discouraged with himself; in fact, after dispatching the letter he was in the best of spirits.

The next morning he chanced to drop into the office of his elder brother, Thomas Hazlehurst, a banker on Wall Street.

"I was in hopes you would come in, Dick," said Thomas Hazlehurst, looking up from his paper, "for I want you to do me a favor."

"All right."

"You know I am expecting poor little Flossy Weir by the Russia, which will probably be in before to-morrow morning. I am obliged to be in Philadelphia to-night; hence I cannot be here to meet the child. Now, I want you to call at the Brevoort to-morrow, where Flossy will be with the Worths, who are to stop in town for twenty-four hours, and take her over to her aunt's in New Jersey. Mrs. Wylie and I are joint guardians."

"I remember. Poor little girl!"

"She is a poor little girl. Her father hardly left her sixpence, beggarly bankrupt that he was!"

"Lost everything in '73, did he not?"

"He was among the downhills long before that; the grand smash-up merely gave him an opportunity of coming to grief in good company. We got him this position abroad, but he was thoroughly broken down, and it was one of the poorest consulates in Europe. Why on earth he made me guardian of his little girl, I don't comprehend! Her aunt has been in twice to see me about the matter; she is a disagreeable old woman, but will give her niece a home for the present, and then we will have her with us. She will be considerably cut up, no doubt, about her father, — an only child, and no mother; there was probably a close tie between them, and you must be sympathizing and all that sort of thing."

"I'll do my best," said Richard. "She must be fifteen or so. I remember something about her. We all dined once with Weir when he lived in Gramercy Park, and some pretty little girl, probably Florence herself, came in at dessert and amused us by singing songs and dancing a minuet on the dinner-table. I can think what a charming child she was," added Dick, reflectively, "and she wore gray kid boots which set like a glove."

"How old was she then?"

"Four or five, and that is ten years ago, at least."

"I supposed she was younger. But never mind, her age makes no difference, and I will be much obliged if you will meet her and take her out to New Jersey."

Accordingly, the following morning Hazlehurst entered the Brevoort at eleven o'clock and sent up his card to Miss Weir. He had no special interest in the matter; he was commiserative towards Florence — no more. Hard lines for the girl, no doubt, that her father had had so many failures, but — He was about to finish this meditation with a sigh, when he caught sight of a face opposite, the very reflection of what seemed to him

a joyous reveille, an awakening call to the sweetest emotion he had ever felt. Was this Florence Weir? It could be no body else, — this pale girl whom the mirror had betrayed loitering timidly outside the door, and who now came in with that pitiful smile she had summoned upon her face. She was more than fourteen, or even fifteen. She was tall, slender, with the most wonderful face Hazlehurst had ever met, although hard sorrow had written unmistakable lines upon it of late. He started to his feet, strode forward and seized both her hands in his.

"Poor little Flossy!" said he, in the kindest voice. "Poor little Flossy!"

The tears welled up to her dark eyes, and her red lips curved down.

"Don't cry, *don't!*" murmured Dick, holding her hands tightly and looking down into her face with the muscles of his own twitching. "I know it all; it is terrible, — terrible! But you have cried too much already, my poor child. You have got over the worst, and here you are among old friends who will do all they can for you."

"I know," she responded, conquering her tears and looking up at him with a gleam of momentary comfort; for indeed the face above hers was one to inspire comfort, — it was so noble and so good, with such real sympathy in its kind eyes. "The worst of it is over," she went on. "It was dreary to be on shipboard. The nights almost killed me — they were so endless — so lonely; the sounds were so strange, and gave me such horrible thoughts of that awful sea! The days were a little better, but although the friends you sent me were very kind, very considerate for me, they had not known papa, nor loved him. Now, you knew him, Mr. Hazlehurst, — you knew papa and loved him."

"Yes," muttered Dick, "I can appreciate your loss. I knew your good father. But you must bear up; such losses come to all." He was not fluent at consolation, and being familiar with the play of Hamlet perhaps unconsciously rendered the king's words to the orphan in a sort of paraphrase. Florence was more grateful than was ever the prince, and rejoiced in such sympathy without discovering his source of inspiration. She gave him a sweet, longing glance.

"Oh, Mr. Hazlehurst," she said tenderly, "you cannot think what it is to me to find such real kindness when I was feeling so lonely in the world!" And Dick, still holding her hands, gathered both into one of his and smoothed them with the other. He was powerless to say a word, but he looked volumes.

"It is all settled, I suppose, that I am to go to aunt Lucy's until I find something to do," she went on in that subdued spent voice which in certain intonations was thrillingly sweet; then, as the stress of feeling came upon her, her utterance grew strained and hoarse. "You know how poor papa left me. I have just two hundred and seven dollars now. I have tried to be very economical, but have spent as much more. I made all my new dresses myself, — every one. I do not think I am helpless and need be dependent. I can speak four languages, I paint tolerably in water-colors, and I can do anything with my hands which other women can do. Do you not think I can find work to support myself, Mr. Hazlehurst?"

"I am sure of it," answered Dick; "but it is too soon to speak of such things. I am to take you to Mrs. Wylie's at three o'clock."

She shivered slightly.

"I seem to care about nothing yet," she said, after a little pause, with a sort of sob, speaking up to that kind face as if she had not spoken to a loving heart for a long, cruel time, and thus was starved for want of speech. "Every sort of effort seems too violent and strange. I hope aunt Lucy will not expect too much of me at first. I do not understand my own dullness. I have had to realize so much that many outside thoughts are an utter blank. I feel at times, when people talk to me about things they are seeing and hearing, and which I ought equally to see and hear, as if I were blind and deaf. Do you think this stupefaction will wear off naturally, Mr. Hazlehurst, or must I rouse myself and try to get rid

of it? I wish you would advise me just as if I were your own little girl. It hardly seems possible, you look so young; but I know that you have daughters almost my own age. Papa was so glad of that."

Dick had suddenly grown scarlet, and she released her hands from his with the reflection of his embarrassment on her own face.

"You take me for my oldest brother," he said, gravely. "I have had neither time nor thought to tell you that Thomas begged me to come here in his place, for he was unavoidably called to Philadelphia. Had I kept my senses about me, I should have told you at first, but — I pitied you so " —

"You really did know papa?" faltered Florence, in a trembling voice. "You were not merely pretending to be your brother?"

"Know your father? Of course I did. I knew you too, Miss Weir. I can perfectly well remember dining at your house in Gramercy Park; that you came in and danced on the table afterwards, even that you wore pretty gray kid boots!" cried Hazlehurst, so desperately in earnest to prove himself a veritable old friend that his vehemence made her smile a little.

She had sat down by the window and her chill little hands that he had warmed so tenderly in his own were crossed on her black lap. "I have lived in a great many places," she observed. "We left our home in Gramercy Park when I was little more than five. Now I am almost eighteen."

"I supposed you were considerably younger," rejoined Dick, also sitting down, but continuing to stare at her. He had enjoyed it more standing before her holding her hands. His own, indeed, had a curious feeling, as if they missed the clasp of lost treasure; but he resolutely put all nonsense from his mind, and attacked the practical part of his duties, having acquitted himself of his sentimental ones.

He inquired about her luggage, and made a memorandum concerning it. He showed her a time-table, and decided that she must eat a substantial lunch before setting out for the country. This little trip had suddenly assumed the proportions of an excursion into paradise, and when he finally undertook it the journey more than redeemed all his anticipations. They had lunch together. They had a drive together in a close carriage to the piers. They crossed the river together, and, as if the two had been sailing over distant seas into strange and storied kingdoms, the waters were blue around them, and on the sky overhead enchanted clouds floated across the luminous azure. Many a journey had Hazlehurst taken, in pursuit of careless pleasure, up and down the earth, with less delight than he now experienced in the few moments that he stood on the deck with Florence's hand drawn tight under his arm and the fresh wind in their faces. He seemed to be traveling into the wonders of a glorified world with this young girl. At his suggestion she had put aside that heavy veil of crape; the rough wind, chopping about, blew it across his eyes, and she looked up and laughed with the light laughter illuminating all her face. Oh, heavens! Clearly this must not be the end of his taking her about the world and finding every moment new pleasures.

His journey back was different. Such gloom could be brightened only by the prospect of seeing her again shortly. He did not like the looks of that grim Mrs. Wylie, and dreaded lest this terrible aunt should not be tender with his beautiful Florence. He remembered that his brother had said that the old lady had lost half of her little property by her brother's failure, and it was abominable to the young man to reflect upon the feminine spite which might sling its envenomed arrows at the innocent orphan. Here was he, young, rich, alone in the world; here was, too, a tender-hearted, beautiful creature alone in the world! Then he remembered what chill, fluttering birds her hands were until he took them in his own — But we must not disclose the feverish dreams of an ardent young man whose real warmth of feeling was suddenly aroused for the first time.

As soon as Thomas Hazlehurst returned to town he went out to see his ward, and came back enthusiastic over her beauty and doubtful about his wisdom in sending her to her aunt's.

"Mrs. Wylie has not the soul of an ant, to say nothing of an aunt," said he. "She has told the poor child over and over that her father defrauded her out of her fortune. Florence begged me to get her something to do at once. She says she can work; she minds little how hard she works if only she can be independent."

These words put Dick at fever heat. He was no philosopher, and it seemed to him the reverse of right that any one, particularly a young and beautiful woman, should have misfortune to endure. He hankered not only after happiness for himself, but happiness for the beautiful young woman as well. This hidden fire which consumed him had played small part in his engagement to Irene, and now, after the prose of a conventional betrothal, awoke to give him considerable trouble about Miss Weir. He thought of her so incessantly that the babble about unimportant matters which went on among the men and women he met was an interruption, and accordingly he dropped out of his place at the clubs and other social haunts. If he tried to read, by some singular fatality before he had reached the bottom of his first page a word or sentence was sure to strike the electric chain of association, and he would drop the book to go on thinking about her. Then when he slept, such dreams as visited him were not the visions to cool an awakened fancy; and when a young man becomes addicted to this sort of folly, it is well to make some earnest effort to get rid of these unprofitable painted bubbles of imagined reality, and to put substance in their place.

When Dick decided that it was of no use trying to endure this state of inaction any longer, he calmly went down and consulted Mr. Thomas Hazlehurst upon the propriety of his going into the country and offering himself to Florence that very afternoon.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated brother Tom. "You have hardly got over being engaged to Irene Van Voorst."

"Begging your pardon, the thing was over and done with two months ago."

"How many times have you seen Florence?"

"Five times, — no, seven times."

"Seven times? How many weeks has she been in this country?"

"Almost four weeks," said Richard, gravely.

"Well," remarked Thomas Hazlehurst dryly, "all that I can say is this: if you have come to such a pass that you go out to New Jersey to see a girl seven times in three weeks, you had better take the trip once more and conclude the matter. Besides, Mrs. Wylie is not the woman to allow such proceedings without some pointed feminine observations and decided opinions which might make Florence uncomfortable. I never approve of a man's paying such particular attentions that his intentions become a matter of remark before they are declared. As Miss Weir's guardian, sir," here he frowned majestically, "I must request you either to offer marriage or to withdraw at once."

Thomas Hazlehurst went back to his papers with a grim smile, and Dick at once set off to make his proposal, glad that whatever obstacles he need encounter lay behind the mystery of dark, wonderful eyes and the maddening sweetness of a smile frank as a waking child's. He arrived at Mrs. Wylie's house at a propitious moment; the old lady had set ceremoniously forth upon a round of visits, and Florence was alone. With the briefest possible prelude he enlightened her upon the object of his preceding errands, and acquainted her with the secret of his present quest. He was wildly in love, and in any intoxication one expects some little inspiration; he told his story well. His confession was absolute, and as interesting to Florence as such confessions may be when listened to with eyes drooping, ears thrilling, hearts beating.

"I think," she faltered, when after a time he grew silent and seemed to be

taking her answer for granted, "I think — I am afraid — it is too soon."

Dick laughed irrepressibly. "How much do you know about it?" he asked. "What is your usual habit under present circumstances?"

"But," cried Florence, "people wait a long time, usually, before — before — I am sure I have heard so," she added, lucidly.

"It seems to me," observed Dick, drawing her towards him, "that I have already waited a life-time;" and it was evident that no doubt existed in his own mind about their being engaged. He experienced a deep, soul-felt rapture as he looked into her exquisite face and met her rich, softly-withdrawing eyes.

This sort of engagement differed in some essentials from his former one. Irene was very piquant, very bewitching, but her blue eyes had never fallen helplessly beneath his, nor had her hands ever learned this trick of fluttering into his, like strayed birds back to their mother's wing. Irene had a dispassionate conviction regarding the uselessness of caresses in general, and an over-just sense of the absurdity of his kissing her in particular. Somehow, this bewildering charm of coy girlhood was as new to Hazlehurst as if he were twenty instead of twenty-eight. He knew nothing about Florence except that she was divinely fair and that he loved her irresistibly. Indeed, it is doubtful whether there was anything more subtile about her than the fact that she was preëminently beautiful and good, and that in loving she had the charm of giving her heart without reserve and becoming what love might make of her. She told her simple history, full of heart-breaks, and he poured out his own confessions impetuously, his handsome face flushed and excited in his new-found joy.

"I did not dream that you had been engaged before," murmured Florence, pensively. "Has it been over long?"

"Nine weeks," returned Dick, half laughing, half grave.

"Why was it over — Richard?"

Ah, such rare delight in hearing her pronounce his name with rising blushes!

"I could hardly make you understand, Florence. It was the aggregate result of a thousand accumulated troubles. We were never intended for each other, — in fact, the thing was broken off because a happy fate had you in store for me, my beautiful darling!"

"But what happened finally?" Florence coaxed.

Dick looked foolish. "She was embroidering," said he, a little embarrassed, "and asked my opinion about a leaf. I told her I hated those stiff pre-Raphaelite patterns, everything vertical and horizontal, without a natural feature to any flower. Then she quoted something at me out of a book, and I shrugged my shoulders. . . . After that she decided we were better apart. Her aunt was going to Europe the day following, and she joined the party."

"You could never have cared for each other," said Florence, gazing at him with a beautiful, tender smile. "I suppose you both had made a mistake. Fancy, now, *our* separating because you did not like my embroidery!"

This was delicious; yet Hazlehurst wished that he had not told Florence about his former love affair; not that he would have kept a thought of his heart a secret from her, but because this suggestion of Irene had descended upon his fresh rapture, his delicious repose of soul, startling him into uneasy reminiscences and alarming him with dim presentiment. Of late he had not thought of Irene at all, and why now, after parting in the tenderest manner from Florence, — why, I say, was Irene still the background of all his thoughts, while he exhausted his brain in mental arguments to sustain himself in his infidelity to his old engagement? This was the more curious because he had really, for the last few weeks, entirely forgotten Miss Van Voorst. He had sent off that sentimental little note from the club, and with it his final sigh of regret; the next morning he had met Florence, and life after that experience had been too engrossing to allow him useless memories. Why, then, at this climax of his joy, should the apparition of Irene suddenly arise?

He tried to rid himself of this pertinacious spectre by dwelling upon the joys of a married future with Florence for his wife. Alas, the thought of the girl to whom he had but just plighted his troth became fainter and fainter, and instead of Florence it was Irene who usurped imperious sway over his dreams. It was the brilliant little creature to whom he had bade good-by nine weeks before who now seemed to stand beside him, calm, authoritative, witty, smiling as of old. When he reached his rooms on Thirty-Sixth Street, he was so taken possession of by her image that it was no surprise to encounter a note from her at once, although he supposed that she was in Paris. He read it, growing paler and paler, and then flung himself into a chair.

"By Jove!" said he, "I thought the devil was in it somehow!"

He sank into gloomy reverie, from which he emerged only when the clock struck half past five; he then started, picked up the note, and read it again.

DEAREST DICK, — It was such an absurd mistake for us to quarrel that as soon as I received your letter I set out for home. It seemed to me you would know that I was coming. I actually believed you would be waiting for me when the steamer came in. Of course that was fanciful and superstitious on my part. I hope you have not laid my nonsense to heart. You know quite well that all you so generously say I have been to you in the past you have been to me, and more. But we can talk the matter over at leisure. Sister begs that you will come around to dinner. If you reach here by six you will have a chance to see me alone. IRENE.

Thursday, three P. M.
West Thirty-Fifth Street.

"What am I to do?" groaned Hazlehurst. It was by this time quarter to six. Whatever else he did, he must not let a girl sit three blocks off expecting him while he sulked at home deciding upon some sufficiently cold-blooded course of action. He was under the shock of too overwhelming a surprise to feel dejection; all he experienced was a growing wonder how he should act in this emergency. His newly gained bliss was at that moment hardly blissful to him. With Irene's note lying in sight, and with the certainty of Irene, exquisitely dressed, waiting for him in the familiar place at her brother's house in the next street, the thought of Florence became legendary and dream-like. Physical inclination always yearns back towards the old familiar custom, and positively, when he had put on his dress clothes, taken his overcoat on his arm, and was turning around two Fifth Avenue corners, he was more occupied in thinking of Irene than of any woman on earth. She had a heart, after all, he was saying to himself; indeed, she must love him to distraction, or she would hardly have given up her European travel for him! When he reached the house he ran lightly up the once familiar steps and rang the bell; then, when Edward opened the door, said, "How are you, Edward? The ladies in the drawing-room yet?" And that functionary answered, "Mrs. Van Voorst is not down, sir, but Miss Irene is there," just in the old way. And almost before Edward was out of sight in his pantry, two little hands pounced upon Hazlehurst and drew him into the great dim parlors, and a little blonde head was pressed against a dinner waistcoat, and a broken little voice was murmuring, "Oh, forgive — forgive — dear old Dick — dear old darling — so unhappy — so glad — so wretched" —

And what response was Hazlehurst to make? He was the most chivalrous of men, and with a grain of chivalry about him what could he do but kiss her twice or thrice at every plea for forgiveness?

"Naughty boy!" said Irene, recovering herself. "As soon as I saw that letter dated from that wicked club, I knew that nothing would answer except my coming home to take care of you. Glad to see me?"

He kissed her again. There are times when kisses mean more than words; again, they may mean less.

"Confess that you needed me to keep you in order," she said, with a pouting, mutinous glance. Although not beautiful, she was a charmingly pretty creature. Then she always wore French dresses, her waist was narrow, her form delicious, and she took costume like a successful comedy actress. As for her face, it was bright, determined, imperious, shadowed by golden hair miraculously crimped and fluffed; her eyes were blue and sparkling, her nose saucy, and her lips coral in color and of a pretty, rebellious pattern. "You shall kiss me no more!" she declared magnificently. "I do not know where you learned such free and easy manners. Never from me, Dick, — never from me."

"You were never so bewitching before!" cried poor Hazlehurst, feeling the old half-sweet, half-torturing thralldom creeping over him.

"You are looking well, too," mused Irene, scanning him with a charming smile; "at least, as well as a man can look in a mustache. I noticed at my first glimpse of you that you had the air of a criminal." Dick laughed, as if he were amused. "I thought," she went on more softly, "that I could live without you, but we both found that we reckoned without knowing. Just as I was applauding myself for stoicism, your letter came. All my interest in Paris vanished like a dream. I felt a demon of jealousy gnawing at my heart" —

"You were jealous?" Dick ejaculated, aghast.

"Jealous of your club, of your amusements, and of all your distractions, you naughty boy! So I shot home like an arrow. And here I am, dreadfully ashamed of my foolish doings, but oh, so glad, — so awfully glad to see you."

"My dear, good little girl," gasped Dick.

Then, to put Hazlehurst on his guard against accepting her little bursts of temper as having any foundation, she unfolded to him the real story of their quarrel. The recital was long, and there were plenty of digressions, for she based every argument upon the incontestable fact of her loving him so well that his indifference to many things she was interested in put her in a passion. "But you may be sure," she added, "that if I seem to hate you, it is only because I love you too much."

"I am not worthy of you!" said Dick.

"Bah! it's I who am not good enough for you, — that is, when you are at your best. I will confess to you that I suspect you of backsliding without me, but when I am in New York promise me that you will not go near that horrid club."

"With all my heart. A club is a mere *pis aller*. If women only knew how easily men at clubs learn to detest each other, they would soon cease talking against them. You all envy us our life; you think us butterflies, — we are mere grubs."

"That must come off," said Irene, with a gesture of her fairy hand towards his short upper lip.

"My mustache?" cried Hazlehurst, the instinct of self-preservation aroused. "Never. Am I to lose the only comfort I have had the last few weeks?" (Ah, Dick Hazlehurst, no wonder you blushed at that naughty asseveration.) "Have I endured that wretched time when I was afraid to look at my own reflection in the glass, but dreaded a thousand times more to meet any of the fellows abroad? It has taken fully two months to become the thing of beauty it is, and I intended it should be a joy forever. Confess you like it, Irene; you know it is becoming."

"It may be becoming," said Irene, tartly, "but I never like a mustache. Please, Dick, cut it off at once."

He bemoaned himself gently; he told her what a blessing this resource had been when he found himself at the end of his engagement, — something to live for.

She consoled and petted him. "I shall like you so much better without it. A man with a mustache is like a popinjay, or rather like a high-class ape. When I see one I think no more research is required for the connecting link between the races. Don't twirl the odious thing, Dick. If you care anything for me, Dick, you will cut it off at once."

Hazlehurst quailed; he always did quail before Irene. "All right," he returned, with a forced laugh. "All right, Irene. I may keep it on during dinner, may I not? Here comes Mrs. Van Voorst. How do you do, Mrs. Van Voorst? Got your invitation to dinner, and came around at once. I had no idea Irene was back again. Delightful surprise, is it not?"

Mrs. Van Voorst was a large woman, with a handsome face and figure, an abstracted look, and a sweet, drawling voice. "Yaas. I was startled out of my senses when I came in to lunch from shopping and found her here. Had she not returned, I suppose you would never have come near the house again, Mr. Hazlehurst."

"I give you my word," said Dick, "I have been coming more than twenty times, but I did not feel sure what was the correct thing to do when" —

"We did not throw you over, even if Irene was so foolish," drawled Mrs. Van Voorst. "Well, the key is found, the problem solved, is it?" she asked, turning her calm, large gaze from Irene to Dick, and from Dick to Irene.

"Oh, yes," returned Irene, decisively; "that nonsense is all over. It was only I who behaved badly. Dick was as good as gold. I wonder you wanted me back, Dick; you will have a dreadful wife unless I reform."

"I hate reformed people," said Dick, with a ghastly smile. "I like you very well now."

Then Van Voorst came in and greeted his future brother-in-law with hilarity, and they all went down to dinner. It was a good dinner. Van Voorst did that sort of thing as well as any man in New York, and while Hazlehurst ate and drank, a sort of sweetness and serenity stole over his tortured soul. Besides tumultuous emotions of pleasure, he had been called upon to experience a marring sense of doubt, embarrassment, and dread, but now he became conscious of a gradual evaporation of his doubts and dilemmas; halting indecision died the most natural of deaths with Irene just across the table, more charmingly piquant than ever, telling him all the droll things that had happened to their party in Paris.

When they went up-stairs, the action was so natural that Hazlehurst gave it not a second's thought: he drew Irene into the little back parlor which had already seen three years of his love-making, and dropping down beside her on the crimson velvet sofa put his arm about her waist.

"No, Dick, you are not going to be sentimental," said Irene, promptly withdrawing to the other end of the sofa. "I was only too good-natured before dinner, and now you must behave yourself. Here have I been telling you everything I have done and seen and said and thought since we parted, yet not a word have you given me in return about your own occupations. I want to hear everything."

"Really, I don't know what I could tell you likely to interest you," answered Dick, stretching out his long legs with an easy air which successfully covered his guilty consciousness. "Evenings, particularly, I have had a dull time."

"Have you not paid visits?"

"No. Whom on earth did I want to see in New York?"

"Poor, darling Dick!"

He slid closer to her.

"Did you not go to the theatres?"

"Occasionally."

"To Wallack's and the Fifth Avenue and Union Square, I suppose?"

"Ye-es, — yes," said Dick.

"I hope you had none of those horrid late suppers afterwards?"

"Don't ask embarrassing questions, dear," replied Dick, blandly, "and then you will not embarrass me."

"But you might think of my wishes, Dick."

"You were — you were in Europe, Irene. The fact is, I did just what the other fellows did. I don't set up to be better than my neighbors, but on my soul I don't call myself worse. I tried staying home at first. I give you my word that for a week after our — after you went to Europe, I mean, I used to put on my slippers when I came in after

dinner, and pile about a hundred books on my table, and read and read until" —

"Until you fell asleep, I suspect, you dear old goose!"

"Precisely. It was dreary work. My own society palls upon me in the long run."

"What did you read?"

"Oh, I read part of Daniel Deronda. You know you were thoroughly vexed with me for putting it off so long; accordingly, I went through the first volume and began the second."

"Why did you not finish it?"

"I could n't stand Mordecai. I really could n't, you know. Does he die before the end of the book?"

"Yes."

"In that case I will finish it. I want to know what becomes of Gwendolen, — poor little Gwendolen! But Mordecai is a superfluity and a bore."

"Mordecai is a lofty-souled enthusiast."

"Just so. Well, I don't like lofty-souled enthusiasts. I feel sorry for anybody far gone in pulmonary consumption, but for all that if he tried to join our club we would blackball him remorselessly. So unpleasant for Deronda. I can't abide the fellow; still, I confess to a profound pity for any man in the clutches of such an ancient mariner, — holding him with his glittering eye and" —

"You don't like Deronda?" cried Irene, her face scarlet, her eyes like two flames.

"Of course I don't like Deronda. Do you?"

"Like him?" shrieked Irene. "I worship him! I would kiss the ground he trod on! He is my purest and loftiest ideal of a man."

Hazlehurst laughed bitterly. "I dare say. But I assure you your loftiest and purest ideal is a confounded prig."

"*A prig!*"

"A prig. What else is a prig save a man who sets up with fine, pragmatical discourse to be better than the rest of the world? Then, as if it were not enough to be a pragmatical prig, I hear he finally turns out to be a Jew. A pragmatical prig with a long nose and a pronunciation resembling a man's with a cold in his head!"

Irene was white with wrath. "Daniel Deronda is a true, noble man," she said, glaring pale at Dick. "I do not wonder you men try to laugh at him," she went on, with withering scorn, "for you are all jealous of such traits; his grandeur dwarfs you into pigmies. Compared with you all, with your love of ease, your groveling standards, your petty vices, he is like a Greek god chiseled in purest marble."

"No doubt, — no doubt."

"He is like Guido's Archangel Michael, — such unruffled strength; such power without effort; such all-sustaining force, yet not a muscle strained."

"I give in."

"He is," pursued Irene, every word a lash, every glance a sword-thrust, "an ideal man; not the ideal of an imagination belittled by a knowledge of men as they are, but the ideal which is an impulse of a fresh, untried soul. One could kneel to such a man; one could adore him!"

"Could one marry him, Irene?"

"No!" retorted Irene, freezing; "he is not a sort of man with whom I could fall in love."

"*Oh*," said Dick, and smiled sweetly. "I yield, dearest; undoubtedly he is all you believe him to be. I yield to everything you say."

"'T is n't enough for you to yield when I convince you. I want you to have an instinctive perception of the good, the true, the beautiful."

"I have an instinctive perception where a good, true, beautiful woman is concerned," said Dick, establishing himself very close to her. . . . "Come, now, there goes out the gas in the front parlor. I know that signal. I must be off."

He sprang up, and she followed him into the hall. "Edith tells me there will be a Philharmonic to-morrow afternoon," she observed, "and that they will practice some of Götterdämerung. Come around to lunch, and we will go together. Edith has six tickets."

"Let me off from Wagner," implored Hazlehurst. "I 'm not up to liking Wagner."

"Neither were you up to liking Beethoven," said Irene, icily, "until I made you go with me to Thomas's symphony concerts. I long since learned what your excuses for incompetence are, — an apology for indolence, and a disguise for indifference. What more interesting engagement have you for to-morrow?"

"None, I assure you, — none!" ejaculated Hazlehurst, eagerly. "What time is lunch? One o'clock? I will be here, and then for the music of the future." He kissed Miss Van Voorst. Then his hand fumbled in his overcoat pocket, but meeting her glance he withdrew it as if he had found a live scorpion there.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried, "have you been so foolish as to take up smoking again?"

"Only a cigar now and then," he pleaded. "That is nothing for a man."

"It is suicide! Every doctor who dares be candid declares that tobacco tends to deaden thought and perception, to paralyze all healthy intellectual action. I saw a difference in you the moment you came in, — a kind of absent-mindedness, and it was the result of that odious smoking. Promise me to give it up again."

"I promise," said Dick, in a spent voice. "There are the cigars, — six of 'em. Take 'em, keep 'em for me, dear. But, by Jove, if you want to make a saint of me, you must lay hold and shield me from temptation."

"Am I not trying to?" she asked, with irresistible sweetness, and lifting herself on her tiptoes she put up her lips to kiss him. "Take off that mustache," she said afterwards, "and come to-morrow at a quarter before one. Perhaps you had better read over Götterdämmerung, that you may be prepared to appreciate it."

When he was finally in the street, the door closed upon him, Hazlehurst drew a long breath. "By Jove!" said he, and jammed his hat down over his eyes; "by Jove!" and thrust his hands into his pockets. He stood irresolute. Should he go to his club, or home to his rooms and face his trouble out? The longer he postponed his return to the grim spectre awaiting him at his fireside, the shorter his wrestle and vigil would be. A few games of cards or billiards would pass the time until he could, with any show of reason, seek his bed. But billiards did not amuse him, nor did five consecutive cigars promote mental paralysis, as Irene had predicted. It was twelve when he went home. Never had life seemed so insupportably dreary as when he entered his rooms, although his fire was in exquisite order, and his slippers and dressing-gown were warmed to a nicety. He sank into his easy-chair, and stared at the blazing coals for an hour without moving a muscle. Then, as the clock struck one, he rose with a sigh and drew off his boots, and was about to assume his slippers, when an overwhelming realization of his miserable dilemma struck him and roused him to pain like a red-hot iron.

"It seems," said he, bursting into impassioned, although inaudible soliloquy, "it seems like some farce, some damnable entanglement for gods and men to laugh over. Was ever a respectable man in such a position as mine? Poor, darling Florence, who trusted me so absolutely at four o'clock to-day!" As he thought of those quivering red lips, those dewy eyes raised to his, ungovernable pain and fury got the better of him, and he stamped about in his stocking-feet, conscious of nothing but misery.

"Who would have believed it?" he began again, after exhausting his energies, and, suddenly becoming aware of his unslippered feet, putting on the slippers which Irene's own white fingers had embroidered for him. "Why should I not have supposed Irene's decision was absolute? Was I to guess that she would melt at my foolish letter and come flying back to me? Could I have dreamed that any obstacle, the smallest impediment, lay in the way of my marrying another woman?" He gazed at the fire for twenty minutes in a state of utter mental chaos.

"How could I help loving Flossy?"

he asked himself. Then, a clear idea suddenly usurping supremacy, "I loved her the first moment I saw her, as I never loved a woman before. If I could marry her!" he sighed, heavily. "Yet, how can I marry her?" Chaos reigned again.

"But Irene is a trump," was the next defined thought which came to him in his extremity, "and in her way she is a devilish pretty woman, and not a girl in town can equal her for style. How clever she is!" A profound sigh. "I doubt if there are a dozen men on this continent who would not be overmatched by her in conversation. I always wondered at my good luck in getting engaged to her, for I can't hold a candle to her; yet she likes me, in spite of her cool airs and her affectations of prudery, — she likes me! I'm no coxcomb, but I'll be hanged if she is not right up and down fond of me."

A more genial look flitted across his features; he almost smiled at some delicious recollection, but caught himself at it, and pulling himself up in time he sighed again.

"What am I to do?" he asked, this time audibly, while he gazed defiantly at the fire. "What is to become of me? Both such devilish pretty girls, too!" he sighed, luxuriously. "They say," he reflected, after a season of vague and aimless reverie, "that no man ever got lost upon a straight road, but I would like to know whose crooked ways brought me here; not mine, I'll swear, — not mine." The clock struck three, obtrusively, and he glared at it angrily. "A man may be engaged to two women," mused Hazlehurst, feeling unmistakably the wear and tear of his day and evening, "without coming to grief, perhaps, but he can't safely marry two women. I have got to end the matter on one side or the other; which shall it be? I think I see myself telling Irene that she has taken too much for granted in coming back! Poor little Irene! she is the proudest woman alive; it would be base, unmanly, brutal, to undeceive her. She measures my constancy by her own, — good, single-hearted little girl, — never guessing that the moment she left me I took advantage of my freedom by falling impetously in love with another and a very different woman. She thinks me unstable as water now; what would she think if she knew all!" He questioned that inward monitor whose monitions had failed to keep him faithful, but with little result.

"I would die before I let her know how I have betrayed her trust," he said to himself, bringing down his hands on the arm of his chair. "She has the best right to me, no doubt. She has liked me ever since she was a little girl, God bless her." The tears rushed to his eyes; he covered his face with his hands, a picture of utter wretchedness.

"But how can I enlighten Florence?" he went on, goaded by his fatal extremity. "Can I, a being who pretends to walk upright upon the earth instead of crawling, — can I tell a young, gentle, beautiful girl, unused to the world, ignorant of all possibility of mistake, that I won her first pure, fond kisses under a false pretense? that I — By Jove, no, — I could no more do it than I could thrust a knife into her warm white throat."

He rose to his feet and flung up his arms. "I shall go mad," he told himself, "unless I end this. Yet I must sleep."

He put aside irresolution, argument, and the necessity for decision for the present, and prepared for bed. It is easy to doff habiliments worn by day, and assume those congenial to unbending and repose; it is easy to put out one's light and create a darkness which seems thick enough to hide all the troubles of the world; it is easy to put one's head upon a pillow, even to close one's eyes; and these are to most moderately fortunate people the sure preliminaries of peaceful and blameless slumber. But when Hazlehurst's head was on his pillow, his firelight screened, his gas turned out, his mental vision became only the more keen. His horizons widened, and instead of seeing only himself and his individual interests, with mere vague and conjectural results for others unhappily connected with him, the full con-

sequences of his predicament glared in upon him. When the clock struck five, there emerged from the bedroom, into the firelighted dusk of his sitting-room, a wrappered and slippered figure. He drew a match and flashed the light across his gas-jet, which flamed high and burned with a roar. He went to his writing-desk, and without a moment's indecision snipped off two equal slips of paper from a blank sheet; he wrote a single word on each, put them on the table face downwards, and turned them around with his eyes fast shut. Then, reversing his position, he extended his hand behind him, drew one of the papers, and read the name. While he looked at it his face wore a look of poignant anguish. The meaning of these occult proceedings was that he had cast lots to see whether he should give up Florence or Irene. The name he had drawn had been Florence. She was to be the modern Iphigenia sacrificed that Irene's fortunate winds might blow.

II.

Hazlehurst rose that morning at eight, with a belief that he had not once closed his eyes, but had he been closely questioned his reminiscences of the hour preceding and succeeding dawn would have been of the faintest. It is a fact that no man ever lay awake all night without feeling proud of his achievement, and Dick experienced a melancholy pleasure in measuring the tortures of the ordeal he had passed through. He was faint and worn out, and, since his trial by lot, had succumbed from his mental struggle. Florence was to be given up, but the details of his coming explanation to her he had not yet grappled with. He trusted a good deal to her intuitions, for a woman's intuitions are proverbially known to be more incisive and unerring than man's reason. The moment he spoke, her swift feminine divination would supply his meaning, just as the chorus of a Greek tragedy fills up the deficiencies of the lofty dialogue. Such convictions of the ease with which the troublesome affair was to be concluded inspired relief, and he had not yet thought of the part his own infatuation would play in the coming interview. The fact was that after yesterday's excitements his capacity for feeling was for the moment exhausted: what he called his stoicism was merely the result of his enfeebled powers.

Before nine o'clock he was in the street; twenty minutes later he was in a stage well down Broadway, on his way to take the 9.15 train into the country. All his friends who caught a glimpse of him asked each other to whose funeral Hazlehurst was going, he had such a woe-begone face. He sat on the east side of the stage, pale, rigid, his lifeless eyes fixed on vacancy. Now and then a sort of spasm crossed his features, as a dumb longing tugged at his consciousness, but in general he felt nothing but icy calm, and realized to the full the imperativeness of the motives which urged him towards the girl he loved, to undo the sweet promises of yesterday.

Suddenly, however, as he neared Ninth Street, the color flamed to his temples, his eyes lighted up, he smiled exultingly; and pulling the check he rushed from the omnibus, and before the horses had fairly stopped he was on the curb-stone, his eager hands grasping a little hand in a black kid glove, and his eyes gazing into the dark splendors of the eyes that blinded him to everything else on earth. Resolutions, scruples, dreads, these were gone, —

> "Gone like the winds that blew
> A thousand years ago."

To look into this girl's face and resolve in cold blood to renounce her! Nobody could renounce her unless he was a stock, a stone.

"Was ever anything so lucky?" he was saying. "I was just on my way to you."

"So early?" she asked, archly. "I thought you might be out on the train which brought you yesterday." Here he pressed the hand he held, and she blushed deeper than ever. "I am going back at that time, and it occurred to me that it would be no end of a surprise for you to find me on the boat."

"I prefer this. What are you doing now?"

"I am shopping for aunt Lucy. I was just about to cross to Stewart's."

Was ever an experience so novel and delicious as this taking her across the crowded thoroughfare, which she encountered bravely enough clinging to his arm? How beautiful she was! She was glowing as only eighteen years can glow; her heavy crapes threw out the more clearly her pure, well-cut features, the whiteness of her skin, the redness of her lips, and the richness of her low-braided hair. Nothing and nobody could help loving her. The very ruff about her milky throat seemed to lie there tenderly, even worshipingly. As Hazlehurst followed her from counter to counter, he gazed at her with silent rapture. He answered her little appeals to his judgment and good taste with an easy decision which was habitual to him with her, because she believed in him so devoutly. There was a subtle consciousness behind all these half-finished questions and answers which made up their conversation, these glances from eyes to eyes, these tremors and changes of color, that rendered this low prose of small shopping a rare phase of highly poetic intercourse.

Hazlehurst dismissed self-questionings. All his thoughts, all his contrivances, were to enjoy the fleeting morning hours. If his consciousness did once or twice revert to his dilemma, he told himself that whatever happened he could never give up Florence. Come what might, this sweet and shy divinity must be his; he loved her more dearly every moment, and their joy in each other was like that of two fond children who had strayed apart, but now had met once more, and felt the rapture of clasping longing hands again. Any inward debate to which Hazlehurst listened for a moment was about the feasibility of dropping his engagement to accompany Irene to the rehearsal, and after he had telegraphed to her that unavoidable business called him out of town for the day he abandoned himself wholly to the pleasure of the moment. The circumstances through which he was passing with Florence had occurred to him before, but with a difference, and showed him while he was with her that no other love could be permissible to him. Susceptibilities, which aroused hitherto had merely made him hesitate before action, now, instead of passive insight, became prime movers of passionate action and suprême result. In quality and breadth his love for her was like the unforeseen inheritance of a fortune, which put everything, hitherto unattainable, within his reach. Come what might, he swore for the hundredth time he would never resign Florence, nor this wild tumult of fancies which simultaneously soothed him with the sweetest hopes and stung him with longing.

He took her home, of course, but by six o'clock he was again at his chambers in town. While with Florence he had been in the highest spirits; there had been an interval of violent happiness when he had sat alone with the young girl at her aunt's and placed a diamond ring on her finger, whispering that it was soon to be followed by a prettier ring yet, — the prettiest ring in the world, — a wedding-ring! His joy had been the fiercer, perhaps, because he knew that he would have to suffer for it. There was no doubt about his present suffering; his only uncertainty was whether any bliss would not be over-dearly bought by such tortures.

Yet supreme agony is not always incompatible with a nice regard for appearances, and as Hazlehurst was going out to dinner he bestowed some pains upon the adjustment of his necktie and chose his gloves with discrimination. He had promised twenty-four hours before to make one of a small dinner-party at Mrs. Van Voorst's, and to go afterwards with the rest of the company to a gay wedding and reception, and he not once thought of faltering before the performance of his duty. He had no dread of meeting Irene under these circumstances; he was almost too wretched to dread anything, and in a roomful of people would have every motive for self-control. Thus kept up to the mark, he believed that in intercourse with Miss Van Voorst,

let him but have his senses about him, some loop-hole of explanation and escape must occur to him. Then, too, she was a shrewd little woman of the world, and feminine intuitions must work their traditional miracles.

"I used to suppose," he mused as he went out, "that a sort of chasm, which nothing but a tremendous fall could bridge over, divided an honorable man from a scamp. I see, now, there is a gradual descent of shallow but slippery stairs." He could never, he argued, have taken a step deliberately which should give him pleasure, but cause suffering to any woman alive; yet here he was entangled by circumstances which, unless he soon extricated himself from them, proved him to be a coward and a traitor. He was not a man to be coerced by events even into wrong thinking. Self-accusation was the worst form of accusation for him, and he could have borne hard trouble better than this sickening, vitiating sense of remorse for the part he seemed to be playing, in spite of his own good intentions.

"Irene must be told," he said to himself as he went on to the dinner-party. "By Jove, I must not be what Hamlet tells about, 'a pipe for Fortune's finger to sound what stop she please.'" This morsel of Shakespearean wisdom pleased him so well that he repeated this statement of his succinct resolve not to be played on any more some half dozen times before he rang Van Voorst's door-bell.

There were already eight people in the room; hence Irene merely put up her gold eyeglass when he came in, nodded, and extended a tiny gloved hand. Hazlehurst bowed over it, and crossed to the fire-place, against which he leaned for the next fifteen minutes without vouchsafing a word after his greetings. He looked haughty and impassive, as it is easy enough for a tall man with good legs, broad shoulders, and a mustache to look, but he was merely absorbed in watching Irene, who sat opposite, at her ease, with her usual air of supremacy exacting a tribute of completer admiration than any woman present. Florence was more beautiful, and the gems lost in Irene's blonde hair would flash along the dusky braids of her rival like stars along the midnight sky; but for all that, something about Irene was in its way peerless. She was always a centre, imperious, yet with an irresistible archness; with an exquisite relish, a delicate appreciation, of every nice social point; she shone and sparkled as few women ever can. To-night she was in a ravishing toilette of *ciel* blue velvet and silk; there was a sort of electrical life and inspiration in her eyes and smile, and the very flutter of her fan; her careless little gestures had a positively magnetic effect upon Hazlehurst. He admired her easy caprice, her brilliance, her audacity; yet, trying to be faithful to some one, — not to have an utterly faithless heart, — he asked pardon, mentally, of Florence for allowing her sumptuous young beauty to be even momentarily effaced in his memory by the presence of this gay, sunny-haired Irene in her laces, velvets, and jewels. His face wore a look of struggle, and Miss Van Voorst was not slow to perceive it. She was at the helm of conversation, as usual, but was not too much engrossed to look at him twice or thrice with questioning gravity, and she finally went over and whispered to her sister-in-law.

"You are to take Irene out, please," drawled Mrs. Van Voorst in Dick's ear, a moment afterwards; and Dick, nothing loath, went over to Irene and offered her his arm.

"Luckier than I expected," he muttered. "I feared it might be a duty night for me."

"It ought to have been," said Irene, scanning him closely, "but you poor, dear fellow, you look ill, and I decided to let you have a good time. I had a terrible scolding ready for your not taking me to the Philharmonic! To tell the candid truth, I did not altogether believe in your telegram. Did you really go out of town?"

"I really did," answered Dick, flushing to his hair. "Awfully sorry about the Philharmonic."

"What ails you?" demanded Irene,

raising her keen blue eyes to his face. "You change color every moment, and your eyes have an unnatural brightness. I am afraid you are going to be ill."

"If I could only tell," thought the wretched man to himself; then he said aloud, "I have a confounded headache."

"The effect of that horrid tobacco," said Irene, tartly. "How many cigars have you smoked to-day?"

"Not one!" retorted Hazlehurst, triumphantly. "I have not touched a cigar since last night."

"You smoked five then, sir! I heard about you. Had you gone straight home and to bed you would have no headache to-night."

"Who told you about me?" cried Dick, furious with the babbler. "I did not suppose" —

"*Tout doucement.* 'T was nothing. Nobody meant to tell tales; but do you fancy, sir, I do not listen eagerly to anything I may hear about *you?*" and as they went down the staircase she looked up to him with the sweetest smile and the dearest little blush in the world.

Hazlehurst beamed and pressed her hand gently against his waistcoat. What less could he do under the circumstances? He must act his part to-night, he told himself, let what would come afterwards. He put by exaggerated fears, and with Irene to help him on fairly shone at dinner. His very dejection seemed to be *le fagot de son esprit.* But afterwards, thrown with Irene at the reception, he upbraided himself for his course towards her. Once or twice the confession was actually on his lips; then his heart failed him. He thus lost a half hour of golden opportunity, as they loitered in a dim conservatory together. Although one has a tongue and muscles to move it, even words at command, articulation is sometimes so difficult.

"You seem to be always beginning a sentence," said Irene, incisive as usual, "then turning it into something else. I believe there is something you want to say to me."

"There is, Irene," responded Dick, with a sudden and powerful tremor. "You always understand me; you seem to divine my most hidden thoughts."

He wished within his heart that she only would.

"My intuitions may be good for something when once aroused," she answered with some diffidence, "but I cannot undertake to penetrate the secrets of a man's heart. So tell me; you make me curious."

Hazlehurst looked at her with a wildly beating heart, his face crimson.

"Irene," he began, "Irene" . . . He leaned persuasively down towards her ear.

"There is nothing so real in the world as love between man and woman, is there?" he asked, feeling that by grasping generalities firmly he could more easily reduce them to particulars.

She gave him a charming glance. "So I thought, Dick, when I rushed back to you from Paris."

"Oh, Lord," thought Hazlehurst, "I don't believe a word about women's being brighter than men."

He answered her smile with a wavering, hysterical one.

"A man ought to marry a woman he really loves," said he in a melancholy tone. "You women know little about the scrapes we get into first and last."

"We know nothing about them," cried Irene fiercely, "because we despise the apologetic ingenuity of men in laying their misdeeds upon their" —

"You — you don't understand me," gasped Hazlehurst. "Suppose I — suppose a fellow — suppose now" —

"Suppose what?" demanded Irene, with flashing eyes. "Whenever I hear of men's predicaments I think of Horace Walpole's saying, 'There is no use in warning a man of folly if you do not cure him of being foolish.'"

"That is a very clever saying," observed Hazlehurst, with a just air.

"But what were you going to tell me? I really believe you had something vital to communicate," said Irene, looking at him with suspicious conjecture, and evidently regarding his postponed revelations as not to his advantage. There was by this time a melancholy absence

of anything like resolve in Hazlehurst's mind concerning the necessity of confession. His present anxiety was merely to bridge over this emergency and allay surmise, for against the shafts of Irene's freely expressed opinions and the clear, straight glances of her blue eyes he was powerless.

"I was thinking," said he boldly, "about Brooke and what a lucky fellow he is to-night. He was not engaged until long after we were, yet here he is married and happy as a king. Why people who love each other should put off the consummation of their engagement is more than I can understand. Why"—

"Don't scold me any more!" cried Irene, whose face had grown every instant more and more scarlet. "If that is what you are trying to say, say it frankly. I am not altogether so silly as I used to be."

Dick's heart almost ceased to beat. He looked at her until she withdrew her eyes in consuming embarrassment.

"We will talk about this to-morrow, Irene," said he gently, forcing himself to speak by a horrible effort. He felt sick body and soul, but he went on talking kindly to the girl at his side, who thought he wanted to hasten their marriage. Once or twice something in his tone struck her as unaccustomed, and she asked if his head ached. Yes, he told her, it ached abominably.

III.

The next morning Hazlehurst was worn out. He no longer believed in any possible peaceful solution; he yearned for some appalling retribution. He felt sick and was determined to be sick, and only got out of bed to write two notes, which he dispatched to the letter-box by the woman who brought his breakfast. One of these communications was answered in three hours by a note, a parcel of books, and three small phials containing white pellets; they were of course from Miss Van Voorst, and her words ran thus:—

My dear Richard, — I knew that you were sick last night, for you were in many ways so unlike yourself. There is no doubt but that you have an influenza cold coming on, and I send you the proper medicine. If there is a feeling like a tight band about your head, take belladonna and mercurias alternately every two hours, as the labels give directions. If your headache is a dull one, just between the eyes, alternate mercurias with the pulsatilla. Naturally, as soon as you are well enough you will come over here, and we will take care of you. It goes without saying that you are not to smoke, nor to touch wine or to drink coffee, while you are taking these remedies. I send you these books. I observed last night, at dinner, that you were not well read up on the Eastern Question, and this is a good time for you to post yourself. I have a busy day before me, but be sure that wherever I am I shall think of my poor, dear, suffering Dick.

Irene.

Irene's influence, thus directly exerted, ruled Hazlehurst so imperiously all that day that his only thought of Florence was one of poignant sadness, as of some exquisite possession irremediably lost. The following morning, however, a fresh force, nicely adjusted to certain requirements of his soul, caused Miss Van Voorst's image first to grow pale, then faint, finally to vanish for a time at least. In short, a note came from Florence. Perhaps there was rarely in the annals of love a *billet-doux* more cold and stiff, more prolix over unimportant details and cursory as to essentials; nevertheless it inspired its recipient with a wild joy. It was so delicious to Hazlehurst that she could not gather courage to address him by his Christian name, that she should bungle over the smallest allusion to their mutual understanding, that she should sign herself primly, "Yours," and nothing more. The unwontedness in love-making she disclosed so unconsciously in her maidenly shame at the first stirrings of an imperious sentiment made him prize her scanty rev elations of her pretty tumults of mind

with a full recognition of their worth. He was about to answer her letter; then, as he sat wrapped in his dressing-gown before the fire, smoking his well-colored meerschaum and reading a novel of Balzac's, it occurred to him that he might be better employed in completing his convalescence by a short trip into the country. Instead of writing these rankling little speeches he was meditating, he might make them to her with his own lips, watching the light in her eyes, the wavering flushes on her cheeks, and the laughter dimpling about her mouth as he scolded her for all the little enormities of omission and commission which he had discovered in her note. He forgot that he had decided to keep himself *hors du combat* until his feelings had time to cool; he forgot that he was sick; the temptation was too irresistible. Of course his conscience thundered at him; but what is conscience against inclination? — particularly when we can argue that in following the bent of our inclinations we are acting upon principle. The duty of an engaged man is to show tender devotion towards his *fiancée*. Hazlehurst was engaged, — very much engaged, as we have seen; hence, urged by duty, he put aside his slippered ease, shaved, dressed, and went out. Never had he felt more eager, more alert. It was a pleasure merely to be in the streets again, after his imprisonment. He was going into the country to see Florence, and he felt that true lover's longing to carry a gift to his beloved. She had confessed to him, with adorable simplicity, when he put the engagement ring on her finger, that she had the most foolish taste for ornament, and that she had always striven against it as a weakness. Hazlehurst thought such a weakness natural to a woman, and delicious to a man if he were but able to gratify it. He had considerable knowledge of jewels, and particularly fancied a certain kind of dog-collar necklace which would, he knew, admirably set off the long lithe whiteness of that beautiful throat. He passed from the street into a great jeweler's establishment and made his wants known, and was obligingly confronted with every expensive style of feminine adornment. He had bought jewels before, yet never with such necessity for critical nicety in selection: the thing must be elegant, but not over-superb; it must be at once beautiful, chaste, and sufficiently subdued in tone to suit mourning habiliments.

"Pearls," mused he, thoughtfully, "pearls and black enamel. Yes, pearls and black enamel are just what I want."

"Pearls and black enamel?" murmured a voice in his ear. "I cannot wear pearls and black enamel!"

He turned, growing pale to his lips. It was as if a spectre had suddenly confronted him, yet it was only Miss Van Voorst, exquisitely dressed, who had approached from the corner of the store, where Mrs. Van Voorst was having the screw of her watch tightened. They had both seen him come in, and had now advanced upon him unawares. Irene looked at first mischievous, then puzzled. Mrs. Van Voorst restrained her conjectures behind her usual air of passivity. Hazlehurst was a picture of detected guilt, and the man behind the counter displayed curiosity and interest. Hazlehurst's face had stiffened so that the muscles about his mouth seemed of the rigidity of ice, but he managed to go through some form of greeting, and gave Irene a look which aroused her sympathy and made her act for him.

"How pretty these are!" said she, turning the necklaces over. "Are you buying one, and may we help you in your choice?" She looked up in his face kindly and reassuringly, and gave his hand a little pressure as he clasped hers for an instant. "Are you better to-day?" she asked him, soberly.

"A little better," muttered the wretched man.

"Buying a necklace?" said Mrs. Van Voorst. "That is in our line, but not in yours, and you must take our advice. It ought to be for a lady in mourning," she added, fastening her dreamy eyes on Dick, "for I heard you say it must be of pearls and black enamel."

He nodded. "This is pretty," continued Mrs. Van Voorst, entering into the spirit of the affair, for she was never

so happy as when she was buying something. "Don't you think this the prettiest, Irene?"

"I like that better," returned Irene. "I advise you to take it," she added, with a queer little smile at Dick, who met it with a look of supreme torture.

"Shall I have it sent, sir?" asked the clerk, who felt an event in the air, but could not quite find the key to it.

Hazlehurst nodded again.

"While you are giving him the address," said Irene, with gracious tact, "Edith and I will go upstairs and look at some vases. We have a wedding present to buy, and if you have leisure you will find us looking at the porcelain." The ladies swept on, leaving the young man alone with his necklace.

"What address, sir?" inquired the clerk.

"Miss Van Voorst, West Thirty-Fifth Street," answered Hazlehurst, after one moment of miserable hesitation. He paid his bill, then went up and joined Irene, who was expatiating eloquently upon the beauty of some specimens of Limoges *faïence*. Now it is easier to find powers of articulation upon the subject of pottery than that of jewels, when the destination of the jewels may be predicted with infallible accuracy to be some young and pretty woman, but what particular young and pretty woman is unknown; accordingly Dick once more found his tongue. But he had, of course, to contend with embarrassment, and to struggle against the melancholy embitterment which possessed him. He knew himself not to be in the most honorable position in the world, but the deeper he found himself involved in duplicity the more necessary it seemed to him that he should acquit himself satisfactorily before the world; so he talked volubly about faïence, which was one of Irene's hobbies. That he should bungle and forget the marks and the dates was only to be expected, for, as Miss Van Voorst remarked, with her pretty scorn, he always bungled and forgot marks and dates, and could never perceive any appreciable difference between pottery and porcelain. After the Limoges vases were chosen, Hazlehurst took the vacant seat in the carriage, and went with the ladies to look at some new pictures, then to lunch with Mrs. Van Voorst's mother in Washington Square, and finally to a kettle-drum. It was all customary, facile, agreeable, but his one little torch went out, and all his brightness was spent. He was sore at heart. Irene's careless affection stung him with shame; her every look inspired poisoned regret. He could not tell what he wanted, nor which way his inclination turned; any chord will twang after too much tension. He could think with pleasure neither of Irene nor of Florence. His only joy was in despising himself.

When his social duties were over and he had accompanied the ladies home, he stopped a few moments in the fire-light with Irene.

"I am going with cousin Rebecca's party to Wallack's to-night," she said. "They have a box; I do not know which one, but you had better drop in."

He kept a constrained silence.

"Have you another engagement, Dick?"

"No, Irene, no other engagement to-night."

"Come, then."

"Perhaps I will, dear."

His tone of voice melted her whole soul. "Richard," she said, clinging to him, "tell me what ails you. Whatever it may be, I can help you to bear it. No matter if it hurts me, no matter if it lowers you in my sight; I have faith and belief in you, and to spare. I often am sharp and harsh with you, but at my heart there is no coldness; you must feel that, Dick."

If he could have spoken before, it was no longer possible for him to use the gross barbarity of answering her tenderness with his miserable explanation. He remained silent, she all the time looking into his face with her strong clear gaze. She was incapable of suspicious interpretation or coarse misrepresentation of his silence, and the penitential misery of his look touched her indescribably.

"Tell me one thing, Dick," she said quietly; "tell me if my sudden return has led you into any complications, — if

you are making any mistake out of consideration for me."

"I can tell you nothing, Irene!" he cried, hastily. "Nothing to-night, at least. I dare say nothing, I dare do nothing, until my proper course of action is clear to me. But I must declare this: that I never in all my life have loved you as I love you at this moment. I never before began to appreciate you. You are an angel, and I am unworthy to touch even the hem of your garment." He kissed her passionately, removed her hands from his arm, — for she would have detained him, — and went out.

After another twenty-four hours of wretchedness, the solution of Hazlehurst's dilemma was hastened by the receipt of a note from Irene: —

DEAR RICHARD, — I want you to come over quietly at half past eight and spend the evening with me. Edith will take Philip to a concert, and we can be quite alone. I am wiser about you than I was last evening, and think that I can promise you a prospect of pleasanter days than you have spent since my return. IRENE.

He set out before eight, for the moments crept in his suspense, but when he reached the door and placed his hand upon the knob his heart failed him. Three times he went up the steps, then descended, and passed and repassed the house. It was, however, but little after the appointed time when he was admitted and ushered into the presence of Irene. She was waiting for him, with a calm, grave face, and received him kindly. There was a softness about her which would once have filled him with delight; now it merely inspired compunctions.

"I received your note," he said, looking at her with a pale face as he took her hand.

"So I conclude," she returned, answering his gaze without the ghost of a smile.

"May I kiss you, Irene?" he asked.

She half laughed. "I really think you had better not, Dick," she replied, and, drawing her fingers from his, she went over and sat upon her favorite sofa. He continued to stand before the fire. "I found that necklace when I went to my room last evening," she went on calmly. "It was very good in you to send it, and perhaps it was ungrateful for me not to keep it; but I preferred that it should arrive safely at its proper destination, so I took it over to-day."

He went towards her swiftly. "What do you mean, Irene?"

She smiled her old mutinous smile. "I confess," said she, "that I was not fairly honest about the matter. I gave it to Miss Weir as a wedding present from myself. I told her you and I were old friends, — *old and dear friends*, Dick, — that I had a warm and tender interest in the girl who was to make your happiness, so ventured to bring her a trifle which should remind you both of Irene Van Voorst."

Hazlehurst caught her hand. "You torture me, Irene!" said he, in a hoarse, strained voice. "You know everything, and knowing everything you must despise me."

"Well, no, Dick, I don't despise you. When once I understood, I was not so dull as I had been" —

"How did you find out?" he asked, still in the extremity of anguish.

"I went down and questioned Mr. Thomas Hazlehurst," she replied, coolly. "Afterwards, I went over to call upon his ward and your promised wife."

"Believe me, Irene, when she gave me that promise, I had no more idea that you were coming back to me than that an angel out of heaven was to descend into my arms."

"I fully recognize my mistake," she said, flushing scarlet. "I thought your letter meant more than it did. I rushed back, presumptuous in my belief that I could open our book just at the page where I had turned down the leaf and closed it two months before. I did not dream how much deeper you would have read, — that a new heaven and a new earth had been revealed, that I was no longer all the world to you."

"I was faithful at first; I really was."

"Yes, until you fell in love, Dick."

He groaned.

"I was not philosophical at once," she went on, her tone a little clearer, her effort in speaking more evident. "I had my moment of bitterness, but after I had seen that lovely young girl, the most beautiful creature I ever met" — He gazed at her with a sudden change of color. She was conscious of a new gleam in his eyes, and broke off. It was not his fault, perhaps, that he thus opened to her instantaneously a vista of the higher hopes, the more ardent aspirations, which this new love of his had brought to him; that she thus tardily recognized in his face the effective magic of a real passion. He loved Florence with transport; he had never loved her in this way, and Irene was heavy at heart. But she put by her trouble, and went on. "She is not only beautiful, Dick," she said, generously, "but she is good. Her face is like an antique; then, too, she has a warm, loving, girlish heart."

"Is she not beautiful? Is she not good?" cried Hazlehurst. "I swear to you, Irene, that after I met her I was no longer master of myself."

Irene smiled another of her pathetic little smiles. "She told me how good you had been to her from the first. She was shy with me to begin with, because she knew that you and I were once more than friends, Dick; but after I had told her that it was over, absolutely over, she took pleasure in being frank with me, for, poor child, she had had no friend to confide in."

The tears rushed to Hazlehurst's eyes; he paced violently up and down the room a moment, then flung himself on his knees before Irene, took her hand, and kissed it as a Catholic kisses a relic of his saint.

"If you knew all, Irene," said he, "you would know that I have struggled — that my actions" —

"That your actions got ahead of your intentions, as usual," she retorted, laughing. But Hazlehurst did not laugh. "I have heard Florence's side of the story," said she, kindly; "now tell me yours."

He was but too ready to tell it. He had gathered feeling as she went on, until now he experienced this chance of disburdening himself of his emotion as a relief. He poured out his confession unchecked: his love for Florence, his joy in winning her; then his rebound of feeling, his yielding to the satisfyingness of his old easy customs of intercourse with Irene. Words which he could hardly have spoken except under passionate stress of feeling rushed freely to his lips, and the girl who listened, with a smiling face but a sickening heart, knew every moment more clearly that she was to bear her life henceforth robbed of its sweetest conditions.

"I told Florence," she observed, when finally he paused, "that you would be with her early to-morrow, Dick, and you must keep the promise I made, for she has missed you. If, as you seem to think, you have anything to be grateful for, you may easily requite the debt. I wish you would never, either now or in any of the coming years you will spend together, let her know that — that — that there has been any mistake between you and me about our relations the past few days. It would be kind to neither of us to make the disclosure to her; she has a tender heart which could easily be wounded, and I — I am a foolishly proud woman, Dick."

"I feel the most ungrateful fellow alive, as if — as if" — Hazlehurst gazed into her face, distractedly. "You are the best and sweetest girl in the world, Irene."

"Except one."

"I except none. I adore Florence, I love her madly, — but you — but you, Irene, had you kept me, you might have made the better man of me."

She smiled skeptically, and shook her head. Still, in her heart she believed him.

E. W. Olney.

MOONSHINE.

A BURLETTA IN ONE ACT.

SCENE. — An old-fashioned country-house near the sea-shore; a lawn in front, shut off from the road by a hedge of lilac bushes. Azalea-trees in tubs, pot-plants, etc. Miss MABEL seated on the lower steps of the piazza, indolently swinging her chip hat by the ribbons. In the middle distance is seen a small railway station of Gothic architecture, over which a thin strip of silvery smoke from a passing train still lingers. On the left, glimpses of the ocean through the apple boughs. Eight o'clock in the evening and broad moonlight.

Miss MABEL suddenly rouses from her listless attitude.

MABEL.

WHO goes there by the lilac trees,
Whistling as if "for want of thought"?

EDWARD.

Your cynic, madame, if you please,
Your Romeo — if you 'd rather not.

MABEL, laughing.

Oh, wherefore art thou Romeo?

EDWARD, softly closing the gate behind him.

I 'm not, unless you wish it so.

MABEL.

I don't. Be serious, Ned. Sit here,
And listen to me.

EDWARD, with a furtive glance at the parlor windows.

Yes, my dear.

MABEL.

Don't call me dear; I 'll not allow it.

EDWARD.

But then you *are;* you must avow it.

MABEL.

Don't speak so; I don't think it nice.

EDWARD.

But I meant — dear at any price.

MABEL, graciously.

That 's different, Ned. I 've no objection
To anything but your affection.

EDWARD.

You have it, Mabel.

MABEL.

Have it? What?

EDWARD.

Why, anything, of course, but that.

MABEL.

You got my note?

EDWARD.

Be sure I did.
Jemima brought it, — faithful maid, —
And I flew straightway here, as bid,
Leaving a carom match half played.
Prim little note! Each curlycue,
Each pause and dash, was full of you;
As if your own sweet breath had blown
The words to me by telephone!

MABEL.

Ned, I 'm so happy —

EDWARD.

So am I —

MABEL.

So happy; can you fancy why?

EDWARD.

Being with *me*.

MABEL.

That 's understood.
But guess.

EDWARD, looking around.

Your father —

MABEL.

Gone!

EDWARD.

For good?

MABEL.

For several days. As we sat down
To tea, a message came from town, —
Something about the savings-banks.
Papa was really quite low-hearted;
He says it 's owing all to Hayes.

EDWARD.

There 's no ill wind but some one thanks!

MABEL.

And, after supper, he departed.

EDWARD.

May Heaven increase his length of days!

MABEL.

In town?

EDWARD.

Precisely. Let him stay
From now until the first of May, —
To-day's the fifteenth! What a year
We two could have together here!
Fancy, what horseback rides at dawn!

MABEL.

What croquet parties on the lawn!

EDWARD.

What wanderings by the solemn sea!

MABEL.

What airs from Mignon after tea!

EDWARD.

What happy noons, I at your feet,
"Close latticed from the brooding heat"!

MABEL.

What picnics in the woodlands! What —

EDWARD.

Extensive cruises in my yacht!

MABEL.

And when the autumn evenings came —

EDWARD.

We 'd watch the blue curl of the flame
In the wide chimney.

MABEL. thoughtfully.

Yes, but look:
The butcher's and the grocer's book,
The coachman John, the gardener Joe,
Jemima's wages, oh, oh, oh!

EDWARD.

Nothing more simple: in the fall
Mortgage the house and pay them all.

MABEL.

Papa 'd like that!

EDWARD.

If he liked me,
Mabel, this very dream might be!
Ah, but we could be happy then.
He hates me!

MABEL, sententiously.

Yes, hates all young men.
Not you as *you*, I think, but all —

The rich, the poor, the short, the tall,
The light, the dark — impartially.

EDWARD.

An abolitionist! — I see
He 's ready to abolish me!
If I drop in at night, by chance,
Above his Evening Post he stares,
Watching my every turn and glance;
If I but brush your dress, he glares!
We go to ride, *he* goes to ride;
You sit outside, *he* sits outside.
Alert, suspicious, never quiet,
He treats me just as if I were
Some hungry South Sea Islander
Upon a nice-young-woman diet.
By Jove, since fathers first began,
(Invention of a fallen race!)
I think there never was a man
So wholly out of time and place,
So crotchety and full of whim —

MABEL.

Hush, Ned! I 'm all the world to him, —
Wife, son, and daughter.

EDWARD.

That may be;
You 're also all the world to me!

MABEL.

He had me first, Ned.

EDWARD.

Nonsense, stuff!
Well, then, he 's had you long enough.

MABEL.

Sometime, perhaps, he 'll think so too.
Meanwhile, see what 's befallen you!
For three whole days, if life endures, —
Papa being absent still, — I 'm yours.
Come, let us plan what we shall do.

EDWARD.

Do? Why, like Dr. Watts's bee,
Improve each shining hour, *D. V.*
For instance, since we hold our fate
In our own hands, we 'll sit up late
Here in the moonlight.

MABEL.

That 's agreed.
This is a shining hour indeed!
Hand me my cloud, please, — over there.

(He assists her in arranging the cloud.)

Thanks. No, not *that* way! Mind, — my hair!
Now for to-morrow, Ned. Proceed.

EDWARD.

To-morrow, at the rise of sun,
Two saddle-horses; lunch at one;
Mozart and poetry; at four,
John with the carriage at the door;
Home in the sunset; tea at seven;
Mabel and moonlight till eleven.

MABEL.

What for next day?

EDWARD.

Oh, just the same.

MABEL.

And Friday?

EDWARD.

Ditto.

MABEL.

But how tame!
A hop, a concert, something joyous, —
Charades?

EDWARD, leaning back against the step luxuriously.

'T would really but annoy us.
Why should I ask for company,
When you are all the world to me?

MABEL, suddenly.

Listen! I thought I heard a noise. . . .
It is — but no, it could not be.
Good heavens — papa! *Is* that his voice?

EDWARD, rising hastily.

The voice is certainly papa's!

MABEL.

He must have dropped from out the stars!

EDWARD.

More probably from out the cars!

MABEL.

We 're lost! Oh, Edward, 't was all your —

EDWARD, bitterly.

I sent for me? Oh, to be sure!

MABEL.

But *if it had not been for you*,
Would I have sent Jemima?

EDWARD, with confusion.

True!

PATERFAMILIAS, in linen duster, with large family umbrella and small traveling-bag, on which his monogram glares in gold thread, appears at the gate.

MABEL.

Quick! through the garden, down the lane! —

(Excitedly.)

Papa, what's happened?

PATERFAMILIAS.

Missed the train!
Who's that just left here? Oh, young Brown?
The rascal thought I 'd gone to town.
I got a message, . . . bank all right.

(Looking after Edward.)

Hullo! I say! young Brown! — *good* night!

Curtain.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE EUROPEANS.

IV.

A FEW days after the Baroness Münster had presented herself to her American kinsfolk she came, with her brother, and took up her abode in that small white house adjacent to Mr. Wentworth's own dwelling of which mention has already been made. It was on going with his daughters to return her visit that Mr. Wentworth placed this comfortable cottage at her service; the offer being the result of a domestic colloquy, diffused through the ensuing twenty-four hours, in the course of which the two foreign visitors were discussed and analyzed with a great deal of earnestness and subtlety. The discussion went forward, as I say, in the family circle; but that circle on the evening following Madame Münster's return to town, as on many other occasions, included Robert Acton and his pretty sister. If you had been present, it would probably not have seemed to you that the advent of these brilliant strangers was treated as an exhilarating occurrence, a pleasure the more in this tranquil household, a prospective source of entertainment. This was not Mr. Wentworth's way of treating any human occurrence. The sudden irruption into the well-ordered consciousness of the Wentworths of an element not allowed for in its scheme of usual obligations required a readjustment of that sense of responsibility which constituted its principal furniture. To consider an event, crudely and baldly, in the light of the pleasure it might bring them was an intellectual exercise with which Felix Young's American cousins were almost wholly unacquainted, and which they scarcely supposed to be largely pursued in any section of human society. The arrival of Felix and his sister was a satisfaction, but it was a singularly joyless and inelastic satisfaction. It was an extension of duty, of the exercise of the more recondite virtues; but neither Mr. Wentworth, nor Charlotte, nor Mr. Brand, who, among these excellent people, was a great promoter of reflection and aspiration, frankly adverted to it as an extension of enjoyment. This function was ultimately assumed by Gertrude Wentworth, who was a pe-

culiar girl, but the full compass of whose peculiarities had not been exhibited before they very ingeniously found their pretext in the presence of these possibly too agreeable foreigners. But Gertrude had to struggle with a great accumulation of obstructions, both of the subjective, as the metaphysicians say, and of the objective order; and indeed it is no small part of the purpose of this little history to set forth her struggle. What seemed paramount in this abrupt enlargement of Mr. Wentworth's sympathies and those of his daughters was an extension of the field of possible mistakes; and the doctrine, as it may almost be called, of the oppressive gravity of mistakes was one of the most cherished traditions of the Wentworth family.

"I don't believe she wants to come and stay in this house," said Gertrude; Madame Münster, from this time forward, receiving no other designation than the personal pronoun. Charlotte and Gertrude acquired considerable facility in addressing her, directly, as "Eugenia;" but in speaking of her to each other they never called her anything but "she."

"Does n't she think it good enough for her?" cried little Lizzie Acton, who was always asking unpractical questions that required, in strictness, no answer, and to which indeed she expected no other answer than such as she herself invariably furnished in a small, innocently-satirical laugh.

"She certainly expressed a willingness to come," said Mr. Wentworth.

"That was only politeness," Gertrude rejoined.

"Yes, she is very polite, — very polite," said Mr. Wentworth.

"She is too polite," his son declared, in a softly growling tone which was habitual to him, but which was an indication of nothing worse than a vaguely humorous intention. "It is very embarrassing."

"That is more than can be said of you, sir," said Lizzie Acton, with her little laugh.

"Well, I don't mean to encourage her," Clifford went on.

"I 'm sure I don't care if you do!" cried Lizzie.

"She will not think of you, Clifford," said Gertrude, gravely.

"I hope not!" Clifford exclaimed.

"She will think of Robert," Gertrude continued, in the same tone.

Robert Acton began to blush; but there was no occasion for it, for every one was looking at Gertrude, — every one, at least, save Lizzie, who, with her pretty head on one side, contemplated her brother.

"Why do you attribute motives, Gertrude?" asked Mr. Wentworth.

"I don't attribute motives, father," said Gertrude. "I only say she will think of Robert; and she will!"

"Gertrude judges by herself!" Acton exclaimed, laughing. "Don't you, Gertrude? Of course the baroness will think of me. She will think of me from morning till night."

"She will be very comfortable here," said Charlotte, with something of a housewife's pride. "She can have the large northeast room. And the French bedstead," Charlotte added, with a constant sense of the lady's foreignness.

"She will not like it," said Gertrude; "not even if you pin little tidies all over the chairs."

"Why not, dear?" asked Charlotte, perceiving a touch of irony here, but not resenting it.

Gertrude had left her chair; she was walking about the room; her stiff silk dress, which she had put on in honor of the baroness, made a sound upon the carpet. "I don't know," she replied. "She will want something more — more private."

"If she wants to be private she can stay in her room," Lizzie Acton remarked.

Gertrude paused in her walk, looking at her. "That would not be pleasant," she answered. "She wants privacy and pleasure together."

Robert Acton began to laugh again. "My dear cousin, what a picture!"

Charlotte had fixed her serious eyes upon her sister; she wondered whence she had suddenly derived these strange

notions. Mr. Wentworth also observed his younger daughter.

"I don't know what her manner of life may have been," he said, "but she certainly never can have enjoyed a more refined and salubrious home."

Gertrude stood there looking at them all. "She 's the wife of a prince," she said.

"We are all princes here," said Mr. Wentworth; "and I don't know of any palace in this neighborhood that is to let."

"Cousin William," Robert Acton interposed, "do you want to do something handsome? Make them a present, for three months, of the little house over the way."

"You are very generous with other people's things!" cried his sister.

"Robert is very generous with his own things," Mr. Wentworth observed dispassionately, and looking, in cold meditation, at his kinsman.

"Gertrude," Lizzie went on, "I had an idea you were so fond of your new cousin."

"Which new cousin?" asked Gertrude.

"I don't mean the baroness!" the young girl rejoined, with her laugh. "I thought you expected to see so much of him."

"Of Felix? I hope to see a great deal of him," said Gertrude, simply.

"Then why do you want to keep him out of the house?"

Gertrude looked at Lizzie Acton, and then looked away.

"Should you want me to live in the house with you, Lizzie?" asked Clifford.

"I hope you never will. I hate you!" Such was this young lady's reply.

"Father," said Gertrude, stopping before Mr. Wentworth and smiling, with a smile the sweeter, as her smile always was, for its rarity, "do let them live in the little house over the way. It will be lovely!"

Robert Acton had been watching her. "Gertrude is right," he said. "Gertrude is the cleverest girl in the world. If I might take the liberty, I should certainly recommend their living there."

"There is nothing there so pretty as the northeast room," Charlotte urged.

"She 'll make it pretty. Leave her alone!" Acton exclaimed.

Gertrude, at his compliment, blushed and looked at him; it was as if some one less familiar had complimented her. "I am sure she will make it pretty. It will be very interesting. It will be a place to go to. It will be a foreign house."

"Are we very sure that we need a foreign house?" Mr. Wentworth inquired. "Do you think it desirable to establish a foreign house — in this quiet place?"

"You speak," said Acton, laughing, "as if it were a question of the poor baroness opening a wine-shop or a gaming-table."

"It would be too lovely!" Gertrude declared again, laying her hand on the back of her father's chair.

"That she should open a gaming-table?" Charlotte asked, with great gravity.

Gertrude looked at her a moment, and then, "Yes, Charlotte," she said, simply.

"Gertrude is growing pert," Clifford Wentworth observed, with his humorous young growl. "That comes of associating with foreigners."

Mr. Wentworth looked up at his daughter, who was standing beside him; he drew her gently forward. "You must be careful," he said. "You must keep watch. Indeed, we must all be careful. This is a great change; we are to be exposed to peculiar influences. I don't say they are bad; I don't judge them in advance. But they may perhaps make it necessary that we should exercise a great deal of wisdom and self-control. It will be a different tone."

Gertrude was silent a moment, in deference to her father's speech; then she spoke in a manner that was not in the least an answer to it. "I want to see how they will live. I am sure they will have different hours. She will do all kinds of little things differently. When we go over there it will be like going to Europe. She will have a boudoir. She will invite us to dinner, — late. She will breakfast in her room."

Charlotte gazed at her sister again. Gertrude's imagination seemed to her to be fairly running riot. She had always known that Gertrude had a great deal of imagination, — she had been very proud of it. But at the same time she had always felt that it was a dangerous and irresponsible faculty; and now, to her sense, for the moment it seemed to threaten to make her sister a strange person who should come in suddenly, as from a journey, talking of the peculiar and possibly unpleasant things she had observed. Charlotte's imagination took no journeys whatever; she kept it, as it were, in her pocket, with the other furniture of this receptacle, — a thimble, a little box of peppermint, and a morsel of court-plaster. "I don't believe she would have any dinner, — or any breakfast," said Miss Wentworth. "I don't believe she knows how to do anything herself. I should have to get her servants, and she would n't like them."

"She has a maid," said Gertrude; "a French maid. She mentioned her."

"I wonder if the maid has a little fluted cap and red slippers," said Lizzie Acton. "There was a French maid in that play that Robert took me to see. She had pink stockings; she was very wicked."

"She was a *soubrette*," Gertrude announced, who had never seen a play in her life. "They call that a soubrette. It will be a great chance to learn French." Charlotte gave a little soft, helpless groan. She had a vision of a wicked, theatrical person, clad in pink stockings and red shoes, and speaking, with confounding volubility, an incomprehensible tongue, flitting through the sacred penetralia of that large, clean house. "That is one reason in favor of their coming here," Gertrude went on. "But we can make Eugenia speak French to us, and Felix. I mean to begin — the next time."

Mr. Wentworth had kept her standing near him, and he gave her his earnest, thin, unresponsive glance again. "I want you to make me a promise, Gertrude," he said.

"What is it?" she asked, smiling.

"Not to get excited. Not to allow these — these occurrences to be an occasion for excitement."

She looked down at him a moment, and then she shook her head. "I don't think I can promise that, father. I am excited already."

Mr. Wentworth was silent a while; they all were silent, as if in recognition of something audacious and portentous.

"I think they had better go to the other house," said Charlotte, quietly.

"I shall keep them in the other house," Mr. Wentworth subjoined, more pregnantly.

Gertrude turned away; then she looked across at Robert Acton. Her cousin Robert was a great friend of hers; she often looked at him, this way, instead of saying things. Her glance on this occasion, however, struck him as a substitute for a larger volume of diffident utterance than usual, inviting him to observe, among other things, the inefficiency of her father's design — if design it was — for diminishing, in the interest of quiet nerves, their occasions of contact with their foreign relatives. But Acton immediately complimented Mr. Wentworth upon his liberality. "That 's a very nice thing to do," he said, "giving them the little house. You will have treated them handsomely, and, whatever happens, you will be glad of it." Mr. Wentworth was liberal, and he knew he was liberal. It gave him pleasure to know it, to feel it, to see it recorded; and this pleasure is the only palpable form of self-indulgence with which the narrator of these incidents will be able to charge him.

"A three days' visit at most, over there, is all I should have found possible," Madame Münster remarked to her brother, after they had taken possession of the little white house. "It would have been too *intime*, — decidedly too intime. Breakfast, dinner, and tea *en famille*, — it would have been the end of the world if I could have reached the third day." And she made the same observation to her maid Augustine, an intelligent person, who enjoyed a liberal share of her confidence. Felix declared that he would willingly spend his life in the bosom of

the Wentworth family; that they were the kindest, simplest, most amiable people in the world, and that he had taken a prodigious fancy to them all. The baroness quite agreed with him that they were simple and kind; they were thoroughly nice people, and she liked them extremely. The girls were perfect ladies; it was impossible to be more of a lady than Charlotte Wentworth, in spite of her little village air. "But as for thinking them the best company in the world," said the baroness, "that is another thing; and as for wishing to live *porte à porte* with them, I should as soon think of wishing myself back in the convent again, to wear a bombazine apron and sleep in a dormitory." And yet the baroness was in high good humor; she had been very much pleased. With her lively perception and her refined imagination, she was capable of enjoying anything that was characteristic, anything that was good of its kind. The Wentworth household seemed to her very perfect in its kind, — wonderfully peaceful and unspotted; pervaded by a sort of dove-colored freshness that had all the quietude and benevolence of what she deemed to be Quakerism, and yet seemed to be founded upon a degree of material abundance for which, in certain matters of detail, one might have looked in vain at the frugal little court of Silberstadt-Schreckenstein. She perceived immediately that her American relatives thought and talked very little about money; and this of itself made an impression upon Eugenia's imagination. She perceived at the same time that if Charlotte or Gertrude should ask their father for a very considerable sum he would at once place it in their hands; and this made a still greater impression. The greatest impression of all, perhaps, was made by another rapid induction. The baroness had an immediate conviction that Robert Acton would put his hand into his pocket every day in the week if that rattle-pated little sister of his should bid him. The men in this country, said the baroness, are evidently very obliging. Her declaration that she was looking for rest and retirement had been by no means wholly untrue; nothing that the baroness said was wholly untrue. It is but fair to add, perhaps, that nothing that she said was wholly true. She wrote to a friend in Germany that it was a return to nature; it was like drinking new milk, and she was very fond of new milk. She said to herself, of course, that it would be a little dull; but there can be no better proof of her good spirits than the fact that she thought she should not mind its being a little dull. It seemed to her, when from the piazza of her eleemosynary cottage she looked out over the soundless fields, the stony pastures, the clear-faced ponds, the rugged little orchards, that she had never been in the midst of so peculiarly intense a stillness; it was almost a delicate sensual pleasure. It was all very good, very innocent and safe, and out of it something good must come. Augustine, indeed, who had an unbounded faith in her mistress's wisdom and far-sightedness, was a great deal perplexed and depressed. She was always ready to take her cue when she understood it; but she liked to understand it, and on this occasion comprehension failed. What, indeed, was the baroness doing *dans cette galère?* what fish did she expect to land out of these very stagnant waters? The game was evidently a deep one. Augustine could trust her, but the sense of walking in the dark betrayed itself in the physiognomy of this spare, sober, sallow, middle-aged person, who had nothing in common with Gertrude Wentworth's conception of a soubrette, by the most ironical scowl that had ever rested upon the unpretending symbols of the peace and plenty of the Wentworths. Fortunately, Augustine could quench skepticism in action. She quite agreed with her mistress — or rather she quite outstripped her mistress — in thinking that the little white house was pitifully bare. "Il faudra," said Augustine, "lui faire un peu de toilette." And she began to hang up *portières* in the doorways; to place wax candles, procured after some research, in unexpected situations; to dispose anomalous draperies over the arms of sofas and the backs of chairs. The baroness had brought

with her to the New World a copious provision of the element of costume; and the two Miss Wentworths, when they came over to see her, were somewhat bewildered by the obtrusive distribution of her wardrobe. There were India shawls suspended, curtain-wise, in the parlor door, and curious fabrics, corresponding to Gertrude's metaphysical vision of an opera-cloak, tumbled about in the sitting-places. There were pink silk blinds in the windows, by which the room was strangely bedimmed; and above the chimney-piece was disposed a remarkable band of velvet, covered with coarse, dirty-looking lace. "I have been making myself a little comfortable," said the baroness, much to the confusion of Charlotte, who had been on the point of proposing to come and help her put her superfluous draperies away. But what Charlotte mistook for an almost culpably delayed subsidence Gertrude very presently perceived to be the most ingenious, the most interesting, the most romantic intention. "What is life, indeed, without curtains?" she secretly asked herself; and she appeared to herself to have been leading hitherto an existence singularly garish and totally devoid of festoons.

Felix was not a young man who troubled himself greatly about anything, — least of all about the conditions of enjoyment. His faculty of enjoyment was so large, so unconsciously eager, that it may be said of it that it had a permanent advance upon embarrassment and sorrow. His sentient faculty was intrinsically joyous, and novelty and change were in themselves a delight to him. As they had come to him with a great deal of frequency, his life had been more agreeable than appeared. Never was a nature more perfectly fortunate. It was not a restless, apprehensive, ambitious spirit, running a race with the tyranny of fate, but a temper so unsuspicious as to put Adversity off her guard, dodging and evading her with the easy, natural motion of a wind-shifted flower. Felix extracted entertainment from all things, and all his faculties — his imagination, his intelligence, his affections, his senses — had a hand in the game. It seemed to him that Eugenia and he had been very well treated; there was something absolutely touching in that combination of paternal liberality and social considerateness which marked Mr. Wentworth's deportment. It was most uncommonly kind of him, for instance, to have given them a house. Felix was positively amused at having a house of his own; for the little white cottage among the apple-trees — the chalet, as Madame Münster always called it — was much more sensibly his own than any domiciliary *quatrième*, looking upon a court, with the rent overdue. Felix had spent a good deal of his life in looking into courts, with a perhaps slightly tattered pair of elbows resting upon the ledge of a high-perched window, and the thin smoke of a cigarette rising into an atmosphere in which street-cries died away and the vibration of chimes from ancient belfries became sensible. He had never known anything so infinitely rural as these New England fields; and he took a great fancy to all their pastoral roughnesses. He had never had a greater sense of easy *bien-être;* and at the risk of making him seem a rather sordid adventurer I must declare that he found an irresistible charm in the fact that he might dine every day at his uncle's. The charm was irresistible, however, because his fancy flung a rosy light over this homely privilege. He appreciated highly the fare that was set before him. There was a kind of fresh-looking abundance about it which made him think that people must have lived so in the mythological era, when they spread their tables upon the grass, replenished them from cornucopias, and had no particular need of kitchen stores. But the great thing that Felix enjoyed was having found a family, — sitting in the midst of gentle, generous people whom he might call by their first names. He had never known anything more charming than the attention they paid to what he said. It was like a large sheet of clean, fine-grained drawing-paper, all ready to be washed over with effective splashes of water-color. He had never had any cousins, and he had never

before found himself in contact so unrerestricted with young unmarried ladies. He was extremely fond of the society of ladies, and it was new to him that it might be enjoyed in just this manner. At first he hardly knew what to make of his state of mind. It seemed to him that he was in love, indiscriminately, with three girls at once. He saw that Lizzie Acton was more brilliantly pretty than Charlotte and Gertrude; but this was scarcely a superiority. His pleasure came from something they had in common, — a part of which was, indeed, that physical delicacy which seemed to make it proper that they should always dress in thin materials and clear colors. But they were delicate in other ways, and it was most agreeable to him to feel that these latter delicacies were appreciable by contact, as it were. He had known, fortunately, many virtuous gentlewomen, but it now appeared to him that in his relations with them (especially when they were unmarried) he had been looking at pictures under glass. He perceived at present what a nuisance the glass had been, — how it perverted and interfered, how it caught the reflection of other objects and kept you walking from side to side. He had no need to ask himself whether Charlotte and Gertrude, and Lizzie Acton, were in the right light; they were always in the right light. He liked everything about them: he was, for instance, not at all above liking the fact that they had very slender feet and high insteps. He liked their pretty noses; he liked their surprised eyes and their hesitating, not at all positive way of speaking; he liked so much knowing that he was perfectly at liberty to be alone for hours, anywhere, with either of them that preference for one to the other, as a companion of solitude, remained a minor affair. Charlotte Wentworth's sweetly severe features were as agreeable as Lizzie Acton's wonderfully expressive blue eyes; and Gertrude's air of being always ready to walk about and listen was as charming as anything else, especially as she walked very gracefully. After a while Felix began to distinguish; but even then he would often wish, suddenly, that they were not all so sad. Even Lizzie Acton, in spite of her fine little chatter and laughter, appeared sad. Even Clifford Wentworth, who had extreme youth in his favor, and kept a buggy with enormous wheels and a little sorrel mare with the prettiest legs in the world, — even this fortunate lad was apt to have an averted, uncomfortable glance, and to edge away from you at times, in the manner of a person with a bad conscience. The only person in the circle with no sense of oppression of any kind was, to Felix's perception, Robert Acton.

It might perhaps have been feared that after the completion of those graceful domiciliary embellishments which have been mentioned Madame Münster would have found herself confronted with alarming possibilities of *ennui*. But as yet she had not taken the alarm. The baroness was a restless soul, and she projected her restlessness, as it may be said, into any situation that lay before her. Up to a certain point her restlessness might be counted upon to entertain her. She was always expecting something to happen, and, until it was disappointed, expectancy itself was a delicate pleasure. What the baroness expected just now it would take some ingenuity to set forth; it is enough that while she looked about her she found something to occupy her imagination. She assured herself that she was enchanted with her new relatives; she professed to herself that, like her brother, she felt it a sacred satisfaction to have found a family. It is certain that she enjoyed to the utmost the gentleness of her kinsfolk's deference. She had, first and last, received a great deal of admiration, and her experience of well-turned compliments was very considerable; but she knew that she had never been so real a power, never counted for so much, as now when, for the first time, the standard of comparison of her little circle was a prey to vagueness. The sense, indeed, that the good people about her had, as regards her remarkable self, no standard of comparison at all gave her a feeling of almost illimitable power. It

was true, as she said to herself, that if for this reason they would be able to discover nothing against her, so they would perhaps neglect to perceive some of her superior points; but she always wound up her reflections by declaring that she would take care of that.

Charlotte and Gertrude were in some perplexity between their desire to show all proper attention to Madame Münster and their fear of being importunate. The little house in the orchard had hitherto been occupied during the summer months by intimate friends of the family, or by poor relations, who found in Mr. Wentworth a landlord attentive to repairs and oblivious of quarter-day. Under these circumstances the open door of the small house and that of the large one, facing each other across their homely gardens, levied no tax upon hourly visits. But the Misses Wentworth received an impression that Eugenia was no friend to the primitive custom of "dropping in;" she evidently had no idea of living without a door-keeper. "One goes into your house as into an inn, — except that there are no servants rushing forward," she said to Charlotte. And she added that that was very charming. Gertrude explained to her sister that she meant just the reverse; she did n't like it at all. Charlotte inquired why she should tell an untruth, and Gertrude answered that there was probably some very good reason for it which they should discover when they knew her better. "There can surely be no good reason for telling an untruth," said Charlotte. "I hope she does n't think so."

They had of course desired, from the first, to do everything in the way of helping her to arrange herself. It had seemed to Charlotte that there would be a great many things to talk about; but the baroness was apparently inclined to talk about nothing.

"Write her a note, asking her leave to come and see her. I think that is what she will like," said Gertrude.

"Why should I give her the trouble of answering me?" Charlotte asked. "She will have to write a note and send it over."

"I don't think she will take any trouble," said Gertrude, profoundly.

"What then will she do?"

"That is what I am curious to see," said Gertrude, leaving her sister with an impression that her curiosity was morbid.

They went to see the baroness without preliminary correspondence; and in the little *salon* which she had already created, with its becoming light and its festoons, they found Robert Acton.

Eugenia was intensely gracious, but she accused them of neglecting her cruelly. "You see Mr. Acton has had to take pity upon me," she said. "My brother goes off sketching, for hours; I can never depend upon him. So I was to send Mr. Acton to beg you to come and give me the benefit of your wisdom."

Gertrude looked at her sister. She wanted to say, "*That* is what she would have done." Charlotte said that they hoped the baroness would always come and dine with them; it would give them so much pleasure; and, in that case, she would spare herself the trouble of having a cook.

"Ah, but I must have a cook!" cried the baroness. "An old negress in a yellow turban. I have set my heart upon that. I want to look out of my window and see her sitting there on the grass, against the background of those crooked, dusky little apple-trees, pulling the husks off a lapful of Indian corn. That will be local color, you know. There is n't much of it here, — you don't mind my saying that, do you? — so one must make the most of what one can get. I shall be most happy to dine with you whenever you will let me; but I want to be able to ask you sometimes. And I want to be able to ask Mr. Acton," added the baroness.

"You must come and ask me at home," said Acton. "You must come and see me; you must dine with me first. I want to show you my place; I want to introduce you to my mother." He called again upon Madame Münster, two days later. He was constantly at the other house; he used to walk across the fields from his own place, and he appeared to

have fewer scruples than his cousins with regard to dropping in. On this occasion he found that Mr. Brand had come to pay his respects to the charming stranger; but after Acton's arrival the young theologian said nothing. He sat in his chair with his two hands clasped, fixing upon his hostess a grave, fascinated stare. The baroness talked to Robert Acton, but, as she talked, she turned and smiled at Mr. Brand, who never took his eyes off her. The two men walked away together; they were going to Mr. Wentworth's. Mr. Brand still said nothing; but after they had passed into Mr. Wentworth's garden he stopped and looked back for some time at the little white house. Then, looking at his companion, with his head bent a little to one side and his eyes somewhat contracted, "Now I suppose that 's what is called conversation," he said; "real conversation."

"It 's what I call a very clever woman," said Acton, laughing.

"It is most interesting," Mr. Brand continued. "I only wish she would speak French; it would seem more in keeping. It must be quite the style that we have heard about, that we have read about, — the style of conversation of Madame de Staël, of Madame Récamier."

Acton also looked at Madame Münster's residence among its hollyhocks and apple-trees. "What I should like to know," he said, smiling, "is just what has brought Madame Récamier to live in that place!"

V.

Mr. Wentworth, with his cane and his gloves in his hand, went every afternoon to call upon his niece. A couple of hours later she came over to the great house to tea. She had let the proposal that she should regularly dine there fall to the ground; she was in the enjoyment of whatever satisfaction was to be derived from the spectacle of an old negress in a crimson turban shelling peas under the apple-trees. Charlotte, who had provided the ancient negress, thought it must be a strange household, Eugenia having told her that Augustine managed everything, the ancient negress included, — Augustine, who was naturally devoid of all acquaintance with the English tongue. By far the most immoral sentiment which I shall have occasion to attribute to Charlotte Wentworth was a certain emotion of disappointment at finding that, in spite of these irregular conditions, the domestic arrangements at the small house were apparently not — from Eugenia's peculiar point of view — strikingly offensive. The baroness found it amusing to go to tea. She dressed as if for dinner. The tea-table offered an anomalous and picturesque repast; and on leaving it they all sat and talked in the large piazza, or wandered about the garden in the starlight, with their ears full of those sounds of strange insects which, though they are supposed to be, all over the world, a part of the magic of summer nights, seemed to the baroness to have, beneath these western skies, an incomparable resonance.

Mr. Wentworth, though, as I say, he went punctiliously to call upon her, was not able to feel that he was getting used to his niece. It taxed his imagination to believe that she was really his half-sister's child. His sister was a figure of his early years; she had been only twenty when she went abroad, never to return, making in foreign parts a willful and undesirable marriage. His aunt, Mrs. Whiteside, who had taken her to Europe for the benefit of the tour, gave, on her return, so lamentable an account of Mr. Adolphus Young, to whom the headstrong girl had united her destiny, that it operated as a chill upon family feeling, — especially in the case of the half-brothers. Catherine had done nothing subsequently to propitiate her family; she had not even written to them in a way that indicated a lucid appreciation of their suspended sympathy; so that it had become a tradition in Boston circles that the highest charity, as regards this young lady, was to think it well to forget her, and to abstain from conjecture as to the extent to which her aberrations were reproduced in her descendants. Over these young people —

a vague report of their existence had come to his ears — Mr. Wentworth had not, in the course of years, allowed his imagination to hover. It had plenty of occupation nearer home, and though he had many cares upon his conscience the idea that he had been an unnatural uncle was, very properly, never among the number. Now that his nephew and niece had come before him, he perceived that they were the fruit of influences and circumstances very different from those under which his own familiar progeny had reached a vaguely-qualified maturity. He felt no provocation to say that these influences had been exerted for evil; but he was sometimes afraid that he should not be able to like his distinguished, delicate, lady-like niece. He was paralyzed and bewildered by her foreignness. She spoke, somehow, a different language. There was something strange in her words. He had a feeling that another man, in his place, would accommodate himself to her tone; would ask her questions and joke with her, reply to those pleasantries of her own which sometimes seemed startling as addressed to an uncle. But Mr. Wentworth could not do these things. He could not even bring himself to attempt to measure her position in the world. She was the wife of a foreign nobleman who desired to repudiate her. This had a singular sound, but the old man felt himself destitute of the materials for a judgment. It seemed to him that he ought to find them in his own experience, as a man of the world and an almost public character; but they were not there, and he was ashamed to confess to himself — much more to reveal to Eugenia by interrogations possibly too innocent — the unfurnished condition of this repository.

It appeared to him that he could get much nearer, as he would have said, to his nephew; though he was not sure that Felix was altogether safe. He was so bright and handsome and talkative that it was impossible not to think well of him; and yet it seemed as if there were something almost impudent, almost vicious, — or as if there ought to be, — in a young man being at once so joyous and so positive. It was to be observed that while Felix was not at all a serious young man there was somehow more of him — he had more weight and volume and resonance — than a number of young men who were distinctly serious. While Mr. Wentworth meditated upon this anomaly his nephew was admiring him unrestrictedly. He thought him a most delicate, generous, high-toned old gentleman, with a very handsome head, of the ascetic type, which he promised himself the profit of sketching. Felix was far from having made a secret of the fact that he wielded the paint-brush, and it was not his own fault if it failed to be generally understood that he was prepared to execute the most striking likenesses on the most reasonable terms. "He is an artist, — my cousin is an artist," said Gertrude; and she offered this information to every one who would receive it. She offered it to herself, as it were, by way of admonition and reminder; she repeated to herself at odd moments, in lonely places, that Felix was invested with this sacred character. Gertrude had never seen an artist before; she had only read about such people. They seemed to her a romantic and mysterious class, whose life was made up of those agreeable accidents that never happened to other persons. And it merely quickened her meditations on this point that Felix should declare, as he repeatedly did, that he was really not an artist. "I have never gone into the thing seriously," he said. "I have never studied; I have had no training. I do a little of everything, and nothing well. I am only an amateur."

It pleased Gertrude even more to think that he was an amateur than to think that he was an artist; the former word, to her fancy, had an even subtler connotation. She knew, however, that it was a word to use more soberly. Mr. Wentworth used it freely; for though he had not been exactly familiar with it, he found it convenient as a help toward classifying Felix, who, as a young man extremely clever and active, and apparently respectable, and yet not engaged in any recognized business, was an importunate anomaly. Of course the bar-

oness and her brother — she was always spoken of first — were a welcome topic of conversation between Mr. Wentworth and his daughters and their occasional visitors.

"And the young man, your nephew, what is his profession?" asked an old gentleman — Mr. Broderip, of Salem — who had been Mr. Wentworth's classmate at Harvard College in the year 1809, and who came into his office in Devonshire Street. (Mr. Wentworth, in his later years, used to go but three times a week to his office, where he had a large amount of highly confidential trust-business to transact.)

"Well, he 's an amateur," said Felix's uncle, with folded hands, and with a certain satisfaction in being able to say it. And Mr. Broderip had gone back to Salem with a feeling that this was probably a "European" expression for a broker or a grain exporter.

"I should like to do your head, sir," said Felix to his uncle one evening, before them all, — Mr. Brand and Robert Acton being also present. "I think I should make a very fine thing of it. It 's an interesting head; it 's very mediæval."

Mr. Wentworth looked grave; he felt awkwardly, as if all the company had come in and found him standing before the looking-glass. "The Lord made it," he said. "I don't think it is for man to make it over again."

"Certainly the Lord made it," replied Felix, laughing, "and he made it very well. But life has been touching up the work. It is a very interesting type of head. It 's delightfully wasted and *affiné*. The complexion is wonderfully bleached." And Felix looked round at the circle, as if to call their attention to these interesting points. Mr. Wentworth grew visibly paler. "I should like to do you as an old prelate, an old cardinal, or the prior of an order."

"A prelate, a cardinal?" murmured Mr. Wentworth. "Do you refer to the Roman Catholic priesthood?"

"I mean an old ecclesiastic who should have led a very pure, abstinent life. Now I take it that has been the case with you, sir; one sees it in your face," Felix proceeded. "You have been very — a — very moderate. Don't you think one always sees that in a man's face?"

"You see more in a man's face than I should think of looking for," said Mr. Wentworth coldly.

The baroness rattled her fan, and gave her brilliant laugh. "It is a risk to look so close!" she exclaimed. "My uncle has some peccadilloes on his conscience." Mr. Wentworth looked at her, painfully at a loss; and in so far as the signs of a pure and abstinent life were visible in his face they were then probably peculiarly manifest. "You *are* a *beau vieillard*, dear uncle," said Madame Münster, smiling with her foreign eyes.

"I think you are paying me a compliment," said the old man.

"Surely, I am not the first woman that ever did so!" cried the baroness.

"I think you are," said Mr. Wentworth gravely. And turning to Felix he added, in the same tone, "Please don't take my likeness. My children have my daguerreotype. That is quite satisfactory."

"I won't promise," said Felix, "not to work your head into something!"

Mr. Wentworth looked at him and then at all the others; then he got up and slowly walked away.

"Felix," said Gertrude, in the silence that followed, "I wish you would paint my portrait."

Charlotte wondered whether Gertrude was right in wishing this; and she looked at Mr. Brand as the most legitimate way of ascertaining. Whatever Gertrude did or said, Charlotte always looked at Mr. Brand. It was a standing pretext for looking at Mr. Brand, — always, as Charlotte thought, in the interest of Gertrude's welfare. It is true that she felt a tremulous interest in Gertrude being right; for Charlotte, in her small, still way, was a heroic sister.

"We should be glad to have your portrait, Miss Gertrude," said Mr. Brand.

"I should be delighted to paint so charming a model," Felix declared.

"Do you think you are so lovely, my dear?" asked Lizzie Acton, with her little inoffensive pertness, biting off a knot in her knitting.

"It is not because I think I am beautiful," said Gertrude, looking all round. "I don't think I am beautiful, at all." She spoke with a sort of conscious deliberativeness; and it seemed very strange to Charlotte to hear her discussing this question so publicly. "It is because I think it would be amusing to sit and be painted. I have always thought that."

"I am sorry you have not had better things to think about, my daughter," said Mr. Wentworth.

"You are very beautiful, cousin Gertrude," Felix declared.

"That 's a compliment," said Gertrude. "I put all the compliments I receive into a little money-jug that has a slit in the side. I shake them up and down, and they rattle. There are not many yet, — only two or three."

"No, it 's not a compliment," Felix rejoined. "See; I am careful not to give it the form of a compliment. I did n't think you were beautiful at first, at all. But you have come to seem so little by little."

"Take care, now, your jug does n't burst!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"I think sitting for one's portrait is only one of the various forms of idleness," said Mr. Wentworth. "Their name is legion."

"My dear sir," cried Felix, "you can't be said to be idle when you are making a man work so!"

"One might be painted while one is asleep," suggested Mr. Brand, as a contribution to the discussion.

"Ah, do paint me while I am asleep," said Gertrude to Felix, smiling. And she closed her eyes a little. It had by this time become a matter of almost exciting anxiety to Charlotte what Gertrude would say or would do next.

She began to sit for her portrait on the following day, — in the open air, on the north side of the piazza. "I wish you would tell me what you think of us, — how we seem to you," she said to Felix, as he sat before his easel.

"You seem to me the best people in the world," said Felix.

"You say that," Gertrude resumed, "because it saves you the trouble of saying anything else."

The young man glanced at her over the top of his canvas. "What else should I say? It would certainly be a great deal of trouble to say anything different."

"Well," said Gertrude, "you have seen people before whom you have liked, have n't you?"

"Indeed I have, thank Heaven!"

"And they have been very different from us," Gertrude went on.

"That only proves," said Felix, "that there are a thousand different ways of being good company."

"Do you think us good company?" asked Gertrude.

"Company for a king!"

Gertrude was silent a moment; and then, "There must be a thousand different ways of being dreary," she said; "and sometimes I think we make use of them all."

Felix stood up quickly, and held up his hand. "If you could only keep that look on your face for half an hour, — while I catch it!" he said. "It is uncommonly handsome."

"To look handsome for half an hour, — that is a great deal to ask of me," she answered.

"It would be the portrait of a young woman who has taken some vow, some pledge, that she repents of," said Felix, "and who is thinking it over at leisure."

"I have taken no vow, no pledge," said Gertrude, very gravely. "I have nothing to repent of."

"My dear cousin, that was only a figure of speech. I am very sure that no one in your excellent family has anything to repent of."

"And yet we are always repenting!" Gertrude exclaimed. "That 's what I mean by our being dreary. You know it perfectly well; you only pretend that you don't."

Felix gave a quick laugh. "The half hour is going on, and yet you are hand-

somer than ever. One must be careful what one says, you see."

"To me," said Gertrude, "you can say anything."

Felix looked at her, as an artist might, and painted for some time in silence. "Yes, you seem to me different from your father and sister, — from most of the people you have lived with," he observed.

"To say that one's self," Gertrude went on, "is like saying — by implication, at least — that one is better. I am not better; I am much worse. But they say themselves that I am different. It makes them unhappy."

"Since you accuse me of concealing my real impressions, I may admit that I think the tendency — among you generally — is to be made unhappy too easily."

"I wish you would tell that to my father," said Gertrude.

"It might make him more unhappy!" Felix exclaimed, laughing.

"It certainly would. I don't believe you have seen people like that."

"Ah, my dear cousin, how do you know what I have seen?" Felix demanded. "How can I tell you?"

"You might tell me a great many things, if you only would. You have seen people like yourself, — people who are bright and gay and fond of amusement. We are not fond of amusement."

"Yes," said Felix, "I confess that rather strikes me. You don't seem to me to get all the pleasure out of life that you might. You don't seem to me to enjoy . . . Do you mind my saying this?" he asked, pausing.

"Please go on," said the girl, earnestly.

"You seem to me very well placed for enjoying. You have money and liberty and what is called in Europe a 'position.' But you take a painful view of life, as one may say."

"One ought to think it bright and charming and delightful, eh?" asked Gertrude.

"I should say so, — if one can. It is true it all depends upon that," Felix added.

"You know there is a great deal of misery in the world," said his model.

"I have seen a little of it," the young man rejoined. "But it was all over there, — beyond the sea. I don't see any here. This is a paradise."

Gertrude said nothing; she sat looking at the dahlias and the currant-bushes in the garden, while Felix went on with his work. "To 'enjoy,'" she began at last, "to take life — not painfully, must one do something wrong?"

Felix gave his long, light laugh again. "Seriously, I think not. And for this reason, among others; you strike me as very capable of enjoying, if the chance were given you, and yet at the same time as incapable of wrong-doing."

"I am sure," said Gertrude, "that you are very wrong in telling a person that she is incapable of that. We are never nearer to evil than when we believe that."

"You are handsomer than ever," observed Felix, irrelevantly.

Gertrude had got used to hearing him say this. There was not so much excitement in it as at first. "What ought one to do?" she continued. "To give parties, to go to the theatre, to read novels, to keep late hours?"

"I don't think it 's what one does or one does n't do that promotes enjoyment," her companion answered. "It 's the general way of looking at life."

"They look at it as a discipline, — that 's what they do here. I have often been told that."

"Well, that 's very good. But there is another way," added Felix, smiling: "to look at it as an opportunity."

"An opportunity, — yes," said Gertrude. "One would get more pleasure that way."

"I don't attempt to say anything better for it than that it has been my own way, — and that is not saying much!" Felix had laid down his palette and brushes; he was leaning back, with his arms folded, to judge the effect of his work. "And you know," he said, "I am a very petty personage."

"You have a great deal of talent," said Gertrude.

"No,— no," the young man rejoined, in a tone of cheerful impartiality, "I have not a great deal of talent. It is nothing at all remarkable. I assure you I should know if it were. I shall always be obscure. The world will never hear of me." Gertrude looked at him with a strange feeling. She was thinking of the great world which he knew and which she did not, and how full of brilliant talents it must be, since it could afford to make light of his abilities. "You need n't in general attach much importance to anything I tell you," he pursued; "but you may believe me when I say this, — that I am little better than a good-natured feather-head."

"A feather-head?" she repeated.

"I'm a species of Bohemian."

"A Bohemian?" Gertrude had never heard this term before, save as a geographical denomination; and she quite failed to understand the figurative meaning which her companion appeared to attach to it. But it gave her pleasure.

Felix had pushed back his chair and risen to his feet; he slowly came toward her, smiling. "I am a sort of adventurer," he said, looking down at her.

She got up, meeting his smile. "An adventurer?" she repeated. "I should like to hear your adventures."

For an instant she believed that he was going to take her hand; but he dropped his own hands suddenly into the pockets of his painting-jacket. "There is no reason why you should n't," he said. "I have been an adventurer, but my adventures have been very innocent. They have all been happy ones; I don't think there are any I should n't tell. They were very pleasant and very pretty; I should like to go over them in memory. Sit down again, and I will begin," he added in a moment, with his naturally persuasive smile.

Gertrude sat down again on that day, and she sat down on several other days. Felix, while he plied his brush, told her a great many stories, and she listened with charmed avidity. Her eyes rested upon his lips; she was very serious; sometimes, from her air of wondering gravity, he thought she was displeased. But Felix never believed for more than a single moment in any displeasure of his own producing. This would have been fatuity if the optimism it expressed had not been much more a hope than a prejudice. It is beside the matter to say that he had a good conscience; for the best conscience is a sort of self-reproach, and this young man's brilliantly healthy nature spent itself in objective good intentions which were ignorant of any test save exactness in hitting their mark. He told Gertrude how he had walked over France and Italy with a painter's knapsack on his back, paying his way often by knocking off a flattering portrait of his host or hostess. He told her how he had played the violin in a little band of musicians — not of high celebrity — who traveled through foreign lands giving provincial concerts. He told her also how he had been a momentary ornament of a troupe of strolling actors, engaged in the arduous task of interpreting Shakespeare to French and German, Polish and Hungarian audiences.

While this periodical recital was going on, Gertrude lived in a fantastic world; she seemed to herself to be reading a romance that came out in daily numbers. She had known nothing so delightful since the perusal of Nicholas Nickleby. One afternoon she went to see her cousin, Mrs. Acton, Robert's mother, who was a great invalid, never leaving the house. She came back alone, on foot, across the fields, — this being a short way which they often used. Felix had gone to Boston with her father, who desired to take the young man to call upon some of his friends, old gentlemen who remembered his mother, — remembered her, but said nothing about her, — and several of whom, with the gentle ladies their wives, had driven out from town to pay their respects at the little house among the apple-trees, in vehicles which reminded the baroness, who received her visitors with discriminating civility, of the large, light, rattling barouche in which she herself had made her journey to this neighborhood. The afternoon was waning; in the western sky the great picture of a New En-

gland sunset, painted in crimson and silver, was suspended from the zenith; and the stony pastures, as Gertrude traversed them, thinking intently to herself, were covered with a light, clear glow. At the open gate of one of the fields she saw from the distance a man's figure; he stood there as if he were waiting for her, and as she came nearer she recognized Mr. Brand. She had a feeling as of not having seen him for some time; she could not have said for how long, for it yet seemed to her that he had been very lately at the house.

"May I walk back with you?" he asked. And when she had said that he might if he wanted, he observed that he had seen her and recognized her half a mile away.

"You must have very good eyes," said Gertrude.

"Yes, I have very good eyes, Miss Gertrude," said Mr. Brand. She perceived that he meant something; but for a long time past Mr. Brand had constantly meant something, and she had almost got used to it. She felt, however, that what he meant had now a renewed power to disturb her, to perplex and agitate her. He walked beside her in silence for a moment, and then he added, "I have had no trouble in seeing that you are beginning to avoid me. But perhaps," he went on, "one need n't have had very good eyes to see that."

"I have not avoided you," said Gertrude, without looking at him.

"I think you have been unconscious that you were avoiding me," Mr. Brand replied. "You have not even known that I was there."

"Well, you are here now, Mr. Brand!" said Gertrude, with a little laugh. "I know that very well."

He made no rejoinder. He simply walked beside her slowly, as they were obliged to walk over the soft grass. Presently they came to another gate, which was closed. Mr. Brand laid his hand upon it, but he made no movement to open it; he stood and looked at his companion. "You are very much interested, — very much absorbed," he said.

Gertrude glanced at him; she saw that he was pale and that he looked excited. She had never seen Mr. Brand excited before, and she felt that the spectacle, if fully carried out, would be impressive, almost painful. "Absorbed in what?" she asked. Then she looked away at the illuminated sky. She felt guilty and uncomfortable, and yet she was vexed with herself for feeling so. But Mr. Brand, as he stood there looking at her with his small, kind, persistent eyes, represented an immense body of half-obliterated obligations, that were rising again into a certain distinctness.

"You have new interests, new occupations," he went on. "I don't know that I can say that you have new duties. We have always old ones, Gertrude," he added.

"Please open the gate, Mr. Brand," she said; and she felt as if, in saying so, she were cowardly and petulant. But he opened the gate, and allowed her to pass; then he closed it behind himself. Before she had time to turn away he put out his hand and held her an instant by the wrist.

"I want to say something to you," he said.

"I know what you want to say," she answered. And she was on the point of adding, "And I know just how you will say it;" but these words she kept back.

"I love you, Gertrude," he said. "I love you very much; I love you more than ever."

He said the words just as she had known he would; she had heard them before. They had no charm for her; she had said to herself before that it was very strange. It was supposed to be delightful for a woman to listen to such words; but these seemed to her flat and mechanical. "I wish you would forget that," she declared.

"How can I, — why should I?" he asked.

"I have made you no promise, — given you no pledge," she said, looking at him, with her voice trembling a little.

"You have let me feel that I have an influence over you. You have opened your mind to me."

"I never opened my mind to you, Mr. Brand!" Gertrude cried, with some vehemence.

"Then you were not so frank as I thought, — as we all thought."

"I don't see what any one else had to do with it!" cried the girl.

"I mean your father and your sister. You know it makes them happy to think you will listen to me."

She gave a little laugh. "It does n't make them happy," she said. "Nothing makes them happy. No one is happy here."

"I think your cousin is very happy, — Mr. Young," rejoined Mr. Brand, in a soft, almost timid tone.

"So much the better for him!" And Gertrude gave her little laugh again.

The young man looked at her a moment. "You are very much changed," he said.

"I am glad to hear it," Gertrude declared.

"I am not. I have known you a long time, and I have loved you as you were."

"I am much obliged to you," said Gertrude. "I must be going home."

He, on his side, gave a little laugh. "You certainly do avoid me, — you see!"

"Avoid me, then," said the girl.

He looked at her again; and then, very gently, "No, I will not avoid you," he said; "but I will leave you, for the present, to yourself. I think you will remember — after a while — some of the things you have forgotten. I think you will come back to me; I have great faith in that."

This time his voice was very touching; there was a strong, reproachful force in what he said, and Gertrude could answer nothing. He turned away and stood there, leaning his elbows on the gate and looking at the beautiful sunset. Gertrude left him and took her way home again; but when she reached the middle of the next field she suddenly burst into tears. Her tears seemed to her to have been a long time gathering, and for some moments it was a kind of glee to shed them. But they presently passed away. There was something a little hard about Gertrude; and she never wept again.

VI.

Going of an afternoon to call upon his niece, Mr. Wentworth more than once found Robert Acton sitting in her little drawing-room. This was in no degree, to Mr. Wentworth, a perturbing fact, for he had no sense of competing with his young kinsman for Eugenia's good graces. Madame Münster's uncle had the highest opinion of Robert Acton, who, indeed, in the family at large, was the object of a great deal of undemonstrative appreciation. They were all proud of him, in so far as the charge of being proud may be brought against people who were, habitually, distinctly guiltless of the misdemeanor known as "taking credit." They never boasted of Robert Acton, nor indulged in vainglorious reference to him; they never quoted the clever things he had said, nor mentioned the generous things he had done. But a sort of frigidly-tender faith in his unlimited goodness was a part of their personal sense of right; and there can, perhaps, be no better proof of the high esteem in which he was held than the fact that no explicit judgment was ever passed upon his actions. He was no more praised than he was blamed; but he was tacitly felt to be an ornament to his circle. He was the man of the world of the family. He had been to China and brought home a collection of curiosities; he had made a fortune, — or rather he had quintupled a fortune already considerable; he was distinguished by that combination of celibacy, "property," and good humor which appeals to even the most subdued imaginations; and it was taken for granted that he would presently place these advantages at the disposal of some well-regulated young woman of his own "set." Mr. Wentworth was not a man to admit to himself that — his paternal duties apart — he liked any individual much better than all other individuals; but he thought Robert Acton extremely judicious; and

this was perhaps as near an approach as he was capable of to the enthusiasm of preference, which his temperament repudiated as it would have disengaged itself from something slightly unchaste. Acton was, in fact, very judicious, — and something more beside; and indeed it must be claimed for Mr. Wentworth that in the more illicit parts of his preference there hovered the vague adumbration of a belief that his cousin's final merit was a certain enviable capacity for whistling, rather gallantly, at the sanctions of mere judgment, — for showing a larger courage, a finer quality of pluck, than common occasion demanded. Mr. Wentworth would never have risked the intimation that Acton was made, in the smallest degree, of the stuff of a hero; but this is small blame to him, for Robert would certainly never have risked it himself. Acton certainly exercised great discretion in all things, — beginning with his estimate of himself. He knew that he was by no means so much of a man of the world as he was supposed to be in local circles; but it must be added that he knew also that his natural shrewdness had a reach of which he had never quite given local circles the measure. He was addicted to taking the humorous view of things, and he had discovered that even in the narrowest circles such a disposition may find frequent opportunities. Such opportunities had formed for some time — that is, since his return from China, a year and a half before — the most active element in this gentleman's life, which had just now a rather indolent air. He was perfectly willing to get married. He was very fond of books, and he had a handsome library; that is, his books were much more numerous than Mr. Wentworth's. He was also very fond of pictures; but it must be confessed, in the fierce light of contemporary criticism, that his walls were adorned with several masterpieces that had rather miscarried. He had got his learning — and there was more of it than commonly appeared — at Harvard College; and he took a pleasure in old associations, which made it a part of his daily contentment to live so near this institution that he often passed it in driving to Boston. He was extremely interested in the Baroness Münster.

She was very frank with him; or at least she intended to be. "I am sure you find it very strange that I should have settled down in this out-of-the-way part of the world!" she said to him three or four weeks after she had installed herself. "I am certain you are wondering about my motives. They are very pure." The baroness by this time was an old inhabitant; the best society in Boston had called upon her, and Clifford Wentworth had taken her three times to drive in his buggy.

Robert Acton was seated near her, playing with a fan; there were always several fans lying about her drawing-room, with long ribbons of different colors attached to them, and Acton was always playing with one. "No, I don't find it at all strange," he said slowly, smiling. "That a clever woman should turn up in Boston, or its suburbs, — that does n't require so much explanation. Boston is a very nice place."

"If you wish to make me contradict you," said the baroness, "*vous vous y prenez mal.* In certain moods there is nothing I am not capable of agreeing to. Boston is a paradise, and we are in the suburbs of Paradise."

"Just now I am not at all in the suburbs; I am in the place itself," rejoined Acton, who was lounging a little in his chair. He was, however, not always lounging; and when he was he was not quite so relaxed as he pretended. To a certain extent, he sought refuge from shyness in this appearance of relaxation; and like many persons in the same circumstances he somewhat exaggerated the appearance. Beyond this, the air of being much at his ease was a cover for vigilant observation. He was more than interested in this clever woman, who, whatever he might say, was clever not at all after the Boston fashion; she plunged him into a kind of excitement, held him in vague suspense. He was obliged to admit to himself that he had never yet seen a woman just like this, — not even in China. He was ashamed, for inscruta-

ble reasons, of the vivacity of his emotion, and he carried it off, superficially, by taking, still superficially, the humorous view of Madame Münster. It was not at all true that he thought it very natural of her to have made this pious pilgrimage. It might have been said of him in advance that he was too good a Bostonian to regard in the light of an eccentricity the desire of even the remotest alien to visit the New England metropolis. This was an impulse for which, surely, no apology was needed; and Madame Münster was the fortunate possessor of several New England cousins. In fact, however, Madame Münster struck him as out of keeping with her little circle; she was at the best a most agreeable, a most gracefully mystifying anomaly. He knew very well that it would not do to address these reflections too crudely to Mr. Wentworth; he would never have remarked to the old gentleman that he wondered what the baroness was up to. And indeed he had no great desire to share his vague mistrust with any one. There was a personal pleasure in it; the greatest pleasure he had known at least since he had come from China. He would keep the baroness, for better or worse, to himself; he had a feeling that he deserved to enjoy a monopoly of her, for he was certainly the person who had most adequately gauged her capacity for social intercourse. Before long it became apparent to him that the baroness was disposed to lay no tax upon such a monopoly.

One day (he was sitting there again and playing with a fan) she asked him to apologize, should the occasion present itself, to certain people in Boston for her not having returned their calls. "There are half a dozen places," she said; "a formidable list. Charlotte Wentworth has written it out for me, in a terrifically distinct hand. There is no ambiguity on the subject; I know perfectly where I must go. Mr. Wentworth informs me that the carriage is always at my disposal, and Charlotte offers to go with me, in a pair of tight gloves and a very stiff petticoat. And yet for three days I have been putting it off. They must think me horribly vicious."

"You ask me to apologize," said Acton, "but you don't tell me what excuse I can offer."

"That is more," the baroness declared, "than I am held to. It would be like my asking you to buy me a bouquet and giving you the money. I have no reason except that — somehow — it 's too violent an effort. It is not inspiring. Would n't that serve as an excuse, in Boston? I am told they are very sincere; they don't tell fibs. And then Felix ought to go with me, and he is never in readiness. I don't see him. He is always roaming about the fields and sketching old barns, or taking ten-mile walks, or painting some one's portrait, or rowing on the pond, or flirting with Gertrude Wentworth."

"I should think it would amuse you to go and see a few people," said Acton. "You are having a very quiet time of it here. It 's a dull life for you."

"Ah, the quiet, — the quiet!" the baroness exclaimed. "That 's what I like. It 's rest. That 's what I came here for. Amusement? I have had amusement. And as for seeing people, — I have already seen a great many in my life. If it did n't sound ungracious I should say that I wish very humbly your people here would leave me alone!"

Acton looked at her a moment, and she looked at him. She was a woman who took being looked at remarkably well. "So you have come here for rest?" he asked.

"So I may say. I came for many of those reasons that are no reasons, — don't you know? — and yet that are really the best: to come away, to change, to break with everything. When once one comes away one must arrive somewhere, and I asked myself why I should n't arrive here."

"You certainly had time, on the way!" said Acton, laughing.

Madame Münster looked at him again; and then, smiling: "And I have certainly had time, since I got here, to ask myself why I came. However, I never ask myself idle questions. Here I am,

and it seems to me you ought only to thank me."

"When you go away you will see the difficulties I shall put in your path."

"You mean to put difficulties in my path?" she asked, rearranging the rosebud in her corsage.

"The greatest of all, — that of having been so agreeable" —

"That I shall be unable to depart? Don't be too sure. I have left some very agreeable people over there."

"Ah," said Acton, "but it was to come here, where I am!"

"I did n't know of your existence. Excuse me for saying anything so rude; but, honestly speaking, I did n't. No," the baroness pursued, "it was precisely not to see you — such people as you — that I came."

"Such people as me?" cried Acton.

"I had a sort of longing to come into those natural relations which I knew I should find here. Over there I had only, as I may say, artificial relations. Don't you see the difference?"

"The difference tells against me," said Acton. "I suppose I am an artificial relation."

"Conventional," declared the baroness; "very conventional."

"Well, there is one way in which the relation of a lady and gentleman may always become natural," said Acton.

"You mean by their becoming lovers? That may be natural or not. And at any rate," rejoined Eugenia, "*nous n'en sommes pas là!*"

They were not, as yet; but a little later, when she began to go with him to drive, it might almost have seemed that they were. He came for her several times, alone, in his high "wagon," drawn by a pair of charming light-limbed horses. It was different, her having gone with Clifford Wentworth, who was her cousin, and so much younger. It was not to be imagined that she should have a flirtation with Clifford, who was a mere shamefaced boy, and whom a large section of Boston society supposed to be "engaged" to Lizzie Acton. Not indeed that it was to be conceived that the baroness was a possible party to any flirtation whatever; for she was undoubtedly a married lady. It was generally known that her matrimonial condition was of the "morganatic" order; but in its natural aversion to suppose that this meant anything less than absolute wedlock, the conscience of the community took refuge in the belief that it implied something even more.

Acton wished her to think highly of American scenery, and he drove her to great distances, picking out the prettiest roads and the largest points of view. If we are good when we are contented, Eugenia's virtues should now certainly have been uppermost; for she found a charm in the rapid movement through a wild country, and in a companion who from time to time made the vehicle dip, with a motion like a swallow's flight, over roads of primitive construction, and who, as she felt, would do a great many things that she might ask him. Sometimes, for a couple of hours together, there were almost no houses; there were nothing but woods and rivers and lakes and horizons adorned with bright-looking mountains. It seemed to the baroness very wild, as I have said, and lovely; but the impression added something to that sense of the enlargement of opportunity which had been born of her arrival in the New World.

One day — it was late in the afternoon — Acton pulled up his horses on the crest of a hill which commanded a beautiful prospect. He let them stand a long time to rest, while he sat there and talked with Madame Münster. The prospect was beautiful in spite of there being nothing human within sight. There was a wilderness of woods, and the gleam of a distant river, and a glimpse of half the hill-tops in Massachusetts. The road had a wide, grassy margin, on the further side of which there flowed a deep, clear brook; there were wild flowers in the grass, and beside the brook lay the trunk of a fallen tree. Acton waited a while; at last a rustic wayfarer came trudging along the road. Acton asked him to hold the horses, — a service he consented to render, as a friendly turn to a fellow-citizen. Then he invited the

baroness to descend, and the two wandered away, across the grass, and sat down on the log beside the brook.

"I imagine it does n't remind you of Silberstadt," said Acton. It was the first time that he had mentioned Silberstadt to her for particular reasons. He knew she had a husband there, and this was disagreeable to him; and, furthermore, it had been repeated to him that this husband wished to put her away, — a state of affairs to which even indirect reference was to be deprecated. It was true, nevertheless, that the baroness herself had often alluded to Silberstadt; and Acton had often wondered why her husband wished to get rid of her. It was a curious position for a lady, — this being known as a repudiated wife; and it is worthy of observation that the baroness carried it off with exceeding grace and dignity. She had made it felt, from the first, that there were two sides to the question, and that her own side, when she should choose to present it, would be replete with touching interest.

"It does not remind me of the town, of course," she said, "of the sculptured gables and the Gothic churches, of the wonderful Schloss, with its moat and its clustering towers. But it has a little look of some other parts of the principality. One might fancy one's self among those grand old German forests, those legendary mountains; the sort of country one sees from the windows at Shreckenstein."

"What is Shreckenstein?" asked Acton.

"It is a great castle, — the summer residence of the reigning prince."

"Have you ever lived there?"

"I have stayed there," said the baroness. Acton was silent; he looked a while at the uncastled landscape before him. "It is the first time you have ever asked me about Silberstadt," she said. "I should think you would want to know about my marriage; it must seem to you very strange."

Acton looked at her a moment. "Now you would n't like me to say that!"

"You Americans have such odd ways!" the baroness declared. "You never ask anything outright; there seem to be so many things you can't talk about."

"We Americans are very polite," said Acton, whose national consciousness had been complicated by a residence in foreign lands, and who yet disliked to hear Americans abused. "We don't like to tread upon people's toes," he said. "But I should like very much to hear about your marriage. Now tell me how it came about."

"The prince fell in love with me," replied the baroness simply; "he pressed his suit very hard. At first he did n't wish me to marry him. But on that basis I refused to listen to him. So he offered me marriage, — in so far as he might. I was young, and I confess I was rather flattered. But if it were to be done again now, I certainly should n't accept him."

"How long ago was this?" asked Acton.

"Oh — several years," said Eugenia. "You should never ask a woman for dates."

"Why, I should think that when a woman was relating history" . . . Acton answered. "And now he wants to break it off?"

"They want him to make a political marriage. It is his brother's idea. His brother is very clever."

"They must be a precious pair!" cried Robert Acton.

The baroness gave a little philosophic shrug. "Que voulez-vous? They are princes. They think they are treating me very well. Silberstadt is a perfectly despotic little state, and the reigning prince may annul the marriage by a stroke of his pen. But he has promised me, nevertheless, not to do so without my formal consent."

"And this you have refused?"

"Hitherto. It is an indignity, and I have wished at least to make it difficult for them. But I have a little document in my writing-desk which I have only to sign and send back to the prince."

"Then it will be all over?"

The baroness lifted her hand, and

dropped it again. "Of course I shall keep my title; at least, I shall be at liberty to keep it if I choose. And I suppose I shall keep it. One must have a name. And I shall keep my pension. It is very small, — it is wretchedly small; but it is what I live on."

"And you have only to sign that paper?" Acton asked.

The baroness looked at him a moment. "Do you urge it?"

He got up slowly, and stood with his hands in his pockets. "What do you gain by not doing it?"

"I am supposed to gain this advantage — that if I delay, or temporize, the prince may come back to me, may make a stand against his brother. He is very fond of me, and his brother has pushed him only little by little."

"If he were to come back to you," said Acton, "would you — would you take him back?"

The baroness met his eyes; she colored just a little. Then she rose. "I should have the satisfaction of saying, 'Now it is my turn. I break with your serene highness!'"

They began to walk toward the carriage. "Well," said Robert Acton, "it 's a curious story! How did you make his acquaintance?"

"I was staying with an old lady — an old countess — in Dresden. She had been a friend of my father's. My father was dead; I was very much alone. My brother was wandering about the world in a theatrical troupe."

"Your brother ought to have stayed with you," Acton observed, "and kept you from putting your trust in princes."

The baroness was silent a moment, and then, "He did what he could," she said. "He sent me money. The old countess encouraged the prince; she was even pressing. It seems to me," Madame Münster added, gently, "that — under the circumstances — I behaved very well."

Acton glanced at her, and made the observation — he had made it before — that a woman looks the prettier for having unfolded her wrongs or her sufferings. "Well," he reflected, audibly, "I should like to see you send his serene highness — somewhere!"

Madame Münster stooped and plucked a daisy from the grass. "And not sign my renunciation?"

"Well, I don't know, — I don't know," said Acton.

"In one case I should have my revenge; in another case I should have my liberty."

Acton gave a little laugh as he helped her into the carriage. "At any rate," he said, "take good care of that paper."

A couple of days afterward he asked her to come and see his house. The visit had already been proposed, but it had been put off in consequence of his mother's illness. She was a constant invalid, and she had passed these recent years, very patiently, in a great flowered arm-chair at her bedroom window. Lately, for some days, she had been unable to see any one; but now she was better, and she sent the baroness a very civil message. Acton had wished their visitor to come to dinner; but Madame Münster preferred to begin with a simple call. She had reflected that if she should go to dinner Mr. Wentworth and his daughters would also be asked, and it had seemed to her that the peculiar character of the occasion would be best preserved in a *tête-à-tête* with her host. Why the occasion should have a peculiar character she explained to no one. As far as any one could see, it was simply very pleasant. Acton came for her and drove her to his door, an operation which was rapidly performed. His house the baroness mentally pronounced a very good one; more articulately, she declared that it was enchanting. It was large and square and painted brown; it stood in a well-kept shrubbery, and was approached, from the gate, by a short drive. It was, moreover, a much more modern dwelling than Mr. Wentworth's, and was more redundantly upholstered and expensively ornamented. The baroness perceived that her entertainer had analyzed material comfort to a sufficiently fine point. And then he possessed the most delightful *chinoiseries*, — trophies of his sojourn in the Celestial Empire: pa-

godas of ebony and cabinets of ivory; sculptured monsters, grinning and leering on chimney-pieces, in front of beautifully figured hand-screens; porcelain dinner-sets, gleaming behind the glass doors of mahogany buffets; large screens, in corners, covered with tense silk and embroidered with mandarins and dragons. These things were scattered all over the house, and they gave Eugenia a pretext for a complete domiciliary visit. She liked it, she enjoyed it; she thought it a very nice place. It had a mixture of the homely and the liberal, and though it was almost a museum the large, little-used rooms were as fresh and clean as a well-kept dairy. Lizzie Acton told her that she dusted all the pagodas and other curiosities every day with her own hands; and the baroness answered that she was evidently a household fairy. Lizzie had not at all the look of a young lady who dusted things; she wore such pretty dresses and had such delicate fingers that it was difficult to imagine her immersed in sordid cares. She had come to meet Madame Münster on her arrival, but she had said nothing, or almost nothing, and the baroness had again reflected — she had had occasion to do so before — that American girls had no manners. She disliked this little American girl, and she was quite prepared to learn that she had failed to commend herself to Miss Acton. Lizzie struck her as positive and explicit almost to pertness; and the idea of her combining the apparent incongruities of a taste for housework and the wearing of fresh, Parisian-looking dresses suggested the possession of a dangerous energy. It was a source of irritation to the baroness that in this country it should seem to matter whether a little girl were a little less or a little more of a nonentity; for Eugenia had hitherto been conscious of no moral pressure as regards the appreciation of diminutive virgins. It was perhaps an indication of Lizzie's pertness that she very soon retired, and left the baroness on her brother's hands. Acton talked a great deal about his chinoiseries; he knew a good deal about porcelain and bric-a-brac. The baroness, in her progress through the house, made, as it were, a great many stations. She sat down everywhere, confessed to being a little tired, and asked about the various objects with a curious mixture of alertness and inattention. If there had been any one to say it to she would have declared that she was positively in love with her host; but she could hardly make this declaration — even in the strictest confidence — to Acton himself. It gave her, nevertheless, a pleasure that had some of the charm of unwontedness to feel, with that admirable keenness with which she was capable of feeling things, that he had a disposition without any edges; that even his humorous irony always expanded toward the point. One's impression of his honesty was almost like carrying a bunch of flowers; the perfume was most agreeable, but they were, occasionally an inconvenience. One could trust him, at any rate, round all the corners of the world; and, withal, he was not absolutely simple, which would have been excess; he was only relatively simple, which was quite enough for the baroness.

Lizzie reappeared to say that her mother would now be happy to receive Madame Münster; and the baroness followed her to Mrs. Acton's apartment. Eugenia reflected, as she went, that it was not the affectation of impertinence that made her dislike this young lady, for on that ground she could easily have beaten her. It was not an aspiration on the girl's part to rivalry, but a kind of laughing, childishly-mocking indifference to the results of comparison. Mrs. Acton was an emaciated, sweet-faced woman of five and fifty, sitting with pillows behind her, and looking out on a clump of hemlocks. She was very modest, very timid, and very ill; she made Eugenia feel grateful that she herself was not like that, — neither so ill, nor, possibly, so modest. On a chair, beside her, lay a volume of Emerson's Essays. It was a great occasion for poor Mrs. Acton, in her helpless condition, to be confronted with a clever foreign lady, who had more manner than any lady — any dozen ladies — that she had ever seen.

"I have heard a great deal about you," she said, softly, to the baroness.

"From your son, eh?" Eugenia asked. "He has talked to me immensely of you. Oh, he talks of you as you would like," the baroness declared; "as such a son *must* talk of such a mother!"

Mrs. Acton sat gazing; this was part of Madame Münster's "manner." But Robert Acton was gazing too, in vivid consciousness that he had barely mentioned his mother to their brilliant guest. He never talked of this still maternal presence, — a presence refined to such delicacy that it had almost resolved itself, with him, simply into the subjective emotion of gratitude. And Acton rarely talked of his emotions. The baroness turned her smile toward him, and she instantly felt that she had been observed to be fibbing. She had struck a false note. But who were these people to whom such fibbing was not pleasing? If they were annoyed, the baroness was equally so; and after the exchange of a few civil inquiries and low-voiced responses she took leave of Mrs. Acton. She begged Robert not to come home with her; she would get into the carriage alone; she preferred that. This was imperious, and she thought he looked disappointed. While she stood before the door with him — the carriage was turning in the gravel-walk — this thought restored her serenity.

When she had given him her hand in farewell she looked at him a moment. "I have almost decided to dispatch that paper," she said.

He knew that she alluded to the document that she had called her renunciation; and he assisted her into the carriage without saying anything. But just before the vehicle began to move he said, "Well, when you *have* dispatched it, I hope you will let me know!"

Henry James, Jr.

THE STAGE IN GERMANY.

While friends of the drama are complaining that the English stage, if not really sunken, has at least ceased to keep pace with the progress made in other countries, it will be found interesting to turn our attention to a drama of which but little is practically known, either in England or in America. Although the Germans are far from satisfied with their theatre, still, both in actual condition and in the spirit pervading it, it is to be regarded as an ideal for us while ours remains in its present state.

In Germany the theatres may be divided into three classes: the Hof, or court theatres; the Stadt, or city theatres; and the theatres which are maintained entirely by private enterprise. The system of court theatres is different from that of France, where the houses are the property of the state, but are leased to their managers under certain conditions, the manager receiving a subsidy greater or less according to circumstances. The court theatres in Germany are directly controlled, as well as owned, by the government, and are under the direction of an inspector appointed by the monarch. Nearly every one of the German states has its court theatre. Prussia has five, — the opera-house and the play-house (Schauspielhaus) in Berlin, and the theatres in the annexed capitals, Hanover, Cassel, and Wiesbaden; Bavaria has three in Munich; Saxony, two in Dresden; and Baden, one each in Carlsruhe, Mannheim, and Baden-Baden. The ruling princes generally take special pride in their theatres, and as the sums expended on them from this source render them in a measure independent of public support, the management is en-

abled to maintain a high standard, while at the same time it endeavors to pursue such a course as will sustain the public interest and make the box-office receipts as large as possible. This is, however, a secondary consideration, and as the court theatres are patronized chiefly by the cultivated classes it is natural that productions of the higher order should draw the largest houses. Owing to the number of the court theatres their influence is powerful, and makes itself strongly felt in the other theatres of the country.

Occupying a middle place between the court and the private theatres come the Stadt theatres of the great commercial cities like Hamburg, Leipzig, Cologne, and Bremen. The theatres are owned by the city, and are either managed by a director appointed by the authorities, or, as is more usually the case, leased for a nominal sum to a manager, under certain restrictions as to the standard to be maintained in the quality of the performances, and in the acting, prices of admission, subscriptions, etc. The character of these city theatres is very much the same as that of the court theatres, and they have also a most cultivated public, although, very naturally, hardly so aristocratic as with the former. But no theatres make a better showing for the money expended than do these: for while they have no state treasury to look to for relief in case of a deficiency, they have a most exacting and critical public, hard to please, but quick to recognize when it is well served; and the manager, who is financially interested, perceives the necessity, as well as the advantage, of making every mark expended go as far as possible. On the other side, there is apt to be extravagance of expenditure at the court theatres, often a result of favoritism, as in the case of salaries; a handsome young actress, occupying in reality a subordinate position, may perhaps be found standing higher on the pay-list than some prominent and highly talented member of the company.

The theatres which have no connection with the state or city correspond to the theatres of England and America, and like them are of all grades, from the Stadt Theatre in Vienna, the Residenz Theatre in Berlin, and the Thalia Theatre in Hamburg, down to the cheap and unpretending establishments in the outskirts, where the public sits and sips its beer while indifferent actors present some roaring farce, or perhaps murder their way through a classic tragedy.

A description of some prominent theatre will probably give a better idea of the characteristic features of the German stage than much generalizing; such an example may be found in Leipzig's Stadt Theatre. In situation and architecture it is one of the most imposing and beautiful theatres in the world, although many others are built of finer materials and bear the evidence of having cost immense sums of money. Built in a remarkably classic Renaissance style, it shows a grand dignity of form, set off with exquisite grace of simple adornment, and a most perfect symmetry in its lines and proportions. It stands facing the great Augustus Platz, a grand public square of several acres, devoted to military parades and public displays. On both sides of the theatre are broad streets, and in its rear is the park of the public promenade surrounding the inner city. A massive stone terrace, where open-air concerts are given in the summer, overlooks a charming little lake. The interior is free from all florid ornamentation, and is comfortable, well ventilated, simple and pure in style, with a quiet elegance in its tasteful richness of effect. Its cost in 1868 was about six hundred thousand dollars, although now it could hardly be built for three times that sum. This theatre, together with the old Stadt Theatre, a quaint structure rich in its historical associations, is leased, under certain conditions, to a director for thirty thousand marks, or about seventy-five hundred dollars, a year; and each of the three directors who have been in charge since the new theatre was built has retired with ample fortunes, notwithstanding they have been obliged to maintain a first-class drama and opera, and the scale of prices which is set by the city authorities, and which

is alike for both opera and drama, is remarkably low even for Germany. The very best seats in the house cost only a dollar, and the seats in the upper gallery cost twelve and eighteen cents. The parquet seats, which are as pleasant and comfortable as any in the house, cost sixty cents, and students have places in the parterre, just in the rear of the parquet, for eighteen cents. (In nearly all the university cities students have special privileges at the places of amusement. In Berlin they are remarkably favored, and at nearly every theatre and concert room they obtain good seats for half-price, and sometimes for quarter-price.) At the old Stadt Theatre prices are about one third cheaper, and on Sunday afternoon classic plays are given at half-price, — a custom which originated in Vienna, and found a speedy following throughout Germany. This idea of cheap classical performances was projected with the philanthropic motive of educating and elevating the taste of the populace. The results have confirmed all anticipations, and every Sunday afternoon the theatre is crowded with enthusiastic audiences.

This very cheapness is probably one great reason why the Leipzig theatre directors have met with such great pecuniary success. It is more profitable to play to a full house at low prices than to a thin house at high prices; and in Leipzig the theatre is always well filled, and generally crowded, for the prices are so moderate that they are within the reach of all classes. Theatre-going is hardly looked on as a luxury, but as a matter of course, ranking with the daily paper and cup of coffee after dinner. Everybody goes to the theatre, and it would not be surprising to hear one's washerwoman give her opinion about the latest comedy, which she saw from her six-cent place in the old theatre gallery.

In the new theatre the drama is given on alternate nights with the opera, and there are only five nights in the year when the theatre is closed, — the two fast-days and the last three days of Passion Week. In the old theatre there are generally three or four performances a week, except at the great fair in the spring and autumn, when the theatre is open nightly. Two thirds of all the reserved seats in the new theatre are sold by subscription, at about three fifths of the regular price, and something like three hundred subscription performances are guaranteed in the course of the year. The receipts from the subscriptions pay the expenses of the theatre, and all other receipts are clear profit. A theatre subscription, like a subscription to the famous Gewandhaus concerts, is very popular, and it is rarely that one is offered for sale. It is regarded almost like a title of nobility, and old families treasure their *abonnement* next to their genealogical chart.

The performances generally begin at half past six o'clock, and are out between nine and ten, so that after the theatre a good part of the evening still remains for social pleasures. Going to the theatre there is not such a terrible solemnity as it is in London, and, in a less degree, with us. Unless it were some elaborate state festivity, no one would think of attending even the royal opera in Berlin, Dresden, or Munich in full dress. The German says: We go to enjoy the play or the music, not to show our toilette. And so the auditorium of a German opera-house looks quite differently from a London one, with its chattering people in elaborate dress, who, it is easy to see, cannot understand the language they are but half hearing, and which they pretend to admire merely for fashion's sake. At the Leipzig theatre, be it on opera or drama night, the audience has a peculiarly at-home look. All leave their outdoor clothing in the cloak-room, so that they need have no fear of catching cold after the theatre. Ladies are not forbidden to wear their hats, but it is looked on as a mark of ill-breeding if they do; and should a lady thus interfere with the view of a person sitting behind she need not take affront at a request to remove the offending article. Between the acts there are long waits, and the audience pours into the large and elegant *foyer* adjoining the auditorium on the balcony level, and promenades back

and forth; everybody sees everybody else, acquaintances greet each other, the hungry and thirsty refresh themselves in the spacious restaurant, and in pleasant summer weather animated groups gather in the mild evening air on the great balcony overlooking the Augustus Platz, which spreads below, sprinkled like a firmament with its many gas-lights.

As a natural result of the subscription system such a thing as the "run" of a play, in the English sense, is unknown at a court or city theatre. The *répertoire* is changed nightly, and if a new play or opera proves popular it is performed very often during the season, many times with suspended subscription, so that the subscribers may not complain of a surfeit. But as the subscriptions are largely in halves, quarters, and even eighths, and as it takes some time for even a whole subscription to make the round of a family, complaints do not often occur. And in consequence of the system of a changing répertoire a person in Leipzig, with its one hundred and twenty-six thousand inhabitants, has a greater dramatic variety than in London, with its millions.

The Leipzigers are very proud of their theatre, whose history is so closely knit with the history of the German drama, and have testified their appreciation very substantially by endowing it with the richest theatre pension fund in all Germany. Every actor who has been connected with the Leipzig theatre for six years, on his retiring altogether from the stage, is entitled to a pension equal to one third of the salary he was receiving at the time he ceased to be a member of the Leipzig company. This is naturally a great inducement for actors to continue their connection with the theatre, so that the company has a permanency which contrasts strangely with the continual changes in the stock companies of our theatres. The result is an *ensemble* of which one acquainted only with our theatres can have but a faint conception. Any intelligent and experienced manager will say that he can make a company of medium talent, whose members are long used to the same theatre, to the same public, and to each other, work together and appear to advantage better than a galaxy of stars of the first magnitude hastily brought together. But more than this, the high reputation of the Leipzig theatre throughout Germany, and the attraction of the splendid pension fund, place the best young talent of the country at its command. A young actor, for this reason, prefers to play here rather than at some of the greater court theatres at a much larger salary; for to graduate with honor from the Leipzig stage is a certain passport to any other. Many of the greatest of German actors and singers begin their career at Leipzig. A recent instance is that of Fräulein Franciska Ellmenreich, a young actress of remarkable genius, and of such brilliancy, grace, and versatility that her répertoire comprised the most different *rôles* in parlor comedy, the emotional drama, and high tragedy. She was alike good as Katharina in The Taming of the Shrew, as Beatrice in Much Ado about Nothing, as Donna Diana in Moreto's comedy, as Juliet, as Gretchen, or as Countess Orsini in Emilia Galotti. She is now engaged to occupy a leading position at the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna, — a theatre which stands at the head of the German stage, and where the most perfect acting is found. The writer has often thought that if Fräulein Ellmenreich could be induced to learn English, as Janauschek has done, and make an American tour, a great triumph would await her.

While no such enormous salaries are paid as in America, the average actor is well recompensed, and is generally in comfortable circumstances, often accumulating a respectable fortune. The social position of the profession is also good; nearly all the old prejudice has disappeared; and distinguished actors move in the best society. Professional stars are almost unknown, and the stock company is everywhere the chief reliance. Even the most famous actors and singers are permanently engaged at some great court or city theatre, and at certain seasons of the year they are, according to contract, given leave of absence, when they make tours of two or

three months, their names appearing on the bills in some such style as the following example: —

RESIDENZ THEATRE, BERLIN.

ARRIA AND MESSALINA,

TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS, BY ADOLF WILBRANDT.

ARRIA.....FRAU CHARLOTTE WOLTER,

From the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna, as guest

Actors who are not members of the company at the theatre where they are playing are always designated by the name of *guest*, a far more appropriate and tasteful appellation than our *star*. The above is a fair sample of the average German play bill, which is remarkable for all absence of display, bragging, and exaggeration. Such vulgarities are left for the announcements of variety shows and the circus. Instead of a blanket poster so large that one needs a step-ladder and a rifle-pit to read it, modest bills are seen on the street corners in a German city, often simply the regular programme handed you at the theatre, giving the cast for that evening, which nearly everybody stops to read.

Ever since the creation of a national drama a strong ideal tendency has pervaded the German stage, from the time of Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller down to the present day. The drama has been regarded not as an amusement only, but as one of the fine arts: the most cultured classes are interested in the drama as they are interested in an art museum; the habitual theatre-goer is actuated by the same desire for higher intellectual entertainment which prompts us to take up William Morris's latest poem, or to read Mr. Aldrich's new story. He is not attracted by the prospect of seeing some scantily dressed blonde cut coarse capers, nor of seeing Adelina Patti portray Zerlina in diamonds and fifteen-button gloves. It is significant that we have journals devoted to "sport and the drama," where we may find the points of Clara Morris discussed in one paragraph, while the next waxes eloquent over the charms of Lady Suffolk, or whatever else the crack mare of the day may be called. Edwin Booth and Budd Doble are mentioned in the same breath. It is very much like hanging Titian's Ascension beside the latest sensational wood-cut in the Police News. So prominent has this feature of the drama become that many of our best people have considered it a sign of vulgarity to show an interest in dramatic affairs.

But in Germany some of the finest scholars regard it as an honor to become director of a theatre, and distinguished authors are ambitious to write for the stage. Since Lessing it has been so. They feel that a great literature should go hand in hand with a great drama. Shakespeare taught us that. But we have neglected the lesson, although the stage remains a powerful factor for good or for ill in our modern society. Gustav Freytag, the greatest German novelist, has also written The Journalists the best comedy since Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm; Heinrich Laube, Karl Gutzkow, Adolf Wilbrandt, Paul Heyse, Gustav zu Putlitz, Friedrich Spielhagen, and Paul Lindau, all famous in literature, are also successful dramatists. Franz von Dingelstedt is director of the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna, Heinrich Laube, of the Stadt Theatre in the same city; Hans von Wohlzogen, of the court theatre in Schwerin; Gustav zu Putlitz, of the court theatre in Carlsruhe. All of these are cultured gentlemen and distinguished scholars, and many others might be mentioned as occupying similar positions. It is natural that such men should have high ideals of what the drama should be, but at the same time they show a high degree of practical managing ability.

It is a pleasure to see the performance of a classic drama in Germany. At the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna and at the court play-house in Berlin it is the rule to give at least two classic dramas a week, and this number is often exceeded. And one of these two classic performances is almost certain to be devoted to a play by Shakespeare. It is a fact hardly creditable to us that to see a Shakespearean drama finely performed one must go to Germany. There is no run of Hamlet for a hundred nights, where people flock

to the theatre to gaze on splendid scenery, to see a great actor make a machine of himself, and all the characters except the hero murdered long before the end of the play. But in the course of the year the theatre-goer will see nearly all the best Shakespearean plays, with the minor characters, as well as the greater, finely sustained, and everything else in keeping. At the Hofburg each year the histories or "king dramas" of Shakespeare are brought out on successive evenings, and the example has found imitation at other leading German theatres. While the writer was in Vienna he had the fortune of seeing the second part of King Henry IV., and it was the finest Shakespearean performance he has ever witnessed. Every part was in the hands of a good actor, the playing was natural and entirely free from rant and stilted pomposity, so that the drama made a remarkably powerful impression, making one feel the reality of the scenes before him. Not only is Shakespeare's influence great in German literature; he may be said fairly to rule the German stage, for the plays of no other classic author are so popular as his. The statistics of the Berlin play-house are good evidence of this. In this connection the following table of the 1463 classical performances from January 1, 1861, to March 31, 1876, will be found of interest: —

Lessing,	4 plays,	174	performances.
Goethe,	8 "	216	"
Schiller,	13 "	348	"
Kleist,	4 "	80	"
Shakespeare,	22 "	520	"
Calderon,	2 "	27	"
Moreto,	1 play,	47	"
Racine,	1 "	1	performance.
Beaumarchais,	1 "	3	performances.
Sophocles,	2 plays,	24	"

Of no other dramatist, either classic or modern, was a greater number of plays enacted than the twenty-two by Shakespeare. Benedix was honored by twenty-one pieces, and Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer by nineteen. In the number of performances Shakespeare was only surpassed by Benedix, whose plays were given 527 times. The giving of two or three short pieces by the same author in one evening accounts for the larger number. Of the different pieces of Shakespeare's, The Merchant of Venice was played fifty-four times; Twelfth Night, forty-seven; Romeo and Juliet, forty-six; Midsummer-Night's Dream, forty-five; Hamlet, forty-one; The Taming of the Shrew, thirty-nine; King Richard III., thirty-six; Much Ado about Nothing, thirty-six; Comedy of Errors, thirty-five; King Lear, thirty-one; King Henry IV., (first part), twenty-seven; Othello, twenty-six; Macbeth, twenty-one; Julius Cæsar, eight; King Richard II., eight; Coriolanus, four; King John, four; King Henry IV. (second part), three; King Henry V., three; King Henry VI., two; Timon of Athens, two; Antony and Cleopatra, two. It will be noticed that several of these plays are nowadays never given on the English or American stage. On the other hand, As you Like It is given on hardly any German stage except that of Munich and recently in Vienna, although with us it is one of the most popular of the comedies. The Merry Wives of Windsor is also scarcely ever played, perhaps on account of the popularity of Nicolai's opera on that subject.

The great influence of Richard Wagner has not been confined to the opera alone. Many of his reforms have been quietly and almost unwittingly adopted in the province of the spoken drama, and his efforts in behalf of sincerity and truth to nature have not been without important results. In this direction he has been seconded by one of his most influential admirers, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, who devotes his leisure almost entirely to the drama, and in the little city of Meiningen with its ten thousand inhabitants he has one of the best theatres in Germany. The duke is regarded as one of the ablest stage managers in the country. His tendency is strongly realistic. Probably no other stage in the world can boast of such rich properties. As far as possible everything is genuine and historically accurate. Paul Lindau, in an article on one of the Meiningen performances, jestingly says, "I must ask pardon for calling attention to such a trifle; on any other

stage I would not have noticed it, but where everything is so faultless I was annoyed to see the magnificent old bronze candlesticks holding candles of modern white paraffine instead of yellow-hued, ancient-looking wax." Though the company has hardly a really great actor among its members, yet so thoroughly is it drilled that it produces a wonderful fineness and finish of effect. Great stress is laid on the chorus, which in Meiningen is no crowd of stiff, ungainly "supes." Each individual is taught the value of natural and independent action. For instance, if an agitated popular scene is to be presented the chorus does not stand around in a ring and raise the right arm with the grace of a pump-handle and the unanimity of a militia company on dress parade, shouting out, "Death to the traitor!" like a grammar-school reading in concert. On the Meiningen stage such a scene has a grand and terrible sublimity, and to see the company in a play like Julius Cæsar, with their splendor of costumes and appointments, and with their magnificent ensemble, is like beholding a series of grand historical paintings. Another feature is their giving the words of a classic play with the greatest possible fidelity, and the rejection, as far as practicable, of "cuttings" and all so-called stage versions. The company play through the winter in Meiningen, and in the summer at Bad Liebenstein, a famous watering-place in Saxe-Meiningen. In the spring and fall, for several years past, they have played in some of the principal cities of Germany and Austria, and have thus had an important influence on the stage at large. It is to a large extent due to them that in most of the principal theatres great attention is now paid to the ensemble, and especially to the disposition of the chorus. And such liberties as used to be taken with classic authors are now much less tolerated. But the extreme nicety of the Meiningeners in regard to properties and appointments is hardly practicable in most theatres.

To such and kindred influences may be traced the tendency of the German stage to educate as well as to entertain; classic dramas are revived and pieces are brought out which, long familiar to the reading public, were supposed to be ineffective on the stage. All these efforts meet with the liveliest interest on the part of the public, and when once shown to be practicable find speedy following throughout the land. Munich has occupied a leading position in these enterprises. It was there that Byron's Manfred was first produced, with Schumann's wonderful music. Three years ago historical comedy evenings, or "four centuries of the drama," were instituted with great success, proving very entertaining, and as instructive in dramatic history as hours of reading would be. Four short pieces, respectively from the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, were given, the manner of representation approaching as closely as possible the style of the periods to which the pieces belonged. In the first two pieces the female parts were played by men. The first piece, a farce, by Hans Sachs, was particularly interesting. The stage of the theatre represented the market-place in Nuremberg. All around rose the picturesque old houses, and crowds of quaintly costumed people gathered in front of a small platform, something like eight by ten feet, where the play was going on. Last winter another successful experiment was the production of Aristophanes's comedy, The Frogs.

The first part of Goethe's Faust was played long before the death of the poet, but until very recently the second part was supposed to be incapable of dramatic representation, although the first part, given by itself, remained an unsatisfactory fragment. But in 1876 Herr von Loën, the director of the court theatre in Weimar, conceived the happy idea of observing the one hundredth anniversary of Goethe's coming to Weimar by the production of both parts of Faust as a "mystery," with the triple division of the stage in vogue at the time of Shakespeare adapted to modern requirements. The stage was terraced into three parts, certain actions of the drama taking

place on the part most suitable. The idea proved most practical. It saved much scene shifting, and greatly forwarded the unity of the drama. For instance, in the first part of Faust, below and on the left at the front of the stage was Frau Martha's garden, separated by a wall from the street on the right. The extreme right of the entire stage was taken up by the cathedral; on the extreme left was Frau Martha's house. Outside of the garden wall was a fountain, and close to the cathedral was a broad and picturesque flight of steps rising to the terrace above, and at the corner of the steps was an image of the Virgin. On the terrace, on the right and overlooking the garden was Gretchen's house, with a street between it and the cathedral. About two feet above this terrace was the third division, occupied by a street and a part of the cathedral. One can see by this what an economy there was in scenery. First comes the scene in which Faust meets Gretchen on the way from church; then the scenes in the garden; the scene where Faust leaves the jewels in Gretchen's house and Gretchen finds them on her return, the side of the house sinking so as to show the interior; then the gossiping maidens by the fountain; Gretchen's agony at the foot of the shrine; Mephisto's mock serenade before Gretchen's house; at the foot of the steps, the fight between Valentine and Faust; on the steps, the death of Valentine, Gretchen clinging convulsively to the lowermost stair, receiving her brother's terrible curse; and last the dead Valentine borne slowly up into the cathedral, the people thronging in while some kneel outside, among the latter Gretchen, who with the curse upon her dares not venture into the sanctuary. The performance of the drama occupied two evenings, the first part lasting from half-past five until eleven o'clock; the second part beginning at the same time of day and ending half an hour sooner. Between the acts were long waits for rest and refreshment. Excepting the rôles of Siegfried and Brunnhild in Wagner's Niebelungen, there are probably no other instances where such powers of endurance are demanded of the actors as in the parts of Faust and Mephisto, who are on the stage for the most of the time through two long evenings.

So general was the interest in these performances that they had to be repeated many times to satisfy the great number who came from all parts of Germany expressly to see them; and it has been decided to make their repetition in the spring of each year an annual feature. It might be thought that the great length of the performances would weary the stoutest spectator; but so novel was everything, so exalted the idea of the whole, and so glorious the conception that fatigue was hardly thought of. The scene before the beginning of the performance made one think that Weimar's golden days were not all numbered. Under the shadow of the twin statues of Goethe and Schiller on the place before the theatre, like New England villagers before church time, congregated citizens and strangers, burghers and noblemen fraternally commingled, and prominent among them was Liszt with his strange but pleasant face, long, silver hair, and flowing, clerical coat.

The custom of honoring the memories of authors and composers is widely prevalent. Hardly a month goes by without a performance at the theatre to commemorate the birth or death of some famous person. In 1876 the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of Mozart's birth was observed at the Leipzig theatre, by devoting five nights to his operas. And every year Schiller's birth is observed by a dramatic festival lasting several days. The house is always crowded on such occasions, and special subscriptions are generally opened.

Many German managers were as unjust in their treatment of authors as are several of their American brethren, until the writers, recognizing the principle that strength lies in union, formed the society of dramatic authors and composers, which now conducts the business for the most of the members of the profession in Germany and Austria, securing them justice and respect. Men such as

Freytag, Gutzkow, Lindau, and Wilbrandt receive handsome sums as royalty on their works, which are not run for a few weeks and then shelved, but are played at frequent intervals during the season, thus becoming more generally known, and standing a better chance of winning a permanent place in the répertoire. The Vienna Stadt Theatre yearly offers liberal prizes for the best original dramas, together with its regular rate of ten per cent. for a play filling out the entire evening, and seven per cent. for a play requiring an afterpiece. The average rate of royalty paid by the German theatres is something like seven per cent.

Happily for the dramatic art, the rage for one-man plays does not exist, and little paragraphs are never seen in the newspapers to the effect that a certain actor has ordered a new drama from some playwright, very much as he would order a new coat from his tailor.

The most marked individual characteristics of German dramatic writing are ideality, poetic sentiment, humor rather than wit, and freedom from cramping and restricting rules. In all these respects a near kindred to the English drama is evident. Of late, German dramatists have learned much from the French, especially in the respect of technique. Particularly the plays of Paul Lindau have a snap and vivacity which carried the German stage by storm; while the motive of intrigue, which in the French drama is apt to take the place of love, has not supplanted the Germanic tenderness of sentiment. The French influence is also very evident in Hacklaender. Mr. Lewes, in his book on Actors and Acting, makes a remarkable mistake in speaking of Hacklaender's comedy, Der Geheime Agent (The Secret Agent). Led astray by its quickness of action and its flashing brilliancy, he terms it a translation from the French, whereas had he given a moment's consideration to its subject matter — the intrigues of a minor German court — he would have seen that the writing of such a play would be for a Frenchman almost impossible.

Unlike the French, the German stage is broadly catholic in its tastes. While a foreign play is almost never given in a French theatre, the German stage seeks to naturalize the best products of other tongues, and no philistine spirit of jealousy begrudges them a hearty welcome. Norwegian and Swedish authors have recently produced a number of strong plays, works that promise a rich future for the Scandinavian theatre. But for the liberal policy of the German stage a grand drama would have remained unrecognized by the outside world. It was Ernst Possart, the director of the royal court theatre in Munich, who at once saw the greatness of Björnstjerne Björnson's powerful drama En Fallit (A Failure). Occasioned by the great crisis of 1873, the play had for a theme the short-comings of mercantile life. They were painted in their true colors by a master hand, and mercantile dishonesty was called by its right name. The fame of the piece spread quickly and it was soon known throughout the length and breadth of Germany, causing a deep sensation everywhere. Critics called it a grand sermon for business men, and said that since Schiller's day no such tremendous effect had been produced. Paul Lindau said, "To it we are indebted for the deepest and most powerful impressions which we have received from the stage for years." While Björnson has a high ideal and teaches a great lesson, it is remarkable with what simplicity his work is done. There is not a scene that does not seem drawn from the life, and every word is such as people use in daily intercourse.

When we turn to our own stage, what a melancholy contrast is presented! While talking with the writer about the condition of the American theatre, one of our most prominent managers, a cultivated gentleman who has a sincere interest for the advancement of the drama, made the sad confession: "Nothing of merit pays." And of course, however great may be the desire of a manager to do the best, while his theatre is conducted on the basis of a private speculation everything else must be subordinate

to the one object of making as much money as possible. With us, every theatre is a private business enterprise; and that is the reason, pure and simple, why "nothing of merit pays."

How shall things be bettered? is the question. That they must be bettered is undeniable, unless we are ready to confess a limited capacity for intellectual progress. The drama is one of the higher arts, and if in any community a great department of art be neglected, the entire culture becomes one-sided and faulty, unsymmetrical, like an otherwise fair body with one feature missing. And like the different parts of the body, the fine arts are so closely connected, each having so important a bearing on the other, that no single one can suffer without the others suffering with it.

We have had several attempts to improve our theatre, but on examination these will be found to have been short-sighted and ill-considered, and therefore abortive. We must go to the foundation and rebuild. The drama in America has hardly been in a more sorry state than at present. There is a lack of hearty interest on the part of the public; every actor of even less than mediocre talent seems to regard himself as a brilliant "star," and endless "combinations" wander from ocean to ocean, threatening to degrade the profession deeper than in the days when to be an actor was to be a strolling vagabond.

But how shall affairs be bettered? Some tell us we must look to the state for aid. That would, however, be too much like whistling for the wind. Many years would have to pass by before the men in charge of our state administrations would consent to devote a dime to the welfare of the dramatic art. The proposition that a city should in its corporate capacity establish a dramatic institution of the highest standard is more worthy of consideration. Many of our cities and towns own public halls, which are used for concerts and dramatic entertainments as well as for municipal purposes, — a precedent, surely. Then the attraction of a good theatre helps a city from a commercial point of view. Strangers like to transact their business where they are well entertained. But then, on the other hand, many of our city councilmen are chosen for quite other qualifications than high character or good taste, and since these individuals have a reputation for insisting on having a finger in every pie which they help to bake, their influence would be apt to be disastrous to art.

Every large city should have one theatre where the highest art standard is maintained, and this would exert a powerful and healthy influence on the others. Let one city take the lead in this matter, then a spirit of rivalry would soon cause the others to follow. The characteristics of such an institution may be briefly sketched: —

First of all a standard theatre should be regarded strictly as an art-institute, and be placed on an equal footing with a museum of fine arts. It should be richly endowed, so as to be independent of popular caprice and the whim of the hour, and placed in such hands as to insure judicious management and the steady following of a permanent and systematic policy. The greater number of the seats should be sold by subscription, thus securing a permanent public, which in appreciativeness, discrimination, and interest for theatre and actors would be far more responsive than a floating audience. A personal attachment would thus be formed between players and public the artistic value of which could scarcely be overestimated. That with such inducements there would be little difficulty in establishing the subscription system among us is shown by the ease with which Mr. Arthur Cheney obtained stockholders enough to build the Globe Theatre, and that too without the slightest guarantee as to the character of the performances and the use to be made of the theatre. In consequence of the subscription system must come that of a constantly changing repertory, allowing perhaps the "running" pieces three or four performances a week, as at the Théâtre Français. The lover of the drama would then have an opportunity to visit the theatre as many times in the course

of a week as he would have in a month under the system of long runs.

A theatre pension-fund, formed by contribution and the receipts from two or three special performances a year, together with the reputation of such a theatre, would attract a class of actors such as now devote themselves to "starring," and their permanent connection with the theatre would insure an excellent ensemble. And to encourage dramatic production, generous prizes might be offered each year for the best plays, and a liberal royalty should be paid for pieces accepted, thus inducing our best authors to write for the stage. Such a theatre, beginning modestly, would soon gain a powerful hold on the community, and gifts and bequests would undoubtedly flow in, enabling it gradually to extend its field of work, and also, perhaps, to include the kindred art of music, taking in charge concerts and the opera. Then would

> "Music and sweet poesie agree,
> As needs they must, the sister and the brother."

It is a great work, and many prejudices must be overthrown before it is accomplished, but when the right man comes and puts his shoulder to the wheel — a man who, like Laube, combines high scholarly attainments with a great organizing power — we shall have a national drama worthy of the name.

Sylvester Baxter.

LANCELOT.

How one grows old I cannot tell:
  Are these my hands, so long and thin?
My voice is like a tuneless bell;
  All day the spiders spin and spin

Betwixt me and the sun. Betimes
  I have a fancy to be glad;
I hear strange burdens of old rhymes,
  And blare of trumpets. Once I had

Such fame dark Lucius' face grew white,
  That night on Lessoyne's trampled field,
When through the dusk, athwart his flight,
  The lions grinned upon my shield.

But if I wake, or if I sleep,
  And dream an idle dream, God wot,
Would I were dead, and buried deep!
  Anon a voice calls, "Lancelot!

"Sir Lancelot!" I lift my face, —
  The world is very gray and cold;
Then comes a whisper out of space,
  "He groweth old; he groweth old."

W. W. Young.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, AND OTHER NOVELS.

If cleverness were the one thing needful in a book, The New Republic[1] of Mr. Mallock would leave little to be desired. Only a man of wit, and of much confidence in his wit, would have dared plan such a work; but though the author's interest in his own performance flags a little after his brilliant outset, his epigrams are not exhausted before the close, and we do not feel that he has miscalculated his powers in detail, whether or no in the present case he has wielded them effectively. The sub-title of the book indicates its plan. A young man of fortune and distinction assembles at his sea-side villa a party comprising all the chief leaders of English thought at the present day, — some typical representative of each of the contending schools. The disguises are so thin that even the American reader is in no danger of mistaking the characters. Matthew Arnold comes under the name of Mr. Luke, Ruskin as Mr. Herbert, Professor Jowett as Dr. Jenkinson, Huxley and Tyndall as Mr. Starks and Professor Stockton, and a certain Mrs. Singleton, well known in London society, who has published rather naughty and enormously silly poems under the *nom de plume* of Violet Fane, figures very conspicuously as Mrs. Sinclair. Then there are Mr. Rose, a pre-Raphaelite poet and critic, presumably Mr. Pater; Mr. Saunders, a particularly tough and unscrupulous young materialist, identified by some with Professor Clifford; Lord Allen, a modest and boyish peer, of immense estates and benevolent purposes; a rather hazy and sentimental Scotchman who has seceded from the kirk to join the ranks of free thought, and suggests George Macdonald; a charming Miss Merton, who is a devout Romanist; Lady Ambrose, a thorough woman of the great world, with manners so delightful that they impart a certain fascination to a positively defective intelligence; Mr. Leslie, the intimate friend of the host, who gives us some of the keenest *mots* with which the book is adorned, but who is heart-sick over the death of the woman whom he had loved in secret, and so cannot openly mourn; and finally the host himself, Otto Laurence, who also fancies himself in a state of deep disenchantment with "life, love," literature, and "all things," yet who is swayed by romantic and reactionary impulses toward Mr. Herbert and Miss Merton. The fact that the author of the volume appears to divide his own languid and fluctuating opinions about equally between these two friends tends rather to confuse the personalities of Leslie and Laurence, but a little care will keep them distinct in the reader's mind, and the portrait of Laurence the host in the first chapter is one of the most caustic bits in the whole book: —

"He had considerable natural powers, and was in many ways a remarkable man; but, unhappily, one of those who are remarkable because they do not become famous, not because they do. He was one of those of whom it is said till they are thirty that they will do something; till they are thirty-five that they might do something if they chose; and after that, that they might have done anything if they had chosen. Laurence was as yet only three years gone in the second stage, but such of his friends as were ambitious for him feared that three years more would find him landed in the third. He too was beginning to share this fear, and not being humble enough to despair of himself was, by this time, taking to despair of the century. He was thus hardly a happy man, but like many unhappy men he was capable of keen enjoyments."

This reminds one strongly of that very polished satirist, the author of Cecil, and

[1] *The New Republic; or, Culture, Faith, and Philosophy in an English Country-House* By W. H. Mallock. London: Spottiswoode & Co. New York: Scribner, Welford, and Armstrong. 1878

so do many other passages in the book, but there is a difference of tone which is not in Mr. Mallock's favor.

Laurence and Leslie have a little *tête-à-tête* before the other guests assemble; and resolve that certain subjects shall be discussed among them, in a certain order, which they proceed, whimsically, to indicate on the back of the *menu* cards of the first elaborate dinner. These subjects are, first, the Aim of Life; then, Town and Country, — with reference to the surroundings amid which the aim of life may be best attained; after these, Society, Art and Literature, Love and Money, Riches and Civilization, the Present, and the Future. It would be too gross a violation of probability to represent any such plan as strictly adhered to; the talk was desultory and fragmentary, as the talk of many men with many minds always must be, but it recurred repeatedly to the subjects named, while it dwelt, as was also perfectly natural, longer than upon any one of them on the conflict, so called, between faith and skepticism. The party remained together over a Sunday, in the course of which Dr. Jenkinson preached to them a broad-church sermon, transcribed in italics at a somewhat merciless length, and Mr. Herbert denounced them for a lot of lost spirits in an eloquent and imprecatory harangue, while Laurence read them some extracts from the private journals of his cynical old uncle. Lady Ambrose favored them with the opening chapter of a novel, just sent her in manuscript by a young lady friend, and the various poets present were prevailed upon with no great difficulty each to sing or recite some bit of original verse. We can imagine it. We "do so with our enchantments" even here in the New World.

The literary peculiarities of those personages whom we know best as authors are hit off with very different degrees of success. Mr. Ruskin's, whom the host is represented as regarding with a sort of shuddering and inconsistent respect, are most cleverly caught. Here is one instance out of scores: —

"When God said, Let there be light, and light was, and God saw that it was good, was he thinking, as he saw this, of the exact velocity it traveled at, and of the exact laws it traveled by, which you wise men are at such infinite pains to discover; or was he thinking of something else which you are at no pains to discover at all, — of how *it clothed the wings of the morning with silver, and the feathers of the evening with gold?* Is water, think you, a nobler thing to the modern chemist, who can tell you exactly what gases it is made of, and nothing more, or to Turner, who could not tell you at all what it was made of, but who did know and who could tell you what it is made, — what it is made by the sunshine and the cloud-shadow and the storm-wind; who knew how it paused in the taintless mountain trout-pool, a living crystal over stones of flickering amber, and how *it broke itself turbid with its choirs of turbulent thunder where the rocks card it into foam, and where the tempest sifts it into spray.* When Pindar called water the best of things, was he thinking of it as the union of oxygen and hydrogen?

"'He would have been much wiser if he had been,' interposed Dr. Jenkinson. 'Thales, to whose theory, as you know, Pindar was referring' — But the doctor's words were utterly unavailing to check the torrent of Mr. Herbert's eloquence. They only turned it into a slightly different course.

"'Ah, master of modern science,' he went on, 'you can tell us what pure water is made of, but thanks to your drains and your mills you cannot tell us where to find it,'" etc.

The sketch of Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, is perpetually blurred and injured by the author's own too evident acrimony. Only the mannerisms of speech and occasional dogmatism of the apostle of culture are suggested by the conceited apothegms of Mr. Luke; his wit and pathos and intellectual refinement, never. His poetry is better satirized than his prose, however, and the following passage, which Mr. Luke is represented as mournfully and reluctantly reciting on the lawn by moonlight,

fairly puzzles one for a moment between mirth and memory: —

> "So for ages hath man
> Gazed on the ocean of time
> From the shores of his birth, and turning
> His eyes from the quays, the thronged
> Marts, the noise and the din
> To the far horizon, hath dreamed
> Of the timeless country beyond.
> Vainly, for how should he pass,
> Being on foot, o'er the wet
> Ways of the unplumbed waves?
> How, without ship, should he pass
> Over the shipless sea,
> To the timeless country beyond?"

The soft, voluptuous prattle of Mr. Rose becomes tiresome at times, but is frequently deliciously funny, as where in the midst of a melodious moan over the ugliness of London he says that among all the sights and sounds of the great city only one thing ever catches his eye that breaks his mood and warns him that he need not despair.

"'And what is that?' asked Allen, with some curiosity.

"'The shops,' Mr. Rose answered, 'of certain of our upholsterers and dealers in works of art. Their windows, as I look into them, act like a sudden charm on me, — like a splash of cold water dashed on my forehead when I am fainting. For I seem there to have got a glimpse of the real heart of things; and as my eyes rest on the perfect pattern (many of which are quite delicious; indeed, when I go to ugly houses I often take a scrap of artistic *cretonne* with me in my pocket, as a kind of æsthetic smelling-salts), — I say when I look in at their windows, and my eyes rest on the perfect pattern of some new fabric for a chair or a window-curtain, or some new design for a wall-paper, or on some old china vase, I become at once sharply conscious, Mr. Herbert, that, despite the ungenial mental climate of the present age, strange yearnings for and knowledge of true beauty are beginning to show themselves like flowers above the weedy soil.'"

These *dilettanti* folk play for a while at constructing an ideal state. The "new republic" is supposed to have been suggested by Plato's and to offer the latest modern improvement on that most grotesque and uncomfortable of commonwealths. But when Mr. Storks has eliminated religion, and Professor Stockton poetry and romance, and Mr. Saunders has restricted the sphere of woman to the function of motherhood, and Lord Allen has removed the lower and Mr. Luke abolished the middle classes, and Mr. Rose has devastated all the homes which are not furnished according to Eastlake, and Dr. Jenkinson has blandly assured the disputants that they all think alike, and added under his breath that none of them think anything worth mentioning, then Mr. Herbert descends upon them in a thunder-gust of sanguinary scorn, and shows them that their scheme is both impudent and impracticable, since their visionary state would consist of upper classes only, and very vain and sinful upper classes, too. Whereupon they all gracefully accept his annihilating amendment, and indulge in a little light and well-bred laughter over the explosion of their too ambitious palace of cards. It is the rigid exclusion of earnestness which, despite the wit of The New Republic, spoils it as a satire. The successful satirist must either firmly believe something, or firmly disbelieve; it does not much matter which. Mr. Mallock would have us think that he does neither.

"I have no duties," said Laurence. "Did not Mr. Herbert very truly tell us so last night? . . . Herbert and I, you see, are two fools. We both of us want to pray, and we neither of us can." And then Miss Merton modestly offers to pray for him, and is politely assured that that will do quite as well, and even better. Mr. Mallock is invariably deferential to his Romanist, but if he is really, as later publications of his would seem to indicate, "going to Rome," he is going as a panic-struck fugitive, by the tolerably well-worn route of negation and despair. He certainly avails himself of no orthodox *point d'appui* for his present attack, and is therefore fain presently to give it over, and to content himself with manœuvring the flying artillery of his wit, in a manner sufficiently bewildering to his reader, but not very dangerous to his foe.

One can but suspect, also, that he found himself a little hampered, as he went on, by his personal relations with those living writers whom at the first he marshaled so boldly. It is clear enough, as has been said, that he has a grudge against Matthew Arnold; but what can we think of his attitude toward Mrs. Singleton? The book is ceremoniously dedicated to her under her literary *alias*, and the "original" song with which she is made to follow Mr. Luke's recitation, on the first evening after the party assembled, is as much better than anything the lady ever wrote as a clever man and a skilled literary workman could make it. The concluding stanza, —

> "I shall know no more of summer weather,
> Naught will be for me of glad or fair,
> Till I join my darling, and together
> We go forever on the accursèd air —
> There in the dawnless twilight" —

is rather mild poetry, but it has the merits peculiar to the school of which Violet Fane appears to be a petted pupil, — tenderness and a certain dreamy grace of rhythm. Whereas the real Violet Fane inflicts upon the world immoderate quantities of stuff like the following:

> "It was a dream, and it is *dreamt;*
> 'T is gone — 't is past — 't is fled.
> But oh, its spirit is with me still,
> Though all besides is dead!
> . . . . . .
> "And when she heard of fair Elaine,
> 'Alas it seemeth hard,' she sighed,
> 'That he should let her love in vain
> The hopeless love whereof she died.'"
>
> "Cling to me, love me, kiss me — *so!*
> And, warmed by Love's delicious glow,
> Forget that there is Death or Snow.
> Again! Ah, — *so!*"

Here the versification is as slipshod as the sentiment is mawkish. But while the author of The New Republic distinctly flatters Violet Fane as a poet, he does, with equal distinctness and deliberation, discredit her as a woman; and here again — this time by way of contrast — we are reminded of Cecil the Coxcomb, and of the perfectly refined sketch in the first volume of that *femme incomprise* of forty years ago, who "whined her monotonous quail-call over the missing moiety of her life." Just so often as Mrs. Sinclair joins in the discussions of The New Republic she brings with her an atmosphere of innuendo. She never lapses into real delicacy of speech. There is humor, doubtless, in the way in which she is made to play off her airs of unguarded sensibility and Sapphic *abandon* against one after another of the celebrated guests assembled, especially in the malign innocence with which she entreats that complacent Philistine, Dr. Jenkinson, to explain to her certain obscure bits of Greek erotic poetry; but it is a deeply disrespectful and sinister kind of humor, and the whole portrait is one of the most disagreeable performances in decent literature. It leaves an impression of something very like vulgarity, which neither the sweet and open mediocrity of Lady Ambrose nor the reverent reserve of Miss Merton can quite counteract, and which lessens the wonderment we might otherwise feel at the sort of English talked at times by these famous folk; insomuch that we are once forced to hear from the "delicate, proud mouth" of Miss Merton herself, "I *expect* that we are more introspective than men."

If half inclined to tax ourselves with captiousness and prudery for at last flinging aside a book which has afforded us so much entertainment with a sigh for its futile brilliancy, sad hollowness, and perverted if not wasted power, a glance at the motto on the title-page, chosen from the Greek Anthology, may suggest that the author himself would hardly dispute our conclusion. "All is jest and ashes and nothingness; for all things which are are born of folly."

There seems too much reason to suspect that the tendency to proclaim ninety-two cents a dollar is constitutional with us Americans, and that the foregone silver-bill is but symbolic or symptomatic of an ingrain proclivity we have to shirk our responsibilities, to slight our work, and, in general, to get credit for a little more and better than we have cared to give. Why else are American *meubles* proverbially specious and shaky, American stuffs frail, American colors evanescent, and American novels, the very cleverest of them, never more than of cabinet-size when tolerably well exe-

cuted, or crude, careless, and unpardonably slighted in the making when there has been, as oftener happens, a generous use of really valuable material? How comes it to pass that in that little isle over-seas, where they use the same language as ourselves, there are hosts of comparatively humble and often anonymous writers who illustrate the strength and beauty of thorough workmanship; who know how to develop a character patiently and *from within*, so that it shall seem to stand erect and grow in stature out of its own vital force; and who can compose pictures of manners which in their temperate and deliberate fidelity are fit actually to shed light upon the history of an epoch; while here our best names are continually appended to labored trifles or to sketches of an hour; to work which startles agreeably and even gratifies for the moment, but has no farther use or significance, — work as brilliant and effective at first sight and as intrinsically worthless as a wired bouquet?

There is, for example, something positively grievous in the chaotic cleverness of a book like The Sarcasm of Destiny.[1] It is wildly planned, it is hastily executed. The heroine is improbable, while the hero, who is Yankee physician, French *savan*, Hungarian baron, and English peer all in one is clearly impossible. The action is lively but utterly bewildering, and the plot is preposterous. An indulgent critic insists that the tale has "go," but it goes nowhere in particular. It has only what Professor Tyndall would describe as the "promise and potentiality" of direction. For any fixed purpose, whether of art or morals, it is an utter failure, doomed to exasperate even while it amuses, and to be cheerfully forgotten directly it is laid aside; and yet, what wit is wasted upon it! It is all wrong, critically speaking, but the first half of it is abundantly readable. How very well many of the people talk; how picturesquely they dress and group themselves; with what grace and promptitude they make their exits and their entrances upon their lavishly decorated stage; how truly and keenly they can even feel upon occasion! The scene shifts from the fine old provincial town of Urania to the Knickerbocker circle of New York, from New York to the seething Washington of Lincoln's day, from Washington to Paris, from Paris to London, then back to the camps and hospitals of our civil war, to Urania, finally to England again. In all these places the author seems at home. We fancy that if she would linger long enough in any one to give us more than the merest dazzle of a passing glimpse, she might be positively edifying, — so knowing she appears in the ways of the great world, and yet, to a degree, unspoiled and unspoilable by them. This may indeed be an illusion, for the bright woman of the past, — the natural bright woman, so to speak, — who came before female colleges were invented, was remarkable for nothing more than for her power of using a little knowledge as if she possessed a great deal more; and the delightful absence of pedantry, the truly gracious freedom from all painful responsibility about the arts and sciences in The Sarcasm of Destiny, marks its author unmistakably as an ornament of that earlier time. But whatever her social opportunities and acquired accomplishments, there is no illusion about the native ability recklessly squandered upon this erratic tale; and it is on this foolish prodigality in the use of material which the writer either cannot or does not deign properly to work up, on this truly American haste and waste, that a short and pointed sermon might well be delivered with the sarcasm of literary destiny for its text. Types of character are suggested to us in these pages by the score, in a manner and with a fleetness of succession which reminds one wearifully of the mumbled "introductions" of society. There is a phantasmagoria of faces, yet they are almost all genuine types. The shrewd, kind spinster, the wise and tolerant clergyman, vague and elastic in his creed, but ardently zealous of good works, — the foreordained *dévote*, spotless, heroic, and narrow, — the re-

[1] *The Sarcasm of Destiny; or, Nina's Experience.* By M. E. W. S. New York: Appleton & Co. 1878.

fined and sorrowful idealist in politics, the gentle but merciless aristocrat Mrs. Peartree, — every one of these is worth study; but they are suggested only to be superseded; they are literally not developed at all. The social life of Urania is worth a careful study, — that seemingly by-gone life of the best kind of country town, so different in its leisurely and ordered elegance from the fierce and costly carnival, the strife for breath and foot-hold, which city life among us has everywhere become; and this author mentions it with a kind of affectionate regret, as if Urania had been indeed the heaven which lay about her in her infancy; but she merely mentions, and then her impulsive intelligence glances off; she has not the steadfastness to depict. She can give an episode admirably, she can tell a single anecdote or repeat a short conversation with great spirit, but she cannot construct a tale or even complete a portrait. Who among us can?

Is it the bright young author of Kismet and Mirage? Her first book certainly showed great promise, and her second is like unto it. In fact it is a great deal too like, while in some respects it is better. It is a product of the same impulse, — the strong mental and emotional impulse given by Oriental travel to an ardent, poetic, aspiring creature, hardly past the years of a precociously clever girlhood. How the sentimentalists of all lands have reveled in that tour of Egypt and Syria, and what pretty, dreamy books they have been possessed to write about it! — Laporte's Nile, George William Curtis's Notes of a Howadji, Lamartine's Voyage en Orient, and scores beside. And our youthful countrywoman seems sometimes to surpass all her teachers in the tenderness of her feeling for the sad primeval landscape, and in the eloquence of her descriptions. She thrills responsive to each new vision, and her glowing words are always ready. Nothing comes amiss to her, — sphinxes, pyramids, dancing women, pilgrims, crusaders, or saints, — the human passion of Egypt or the divine passion of Syria. What could be better in the way of word painting than this? —

"It was a curious life, monotonous and yet full of ever-shifting change; for now the river ran past some low range of desolate hills of stone, at their feet a narrow strip of cultivated earth, — the all in life of some poor fellaheen. It was perhaps a patch of lupines, and they caught the faint sweet smell of the white blossoms as they rowed slowly by, the sails hanging loose and empty in the evening calm, until the river swept away round the bend, the mountains fell farther back, and before them the lone and level sands stretched far away, broken here and there by a pale, gray mass — a clump of larch-trees faded and wan, looking like the trees of some primeval world — that melted away like ghosts into the twilight."

"Or perhaps it was high noon, and they saw some train of camels, heavy-laden and travel worn, lying in uncouth rest upon the sand, or twisting their long necks to snatch a mouthful of green from the few scanty bushes scattered along the shore. Behind them rose a jagged line of hills, — the color and shape of gigantic ash-heaps; and the camels, plodding slowly, heavily on, seemed themselves a part of the tawny, shadowless landscape, — their thin, gaunt figures the embodied spirits of the desert's mystery. . . . But at last there came a night when the wind began blowing down the river once more, when the Princess and the Cleopatra once more spread their sails and flew like night-birds through a sea of liquid opal; for the thin white mist mingled milkily with the moonlight, and the river-banks were lost in a translucent, vaporous splendor.

"'Love blows as the wind blows,
Love blows into my heart like the wind —

that is what the men are singing; Ibraham has just translated it for me,' said Livingstone to Bell, as they listened to the wild chant of the sailors, keeping time to the splash of the oars."

"They were sweeping down the stream to Philæ, sailing fast on a river of moonlight that wound whitely in and out between the fantastic rock forms, —

a thousand singular and distorted shapes of stone rising strangely weird and suggestive through the mist. The palms of Philæ were dark against the sky, each long feathery branch so clear, yet so softly delicate in outline, they seemed rather the ghosts of palms than actual trees. One of them, growing high up upon the bank, seemed to have caught a falling meteor as it glided across the sky, for through its tangled tracery of branches there shone a great white star. It was as though the tree had burst into some sudden glorious blossom of pale light."

But a fine feeling for landscape and touch in depicting it can, after all, only serve a novelist for the adorning of a tale; and ornament, as we are incessantly informed nowadays, ought always to be restrained and subordinate to the purpose of the work. Can this graceful writer, whom we seem to have every encouragement to call Miss Fletcher, — can she also grasp life and depict character; can she build a drama or round a destiny? One grand qualification for dramatic success she certainly has, a faultless ear, namely, for the small talk of the day, and especially for that of men. She lays little comparative stress on what women say to one another; she is possibly not yet a member of a woman's club; but her talk of men and women, and what is much more unusual in a woman's book her talk of men with men, is true to the letter. It is due to her unerring ear, not at all because she has herself any predilection for ungrammatical forms, that she allows her best-bred persons to say "It was me," and "I should have liked to have gone." And just so far as people can be revealed by surface talk her people are revealed, and we know them precisely as we know our fellow-travelers on a long route, and the people who sit opposite us for a week at the *table-d'hôte*. Their salient points of person and manners are hit off admirably in Arthur Livingstone, who was "that most useless of animals a fastidious American," who "liked cultivated people, but detested intelligent ones;" in Captain Blake, "a good-humored young Irishman with a fine tenor voice, a decided talent for brilliant water-color sketching, and a fatal facility for talking about himself;" in Fanny Thayer, who was ever pursued by a devoted husband with a camp-stool, and had been "tired ever since she was ten years old;" in that perfect flower of cis-Atlantic Philistinism, Jack Stuart.

Miss Fletcher, then, has many good gifts, — taste, humor, sensibility, a ready use of dramatic forms; and they have all been consecrated thus far to the service of one darling ideal, — that of a blonde girl with blighted affections. In Kismet the girl's name is Bell. She is sailing on the Nile with her father and her young stepmother. She is engaged to be married to a good fellow at home, but meets on her travels an *enfant du siècle* whom she likes better. She makes a rather feeble struggle to be true to her vows, but falls into the other man's arms about the time that they reach the first cataract. They are happy for a little while in the hollow lotus-land, and then the *enfant*, Arthur Livingstone, discovers that somebody has been trifled with, and he casts Bell off, rather rudely. After this she is very sad, with the lavish and sweet sadness of youth, and all Egypt is sad for sympathy, and we are quite comfortably sad who read, for she sings her sorrow exquisitely. When the affianced lover discovers the state of the case he naturally releases Bell, and, at the very last, Arthur decides that he will take her, but the impression of delicious woe is hardly marred. In Mirage the fair girl's name is Constance. She is traveling in Syria with a fatherly friend and his young wife. There is a rather good though stupid fellow in the party who wants to marry Constance, and whom her friends wish her to favor, but she happens to have met three years before an enfant du siècle, a shade more serious than the other. His name is Lawrence on the hills of Palestine, and she has loved him all this while, seemingly with very little encouragement. She sighs for him throughout Syria in a pensive and rapturous fashion, and again the fine scenery is suffused with guile-

less emotion. At Damascus the enfant Lawrence makes his appearance, and they are happy for a little in the odorous gardens and among the dusky bazars; and once they ride out together upon the encompassing desert, and are pathetically near coming to an understanding, but miss it, and the enfant drifts away from poor Constance, and she sadly and absently marries her original lover, Jack Stuart, whom she does not pretend to love at all. Mirage is in a lower key than Kismet, but it is better harmonized and more truly tender. The tearful and immoral end is artistically correct. It is a symmetrical sentimental whole. Constance is not as clearly individualized as Bell, but apparently she is meant to be a little vague, for even her author habitually speaks of her after the opening chapters as "the girl," as though she were a mere type of ardent feeling and unsatisfied yearning; a vehicle for confession and the vain aspiration after happiness in love.

Well, so be it. There are baffled lives, we know, and chords that are never resolved. But one would fain be pardoned for doggedly affirming that twice is enough to have tried the same subject, even with slight variations of treatment and an artistic gain in the second attempt. One wants to implore Miss Fletcher to shake off now her mood of introspective musing, and ruthlessly to bury her dear blonde maiden out of her sight. Let her despise the flattery of her admirers and resist the teasing of her publishers, and study other folks, the world of action and the works of those greatest masters of human portraiture who have traced the springs of conduct and probed the secrets of conscience. If she would only do this, who knows but she might by and by write books as strong as these two are pleasing, books of which her countryfolk might be permanently proud? She has rare capabilities, not the least of which is that keen susceptibility which comes so near, at times, to deepening into passion, and it is not too late for her to train her faculties for their highest possible use.

No one would think of calling Hesba Stretton a great master, although in her unpretending little story of Max Cromer she certainly depicted the last siege of Strasburg in a masterly manner. Hers is, however, a very modest place among those minor English novelists whose high general level is yet so full of significance for ourselves. This difference of average, by the way, was forcibly illustrated in the case of the first No Name novel which came to us from abroad. Nobody could guess who wrote Will Denbigh, but everybody knew at once that it was English. Why? Because the style was peculiar and the hand clearly practiced, and it would not be possible for one of ourselves to write so well without being distinguished. So with Hesba Stretton. Her fame is little, but her work is admirable, and her latest story, Through a Needle's Eye,[1] so compact and complete that even to one who does not much mind its earnest moral purpose it must be very restful and satisfactory reading. This is the plot: A hard and violent old squire, in a lonely nook of that picturesque English coast so familiar to us in fiction, disinherits his scapegrace heir who had run away from home at nineteen, and leaves his lands and name to an elder step-son whom he had educated for the church and made vicar of the little sea-board parish with an income of a few hundred pounds. This step-son, Justin Webb, afterwards Herford, is the hero of the tale. On his death-bed the old man relents toward his natural heir, and orders burned the second will, which he had made in favor of Justin. By a pure mistake the will destroyed was the earlier one, which had been made in favor of the absent Richard, so that Justin was left, after all, in unquestioned legal possession of the estate. No one but himself knew of the squire's late revulsion of feeling. Richard had not been heard of for six years; letters and advertisements failed to elicit any response; the parish was familiarized, by the old man's frequent threats, with the thought of Justin's succeeding; they knew him and loved him for his worth and wisdom, and

[1] *Through a Needle's Eye.* By Hesba Stretton New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1878.

his generous identification with themselves and their minute interests. So he kept his own counsel, installed a former classmate, a single-minded curate, even poorer than he had ever been, in the vicarage, and entered upon the name and lands of Herford, secured in his possession against everything but the whispers of his own conscience. The estate doubled in value under his astute management; his tenants also prospered in the trade which he knew how to create for them; the new clergyman was exceptionally zealous and tender in the cure of their souls; outside in his little realm, which yet was not rightfully his, all was peace and prosperity. And in his domestic life also Justin was gravely happy. He had married early in his struggling youth, but his wife had lived only long enough to give birth to one fragile girl, who now grew up in the sheltered luxury of the Hall, a gay, delicate, spotless creature, the darling of her father and of the entire parish. But Justin was blessed in another kind of love. The strong passion of his mature manhood was given to a noble woman who amply returned it, and waited only her release from the bondage of painful and yet sacred duty to a worthless father to become his wife. The ruinous grange where Diana led her life of heroic patience was near to Herford. The lovers met often; their friendship was of the sweetest and strongest type which may exist between unwed man and woman; their faith in one another absolutely without a flaw. Then came the culminating year when fame found Justin out in his retirement, and maiden Pansy's innocent heart was won by the plausible son of a neighboring baronet, and the hand of the presumed heiress sought by the proud and needy father. And then, in the fullness of time, when the fair fruits of wrong had all ripened, the rightful heir came home. The struggle in Justin's mind before he can resolve to renounce his own position and blight his daughter's prospects is depicted with a power and solemnity which remind one strongly of George Eliot in Silas Marner and others of her earlier and simpler tales. Here a distinctly religious motive is added, although never obtruded. The tale is always free from cant, but it becomes deeply serious in tone. The author does not scruple to enforce the text which she has taken for a title, and show the narrow and perilous entrance of the man whom ambition has misled into the kingdom of peace and spiritual honor. His expiation is a sore one. He retrieves his reputation in the end; he even regains his home and position in Herford after the returned prodigal has been crippled by a mortal injury; he weds his Diana, and sons are born to him, but little Pansy fades away. Her heart is broken by her lover's treachery, her health by transplantation from her native soil. She dies piteously at twenty, and with the life of his first-born the father pays the full penalty of his error. There is a depth, a verity, a sad *justesse*, about the completed story which no brief outline can properly represent. The minor characters are all clearly conceived: Richard, the half-unwilling reprobate; Leah, the village girl, who loved him so coarsely yet so truly in his prime, and served him joyfully in his helplessness; the Methodist preacher at the light-house; while the mother of Justin and Richard, and Mrs. Cunliffe, the worldly wife of the unworldly curate, are delineated with abundant humor. The action of the tale is natural, smooth, and steady; the style unstudied, but without blemish; the impression which it leaves wholesome, grave, and sweet. Once more our thoughts recur to George Eliot. That Hesba Stretton is less than she goes without saying, but she is not immeasurably less. Her very limitations may serve her as a sort of artistic defense. She has studied in the same nobly realistic school as the greatest of recent novelists, and excess of power will never betray her into a disregard of proportion.

The belief has been popular among us lately that too much moral is the ruin of a work of art. Those especially of our younger writers who are in love with the technical beauties of French *belles-lettres* have sedulously striven to keep their

"studies" pure of all moral intent, and he who leads his little school with so dazzling a facility, the author of The American, even affects *persiflage*, and gracefully lays, as we heard a manly critic of his observe the other day, "an immoral chip upon his shoulder."

But the notion happens to be erroneous. One of the plainest of all the plain reasons for that superiority of the mass of English fiction to our own, into which we have essayed a little to inquire, is its greater seriousness. Those English writers, almost without exception, have *convictions*, upon which, as on a firm foundation, they can build boldly, by virtue of which their work has poise and strength and dignity. Illustrations occur in throngs: the Kingsleys (both) and Hardy, the author of Doris Barugh and Patty, the more sensational author of A House of Cards, the author of the Atelier du Lys, despite her French flavor and associations, the gentle author of Vera. We may or may not adopt their specific views and heed their teaching, but we are sobered and braced by their earnestness. It doth not yet appear whether George Eliot's own stringent theory of life is true or false, but her immense moral momentum is unquestionable. Only Hawthorne and once Mrs. Stowe, on this side the water, have shown anything approaching it; and are not they our greatest? It may, however, encourage us to reflect that our headlong acceptance of the dictum, *no moral in art*, is probably due but in part to the witchery of France, much more to our own juvenility. What Herbert Spencer says of the development of the individual is true of the people quite as well: the physical powers mature first, then the intellectual, and last of all the moral. We Yankees have not yet got beyond the merely knowing stage, but we are on our way, let us hope, to a nobler.

And if moral sincerity gives force and temper to a book, so, of a certainty, does *not* sentimental piety, and Lapsed but not Lost,[1] by the author of the Schönberg-Cotta Family, is very feeble. The world owes something to Mrs. Charles for her reverent and sympathetic researches into the annals of the Christian church, and more for her renderings of some of the great mediæval hymns, particularly for the most exquisite translation ever accomplished of that loveliest of all the Augustiniani, the De Gaudiis Paradisi. But her dramatic vein is exhausted, her sweet but thin voice cracked beyond recovery, and the scene of her last romance, the semi-Christian Carthage of Tertullian and Cyprian, is a region peculiarly alien and uncomfortable to the imagination. It is more so even than the historic Carthage of Flaubert's fiendish Salambo; much more so than the mythical Carthage of Dido's day, where we all received an acceptable part of our early education.

It is natural at present to compare all stories of Russian life with Tourguéneff's. This can be properly done only by persons who have been, so to speak, converted to Tourguéneff; who have *experienced* him, as certain sectaries used once to speak of experiencing religion. In the one case, as in the other, the process is expected at some subsequent time to render a man wiser, but it will inevitably for the time being render him sadder. The convert to Calvinism was overwhelmed by a sense of his own sins; the convert to Tourguéneffism is crushed by a sense of the sinfulness of Russian society. They have defied the gods and trampled on the commandments, these strange and powerful half-barbarians, and, if their most eloquent prophet tells the truth, there is literally no health in them. And why should he lie? What motive could he possibly have for blackening the character of all his countrymen? Has he not, moreover, the plain, dispassionate manner, the accent of stern veracity, the "note," as they say, of unflinching realism? We have plainly no choice but to accept the total depravity of all the Russias; nor ought we, by any means, to resent as pharisaical the air of melancholy complacency sometimes to be observed in those who have fully accomplished the mortifying feat, and who plainly regard reluctance and

[1] *Lapsed but not Lost.* By Mrs. Charles New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1878.

a tendency to cavil at M. Tourguéneff's statements as indicating both cowardice and levity of mind.

Nevertheless, when one has embraced the means of grace, and swallowed in unwinking succession Fathers and Sons and Virgin Soil, Spring Floods and A Lear of the Steppe, the dose is felt by the natural man to have been so big and so bitter that one is, perhaps, disproportionately glad of a morsel of delicate sweetmeat like Henry Greville's Dosia.[1] It is a Russian story, but it will add nothing to that mass of sombre lore which we call knowledge of Russian life. The half-dozen personages who talk so wittily and behave so naturally with one another, through its two hundred and sixty very open pages (for this tale also is of the fashionable cabinet-size), all belong to that highly privileged and triply-guarded class of society for whom life is much the same in every land, and whether they oscillate between New York and Newport, London and Scotland, or Saint Petersburg and Tsarskoe-Sélo. A wild and wayward, but high-spirited, warm-hearted, and bewitching little hoyden wins the love of a peculiarly grave and fastidious man. A stately and experienced woman, the sister of the first lover, bestows her oft-sought hand on the cousin of the first lady, — a young army officer, remarkable for nothing previously but simple honor and boyish vivacity. This is the whole story, but it is charmingly told, with an abundance of odd incident and sparkling dialogue. The fascinations of the heroine are nowhere solemnly proclaimed, but the reader falls under their spell the moment she is introduced. We are not told that she is clever, but we observe that she is never outwitted, and she describes her dynasties of foreign governesses to the doomed dignitary who is beginning to patronize her with a merry acumen which actually illuminates the question of the education of girls, does good like a medicine to her stately and critical interlocutor, and shows triumphantly how much better in a woman is wisdom than the repute of it. There are no secrets in the story, no crimes, no sorrows. These polite and amusing people move by a sunshiny path to congenial destinies; but it need not harm us to be reminded that the sun is always shining clearly somewhere in the world, and that a narrow and transitory beam may even light at intervals upon the benighted kingdom of the Czar.

Dosia is a very little book, and we take occasion to repeat that a little thing well done, a little tale delightfully told, is by no means necessarily better in the way of art than a larger conception imperfectly wrought out. But symmetry and completeness are good things to remember and recognize, and there are odd minutes of life which we consecrate by preference to books which do not affect immortality. Henry Greville is the *nom de plume* of a French lady who has lived much in Russian diplomatic circles, and Miss Sherwood's translation makes us forget that it is a translation, and is therefore as good as in this case it need be.

AFTER-LIFE.

Oh, boon and curse in one, — this ceaseless need
Of looking still behind us and before!
Gift to the soul of eyes that fail to read
Life's open book of cabalistic lore;

[1] *Dosia.* By Henry Greville. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1878.

Eyes that detect a light and joy divine
Twinkling beyond the twilight clouds afar,
Yet know not if it be the countersign
Of moods and thoughts, or some eternal star.

What taunt of destiny still stimulates
Yet baffles all desire, or wise or fond,
To pierce the veil, ne'er lifted by the Fates,
Between the life that ends and life beyond?

We sit before the doors of death, and dream
That when they ope to let our brothers in,
We catch, before they close, some flitting gleam
Of glory, where their after-lives begin.

And with the light a transient burst of song
Comes from within the gates that shut again
Upon our dead. Then we, the proud, the strong,
Sit crushed and lonely in our wordless pain.

Weeping, we knock against the bars, and call,
"Speak, speak, O love, for we are left alone!"
We hear our voices echo against the wall,
And dream it is a spirit's answering tone.

"Come back, or answer us!" In vain we cry.
Naught is so near as death, — so far away
As life beyond. They only know who die,
And we who live can only guess and pray.

If 't were indeed a voice not born within,
Some sure, authentic sign from unknown realms,
Some note that heart and reason both could win,
Some carol like yon oriole in the elms;

Though but a vague and broken music caught,
Heard in the darkness, and now heard no more,
Sinking in sudden silence, while in thought
We piece the strains, outside the muffled door

That leads into the light and perfect joy
Of the full concert, then 't were bliss indeed
No present griefs could darken or destroy.
Somewhere life's mystery we should learn to read.

Somewhere we then might drop the ripened seed
Of life, to grow again beyond the sky;
Nor deem the human soul a withering weed
Born but to bloom a summer time and die.

Christopher P. Cranch.

THE MOOLID OF THE PROPHET.

THE April heat was increasing in Grand Cairo. Under its enervating influence I subsided into a hasheesh frame of mind, and passed my time between the bath and the narghile, the victim of brief and fitful moods.

Suddenly all Cairo began talking of the Prophet and his Moolid. It is the birthnight festival of Islamism, the nativity of Mahomet, the chief *fête* of the Oriental year. Of course I was shaken like an aspen at the prospect: the bath and the bubbling pipe were forgotten; I thought only of the Zikrs or the dervish ceremonials, and of the Zikkeers, those bedraggled, petticoated fellows, with their tall, brimless felt hats that resemble inverted flower-pots. The thought recalled to my mind a certain solitary pilgrimage to a convent mosque, where the dervishes passed out of their dusty cloister into a two-galleried rotunda, — a solemn procession of meditative souls that speedily scattered and began spinning like so many tops.

Again I heard weird music; the thin, hoarse voice of a flute rose beyond a choir-screen of fretted gold. The husky throat of that melodious instrument seemed to choke at first, and the voice stopped short, checked in the middle of a note. It bubbled, gathered force and strength, and then poured forth such a rich, clear, prolonged volume of sound as startled us all into breathless silence. It was like an uninterrupted moonbeam, that long, delicious note. The minstrel took heart, and played marvelously. There was soul in his breath, and inspiration in his touch; there was madness in the theme which he embroidered with a thousand fanciful patterns, after the manner of the East. He knew his art when he laid that reed to his lips and trailed a melody through the whole range of harmony, giving it as much warmth and color as if it were spun out of the seven-toned shadow of a prism. It was impossible to follow the theme of the cunning flutist; as soon hope to track a swallow in the dusk. It appeared and disappeared; it soared in ecstatic upward curves; it quivered in rapturous suspense; it sank in passionate sighs but half expressed, half inexpressible; it darted hither and thither in sudden delirium, a golden maze of melody; then, with a piercing cry that pricked the heart of the listener, it floated down through space, a broken, trembling, fine-drawn silver thread, lighter than gossamer, softer than carded silk. I listened painfully, but the angelic voice had faded like the moonbeam; yet still I listened, though the silence that followed was breathless and profound.

Meanwhile the Zikkeers passed within the charmed circle under the rotunda; made, each in his turn, a reverential salaam to the sheik, who was seated cross-legged on his mat at one side of the circle. Music again reverberated from the screened choir, — a concord of sounds not oversweet, and certainly less interesting than was the more spiritual invocation.

Gradually the Zikkeers began slowly turning, one after another, and scattering themselves over the arena, which they filled. There was room enough for all to turn in, to extend their arms freely, to expand their skirts like tents. When by chance two skirts came in contact, each collapsed immediately, and clung for a moment to the slim body of the Zikkeer before it was again inflated. Some of the Zikkeers, turning slowly, made the circuit of the arena. Some whirled in one spot, never raising their left heel from the floor, but paddling with their right foot continually, and spinning, each on his own pivot, for a good half hour.

Most of these dervishes were grim, mean-eyed, filthy men, past the prime of life. There was but one in the score who showed any enthusiasm, any sentiment, or indeed much interest in the religious diversions of the hour. The others were mechanical spinners, spinning from long habit, and with never so

much as a glimmer of expression lighting even for a moment their utterly blank faces. But that one, that lad in his teens, soft-eyed, oval-faced, touched with color that went and came like a girl's blush, — how he whirled, with his outstretched arms floating upon the air! His head was inclined as if pillowed upon some invisible breast; his soft, dark eyes dilated in ecstasy; he swam like a thistle-down, superior to the gravitations of this base world, ascending in his dream, by airy spirals, into the seventh heaven of his soul's desire. What wonder that his heart melted within him; that his spirit swooned, overcome by the surpassing loveliness of the mysteries now visible to him! Are there not promised to the meanest in that paradise eighty thousand servants in the perennial beauty of youth, and numberless wives of the fairest daughters of paradise, and a pavilion of emeralds, jacinths, and pearls? Shall he not eat of three hundred dishes served on platters of bright gold, and drink of wine that inebrateth not? And to him the last morsel and the last drop shall be as grateful as the first!

How the brain reels with watching those whirling dervishes! How the ears ache with the music that grows wilder and shriller every moment! The throb of the first-beaten *tar* gives rhythmical precision to the waltz, and it goes on and on till the eye of the spectator turns away for rest; and his feet instinctively lead him to the threshold of the rotunda, where a livid-lipped eunuch squats in the sun, knitting. You would think that the bees had stung those lips, and that the poor wretch were still writhing with pain. He is irritable; he snaps at a child who annoys him, — snaps like an ill-tempered dog, — and in a final fury stabs the youngster with his needles, and goes his way snarling.

All this came to me instead of the repose I was seeking in the deep divans in my chambers; but my reverie was cut short, none too soon, by the arrival of the friends who were to escort me to the Moolid. We dined in the best of humors, and with as little delay as possible we girded on our armor and went forth to El Ezlekeeyeh, while the whole city was astir and the air shook with the subdued thunder of the glib-tongued populace.

A strong tide set in toward the field of the festival. We flung ourselves into the midst of it, and were speedily borne toward a bit of desert that blossomed for the time being under the spell of the Prophet. We passed in to the feast of lanterns. In the centre of the field stood a tall staff ringed with flickering lamps; chains of many-colored lamps swung from the peak of the central staff to a circle of lesser staffs; festoons of painted lanterns made the circuit of El Ezlekeeyeh, and flooded that part of the city with the soft glow of a perpetual twilight. A series of richly-decorated tents marked the boundary of the festival; each tent open to the arena and thronged with Zikkeers, both whirlers and howlers, performing their gymnastics in the name of the Prophet.

Swept, as we were, into the arena, along with some thousands of Mohammedans, whose fervor is at white heat during all the Moolid, it behooved us to accept, with so-called Christian resignation, whatever insults might be showered upon us. The seller of sweetmeats cried at the top of his voice, "A grain of salt in the eye of him who doth not bless the Prophet!" The dispenser of coffee dregs demanded thrice his legitimate fee. We were rudely elbowed and trod upon, and stared at by eyes grown suddenly uncharitable, — eyes that shot dark flames at us from between lids blackened with bands of *kohl*.

We saw it all: the pavilions hung with prayer carpets that had swept the holy dust of Mecca and Medina; the splendid lanterns; the groups of dervishes who had been fasting and praying for a whole week, and whose brains were fast addling. Many of the devotees were lads, brought hither by their relations who had been through this school of fanaticism, who had run the awful risks of the *Dóseh*, and survived to encourage these innocents to make their crowning sacrifice.

Several of the small pavilions were

set apart for the howling dervishes, whom we found standing in semicircles before their respective sheiks, the masters of ceremonies. The howlers bowed in concert, almost touching their foreheads to the earth; their long straight hair fell forward in a cascade, and swept the carpet on which they stood. Then rising suddenly and throwing back their heads, while their hair was switched through the air like horse-tails, they cried, "*Ya Alláh!*" with hoarse voices that seemed to shoot from hollow stomachs starved for seven days past. How they barked in chorus, the delirious creatures! How they rocked in the air and waved their electrical locks with such vigor that the lanterns swung again, and the tent bulged with tempestuous currents stirred to fury in the fervor of those prayers! All night El Ezlekeeyeh resounded to the reiterated name of God. All night the pensive whirlers, poised on one heel, waltzed into Paradise to the beguiling clatter of barbaric instruments.

Somewhat removed from the solemnities of the Moolid, the populace found every sort of diversion, — strolling players, improvisators, soothsayers, snake-charmers, and the Oriental Punch and Judy. High swings cut the air, laden with shrieking Arabs, and when the ropes struck a chain of bells that clanged noisily, the jingle of that high jubilee drowned for a moment the terrestrial hubbub.

It was agreed that E—— and I were to join the Austrian consul at his residence on the day following, and accompany him to the Dóseh. We went thither at an early hour. Dazzling ladies were there in Eastern raiment, with scarlet fezes on their heads. It is so easy and so natural to assume Oriental habits in the East. Gentlemen took coffee and the narghiles in the drawing-room. We were beguiled with music and small talk until toward noon, when we drove to El Ezlekeeyeh. All Cairo had gathered to witness the most astonishing religious spectacle of El Islám. It was with the utmost difficulty that we drew near the site of the Dóseh. So dense was the throng already assembled that long before we reached El Ezlekeeyeh we were obliged to descend and follow the *kawas* on foot, in single file, working our way by slow degrees into an avenue kept open by the persistent efforts of the military. One side of the open way was lined with tents gorgeously furnished and set apart for the accommodation of numerous officials, both foreign and domestic, who had been ceremoniously invited to witness the Dóseh or "treading." Owing to some blunder of our kawas we were ushered into the wrong tent, where we made ourselves quite at ease among the sumptuous divans that lined it on three sides.

The harem was present, under glass as usual. Beautiful Circassian and Georgian women sat in their English broughams, and were driven to and fro before the tents. They eyed us with marvelous eyes. They turned again to regard us, with a surprise heightened by much kohl; their glances were underlined, as it were. Who would have thought a houri capable of such worldly curiosity? Then it was made clear to us that there was an error somewhere, for at that moment a fleshy young man entered with a retinue of wise men of the East, and greeted us with a distant civility that smacked of Oxford. It was the hereditary prince! No wonder our lady friends fluttered the harem, while all unconscious they sat in the pavilion of his highness.

Our tent was close at hand; we sought it with the nonchalance of travelers who rather enjoy breaking the tables of the law. We were glad of the escape and of the occasion of it; likewise grateful for the slight shelter our tent afforded, for by this time El Ezlekeeyeh was shrouded in a fine, sifting rain that sparkled in the sunshine as the golden light shot through it. Music (plenty of it) growing louder and more loud, and the roar of ten thousand voices swept down upon us, and then the rush of heralds crying, "Make way, make way!" and the dervishes thus announced advanced to offer up their bodies to the Dóseh. They hastened up the avenue in groups; each group was clustered about a staff deco-

rated with holy rags and saints' relics. All faces were turned toward the relics, — the haggard faces of the dervishes, who hung together with arms entwined, compact as swarming bees; sacred banners fluttered down the whole length of a procession made up of these grouped dervishes. Not one of the victims seemed in his right mind; the majority of them were idiotic. Their swollen tongues lolled from their mouths; their heads wagged wearily on their shoulders, and their eyes were either closed, or fixed and staring. Many of them were naked to the waist, turbanless, barefooted, and barelegged to the knee. In fact, they were of the lowest orders of the East, impoverished, fanatical, forlorn. They hastened to the top of the avenue, a part of those in each group running backward. When they had assembled to the number of four hundred, the friends who accompanied them separated each cluster of dervishes, and began paving the way with their bodies. They lay face down in the dust, the arms crossed under the forehead; they were ranged shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip, though the heads were not always turned in the same direction, but were occasionally reversed. Friends gathered at the head of each of the dervishes, and with the voluminous breadths of their garments fanned the prostrate forms rapidly and incessantly. In truth the dervishes seemed fainting with hunger and fatigue, and, as the crowd pressed close upon them, they would doubtless have become insensible in a short time but for the fitful breath afforded by those flapping sails.

I observed that the majority of the dervishes lay as still as death; but there were those who raised their heads and looked wildly about until their friends had quieted them, or, as in some cases, had forced them to lie still, while the confusion increased, and the intense excitement at the lower end of the avenue announced the approach of the sheik.

A few footmen then ran rapidly over the prostrate bodies, beating small copper drums of a hemispherical form, and crying in a loud voice, "*Alláh!*" The attendants, as they saw the sheik's great turban nodding above the crowd, grew nervous, and some of them lost all self-control; one man standing close beside me went stark mad, and three muscular fellows had some difficulty in dragging him away from the spot.

He came, the sheik of the saadeeyeh, swathed in purple and fine linen, and mounted upon a gray steed. The bridle was in the hands of two attendants; two others leaned upon the hind quarters of the animal to support his unsteady steps. The horse was shod with large, flat shoes, like plates of steel, that flashed in the sunshine; he stepped cautiously and with some hesitation upon the bodies, usually placing his foot upon the hips or thighs of the dervishes; sometimes the steel-shod hoof slipped down the ribs of a man, or sank in between the thighs, for in no case could it touch the earth, so closely were the bodies ranged, side by side.

If any shriek of agony escaped from the lips of the dervishes I heard it not, for the air was continually rent with the cry of "*Allâh-lá-lá-lá-láh*," the rippling prayer, a breath long, continually reiterated.

The sheik was stupefied with opium, for he performs this act, much against his will, in deference to the demands of the people; he rocked in his saddle until he had passed the whole length of that avenue paved with human flesh, and then withdrew into a tent prepared for his reception, where he received the devoted homage of such as were able to force their way into his presence.

No sooner was he past than the dervishes began to rise: some of them sprang to their feet unaided, and seemed to have suffered nothing more serious than a narrow escape; some rose to their knees, and looked about in a half-trance; a few lay quite still until their friends had assisted them to rise, when they were embraced rapturously and led away in triumph. But there were those who were perfectly rigid, who showed no sign of life when they were raised in the arms of the by-standers; and there were those who writhed in horrible convulsions, whose clutched hands beat the air in

dumb agony. One, who lay with his head at my feet was stiff as a statue; his face was emerald-green, his eyes buried in his brain. Four men bore him away on their shoulders, but his condition attracted no special notice; indeed, we were almost immediately whirled into a human maelstrom, out of which we were only too grateful to extricate ourselves with whole members.

Each dervish is entitled to two horse-hairs from the sheik's horse, one from the fore-leg and one from the hind-leg. those who are injured during the Dóseh are thought saintly according to the extent of the damage received. The others — there is a superstitious belief that no one is permanently maimed — are scarcely congratulated; the seal of the Prophet is not on them; they may return to the world and the flesh, as we did, with nothing in remembrance of the Moolid but a faintness and nausea that embittered the next three hours. . . .

It was the night of the Moolid. The minarets were girdled with flame; the heavens flushed with unnamed constellations, the trophies of the Prophet's birthnight. Once more I threaded the narrow streets, and saw the fruit-sellers sleeping on bamboo litters in the mouths of their bazars, with only a net thrown over their wares to protect them from thievish hands. I saw mysterious forms passing like sheeted ghosts, wrapped in profoundest mystery. I marked the wild music that steals from chambers high up and out of reach; a flame twinkles in the lattice, and light laughter greets the ear as you steal away from the shadows that lie under the eaves of the daughters of death.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

GROWTH OF CONSCIENCE IN THE DECORATIVE ARTS.

Self-examination has become one of the characteristic instincts of modern civilization. It was not long ago that Carlyle described this instinct as a sort of moral dyspepsia prevailing more or less absolutely in all the grades of society. However this may be, it is true that, unlike our forefathers, we take nothing for granted. The religious passions, the social traits, the manners and customs, which we may have inherited from them, are subjected to analysis and discussion. Reason modifies them, and establishes certain types with which, in the conduct of life, according to our several lights, we seek to establish a conscientious conformity. Concerning art, however, for various reasons which we shall presently consider, there has been, until lately, a reluctance to bring to bear upon it any such reorganizing and revolutionary tendencies.

Hitherto, when those of us who have been engaged in works of design have undertaken, in the modern spirit, to analyze our motives in any succession of cases, we have found that the standard of excellence by which we would measure our work, the ideal which we would approach, has been, so far as the form at least was concerned, inconstant, and for the most part capricious. These variations of style have not occurred according to any known law. Our art seems to have been in great degree controlled by some power outside of ourselves. We have found it convenient and comfortable to accept the dictates of this power without questioning, and our standard has been set up indifferently in ancient Greece or Rome, in mediæval France, England, or Italy. At one time it has held to some phase of the Renaissance; at another it has been absolute as to its Gothic; "all these by turns and nothing long." Its caprice has been curious and

unaccountable, and not at all in accordance with the modern spirit in other walks of intelligence.

This vacillation of the type which has prevented modern art from developing a style, in the accepted sense of the word, is the natural result of the increase of our knowledge of form and the growth of the archæological spirit. Unlike any of our predecessors in art, we have been seriously embarrassed by the unbounded range and variety of precedent at our command. There is no phase of historical art which we have not studied; wheresoever and howsoever humanity has expressed itself in forms of art, these forms are at our fingers' ends, and are ready to seduce us this way or that according to our mood. The mind of the designer is preoccupied by innumerable favorite *motifs* derived from every side and every era, each associated with some phase of ancient life, and sanctified or sweetened by ancient traditions; each with a value aside from intrinsic picturesqueness, beauty, or quaintness; and all contending for new expression. Whether he has been engaged upon a composition of architecture or upon a composition of decoration, — which also is architecture, or the completion and fulfillment of it, — his energy has been concerned, first, perhaps, with the choice of types agreeably to the caprice or fashion of the moment; next, with the degree of precision with which he is to follow them when chosen; and, finally, — by such reserve of force as might be at his disposal after these exhausting processes, — with the adjustment of his chosen forms to his needs according to his best ingenuity and skill. Under these circumstances, the modern process of design, whether this exact order of proceeding has been followed or not, must be a complicated one, and must differ fundamentally from all which have preceded it. The exact character of this difference it is important for us to understand at the outset, to the end that we may the better comprehend the new and strange conditions under which art is developed in these modern days.

The Greek architect of the time of Pericles had before him a fixed and sacred standard of form. There were probably dim traditions from his Pelasgic ancestors, and from Syria and Egypt. These were the only styles or forms that he knew, and his own had been developed from them into a hieratic system. He had no choice; his strength was not wasted among various ideals; that which he had inherited was a religion to him. The simple cella with a portico or peristyle, — this was all; he had no wants or ambitions beyond this; it satisfied all his conditions of art. But he shared in the intense intellectual activity of his fellow-citizens; his art had been developed in the same atmosphere as the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, the drama of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes. He was content with nothing but absolute perfection. Undiverted by side issues as to the general form of his temple, undisturbed by any of the complicated conditions of modern life, he was able to concentrate his clear intellect upon the perfection of his details; his sensitiveness to harmony of proportion was refined to the last limits; his feeling for purity of line reached the point of a religion. Hence the subtle swell or entasis in the shaft of his column; hence the eloquence and fitness of the echinus molding by which the supporting and supported members of this order were united. This molding was the gesture of Attic civilization. It coincides with no geometrical form; it is the symbol of strength and sweetness. In each temple it obtained a new form, adjusted to its new conditions, but still in harmony with the pure ideal. It was drawn in the midst of a deep silence, like an act of worship.

In like manner, many centuries subsequent the monkish builders developed the Christian temple in the cloisters of Cluny. All that they knew of style had been developed in a direct line of descent from Gallo-Roman traditions, and they, like the Greek, were undisturbed by any knowledge of conflicting forms. Their art was thus kept in the track of consistent progress, and developed with purity and irresistible force.

So it was with all the intermediate

builders. So it was when the Taj Mahal was built in Agra. So it was wherever there grew a pure style. So it was even after the period of the Renaissance. The development of styles continued strong and steady until archæology began to revive, classify, and make known to the world, as a contribution to history, the various methods and forms which were pursued and invented by old civilizations in the erection of their temples, tombs, and palaces. Then there followed a confusion of tongues which has lasted until our day.

From all this it necessarily follows that the distinctive characteristic of our modern art is the absence of a fixed standard of forms. It is eclectic, and apparently has not encouraged us to reach convictions as to forms or styles. At all events, there are few architects or designers, in this country at least, who are content to confine themselves to the exclusive development of any one particular set of forms, as Gothic, or Romanesque, or Renaissance, and voluntarily to shut themselves off from the rest of their inheritance of beautiful things; and wherever any such exist their neighbors are not so confined. In this particular we do not work together with any characteristic unity of sentiment. All the decorative arts are subjected to the same dissipation of forces. At the same moment we are designing and painting Greek vases; decorating Japanese screens; constructing furniture according to our reminiscences of the Gothic of the Edwards, or of the Renaissance of the Jameses, of Queen Anne, or of the Georges; covering our walls with designs suggested by the stuffs of Florence and of the inexhaustible East, by the brocades of France, by the stamped leather of Venice, with arabesques and conceits from all the styles; and with these we decorate the interiors of houses which on the outside have been inspired originally from traditions of every era of art, as set forth in books, prints, and photographs innumerable.

It is therefore a common reproach against the arts of to-day that they are discursive, without convictions or enthusiasm; that our depth is shallowed in many channels; that we produce many and not great things; that in painting we have no masterpieces like those of Italy in the fifteenth century, or of Flanders in the sixteenth; that in sculpture the ideal of the Greek marbles, though shattered and defiled, is to us absolutely unapproachable, not in execution only, but in comprehension; that in architecture we cannot reproduce the perfection, the purity, and perfect fitness of the Greek forms, the grandeur and extent of those of the Roman empire, the idealism, the enthusiasm, the consistent and powerful development, of the religious works of the thirteenth century, the elegance and refinement and self-control of the Italian masters of the fifteenth century; that in the fictile arts we cannot approach the French and Italian potters of the sixteenth; that in fabrics we are still far excelled by the Orientals, and by the products of mediæval looms; that in furniture, for fertility of design, for perfection of execution, for richness of carving, we are surpassed by the Philibert de l'Ormes, the Le Pautres, the Boules, of France, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, by the Gibbons and the Chippendales of England in the eighteenth. In like manner we know that antique gems and intaglios, Etruscan jewels, boxes, fans, and bronzes of Japan, ironmongery of Nuremberg, — these, in their several departments of art, are the despair of modern workmen; that in no respect of art do we exceed our progenitors. It would seem, in fact, as if our knowledge, our ingenuity, our industry, had swamped our art, — as if our art were in a condition, if not of eclipse, certainly of hopeless anarchy, and this while its patrons were apparently never so rich, never so numerous, never so ready.

But over these accumulating and incongruous elements presides the self-conscious spirit of the modern artist. The innocence and *naïveté* of the older day have gone by, never to return. Our ancestors perhaps "builded better than they knew." But we can never do a good thing by accident. Each of us, in whatever style he may work, must nec-

essarily impress himself upon his design. We can never be quite lost in the style which we have chosen. A new subjective, personal element has thus been born into art. This self-conscious spirit began to be felt when the necessity of making choice among several types or styles was first imposed upon the artist; this choice implying the idea of self-justification, and giving an added sense of personal responsibility, which has naturally grown with the increase of our knowledge. During the existence of a prevailing or exclusive style, as in any time previous to the middle of the last century, there was far less scope for individuality of expression than now, when the necessity of making choice among many styles and among innumerable motifs constantly recalls the designer to a consciousness of his own resources, and in the new labor imposed upon him of rejecting with discretion compels him to an expression of his own peculiarities of thought and habits of mind, which would have been impossible to a Greek of the time of Pericles, or to a Frenchman of the time of St. Bernard.

Hermogenes and Callicrates, Apollodorus and Vitruvius, Viellard de Honcourt, Robert de Luzarches and William of Wyckham, — each of these concerned himself with the development of a type of form, and carried it on one step further towards perfection. In this type their individuality was lost. They and their brethren are therefore but the shadows of names. Erostratus, the fool, who burnt the temple of Diana at Ephesus, is far better remembered in history than Ctesiphon, the architect, who built it. Ctesiphon, though a great artist, was but the agent of a process of development in style; his work was rather a growth than a creation. But Sir Charles Barry, Alfred Waterhouse, Charles Garnier, Karl Friedrich Schinkel, of our time, built their monuments in the Houses of Parliament at London, the Law Courts at Manchester, the New Opera at Paris, and the Royal Theatre at Berlin; these buildings, and all other conspicuous monuments of modern times, are full of the personality of their authors, because they are rather creations than growths. Even so late as the fifteenth century the Renaissance palaces of Italy, built by Vignola, Scamozzi, Serlio, and Palladio, do not betray the personal characteristics of their designers to the same extent and in the same manner as do the Neo-Grec works of Henri Labrouste in Paris, the modern Gothic of Scott, Burgess, and Street respectively, the modern Greek of the Scotch Thompson in Edinburgh, the "Queen Anne" revival of Norman Shaw, and so on through a host of more or less illustrious contemporaries, most of them changing their styles from time to time according to their moods.

Confused amongst a multiplicity of types, we impress upon our work a certain effect of breathless effort, and overcrowd it with details; our greatest and most difficult virtue, therefore, is reserve of force, self-denial, simplicity, repose. The artists of antiquity found simplicity and repose in mere fidelity to a rigid standard, — a fidelity untempted by the discoveries of archæology, and easy because of the purity and perfection of the type. Their ideal was a divinity; their service to this divinity was worship and obedience. Our ideal is a museum of heterogeneous and beautiful forms, and our service to it is selection, rejection, analysis, discussion, classification, self-denial. Indeed, the modern artist is not the servant of his ideal; he properly seeks to be its master. Whenever, like a mediæval artist, he tries to render obedience to the ideal, the very perfection of his knowledge betrays him. However faithful he would be to his selected type of forms, he must needs breathe into it a spirit quite his own. If he would reproduce in his modern work the strong Gothic of the early Cistercian abbeys, he remembers also the refinements of Giotto in the Campanile of Florence. If he would imitate the elegant exuberance of the Ionic in the Treasury of St. Mark, he cannot forget the fine chastisement of invention in the Ionic of the portico of Minerva Pallas. Thus his work is sophisticated by his knowledge. He is like an actor playing a part. He

cannot conceal his effort. He is self-conscious.

Thus the modern spirit of self-examination, of which I have spoken, is gradually applied to art. The application of a rule of morality to the arts of design follows naturally, and is in exact harmony with the modern spirit of culture. I desire to treat of this growth of conscientiousness as the quality most characteristic of the art of to-day, — a quality which until now has never made its appearance in the decorative arts, and from which the most happy results may be reasonably anticipated; without which, in fact, these arts will become mere antiquarianism, destitute of soul or inspiration.

Conscientiousness, — this arises from regarding art not as a business, or an amusement, or an accomplishment merely, but as a duty, carrying with it certain moral responsibilities like any other duty. This is a modern idea; it consists in the desire to establish some constant and conscious standard, by the observance of which, in the midst of the enormous and complicated demands made upon the decorative arts in our day, in the midst of the embarrassing accumulation of available and conflicting precedents, in the midst of the new materials, new inventions, new creeds, new manners and customs, constantly presenting themselves, a new art made up of many arts may be formed and kept from anarchy and confusion.

It has been discovered that in every great era of art material has been used according to its natural capacities: by the consistent use of such natural capacities the arts have approached perfection; by their abuse they have inevitably declined. Thus, as regards architecture, in a district which produced granite alone the prevailing style would submit to certain modifications to suit the conditions of the material: the moldings would be few and large, the sculpture broad and simple, depending rather upon outline than upon detail for its effect; in places where the stone was easily worked, the moldings would be more frequent and the carvings more detailed; where the stone was capable of fine finish, there would be a corresponding characteristic of refinement of treatment. Where clay only prevailed, there would arise an architecture distinctively of brick and terra cotta. If the stone of the district was coarse and friable, it would be used in rough walls, covered with a finish of cement or plaster, which in its turn would create a modification of style priding itself upon its smoothness of surface, its decoration by incisions and fine molding and color. Thus, Egyptian art was an art of granite; the mediæval arts of France and England were mostly arts of limestones and sandstones of various qualities; the art of Greece was an art of fine marbles; that of North Italy was an art of baked clay; that of Rome, as her monuments were a part of her political system, and were erected all over the Roman world as invariable types of her dominion, was an art of coarse masonry, in whatever material, covered with molded plaster or with thin veneers of marble. In like manner, forms executed in lead were different from forms executed in forged iron. Forms cast in molds were different from forms wrought with the chisel. Forms suggested by the functions and capacity of wood were quite different from any other.

It is no less true, however, as is well known, that in their origins the Greek styles bore reminiscences of the primitive arts. The granite pylons of Egypt recalled the structures of mud and reeds which preceded them; the temples of Greece remembered the wooden frames of the primeval buildings; and the early Gothic of France received its first decorations from hints in Oriental fabrics displayed by the Venetian merchants in the markets of Limoges. But when these styles reached perfection, the materials and their capacity for legitimate expression had been fully developed in each case: granite no longer resembled mud; marble no longer was fashioned into wooden forms; and limestones and sandstones were decorated, not like stuffs, but in such a manner that from a drawing of an ornament one could almost predicate the quality and grain of the material

for which it was designed and in which it was executed.

This quality is called truth of material. There is also truth of construction and truth of color. They all are arrayed against imitations, against producing in one material forms invented for another, against concealment of devices of construction; in short, against sham work of any kind. Thus a certain master lays down this dogma: "A form which admits of no explanation, or which is a mere caprice, cannot be beautiful; and in architecture, certainly, every form which is not inspired by the structure ought therefore to be neglected."[1]

Such doctrines as these have been so often preached in the literature of the times that they have become commonplace. They sufficiently indicate the conscientious tone of public sentiment as regards art, and the designers silently but diligently endeavor to meet the demand for a moral art with all the accepted devices of truthful work. Thus, for example, we have had an era of furniture made according to a dogma of which, for this country, Mr. Eastlake has been fortunate enough to be the prophet; but as the conclusions of the dogma have been too rigid, its requirements too exacting, its illustrations of the principle of truth of material and truth of construction too literal and narrow, its productive power is already exhausted. The designers, failing to produce new effects, retrace their steps and repeat themselves, and finally take refuge in variations and modifications of the style, which are the certain premonitions of transition and change. There are *doctrinaires*, precisionists, *petit maîtres*, formalists, in this conscientious movement in the arts as in every other new intellectual activity; they are ready to push the newly discovered principles to conclusions too absolute and mechanical, and to expose our arts to the danger of a recoil. Thus the "Eastlake furniture," which excludes curved lines on principle; which makes the manner of construction, the joiners' part of it, more important than the designers'; which elevates the mortise and tenon to the dignity of art, must in time, by very reason of its great show of honesty, like any other ostentation of morality, pall upon the senses. With our inexhaustible inheritance of forms, in which curved lines do appear, in which the idea of the designer is of more importance than the device of the cabinet maker, we cannot remain long content with such pious exclusions.

But with all this, the conscientious spirit once aroused in art is not likely to be put to sleep again until a great work has been done. The designer would not quiet it if he could, for it gives to his work a new significance and power; it enables him to defend it by saying, "This composition of lines or of colors I am satisfied with, not merely because it gives me a sensuous gratification; not merely because it recalls this or that motif in some of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of art; not because it reminds me of certain historic forms rendered precious by traditions and long use; not because it copies nature exactly; but because I know it is right. And why? I have reasoned about it, and can explain it by an appeal to your intellect. It belongs in its place, and accomplishes its object with a directness which could not be reached by mere intuition. It is not a mere matter of taste, concerning which there is no disputing. I cannot do otherwise than I have done and remain true to the conditions of my art. My forms are developed out of the necessities of my problem; they are not chosen because they are beautiful only, but because they are fit. Indeed, they would not be beautiful for my use if they were not fit. I have been taught by experience to distrust my own intuitive fancies and predilections for this or that form, for this or that style; they seduce me from the truth. I have been taught to discipline my resources; to subject them to critical analysis and discussion within my own mind before using them; to lop off what is irrelevant to my theme; to give greater emphasis here; to distract attention there; to harmonize the whole with the especial demands of my subject. I find that these conscientious processes, so far

[1] Viollet-le-Duc.

from weakening my fancy, so far from diminishing the interest of my work, in reality make my resources of design more available for my use, and render my compositions far more beautiful than any that I did before I had taught myself to reason. I now know how to be simple; I now know the value of self-denial in art."

Before the latter half of the nineteenth century such language as this would have been impossible, but now it simply illustrates a common thought of the modern designer undertaking to create works of art; it illustrates a growing spirit in all the decorative arts. The distinctive characteristic of the arts of to-day has been, as I have intimated, vacillation among innumerable and incongruous types. It is evident that no one can invent a new set of forms, conceived on new principles, which shall obliterate the memory of all that archæology has given us, and therefore that we shall never create that new style which dreamers and idiots have been so long asking for, but never will find. It is equally evident that our resources of precedent will increase with the progress of time. Where, then, are we to look for a remedy for the increasing embarrassment of our knowledge? What can relieve us from an anarchy of forms on the one hand, or from the ignoble domination of a series of unreasonable and capricious fashions on the other?

It seems logical to infer that as in the sciences the accumulation of knowledge never has been regarded as an affliction, so in art the accumulation of precedents from Greece, Rome, and Byzantium, from Egypt and Syria, from the Orientals and Spanish Moors, from mediæval Christendom, from the masters of the fifteenth century, from the châteaux and palaces of the Renaissance, from the revivals and rehabilitation of all those forms by our many-sided contemporaries, — this abounding wealth should hardly prove an embarrassment to us unless we are unfit to use so precious a heritage.

With this heritage we have tried all sorts of experiments. We have, for example, tried the effect of arbitrary exclusions. The time is not far distant when the world of art was divided into hostile camps, some holding to one set of precedents and regarding all others as misleading and pernicious, the rest considering that safety resided only in the very forms rejected by their competitors, — some for Gothic and some for classic. Twenty years ago two architects could not meet without a quarrel. It was the "battle of the styles." We have tried this in architecture and in the other decorative arts, but have found that under such division we have made no progress. We have also, in turn, tried indifference as to the quality of the precedent, and masqueraded now in one dress and now in another, curious only in the perfection and accuracy of our copying; in other words, we have tried pure archæology, and found that it could not satisfy the cravings of the artist to create.

We are now at last beginning to learn that this great inheritance of forms is in fact the legitimate language of our art, copious, rich, suggestive, sufficient to all our moods; valuable to us not for the sake of its own words and expressions and phrases, but because of its usefulness in enabling us the more fully and elegantly to express our own thoughts and the ideas which belong to our time.

To obtain success in the decorative arts, according to this new light, there must now be added to the qualification of the artist a new and hitherto unknown element, that of research and learning. We are compelled to processes of reasoning in design; we are obliged to have thoughts to express, and, in expressing them, not to misuse an old language, not to confine ourselves to this or that dialect, to the peculiar idioms and tricks of expression in this or that author or set of authors, — much less to invent a new language. We design at last with a conscience. Modern art thus allies itself more closely with humanity than ever; it must appeal not to the senses alone, but to the mind and heart. Indeed, so saturated is it with humanity that we apply to it moral terms: we

say that it is sincere or insincere, true or false, self-denying or self-indulgent, proud or debased. Or we speak of it as a thing of the intellect: it is learned or ignorant, profound or superficial, closely-reasoned and logical, or shallow and discursive. Such should be the modern decorative arts, according to the high standard set up by the new culture. In this way, apparently, we are to create an art of the nineteenth century. It is evidently not to continue a mere art of correct revivals, now of this or now of that school, according to an inexplicable fashion. Beneath these superficial excitements there is growing this new sense of responsibility as to the real duties of art.

Thus, in building a modern church, the problem is not satisfied by accommodating a given number of worshipers for a given cost, with due regard for the decent setting forth of given rites in an edifice which is merely an accurate quotation from a given style, a correct reproduction of forms recognized by antiquarians as peculiar to a certain distinctive era of art. It is no longer sufficient that it is good Romanesque or good Gothic of any age or place. This is practical archæology, perhaps, but not architecture. The matter of accommodation, cost, and rites being the same, the question is, first, as to the most available material; then, what forms are best suited to give this material the most honest and elegant expression possible under the circumstances, adapting these forms to the local conditions of fenestration, exit and entrance, aspect and surroundings. The artist seeks not to invent new forms to meet those conditions; they will come soon enough if needed. There is a venerable and inexhaustible language of old forms; there are innumerable traditionary details developed out of the experience of mankind in former ages; there are devices of construction developed into shapes associated with the triumphs and trials of Christianity everywhere. With the fullness of this language he utters his thought completely, having in mind only the fairest and aptest expression of his idea. To these processes there are essential, as we have discovered, not learning and research merely, not inventive skill and genius merely, not poetic feeling and fine sympathies merely, but all these combined, together with the usual technical qualities which must form a necessary part of the equipment of the architect. The result is inevitably a work of art, — not a correct reproduction, but essentially a thing unknown before, a veritable contribution to the pleasure and profit of mankind, a step onward. It is of course dependent upon the genius or skill of the artist whether, in using the old forms of expression, he avoids incongruities; and, while it is not of the least consequence whether he commits anachronisms or not, he must see to it that they are not offensive. He may put Greek and Gothic together if he can, but it is necessary to the perfection of his expression that all the details shall be reconciled one to another and made one whole.

The decorative arts, from the highest to the lowest, are decorative in that they are fitted for a fixed place, and in that place related, in either subordination or command, to the effect of other pieces of art. "All the greatest art in the world," says Ruskin, "is fitted for a place and subordinated to a purpose. There is no existing highest-order art but is decorative. The best sculpture yet produced has been the decoration of a temple front; the best painting, the decoration of a room. Raphael's best doing is merely the wall-coloring of a suite of apartments in the Vatican, and his cartoons were made for tapestries; Correggio's best doing is the decoration of two small church cupolas at Parma; Michael Angelo's, of a ceiling in the Pope's private chapel; Tintoret's, of a ceiling and side wall belonging to a charitable society at Venice; while Titian and Veronese threw out their noblest thoughts not even on the inside, but on the outside of the common brick and plaster walls of Venice." So also with the minor decorative arts. Their essential condition of existence is their subordination to a purpose, and there-

fore the modern standard requires in their design complicated processes of development, similar, though of course in a less absolute degree, to those by which, as we have seen, the most monumental and important results are to be reached.

In the completion of a room for use by the application of color, of fabrics, and of cabinet-work, it would be easy to prove that a perfect result, or rather a result of perfect fitness, the ideal, is obtained, not by masquerading in a foreign dress, or by adopting a prevailing fashion of forms or tints, or by any arbitrary inclusions or exclusions whatsoever, but by a study of the peculiar needs and uses of the room, its aspect, its shape, and its surroundings; by the discovery of the key of color necessary to the case; by the survey of available precedents for motifs and suggestions of form; by the conscientious and intelligent rejection of every fancy which, however dear to us, however fashionable, however picturesque, or original, or graceful, is not essential to the realization of this ideal. We know of innumerable rooms, decorated in innumerable ways, by innumerable devices, under all degrees and varieties of civilizations, ancient and modern, and according to all conditions of living. These are importunate in suggesting ideas to the modern designer. Without the exercise of the virtue of self-denial he is at the mercy of these thronging fancies, and becomes a mere superficial eclectic. This virtue must be a leading characteristic of the new discipline which we are approaching, both in the greater and lesser arts of decoration. The obvious necessity of exercising it, if we would create works of art, is another proof of the intense self-consciousness which we must inject into our work. We cannot decorate a panel in these modern days in any spirit but that of self-consciousness. If this takes the form of complacency in our own skill or knack, confidence in tricks of color or form which we have picked up, imitations of what has constituted other people's success, we can have no real success of our own. If the self-consciousness is conscientious; if it rejects the temptations of its own genius and knowledge; if it considers first the function of this especial panel, its position and surroundings, treating it according to the natural capacity of the material, — if of metal, adjusting the form of the decoration so that it may be beaten, chiseled, engraved, or cast into shape; if of clay or plaster, so that the form may be developed by modeling; if of wood, so that it may be carved or painted, — and, whether the composition is executed in form or color according to these conditions, if this form or color is kept properly subordinate to the rest of the composition, and is content simply to illustrate or decorate the function of the panel as an essential part of a greater whole, we may hope to create a work of art.

Moreover, how has the human mind in previous conditions of life met similar requirements? Let us take a long, upright panel and consider this point. An Egyptian would have formulated his work according to his religion, and filled his panel with a composition of reeds and lotus flowers, dead with straightness, rigid, precise, hieratic. A Greek would have contented himself with a wild honeysuckle, but would have extracted from it the very essence of beauty, grave, sweet, corrected, and chastened to the last limit of refined expression. A Roman would have chosen the acanthus and the olive, and would have given to them exuberance, vigor, sensuousness, abundance of life and motion, pride, and vainglory. A monastic designer of the twelfth century would have chosen the common leaves and flowers of the wayside, and with worshipful soul and obedient hand would have interpreted nature so that his panel would have been made beautiful with the spirit of the plant. A lay architect of the fourteenth century would have given a consummate image of what such leaves and flowers should be if they had been created for the sake of his panel; their shapes and their motions would have been adjusted to the form of his panel, conventionalized and crowded. A cent-

ury later, he would have crumpled, twisted, and undercut the leaves with dangerous perfection of craftsmanship, and they would have wandered wanton outside the limits of the panel; strange animals would have been seen chasing one another among the leafage. An architect of the Renaissance would have remembered the Roman work; but the Roman acanthus and olive, under his hands, would have been quickened and refined with new detail, new motion, finer inspiration and invention. They would have received a new impulse of life, a new creation, in the self-conscious spirit of the artist. He would have breathed into them his own personality, so that they would have been, as it were, the signature of his genius. But the art would still have been pagan art; not necessarily exuberant and ostentatious, but subdued to a strict relationship with the borders of the panel, observant of the centre line, illustrated with pedantic conceits of birds, masks, animals, boys, garlands, and pendants. For it was the era of the Renaissance of learning, the era of *concetti* in literature as well as art. The decorator of the Elizabethan era would have frankly left nature, and covered his panel with armorial bearings and grotesque emblazonments, with accessories of strapwork curled and slashed capriciously. The Saracen would have filled it with his arabesque tangles and pious texts. The Japanese, following immemorial traditions of art, perfected by successive generations working loyally, consummate interpreters of natural forms, would have disregarded any considerations of symmetry, and projected into the field of the panel a spray of natural leafage from some accidental point in the boundary, cutting across a background of irregular horizontal or zigzag bars; a quick flight of birds would stretch their wings across the disk of a white moon, or a stork would stand contemplative upon one leg in the midst of his water reeds, with the sacred Fusiami in the distance, barred with its conventional clouds; and yet the composition would be suited to no other shape or size than that of the long panel for which it was composed.

In the presence of all these crowding images, the modern designer stands asking, "Which shall I choose, what shall I reject, and why?" They are all his; they are his rightful inheritance, the legitimate language of his art. He not only has all the beautiful things in nature at his command, but he also knows how they have been used by his predecessors; how they have been interpreted and transformed in the service of humanity; how they have been sanctified by old religions, conventionalized and revitalized according to the knowledge, the inspiration, the needs, the opportunities, the emotions of mankind. They have become an expression of humanity, and thus, as we have said, a language of art.

Mr. Ruskin, in a lecture at the Kensington Museum, asserts, with his usual dogmatic force and confidence, "that no great school of art ever yet existed which had not for primal aim the representation of some natural fact as truly as possible." Accordingly, he directs his disciples to the minute study of leaf and flower, grasses and pebbles, shells and mosses. He tells them to look into the rock for its crystals, and to look up at the sky for its clouds; to draw them all with delicate care, to carve or paint them with absolute fidelity; for by such processes alone can the secret of decorative art be revealed. All this experience doubtless is excellent, and to a degree indispensable. But how this drawing and carving have been done by our predecessors; how they have interpreted nature according to all the moods and emotions of the human soul, and under all the conditions of life; how they have made it a part of the history of mankind, conventionalized it, in fact, for the uses of art, — this is no less important. The artists who practice design and the theorists who dream of it naturally disagree. What! cry the latter, must we go to art when we have infinite nature all around us? When the clover and the daisy grow in the clod beneath our feet; when the sagittaria, with its pointed leaves, the water-cress, and the long reeds wave by the river's brim, and the

white lily floats upon its bosom; when the oak leaf and the acorn help to form the shade in which we repose, — must we go afar to learn how these things were carved by forgotten hands upon the capitals and corbels, in the spandrels and panels and friezes, of sacred buildings, six hundred years ago; or to discover in what way they made beautiful the oaken screens and cabinets in the châteaux of the sixteenth century; or how they were beaten and twisted out of ductile iron in the balconies of Venice, or molded, baked, and colored in the potteries of Palissy and of Sèvres; how they were painted upon the fans or cast on the bronze vases of Japan? On the other hand, the artist says, What are we to do with our heritage of forms? Are we to leave them to the antiquaries to label and classify and set up in museums, or are we to abandon them to quacks and pretenders, the spendthrifts of art, to be worn by them as savages wear the costumes of civilization? In any event, they cannot be forgotten. Every day they are made more accessible. The instinct of mankind is to use them, and we must see to it that they are used in a manner consistent with the dignity of art, with far-reaching research, but with self-control, self-denial, and conscience.

Thus there are two great books of reference for the artist: the book of nature and the book of art, that is, the book of the interpretation of nature by mankind. If we could close the latter and forget it, and if nature were our only resource, the best of us would perhaps become pre-Raphaelite, and we would peep and botanize in a manner commendable to this great prophet. Much of a certain class of errors might be obliterated from modern art; but our imagination, untrained, undisciplined, without food of immemorial experience, would run into unreasonable excesses. The opportunity and the desire to ornament would not be less, but the available resources would be infinitely impoverished. Our observation of nature would doubtless become quickened, but the element of conscience in art would be deadened, if not destroyed. The decorator would soon perceive that the natural form could not be sculptured upon his capital, or painted upon his ceiling, or woven in his fabric, or burned into his porcelain, for a thousand obvious reasons, without undergoing some process of transformation. The work of conventionalizing these forms would at once begin; but in the absence of instruction and inspiration from all precedent art it would develop slowly, painfully, with barbarous imperfections and childish crudities. Our art would be a strange mixture: there would be, on the one hand, an absolute fidelity to natural forms, interpreted with the skill which would result from concentration of thought; and on the other, a more prevalent element of barbarous and illiterate invention, covering the surfaces of things with thoughtless repetitions of detail, like an Indian paddle. We would be relieved from our embarrassments of precedent, indeed, but we would suffer from a new and greater embarrassment of poverty. The embarrassments of our wealth we are now learning to correct by cultivating the ennobling qualities of self-denial and conscientiousness. The embarrassments of poverty could only engender an overworking, and consequently a debasement, of the powers of imagination. Man, with an infinity of thought to express, — for no fate but death could stop the activity of the mind, — would have no competent language with which to express it. He could only utter inarticulate cries, like a child.

Therefore, to say that nature is the only fountain of art is incorrect. Ruskin, illustrating this principle, says, "If the designer of furniture, of cups and vases, of dress patterns and the like, exercises himself continually in the imitation of natural form in some leading division of his work, then, holding by this stem of life, he may pass down into all kinds of merely geometrical or formal design with perfect safety and with noble results. . . . But once quit hold of this living stem, and set yourself to the designing of ornamentation, either in the ignorant play of your own heartless fancy, as the Indian does, or according to received application of heart-

less laws, as the modern European does, and there is but one word for you, — death; death of every healthy faculty and of every noble intelligence; incapacity of understanding one great work that man has ever done, or of doing anything that it shall be helpful for him to behold." [1] There is much more of this very beautiful language, but when we get away from the spell of it and return to facts it seems as if we had been listening to a sort of pantheistic hymn. To go to nature for refreshment and inspiration is always wise; but there is refreshment and inspiration also in the works of man. After God had made the green things of earth and all the animals, the creeping and swimming creatures, he made man, and endowed him with faculties to appreciate, enjoy, and command the rest of the creation. The result was that man immediately began a creation of his own, — a creation of the second order. His materials were not chaos and darkness, but light and nature. The result of this secondary creation is art. To us of the nineteenth century, for whom have been preserved most of the productions of this secondary creation, not by dim tradition but by scientific researches above and beneath the ground far and near, accurately collated, analyzed, and published, — to us, richly endowed as none of our predecessors have been (for literature has only discovered the true art of Greece and Syria, of Japan and India, for example, within the last twenty-five years), this secondary creation stands as the image of the primary creation in the human mind; and the human mind, doubtless, is the masterpiece of the supreme creator. By this agency nature has undergone wonderful transformations; and although the water-lily of Egypt, the acanthus and honeysuckle of Attica, the olive and laurel of Rome, the trefoil, the ivy, the oak, of the Christian builders, the inexhaustible flora of later times, and all the animal creation, from man to insects, by the processes of art have taken new shapes, — although they have been often modeled in "the light that never was on sea or land," it is not wise to stigmatize these "old things made new" as the product of heartless laws, and as a conspiracy against nature. There is, in fact, as much nature in the minds which have thus idealized and conventionalized natural forms as there is in the natural forms themselves; and those minds and all the forms of art in which their thoughts have been embodied can no more be neglected by the modern designer than can the primary creation itself.

This is the thought which I would enforce. Our present conditions of life must give to art in all its forms certain distinctive characteristics. These conditions require the establishment of principles, and not forms, as standards of excellent work. They make forms the language and not the end of art; and they inculcate the enlargement and enrichment of this language by the study of nature and of all the antecedent arts, to the end that we may express our thought in art as we would in literature, with an elegance, precision, and completeness commensurate with our larger opportunities and our greater resources. Modern design, especially in architecture, has hitherto concerned itself with the parts of speech, and given us exercises in grammar. Now we are prepared to give to art its true function; to instruct as well as to delight; to appeal to the intellect and heart as well as to the taste; to have larger scope and fuller meaning in all its expressions.

Henry Van Brunt.

[1] Ruskin, The Two Paths, pages 46, 47

REELFOOT LAKE.

THERE are changing fashions in the public taste for natural beauties as well as for the devices of art. At present the tourist tide sets away from our rivers, and unless they can disport themselves in a waterfall they have little chance of admiration. But the time will come when our wonderful streams will get their due of affectionate regard; when it will be seen that the great rivers of the continent are after all its chiefest glory. Thirty years ago the Mississippi had its rights as the great way over which all the tide of our Western life must flow; but the growth of the iron roads and the change that they have brought in trade have left it comparatively deserted. One of its many unconsidered beauties I wish to make known to those who are willing to seek the beautiful even when it comes in a questionable shape.

The summer of 1874 was one of surpassing warmth and drought throughout the whole of the Mississippi Valley: the heated and shrunken streams were pouring a lessened tide into the main rivers; the Mississippi itself was well drawn within its banks, and the vast forests of its delta had been so far drained of their waters that there was a chance of getting further into their shadowy depths than ever before. As I had long desired to see something of the swamp region of Western Kentucky and Tennessee, I determined to brave the intense malaria that comes from the unnatural baring of the morasses, and make a journey through them. My summer's work had been in the westernmost of the table-lands of Kentucky, a heated region, where the bare ground was an overwarm bed at night with nothing over the body but the air; yet it is a healthful district, rich in noble streams of the purest water, and quite free from malaria; so the change to the swamp belt is like a passage from the Alban Hills to the Pontine Marshes.

The delta of the Mississippi begins at Cairo; above that point its waters cut through table-lands and keep a little of the vigor that came with them from the mountains; but after the Ohio and Upper Mississippi join their floods their course is through the land of their own building, made but to be swept away by their ever-wandering stream, as it creeps over the thousand miles that lead to the sea. Even at Cairo the half-finished land has the temporary look that belongs to all deltas; the narrow peninsula that divides the two rivers wastes on both sides in the streams rushing on to their confluence. Imagine New York a spot of uneasy sand, with the North and East river a whirl of eddying and undermining waters, and you have the position of Cairo. Geography has done its best to make Cairo great, but the forlorn place seems to have profited little thereby. There is a look of disappointed ambition in its streets, that unhappy aspect of unrealized greatness that hangs over a thousand or so towns west of the Alleghanies. The death of the Mississippi River trade seems to have conspired with flood and shifting sands to avoid the augury of greatness that is in its name. It is but fifty miles down the river to Hickman, where I was to begin my search in the swamps, but there was no certainty of a steamer for days to come. The only way is by rail twenty miles out into Missouri, then back across the river in a zigzag into Kentucky, and then by another double to Hickman. The first thing is to cross the river on the ferry to the Missouri shore; although the river is at its lowest stage, it is scarce ten feet below the levees at Cairo and the yellow tide is gnawing away the land wherever the clinging willows allow the waste. On the Missouri side the landing place, a newly graded way down a bank of twenty feet in height was fast stepping into the whirling water. For hundreds of yards the face of the cliff was all covered with the fresh scars of the land

slides, and the wash of the steamer made the water cut out the support of several great masses that slipped at once out of sight in the stream. Several pieces of clumsy engineering, designed to stop the waste, showed their ruins above the level of the river. The railway leads directly away from the river into the back swamps. It starts on land that is always above the floods, as is much of the rim of land along the river, but a short distance carries us down into the swamp levels, and then, for the remainder of several hours' journey, our way is continually through the marvelous mixture of luxuriance and decay found only in these great morasses. The whole region seems even in this season of drought a strange tangle of water and land. The railway runs on interminable trestles over a floor that perceptibly quakes beneath the tread of the train. Every few miles we cross one of the great crescent lakes which are in fact the old horseshoe-shaped bends of the Mississippi, and have been abandoned by the ever-wandering stream; each one half a mile wide, its shore the green wall of the swamp tangle sweeping on either hand quite out of sight. In the still afternoon these lakes are as unruffled as the summer sky. There is an Indian tradition, that has found its way into few of our books, that all this region was a lake just before the coming of the white man, and that into this sheet of water the Mississippi and Ohio emptied by separate mouths. The lake was represented as having been half as large as Lake Erie, covering a large part of Missouri, Kentucky, and Southern Illinois. Some ground for a belief in the possibility of such a lake may be found in the structure of this country. Small rocky islands, such as are made only in open water, are said to be found at several points in the recesses of this swamp, and on their summits it is said there grows an assemblage of trees quite foreign to the swamp vegetation. Moreover, the early part of this century was marked by a convulsion of the most tremendous character, the frequent repetition of which would not be necessary to produce the most important changes in the geography of the country. The earthquakes of 1811–13 seem to have revolutionized the structure of this district in many of its details; regions which were arable land became swamp, and others which were water-covered became dry land. So great were the disasters that the stricken people were granted new lands by the general government in place of the farms in the convulsed region whence they had been driven.

At sundown the train came again to the Mississippi, opposite Columbus, Kentucky. We were ferried over in a boat that takes the whole train at one passage, and landed below the singular, isolated highland which has made Columbus one of the keys to the navigation of the Mississippi. This is the first and highest of the Chickasaw bluffs, a curious series of lofty islands that stretch along the Mississippi, overlooking its waters from point to point all the way down to Natchez. They are the relics of the ancient delta of the river, made in the tertiary time, when a loftier continent was giving its waste to the river and to the sea. When the French voyagers came to this stream, these steep-walled hills were possessed by one of the tribes of the great Natchez group of Indians, who have left their abundant monuments over the hills. Along these ridges the mound-builder tribes survived to historical times, protected by their swamp moats and natural walls against the more barbarian races that fought their way down from the hungry and hard-limbed North. The great river, forming its ox-bow bends and then cutting them through at the isthmus, is always building fortresses which to savage warfare would be impregnable. The buffalo, which found its way into the eastern part of the Mississippi Valley with the ruder Indian tribes, who by their forest-burning habits opened a way to the unwieldy brutes, never came into this swamp belt. The savages here were preserved from that permanent debasement in which the herds of these animals — a source of easily obtained food and an incentive to a nomadic life — kept the more northern tribes. Here the swamp-entangled

land forbade migrations, while the fertile soil and rivers full of fish conduced to a life of fixed habits and steadfast improvement. No other region north of Mexico had attained to the advancement that had been secured in the centuries of agricultural life led by these tribes of the Mississippi border-lands before the coming of our race. There can be little doubt that they were well advanced in the line of development. Wealth of a communistic kind and something like a decent social order had been created.

The geographical value of these ridges has been even greater to the white man than to the Indian. The natural fortress of Columbus has already played a part in the fate of this country that few fortresses of Europe can claim in their lands. The efforts to gain possession of this key to the Mississippi led to the casting of the lot of Kentucky with the Western rather than with the Southern States. When that commonwealth was endeavoring to hold the impossible neutrality she had chosen to assume at the outset of the past civil contest, the Confederate commander in the neighboring department felt that this point must be secured, for it was to Mississippi what Ehrenbreitstein was to the Rhine. So he trespassed on the bounds of the would-be neutral State to possess himself of this stronghold. He failed to remove after a summons from the state authorities, and Kentucky was bound by the conditions of her declaration of neutrality to cast in her lot with the North. So this island of hill-land in the lowlands of the Mississippi became the means of determining the course of a State which more than any other held the key position in the great contest.

From Columbus southward to near the Tennessee line these Chickasaw bluffs are more or less conspicuous features in the topography, forming a succession of islands that rise above the marsh belt and afford admirable refuges from the fevers that breed in the lowlands to the southward. From the steep sides of these table-topped hills we look far over the sombre forests of the Mississippi Valley, — forests that seem as unbroken as in their most primitive days. Cultivation breaks them somewhat as ships break the continuity of the sea. Now and then the river sunders the woods with its majestic sweeps. It too seems silent and solitary as the forest. One may watch it for hours without perceiving a trace of human occupancy. De Soto's men could not have seen a wilder river than now rolls through this scarce trodden wilderness. It is impossible to give in words an idea of the magnificence of these primeval forests, where the axe has as yet made hardly a scar. Moving within their caverned shade, or looking through the breaks made by the steep hill-sides over the sombre and boundless plain of their close-woven tops, one experiences a sense of immensity that is not given even by the sea. This forest is an infinity of stalwart struggling through silent life above and a deep, entangled death below. Perhaps in no other region in the world can the varied glories of a primeval wood so well be seen as here. All of North America is peculiarly rich in trees. Where Europe has oaks we have spruces; and many of the beautiful forest trees that once existed in the Old World, and are found there only among its fossil relics, still lift their heads to the sun in this less changed continent. We see here the forests of the North and South mingling their noblest forms. With the white oaks, the sycamores, the tulip-trees, and the other familiar growths that clothe the slopes of the Great Lakes and flourish here with a peculiar luxuriance, we get gigantic sweet-gums with their beautiful star-like leaves, Spanish oaks, the swamp cypress, and a host of other forms that belong beneath a warmer sun.

Although the distant views give the aspect of a forest mass quite unbroken by man, we find along this road frequent clearings and many fine farms. The forest wall shuts them in, but fertility seems to dwell in its shelter. The borders of the cypress and the cotton lie close together. So we find here the sometime king of trade; not at his best, but still very prosperous. Maize grows as if em-

ulous of the woods. Fruit trees abound, and are richly laden. The people seem thrifty and well conditioned along this upland belt; the children showing no trace of malaria in their bright faces. We seem, by the names and ways of the people, to have got out of the main Virginian tide of emigration to where, in the westward flowing of the streams, the Carolinian population gives the most of the peopling. It is, however, fortunately from Western North Carolina, and not from the shore region, that most of the Kentucky Carolinian blood comes; a sturdy, Scotch-mixed people, mountain bred in their American home, and full of strong qualities.

As we approach the Tennessee line, the hills fall away. Our road winds down their sides riven by deep, irregular gulches, which tradition says were made in the great earthquakes of 1811–13, when this region for hundreds of miles about was rocked as in the billows of a stormy sea. Some of these gulches are, however, pretty fresh, and seem to be due to great land-slides, where acres of timbered land creep slowly down to the valley. All this riverward fall of these bluffs seems inclined to such movements, so that the great rocking of the earthquakes may have only precipitated the sliding. Two hundred feet of descent brings us down to the base of the hills into a vast forest level, — an even denser wood than reigns above. A slow, perceptible descent leads us beyond the region of farms and into the overflow belt of the Mississippi River. We trace the descent by a simple sign: around the trunks of the trees there is a faint yellow band; at first it is near the ground, but it gradually rises until it is above our heads. This line marks the surface of the water during last winter's floods, the mud clinging there more tenaciously than would be expected. With the lowering level of the ground the shadow of the wood increases to the darkness of an eclipse, and the waters of the swamp creep through the earth; over them hang deep fringes of water-plants. Soon we are among the cypress-trees, the true swamp timber. With them comes a wonderful change in the whole aspect of the forest. The undergrowth of bushes fades away, and in its place the commingled land and water is thick set with the knees that spring up from the partly buried roots of the trees. Around each great trunk, whose gnarled roots interlace the swamp for fifty feet about its base, rise half a hundred of these fantastic columns, looking like the strong pillars that beset a cavern floor. From a few inches to five or six feet in height, these curious processes rise all over the submerged roots of the cypress; they often carry on their tops a fantastic turban-like knot recalling the turbaned columns of a Moslem cemetery. Their function is unknown, but it is clear that they are in some way connected with the submergence of the roots of the cypress; for when the tree grows with its roots in earth above the water level, they are not formed at all, and their abundance is proportioned to the amount of submergence of the roots. When by any accident the knees are sunk quite beneath the waters, the cypress is said to die, and all my observations bear out the assertion.

Within a mile of the base of the bluffs we are in the caverned shade of the soundless cypress forest, where the road creeps along in the medley of land and water. At length we are arrested by a broad lagoon, where the road ends and a foot-path winds on through the morass. The lagoon looked much like a green road with occasional pools of black water, so dense was the mat of vegetation borne upon its surface. Over it was a tangle of half-buried trees, and their wreck strewed it so thickly that a boat could make no path through it. Every log was dotted over with bright-backed turtles, in their endless search for sunshine. It was warm enough to heat even their cold blood to a sparkling point, for it was a Northern July sun. A few hundred feet of wrestle with the outlying swamp brought us to a natural foot-bridge, where a noble water-logged tree made a floating way over the lagoon.

A few steps beyond lay Reelfoot Lake, the great work of the earthquake of

1811. Nothing could well exceed the singularity of the view that meets the eye as one comes out of the shadows of the forest on to the border of this sheet of water. From the marshy shore spreads out the vast extent of the seemingly level carpet of vegetation, a mat of plants studded over with a host of beautiful flowers; through this green prairie runs a maze of water-ways, some just wide enough for a pirogue, some widening into pools of darkened water. All over this expanse rise the trunks of gigantic cypresses, shorn of all their limbs, and left like great obelisks, scattered so thickly that the distance is lost in the forest of spires. Some are whitened and some blackened by decay and fire; many rise to a hundred feet or more above the lake. The branches are all gone save in a few more gigantic forms, whose fantastic remnants of the old forest arches add to the illusion of monumental ruin which forces itself on the mind. The singularity of the general effect is quite matched by the wonder of the detail. Taking the solitary dug-out canoe, or pirogue, as it is called in the vernacular, we paddled out into the tangle of water-paths. The green carpet studded with yellow and white that we saw from the shores resolved itself into a marvelously beautiful and varied vegetation. From the tangle of curious forms the eye selects two noble flowers: our familiar Northern water-lily, grown to a royal form, its flowers ten inches broad and its floating pads near a foot across; and another grander flower, the Wampapin lily, the queen of American flowers. It is worth a long journey to see this shy denizen of our swamps in its full beauty. From the midst of its great floating leaves, which are two feet or more in diameter, rise two large leaves borne upon stout foot-stalks that bring them a yard above the water; from between these elevated leaves rises to a still greater height the stem of the flower. The corolla itself is a gold-colored cup a foot in diameter, lily-like in a general way, but with a large, pestle-shaped ovary rising in the centre of the flower, in which are planted a number of large seeds, the "pins" of the name. These huge golden cups are poised on their stems, and wave in the breeze above great, wheel-like leaves, while the innumerable white lilies fill in the spaces between, and enrich the air with their perfume.

Slowly we crept through the tangled paths until we were beyond the sight of shore, in the perfect silence of this vast ruined temple, on every side the endless obelisks of the decaying cypress; and as far as eye could see were ranged the numberless nodding bells of the yellow lilies and the still-eyed white stars below them. While we waited in the coming evening the silence was so deep that the whir of a bald eagle's wings, as he swept through the air, was audible from afar. The lonely creature sat on the peak of one of the wooden towers over our boat, and looked curiously down upon us. The waters seem full of fish, and indeed the lake has much celebrity as a place for such game. We could see them creeping through the mazes of the water-forest, in a slow, blind way, not a bit like the dance of the Northern creatures of the active waters of our mountain streams.

There is something of forgetfulness in such a scene, a sense of a world far away with no path back to it. One might fall to eating our Wampapin lily, as did the Chickasaws of old, and find in it the all-forgetting lotus, for it is indeed the brother of the lotus of the Nile. We do not know how far these forgotten savages found the mystic influence of the Nilotic lotus in these queenly flowers of the swamps, but tradition says that they ate not only the seeds but the bulbous roots, which the natives aver are quite edible. So we, too, can claim a lotus-eating race, and are even able to try the soul-subduing powers of the plant at our will.

There is something in the weight of life and death in these swamps that subdues the mind and makes the steps we take fall as in a dream. It was not easy to fix a basis for memory with the pencil, and the recollection shapes a vast sensation of strangeness, a feeling as if one had trod for a moment beyond the

brink of time, rather than any distinct images.

The origin of this lake is no less strange than its physical features. At the beginning of the century it was probably an ordinary swamp covered by a forest of gigantic cypresses. In the month of November, 1811, a succession of great earthquakes convulsed this country; the levels were so upset that the current of the Mississippi was reversed, the hills were rent with great fissures, and the forest trees swept against each other till their boughs were entangled like the horns of fighting stags. When the shock was over, this swamp was found to have sunk from six to ten feet, over an area of at least thirty square miles. It may be that fifty square miles were involved in the subsidence. The incessant convulsions of the following months, though just enough to wreck the strong-built, primitive cabins, and to keep a brave people in constant terror, did not further affect the conditions of the new-made lake. The submerged forest trees slowly decayed. The hunters' fires began to spread from the shores, and, wafted from tree to tree, so charred the tall trunks that they became preserved against further decay, and promised to remain as enduring as though made of stone. Fire and water are preservers as well as destroyers; the burned roots and crowns are safe from the access of decay by their submergence, and the fire-blackened surface of the trunks shuts out the action of the air and rain.

The tradition exists that during these great and singularly continuous earthquakes there were many other sudden changes of level in this region, and we might infer that a large part of the swamp region hereabouts was called suddenly into existence by these convulsions. There are also in the old sagas reports of a greater change in the remote part of this region than those brought about by the great New Madrid earthquakes of 1811–13.

Our way out from the lake was through the vast forests that cover the overflow belt of the Mississippi, — a boundless, silent wood, where occasional breaks of culture only made the shadow seem the deeper. A soil of marvelous richness holds the bread of future generations within its depths. Thousands of acres of land, such as along the banks of the Po or the Nile have given up their fatness through long centuries to man, await his demands beneath these guarding woods, with a beautiful climate and a river that makes a way to a whole world. These lands have still to find their possessors. A very simple and inexpensive system of dykes would bar out the freshets and keep the water level at a fixed point, and so remove the two barriers to cultivation, the floods and fevers that infect the region.

The next step in the subjugation of this country will doubtless lead to the reclamation of the most fertile of its lands, the border belt of the Mississippi. In the domination of that river there is a future for the exercise of the best engineering talent, and for the development of a second Holland out of the thrift that comes from an endless battle with the waters. So far nearly every step in the work has been a blunder. There is little knowledge of the means necessary to control a great river in its endless wanderings. As we go along the banks of the Mississippi we can see evidence of its incessant changes of course: here it is cutting out the foundations of a town; there a great stretch of corn fields is going down before our eyes; while on the other side a tangle of cotton-woods and willows marks where the forest is advancing into the stream. To give the basis for culture in the certainty of possession it will be necessary for man to institute a government for this vagarious and riotous river, lest it eat up a large part of our heritage. We could easily find in the necessity of this government reason enough for the solidarity of the valley of the Mississippi. On the other hand, it is clear that the central control owes it to this region to master the enormous forces that are assembled in the river, and make them work the least possible destruction in their course.

Even the great tide of this wonderful

river in its majestic movement fails to efface the memory of the strange lagoons behind us. The contrast between the two scenes is, in its way, no less striking than that which is given between a cavern and the broad day. Nothing that the hills have to give can exceed in intensity the impressions that one carries away from that strangely created, forest-guarded lake.

N. S. Shaler.

FESSENDEN'S GARDEN.

From this high window, in the twilight dim,
I look beyond a lofty garden wall,
And see well-ordered walks and borders trim,
With trellised vines and ranks of fruit trees tall.

Along the darkling shrubbery, where most
The garden's olden lord at evening strayed,
I half perceive a silent, stately ghost
Taking dim shape against the denser shade.

His footstep makes no rustle in the grass,
Nor shakes the tenderest blossom on its stem;
The light leaves bend aside to let him pass, —
Or is it but the wind that touches them?

A statesman, with a grave, reflective air,
Once used to walk there, in the shadows sweet;
Now the broad apple-trees, his pride and care,
Spread their pink carpet wide for alien feet.

Beneath those friendly boughs, with mind unbent,
He found sometimes a respite sweet and brief;
Threaded the wandering ways in pleased content,
And plucked a flower, or pulled a fragrant leaf;

Twined a stray tendril, lopped a straggling limb,
Or raised a spray that drooped across the walk;
Watched unscared birds that shared the shade with him,
Saw robins build, or heard the sparrows talk.

His native streets now hardly know his name;
And in the world of politics, wherein
He toiled so long and earned an honored fame,
It is almost as though he had not been.

Amid the earnest councils of the land,
His lofty form, his cold and clear-cut face,

His even voice, and wise restraining hand
Are known no more, and others take his place.

But in this haunt of quietude and rest,
Which for so many years he loved and knew,
The bird comes back to build its annual nest,
The months return, with sun and snow and dew.

Nature lives on, though king or statesman dies;
Thus mockingly these little lives of ours,
So brief, so transient, seem to emphasize
The immortality of birds and flowers!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

JOHN BULL.

As I was taking luncheon at a London club, and trying to fix my attention upon a soup for which its kitchen has a singular reputation, I was conscious that a gentleman who was passing my table paused; a hand was lightly laid upon my shoulder, and I heard the salutation, "How are you?" with that up and down and up again inflection of the voice upon the three words which makes the greeting so cheery from English lips. I turned my full face to the speaker, and for a moment we looked straight into each other's eyes; then he stepped back saying, "I—I beg pardon; I was mistaken." In that moment of mutual scrutiny, although I had never seen him before, I had recognized the fine, sagacious face of Sergeant ——, one of the leaders of the British bar, — rightly, as a casual introduction soon showed; but in his face there was only blankness, astonishment, and confusion. The incident impressed itself upon me not only or chiefly because a like mistake in regard to me had been made twice before in England, but because Sergeant ——'s face was familiar to me from a good photograph I had had for several years at home, and because in considering it I had been struck with its conformity in feature and expression to a not uncommon New England type. And yet a more thoroughly English face could not be found between John o' Groat's and Land's-End. It was not round or rosy, neither was it at all bluff. It was rather long or longish; the cheeks were not full and had little color, but that was healthy; the nose was aquiline; the mouth not small, but well shaped, with mobile lips; the chin firm; the forehead high, and rather narrow than broad. In brief, it was a face as unlike that of "John Bull" as a human face could well be; and yet, as I have already said, one more thoroughly English could not well be found. And here was a typical Englishman taking an unmitigated Yankee, not one of whose forefathers had been in England for two hundred and forty and odd years, for another Englishman, his familiar friend, and the latter recognizing the typical Englishman's face as one known to him for its New England form and favor. As types will survive long under strange and adverse skies, and even after disappearing for some two or three generations will break forth again, this was not at all out of the natural course of things. The significant fact in the incident was that this New England face on a London barrister's shoulders was the typical face

that has ruled in England for centuries, and yet that it is absolutely unlike the face which (who can tell why or how?) has been thrust upon the world, nay, accepted by Englishmen, as the characteristic English face, the face of John Bull. Now it is with careful consideration and after examination of the subject that I say that the rarest man in the England of to-day is John Bull, and that in the England of the past he was almost unknown. We all know him well. He began to appear in caricature about a hundred years ago; a huge, broad-backed, big-bellied, uncouth, stolid, beef-witted animal, as incapable of thought or daring, not to say of poetry, philosophy, statesmanship, or chivalry, as a fatted calf. Nevertheless such has been the creature set up as the type of the people which has produced Sidney and Spenser and Shakespeare and Bacon and Newton and Nelson and Napier, — men who were only the first among a throng of others of their kind. Not forgetting the homely traits which are apt to be selected in the humorous delineation of a figure which is to represent a people, and making all allowance for this trick of art, it is yet undeniable that John Bull is soberly regarded by half the world, himself included, as the type of the people which has assumed his name. There was never a more absurd misrepresentation, except indeed in the accepted typical Yankee of the British stage, which our own caricaturists — if we have any who may be rightly called our own — have in like manner adopted, thereby giving a semblance of authority to a ridiculous libel, and perpetuating it. John Bull may of course be found in England, but his appearance there, like that here of him who is strangely called the typical American, always occasions remark, and of a somewhat disparaging and jocose character. I have observed that if one Englishman speaks of another as "a real John Bull," it is generally with a smile, and that the real John is sure to be in a somewhat lower social position than the speaker. Whence comes this coarse, obtrusive figure, elbowing his way before his betters, to thrust himself forward as the most English of Englishmen? He has no place in England's history, even in the history of the English people. His face and figure do not appear in the throng of those who, for one quality or another which made them men of mark, or in many cases, perhaps in most, for their mere possession of English land, have been handed down to us on canvas. John Bull's face does not look upon posterity from England's long gallery of portraits until within the last century; and even in that period he appears but rarely. Turn over the copious collections of engraved portraits of Englishmen from the times of the Wars of the Roses, in the throes of which modern England had its birth; wander through the oak-carved rooms and raftered halls from which ancestral Englishmen gaze down in still amazement upon their successors, not always their descendants, and you will see that John Bull, unlike Napoleon, was not an ancestor. Nor does the type of which he may be accepted as the caricature appear; except, indeed, with such rarity of occurrence and vagueness of conformity as might be found in the pictured memorials of any people. John Bull as we hear him described and see him represented now is a production of the coarse caricaturists with pen and pencil of the last century, and he has been thoughtlessly adopted by their successors and the public for which they have worked; the adoption being favored by the fact that it occurred at a period when England was reaching the pinnacle of her military, naval, and commercial eminence, and when her middle classes were rising to political importance.

This I know: that in no English home into which I was admitted, whether a peasant's cottage or a great house, did I find John Bull, either as host or guest. I met him neither at Oxford nor at Cambridge, among the Fellows or the undergraduates, nor at the Inns of Court among the other barristers. He never brought me my chop in London, or waited on me at a country house. I did see him, however, from time to time, but very rarely. I met him on the top of an

omnibus, in a grill-room, as one of the magnates of a knot of suburban villas, in the coffee-room of a provincial inn, and once in the pit of a theatre, where he was accompanied by the dreadful female of his own species, for whom he went out and brought in food, as became an animal *ferus naturæ;* and very odd he and she looked there in full evening dress. As to his make and his manner, who needs to be told them? He is ungainly, with too much solid fat for ease of movement; grace is beyond his apprehension; he does not know what it is. He is red of face, and often of whisker; and his big mouth is oftener open than shut, even when he is not engaged in the serious occupation of putting something into it, or in the rarer employment of speaking. His reason is an oath or a bet; his wit, a practical joke; his merriment, a horse-laugh; his most powerful argument, a clenched fist. In John Bull there seems to be embodied a certain element of brutality which has, by time and circumstance, or change of clime, been bred out of the English blood in this country. It is that element of character which makes some Englishmen not only use force brutally, but even submit to it when it is so used with effect. John Bull will thrash you if he can, and make you do his dirty work; but if you can thrash him, he will submit and do yours, shake hands, and bear no malice. He fights to try who is the best man; and the best man, not right, is to rule. It is this element of character which is the stable foundation of fagging at the public schools. The small boys and the new boys must submit to the big boys and the old boys, and fag for them, simply because those are small and new, and these are big and old. That is the order of nature, — John Bull nature. This nature supports the cruel floggings and "tundings" which make the blood of other folk to boil within them. The female Bull is not exempt from it. Flogging seems to be the most dearly cherished privilege among parents, even mothers, of the John Bull class. Some years ago, when there was a feeble protest made in the London papers against flogging girls, sundry British matrons, glowing with virtuous indignation, rushed into print and to the rescue, and told with unction how they had stripped and flogged their daughters, marriageable girls, and with what good effect; for, marvelous to tell, the girls submitted! And an English lady whom I know well told another whom I know better how her uncle, a peer, came one morning into her bedroom, as he was going to ride to hounds, and making her get up flogged her with his hunting-whip as she stood in her nightgown; and this because she would let her cousin, his son, make love to her, to the prospective peril of some family arrangements. She was an orphan and brotherless; and therefore let us hope and be willing to believe it was that this coroneted Bull had not his nose brought to the ring. As to the cruel and indiscriminate flogging in public schools, Fielding's wise head and kind heart protested against it more than a century ago. "Discipline, indeed!" says Parson Adams. "Because one man scourges twenty or thirty boys more in a morning than another, is he therefore a better disciplinarian?" True, scourging is a very ancient and much-honored form of educational discipline; for have we not Solomon's protest against innovation in this respect? Parson Adams himself scourged boys who could not say the catechism. It is the acceptance of it by the scourged as well as by the scourgers, and the willingness of fathers that their boys should be beaten by any one who is able to do it, from master and usher down to the school bully and the town bully, which is particularly John Bullish. The father would be delighted if his boy could and should thrash the bully; but the right of the bully to thrash if he can, and to have his own way because he is the best man, he rarely ventures to dispute. The right of might and the laws which might establishes are not to be denied. A fainting, frightened hare is torn to pieces by the hounds before the face of Fanny and that paragon of men, her lover, Joseph Andrews; but she, Fielding tells us, "was unable to as-

sist it with any aid more powerful than pity, nor could she prevail on Joseph, who had been himself a sportsman in his youth, to attempt anything contrary to the laws of hunting in favor of the hare, which he said *was killed fairly.*" The laws of the hunting-field are too much those of English society. It was perfectly in keeping with this spirit that recently an anti-vivisection meeting was broken up by two or three hundred medical students, and such like, who marched into the lecture-room of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, yelling, blowing trumpets, ringing bells, breaking the chairs and the chandeliers, and at last fighting with the police. They were presumably educated men, students of science; but because the call for the meeting spoke of vivisection as cruel and demoralizing, they broke it up by brute force, and gave a high finish to their proceedings by lighting their pipes and cigars and puffing the smoke into the faces of the ladies who were present. John Bull was there in large force on that occasion.

On the other hand, the same sort of Englishman bears himself with a deference to rank and wealth which is unknown not only here, but on the continent of Europe, except perhaps in Germany. John Bull, it has been said, "loves a lord;" but to be loved the lord must have lordly belongings and surroundings. The respect is for gross material advantage, of which the title is the consequence. A peer may become poor, but poor men are not raised to the peerage. The rich lord rules not only the land but the heart of England. At this very day and under the last reform, which distributes the suffrage so widely, even the liberal London Spectator tells us that "the constituencies decline to send up young men unless they are eldest sons."[1] As to wealth, the diffusion of knowledge and the political elevation by which that has been followed seem to have increased rather than diminished the numbers of its slavish worshipers. True, the worship is merely a manifestation of selfishness; but in England it takes on the form of a religion, and seeks to invest itself with a sort of social mystery. The Saturday Review, apropos of the loathsome Bagot will case, says that one point brought out by it is "the slavish adulation accorded nowadays to mere wealth." "If," the reviewer continues, "a man attains to the dignity of a 'nugget' his roughness is pardoned, or lauded as an absence of affectation; his vulgarity treated as naturalness or eccentricity; and his vices slurred over, or attributed to defective education." But this is nothing new in England; it is no peculiar mark of nowadays. In the very book and in the very chapter from which I have just brought Fielding to witness, he makes Joseph ask, "What inspires a man to build fine houses, to purchase fine furniture, pictures, clothes, and other things, but an ambition to be respected more than other people?" Nor indeed is this particular kind of respect peculiar to the English or to any other people, or to any period. The Apostle James, in rebuking the early Christians for showing respect to a man who came among them with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and disrespect to the poor man in vile raiment, merely touched a spot of moral weakness which seems to have appeared at the earliest stage of man's development, — possibly before, for is there not a snobbishness in dogs? And yet the dog may have caught this from his human companion. The wolf, who we are told is his ancestor, is pure from it. The only peculiarity of English society in respect to this feeling is a sort of declarative pompous deification of material wealth, without any of that attempted graceful mitigation of the grossness of the adulation which appears more or less among almost all other peoples.

But in England wealth has, more than in most other countries, its own duties and responsibilities. There a man of wealth, especially of hereditary wealth, cannot hold up his head among men unless he makes some use of his money which will benefit others, — at least "the county" and "the parish." He may do it in a reasonable and benevolent

[1] May 9, 1878.

way, or he may keep hounds, or if not subscribe to the hunt; but something he must do, or be set down as a shabby fellow. To pass over the more serious responsibilities of this kind, he is expected to give with his own hand, if he is anything less than a duke. In England *noblesse oblige* means that he who has pounds must give shillings. *Largesse* has dwindled into the less mouth-filling *tip;* but the duty remains. I sought in vain to define the line between the man who did expect a shilling and him who did not. It was easy enough to find those who did not; but to discover exactly where the expectation began was very difficult. And a repetition of the silver sweetener, corresponding to the barrister's "refresher," is expected to be more frequent than I was prepared to find it. There is a butler in Lancashire who, after much not unrewarded attentiveness, parted from me with a cold, reproachful stare of ducal dignity, which when I had got a little distance from the house I felt sure was because of some neglect of what was becoming on my part. I was almost tempted to turn back and beg his forgiveness with the acceptance of a crown, or even a half sovereign. In my lonely moments and waking hours that man's lofty look of disappointment troubles my memory. In truth, I believe that he was more disappointed in me than in the loss of a "vail." He had thought better of me. As to the two classes, of expectants and non-expectants, it would perhaps be safe to assume that tips are not looked for by peers and personal friends; but — safest rule of all — when in doubt give the shilling.

Perhaps one element of John Bullism is that self-assertion, personal and national, which is certainly a very marked trait of English character. It is not new. Sir William Temple says somewhere that no people so abounds in originals as the English. Doubtless time and the drift of modern society have somewhat done away with this tendency to eccentric excrescence in England; but it still exists there to a degree which makes Sir William Temple's remarks hold good. They have "characters" in England. Everywhere they may be found; but they naturally come to the surface more in small communities, — provincial towns and villages. In these, characters — men who dare to be peculiar, eccentric — are known to almost all the townsfolk, and are allowed to have their way, if their way is harmless, even if they are poor; if they are rich, whether or no. We have not these characters. There used to be some in the New England villages, but they have mostly if not entirely disappeared, and we are all now ground down into an average.

It is this element of self-assertion that makes John Bull a grumbler even when he is good-natured at bottom. He does not shrink from letting you know just what he wants, and that what he wants he expects, particularly if you have taken his money. This is so general a habit and so well established a privilege that those who do give anything for money look for some grumbling, not only as a matter of course but as a guide. I had been little more than a week at my lodgings in London, where my breakfast was served to me by the lodging-house keeper, at her discretion, when the maid said one morning, as she went out with the tray, "I 'm afraid we shan't satisfy you, sir, with your breakfast." I told her that the breakfasts were very good; that tea and eggs and bacon and fish and muffins and marmalade were a breakfast good enough for any man, and quite all I wished to pay for. "Yes, sir," she replied, "but you never grumble about anything you have, and so we don't know how to please you." Could this trait of character have had better illustration than in such a disappointed groping for it as a guide by this good girl, who seemed to study my slightest wishes, and who generally did anticipate them?

Characteristically English conduct was that of a very eminent man of letters, of whose performance I heard. He had gone to visit at a house whose hospitality was offered to him by two old maiden ladies, who were co-heiresses of a small

estate, and were of the rank of gentry, but did not keep a very large domestic establishment. They had been brought up when the fashion of "tubbing" every morning was not so common as it is now. What was the horror of the household — wholly female — at the appearance of Mr. —— at the head of the staircase in the morning, more thinly and lightly clad than became a middle-aged bachelor among spinsters, and bawling out, "I should like to know how I'm to take my bawth with this little can of water!"

This individual self-assertion takes form in customs peculiar to families, which are adopted very easily and retained firmly; in some cases they have been kept up for generations. In one country house at which I visited it was the custom to breakfast in the library, dinner being of course in the dining-room. On Sunday morning I went as usual to the library at breakfast time, but although I was a little late there were no signs of breakfast. I took up a book and began to read. Erelong a servant appeared and asked me into the dining-room to breakfast; and there my host informed me, with apology, that on Sunday the custom of the house was reversed, — breakfast was in the dining-room and dinner in the library. At a time of some domestic confusion in days past this had happened to be convenient; it was continued for some unknown reason for a while, and had then hardened into a family custom which became a part of the religious observance of Sunday. The free and independent American citizen does not do so. He is not free and independent enough to dare to be eccentric, and to be so, as in this case, it would seem, chiefly for the purpose of having some custom peculiar to himself and to his household. But it was not unpleasing.

Coexistent, however, with this strong individuality and the license accorded to it is a disposition to resent any attempt to introduce social changes, particularly if the attempt seems to imply any reproach. The sensitiveness on this point is very great, — so great that it becomes touchiness. *Nolumus leges antiquas Angliæ mutare* expresses the spirit of the rulers of society now as well as it did that of the rulers of the state centuries ago. It is not the general custom to use napkins at luncheon in England, although at great houses luncheon is in reality a small dinner; as it may well be when "ta muckle dinner hersel" is at eight o'clock, and on great occasions at nine. An American lady was visiting at one of these houses, where she found the usual absence of the napkin at midday. She knew her hostess so well that she could venture to ask her why it was that napkins were not used at luncheon. Her grace (for she was a duchess) replied simply and briefly that it was "not the custom," and with an air that signified that that settled the question. But her guest had taken luncheon with the queen more than once at Balmoral, and there she had found napkins. This she told her friend as a sort of justification of her inquiry. "Indeed!" replied the duchess. "The queen had better be careful. She will make herself unpopular if she undertakes to change the customs of the country." The Philistinism of John Bull does not even stop short of napkins.

This is one manifestation of the feeling which takes another form in the dislike of anything foreign, and in the assumption that nothing out of England can be quite so right as it is in England, — nothing moral, mental, or physical. This is a genuine feeling, and not an affectation, or the result of arrogance, as it is generally assumed to be. It is often manifested with a simplicity which is at once laughable and charming. In the Tichborne trial, the last one, which condemned the impostor to penal servitude, Major Foster, of Roger Tichborne's regiment, said, in giving his testimony, that "Roger was very much of a Frenchman, *but* a perfect gentleman." Nothing more natural or unconscious ever was spoken; and the speaker would probably be very unwilling to insult a Frenchman, or to wound his feelings. And so the candid London Spectator said of the hero of a book that "he lived in a

perfect bower of Dresden china, wore blue satin clothes, and told falsehoods with all a *foreigner's facility.*"[1] And yet if there is or ever was a journal in the world that means to be just to all men, and that usually is generous, it is the Spectator.

It would seem that "a foreigner" is and always has been the subject of doubt and wonder and laughter in England. "But Lord!" writes Pepys, when the Russian ambassador comes to London, "to see the absurd nature of Englishmen, that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at everything that looks strange!"

But notwithstanding the protest that naturally rises at this British assumption, and the arrogance that springs from and accompanies it, the simple truth is that it is not without reason. Of all gentlemen, an English gentleman is the most complete and admirable. His probity is the most absolute, so firm and well settled that it needs not to assert itself; his courtesy is the most genuine, for it unites with a manner which is so simple as not to be a manner a thoughtfulness for others and a hearty benevolence that stops at hardly any self-sacrifice; he is a dignified embodiment of manliness and truth. His weak point is apt to be in tact; a deficiency which results from a radical lack of sensibility, and from a hardy superiority to the little things of life. But in fine specimens of the class this is supplied by breeding; and the result is a type than which nothing could be more "express and admirable." It seems as if the hard and tough material of his nature, when it is rubbed down, is capable of the highest polish.

It is somewhat strange to see a people so marked by national egoism, so arrogant and self-asserting, so bound up in a sense of the excellence of their race and of their own institutions, that their insolence is a mere result of the consequent moral insulation, ready to adopt and even to claim the product of other lands and other races as their own. Let any man live in England and take up English ways and prejudices, and he will soon be reckoned among Englishmen. The more surely will this be if he has any special gift in the arts. It is not only strange but a little amusing to hear Englishmen reckoning Händel as an English composer, and Alma Tadema as an English painter, because of their English domicile. For not only were they born and bred in other countries and of other races, but the cast of their minds and the nature of their productions is thoroughly un-English. And this same self-centred, self-asserting people is ruled nominally by a family of Germans, whose habits and tone of thought, and, even after generations of life in England, whose daily household speech are German; and ruled really — this downright people — by a crafty Hebrew whom their German queen has made into a grotesque semblance of an English earl.

One result of the egoism and self-assertion which pervades all classes of Englishmen is admirable and much to be desired. This is the maintenance of personal rights of whatever kind. It is absolute, beyond all reach of wealth, or power, or rank; practically even beyond, it would seem, the vaunted omnipotence of an act of Parliament. This absoluteness is a genuine outcome of the English character. It exists nowhere else. Liberty, fraternity, and equality will not secure it; rather the contrary. I would define England as the land where every man has rights which every other man must respect, — can disregard only at his peril. He may incur the danger of disregarding them if he chooses to do so; but in that case the chances are ninety-nine in the hundred that whatever his rank or his influence he will suffer for it, even if he accomplish his purpose, and even that he will not do without a fight. The rights are not the same rights, and those who would rather have identity of rights with the constant risk of having them disregarded with impunity by "the public," or by rich corporations, or even by an assuming individual who takes on — perhaps physically as well as financially — the form of a corporation, will probably prefer some other country.

Richard Grant White.

[1] November 27, 1862.

NEW ENGLAND WOMEN.

I HEAR a great deal of talk at dinner parties; sometimes I think it a pity that it should be lost. I was struck lately with the quaint originality of my friend Harrison, who sat opposite to a cloudy but cultivated Englishman. The conversation had been more fragmentary and jerky than it is usually, even; we had jumped from the dollar of our fathers — a subject we ladies found dull, particularly as we have lately been able to charm so few of them from our immediate masculine neighbors — up to "How *very* brilliant Mars has been this summer, almost realizing the old idea, you know, of a battle summer," and so on, rising in our celestial scenery till at last, referring to that exquisite Crescent and the Cross effect which Venus and Luna were obliging enough to produce for us a short time since, we suddenly descended; and I feared that we were drifting toward the Gulf Stream, whose soft, enervating influence wooes but to drown all rational conversation, when somebody (bless him!) spoke up about Western exports (even pigs, I fear), and we were saved!

It brought out Harrison, a profuse and fluent talker, and waked up Mr. Majoribanks, the most literal and hemmy and hawey Englishman I have lately met, who uttered a singularly curt sentence for him.

"What do you export from New England?" said he. It was a clarion call!

"Women!" said Harrison, bravely. "Unique women, with a peculiar flavor, local, like that of California wine."

"You mean that — you mean that — haw — that you — hem — I don't know — you mean that — that you — hem — send these women away?" remarked Majoribanks, looking shocked.

"We do not put them in bottles and sell them by the dozen! No, we allow our customers to come and select individual samples, while we warrant them to be tonic in character, sound, of admirable bouquet, a genuine article, the pure juice of the grape," said Harrison, with the fluency of an American and with the liquid speech of a wine merchant.

"They should be — I suppose — they should be — they should be — hem — I suppose — born in Boston, should they not?"

"Yes," said Harrison rapidly, "that is, imperial Johannisberger, but the supply is necessarily limited; we cannot fill our orders for that, so we furnish a fine Ausleser, the first dropping of the grape, from our vineyards which grow on the bleak hill-sides of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Cold winters and short summers, a great deal of cultivation, Puritan style of clipping the tendrils, not much richness of soil, not much richness any way, and we bring to perfection the rarest, purest, most peculiar grape in all the world!"

The Englishman smiled. "I have found the flavor excellent — hem — ah! — excellent, you know, but perhaps — I don't know — a trifle too pronounced. You spoke — perhaps — yes — hem — haw — of California wines. A little cold, a trifle forbidding, perhaps too intellectual, not so charming as — I don't know — hem — perhaps the women of New York, or — haw — farther South and West. Cincinnati now — charming women there, you know."

Harrison burst forth like one of his own similes, imperfectly corked California champagne, not too ripe.

"She has not studied charm, my export, that I grant you; she will not flatter you, but the purest, most honest creature! true to her prejudices all the world over, like everybody who is worth anything. Take her to Paris to live at eighteen, and at fifty (the dear thing) you will find her with her New England opinions thick upon her. She call on anybody in Paris that she would not call on in Springfield? Perish the thought!

Puritan morality, Puritan prejudice, Puritan purity, I find in her a sort of passion for chastity, a clearness of intent, a determination not to please any man but her husband."

"I thought," said Majoribanks, delicately dipping his walnut in wine, and slowly crunching it with his fine white teeth, "I thought I had — I don't know — I thought I had seen New England women in Paris."

"Yes," said the American hastily, "false growths, parasites which float up from tropical swamps, we know not how; the seed of a South American air plant may reach even Norway; the oidium will visit our grape-vines sometimes. But I speak of typical women, the best product, the highly organized sisterhood. I assure you that these women are as different from Southern women as is an Irish potato from a sweet potato."

"The Southern women are delicious," said Mr. Majoribanks, deliberately eating a pecan nut. Our host, a literary man, and a purist, said that the word "delicious" must not be used except in regard to food, odors, and music.

Our hostess had asked us (ladies) not to leave the table when the gentlemen began to smoke, but to stay (if we did not mind cigars) and listen to the conversation. As we all told her that we frequently had to stand the smoke without the conversation, we agreed to remain, and one brave woman said, "I consider cigar smoke *delicious*."

"'Delicious' should be used only in regard to what goes over the palate," said Harrison, "but as I was impertinent enough to use a potato simile, we will forgive Majoribanks."

"Speech goes over the palate, therefore speech can be delicious," said our hostess.

"Southern women, I am pleased to say," said Harrison, "are very nice; I like the flattering things that they say to one in a drawling manner. I like their low-toned, rich voices; courteous even to their own sex, and to our unworthy sex, even to the old and the unornamental, they are most attentive. I remember arriving one summer's day at a watering-place hotel, ill, jaded, travel-stained. I entered the crowded dining-room filled with well-dressed fashionable habitués. One Southwestern woman, a great belle, sat at her own table surrounded by her beaux, and gallantly caparisoned in a Worth dress. I knew her a little, a very little; she might have come and bowed to me on the piazza, later, but what *did* she do? She got up, walked the whole length of that dining-room, came to my table, ordered my dinner for me, comforted me, smiled upon me; and made me a well man. Now there was no glory to be derived from me; I own up to sixty-five; I am not an office holder, or a millionaire. She did this cordial thing because she is a cordial creature, full of amiability, love of approbation, if you please, but certainly very charming. There were a dozen New England women in the room who knew me much better than she did; not one of them thought of this fascinating manifestation of courtesy. She forgot all about me, I dare say, the next day, but I shall not forget her face."

"It was a conspicuous thing to do," said our hostess, who is a shy New England woman. Harrison looked at her with respect, but went on: "Too much prudence, a decided egotism, are the accompaniments of higher virtues. I will allow that my typical woman has the defects of her qualities!"

"I have thought — haw — I have — I don't know — I have perhaps supposed — hem — that the New England people, women, you know — haw — were too much occupied in being good — being — perhaps — intellectual," said Majoribanks, tilting the ashes of his cigar into a receiver.

Harrison swallowed a thimbleful of curaçoa; he was growing softer and more sentimental; he quoted the lines, —

> "I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
> I woke and found that life was duty."

"That is their watchword," said he; "from youth to age what heroines they are! how they can consume their own smoke!" Here he lighted a fresh Rosa Concha, whose etherealization nearly hid him from us. "How she can suffer and

be strong! That clever woman, Mrs. Henry Field, that Frenchwoman with the great brain and heart, now dead, said to me once that she had been watching all day a New England heroine.

"'I have seen her sit by her son through a most cruel operation,' said she. 'Of course it wounded her laterally and diagonally more than it did him; what is worse, it will reverberate through her nerves forever, while he will recover and forget it. She showed nothing but a tender firmness. I have left her sewing up-stairs as if nothing had happened. There is a color high upon either cheek, nature's only sign of victory over that indomitable unselfishness!'

"'And yet,' said I, 'a sister of charity does this every day.'

"'Ah,' said my observant Frenchwoman, 'the sister is not a mother, to begin with. She has her church, her vows, and her dress to help her. What a shield is a uniform! These are all enormous aids. The New England Joan of Arc fights without armor.'

"'Her armor is her honest thought,' said I.

"'Yes,' said Mrs. Field, 'she leans on her own unassisted soul, as no other woman ever did.'

"And the woman who spoke there lived and died a heroine."

Majoribanks had begun several times a sentence which he did not seem able to find. He fumbled for his language. Why do the Englishmen mislay their words so perpetually? They have ideas, they have education. What demon has stolen their fluency?

"Do they ever — is there sometimes — is it impossible for them to — do you know — in fact, do they know how to flirt — to be coquettish?" said he, with difficulty; a sort of stertorous breathing out of idea, broken by "you knows."

"No," said Harrison. "Never were such single-minded Eves! The serpent has not hissed in their ears. In their relation towards men, unique; to love some one man, live for him, die for him, it is enough. Flirtation would give them a sick headache; coquetry, under a waterproof cloak, never!"

"Cold, bloodless beauties — I suppose, because, you know — because, you know — I think — I don't know — yes, I do know they are very pretty, you know," said Majoribanks with unaccustomed fervor.

"Not at all, not at all; not bloodless beauties!" said the irrepressible Harrison. "Just as beautiful as Italians, Spaniards, South of France, Arles — all that sort of thing. Why, I have in my mind now a valley in New England where the dark-haired, red-lipped, high-instepped, full-figured women seemed to me to have come from Andalusia, instead of from Vermont, they were so graceful, so well complexioned, so well developed. They were of the passionate type, too: long black lashes, black eyes, deep rich complexions, not wanting, some of them, the delicate mustache which adds to the beauty of a dark, well-featured face. Had they been at home, in Spain, what guitar tinklings, what madrigals, what fans! Ten duennas apiece would not have protected these dashing creatures from insidious love-letters, thrust into the most taper fingers in all the world. And yet they were the most thoroughly regulated, studious, industrious, calculating set of Puritans imaginable. I use the word 'calculating' advisedly. It expresses that arithmetical arrangement of the duties which I have never met except in the New England female mind. Not calculating in the sense of taking advantage of others, but calculating rigidly how much they could take out of themselves. No studying how to throw up those thick, long, curly lashes; no studying to make the teeth, white as a slice of cocoanut, more radiant by a comprehensive smile; not a particle of natural extravagance in dress. If a scarlet bow flowed out under a dusky, dimpled chin, it came out because it was in the blood. It could not be helped; it was not sought. In fact, they were badly dressed with great attention to economy. They chose their gowns, even in that sweet, early spring time, — when girls should be like the flowers, only engaged in blushing, — for qualities that would wear well,

as the vicar chose his wife. They were neat as pins. 'It was their nature to;' not neat because it looked well, but clean because they liked it; sweet as clover-beds, fresh as June roses; but badly shod, badly corseted, badly *coiffée*. Their thoughts, meantime, were keeping noble company; their hands were doing useful work. Rich, as well as poor, learned the noble household arts. They were not good linguists, nor nearly so highly accomplished as the women of New York, or of New Orleans, or of Charleston; but they were thoroughly educated in history and geography, they were good mathematicians, excellent logicians, great thinkers, and possessed of an omnivorous thirst for knowledge, which drove them with scorpion whips to lectures, to the feet of such men as Agassiz, Emerson, and Wendell Phillips, unbending occasionally to listen to some lesser authority, but filled (the dear creatures) with the finest poetical sense; violet-hooded doctors, sweet, starry-eyed, pure dreamers, devoted to Tennyson, to Longfellow, to Whittier, to Bryant, and to Lowell, to all poets, and excellent Shakespeareans, — every one. Never were there such clear, north star, crystalline consciences. The Puritan mothers must have been very superior to the Puritan fathers. I think the women of New England escaped much of that avarice and narrowness, that — something — which has been (perhaps falsely) called cheating, which is said by their enemies to enter into the modern New England mind — the masculine half. New England women may be cold, may be forbidding, may be plainly dressed, even sour-faced, but they are not cheats. I think it is a talent they have not. Now we all know that after marriage the life of a French flirt begins. To attract men, to gain lovers and to be admired, — to heighten every beauty, to dress the foot becomingly, to tint the cheek and hair, to be *coquette* in every movement and action, — that is the study of three quarters of the female population of the globe. One must believe, after seeing the world widely, that it is the average female mind; that it is an instinct, not necessarily a bad one, though sometimes, it is to be feared, leading to other consequences than good ones.

"The typical New England woman knows nothing of this side of life. It is so far off from her that the temptation can scarcely be said to exist. It does not come near enough to be denied. The idea of making herself agreeable to any man but her husband! She would sooner steal, murder, poison. In fact, some ungenerous critics have said of her that she has the defects of her qualities, and does not even make herself agreeable to *him*, but this idea I repudiate. Imagine the two contrasted lives! The European woman in her velvet and pearls, at forty, busily engaged in being fascinating. She succeeds in looking perhaps ten years younger than she is. She has felt much emotion in her day. She can talk beautifully about her past, her present, and her future. She classifies the passions admirably. She is preëminently the woman to invite to dinner. What tact, what *esprit*, what *espièglerie*. One must use French words to describe her. Who is her God? Self. Who the first, last, ever-present being to her? Herself. She shuns suffering, she abhors a wrinkle. Every hour of the day must have its amusement. She may be very amiable, do no wrong, be a very comfortable, comforting, good woman in her way. She would be miserably *ennuyée* without a love-affair, but would consider it wretched taste to go too far.

"Where is the typical New England woman at forty? She is where she has always been, doing her duty. If she wears velvet and pearls, it is under protest; she may be obliged to do so by an exacting and rich husband, but she does not like it. She is thinking of his business, his advantage, his advancement, and the boys' education. Whether Dartmouth, or Harvard, or Yale, — that is the question. If she has daughters, she goes out with them in the plainest gown that will pass muster. *She* in love with anybody! *She* desirous of showing her foot! — and it is apt to be a very slender and very pretty one, — perish all

such rubbish! She would not believe that such horrible and wicked nonsense existed, did she not read a French novel occasionally to see if it were proper that the girls might possibly read it."

"I believe that it would bore a New England woman," said our host, "to be obliged, under any pressure of circumstances, to take up, after her one heart experience is over, any sort of successor to it. The element in which other women exist, the vanity, coquetry, or sentiment, call it what you will, which is so much a part of most women's lives, is left out of hers. She hates it, repudiates it even, if she knows it. Generally she does not know it."

"That is so," said Harrison. "Now why and wherefore? Whence this difference? It is not climate, for Russia is much colder, and we know what is morality in Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. It is not religion, for in no part of the world has any one sect or church so little apparent influence as in New England. In fact, some of the most moral and conscientious women I have ever known have been practically infidels. I do not think the descendants of the Puritans are religious; at least not emotionally so; and indeed, is emotional religion any restraint upon the evil passions? No, I fear not. It does not keep women virtuous, or men honest. It is begging the question to call in education, for what is education but an outcropping of ourselves? Besides, education is far more strict, far more silent, in France than here. Young girls are brought up over there with cotton stuffed in their ears.

"Is it tradition? Is it the old Puritan atmosphere still circling around Plymouth Rock? What was there in that stone? Was it an aerolite? Was it a meteoric fragment dropped from the moon? Diana's crescent, pure and pale, rises over that fortunate land which surrounds our national blarney stone. It is the 'field mark and device' of a large and influential type, as is also 'the icicle which hangs on Diana's temple'" — Here the host interposed. "No matter about the rest of the quotation."

"Icicles are sometimes hard," said Majoribanks.

"Very hard; so are New England women! One who had lived longer in Paris than she had on Beacon Street would not know anybody from Boston whom she had not known in Beacon Street, as I remarked before. It is a strong and refreshing trait in an American. I love to be so local. The Philadelphians have this trait. The old-time Revolutionary aristocracy clings to Philadelphia much more than that which would be so much more natural, a Revolutionary democracy. New York is but a conglomerate of all nations; therefore people who leave New York for a European life seldom come back, or regret it, or carry any memories of it. It is but leaving a lesser Paris for a greater Paris; the greater wins.

"The life of a New England woman up to thirty years ago must have been one of hardship. She had the climate to struggle against; she saw her children die of scarlet fever and croup, or the older ones go off into consumption; she had to struggle (and always will have to) with incompetent servants. Life was a battle to both sexes. There is a tombstone over a husband and wife in a New England burying-ground at which people smile. 'Their warfare is accomplished;' such is the legend. There was a warfare, no doubt, within sometimes, certainly without.

"But I never knew a New England heroine beaten. I have seen her assailed by all the enemies of our race, — sickness, poverty, misfortune, disgrace, and sorrow, — and she has conquered them all. I have seen her as an export to the West, that West which *she* has made the prosperous land that it is; and I have admired her bent form, her sallow paleness, her patient mouth, from which that pearly gleam had departed, far more than the most roseate bloom, the most Venus-like outline. I have seen her so courageous, so simple in her devotion to duty, and yet so beyond Joan of Arc in her heroism, that I have said to myself, 'Duty *is* beauty; the rhyme was wrong.'"

"This abnegation of self," said our host, "this devotion to principle, should be — we fondly boast that it is — an integral part of that Anglo-Saxon race from which we spring."

"Yes, — perhaps; hunger and cold proved the iron determination of the Puritan race. It knew no primrose path of dalliance; luxury and travel and the progress of the age have altered the conditions; we no longer eat the fine kernels of corn. The primroses do spring in our path, our houses and lives are luxurious, but this Mayflower remains unsullied and fresh, fragrant as when Priscilla stooped and picked the pink and white buds, and gave them to John Alden with a blush, 'herself a fairer flower.' The type of the New England woman has not departed; it flourishes still.

"Old Count Gorowski, a great student of race, said that he would venture to tell the nationality of any crime. If poisoning, it was apt to be Italian; if lying, French; if brutal, English; if cunning, Spanish; if cheating, American; if all five, Russian! That was a somewhat severe *résumé* of his country, and undoubtedly breathed in one of the moments of irritability for which he was famous. Some one suggested that he had left out Poland. 'Oh!' said he, 'the Poles do not know enough to be grandly bad, they are such fools.'"

The Englishman had listened patiently and with respect to this long tirade. "You have been a great traveler, I hear," said he, when his turn came.

"Yes," said the American, "twenty years in China, ten more in the Indian provinces, ten in Europe, living in all the great cities, but principally in Paris."

"Not in England much, I suppose?"

"No, only a few visits in the season."

"And how much in your own country?"

"The first twenty years of my life, and five years since. I own up to sixty-five, as you see."

"The first twenty years of our lives are years in which we see only the best," said the Englishman, reflectively.

"Oh! I have been home in the intervals," said the American; "I am not speaking from memory; besides, I have seen our exports everywhere."

"I claim the same type of character, the same purity, the same nobility, the same heroic self-denial, for the women of England," said the Englishman.

"You are right, with a difference," said Harrison. "The rhododendrons which are imported from America, and cultivated in English soil, are fuller in color, more redundant, far more magnificent as flowers and shrubs, than the native growth; but I have plucked in an American forest a bunch of rhododendrons of palest pink, or pure white, which was more delightfully beautiful than any cultivated one; it had that unique charm, that local flavor, that peculiarity, which I claim for my New England women," said the American.

"The root is the same!"

"That I grant. I yield to no man in my admiration for your countrywomen, but the conditions are widely different. An Englishwoman in any grade of life finds life cut out for her; an American woman must cut it out for herself. The typical New England woman makes everything for herself, from her bonnet up to her destiny. She can be anything; there are no limitations to her ambition. She fits herself unconsciously for the position of wife to a foreign ambassador. If that fate does not come, she accepts patiently the position of wife to a country doctor. But the reading, and the dignity, and the sense of position are kept up. This enormous self-respect seldom leaves her; she is a peeress in her own right, without the estates."

"How do you account for the coldness of manner? I should think that such good women would be more amiable," said our host.

"Adversity is more becoming to the New England woman than prosperity, I grant you. Sometimes, when I have not admired her so much, wrapped up in the latter, her natural reserve becomes something which appears like a purse-proud disdain. Her conscientious truthfulness does not shine well in a society where a satin hypocrisy rules, and her unused talents make her

sometimes uncomfortable. She is conscious of the 'latent misery of a baffled instinct.' She is never so great, so good, so lovely, or so much herself, as when she is conquering an adverse destiny; she is made to 'suffer and be strong.' As a hostess in a great house, she sometimes seems wanting in cordiality; as the wife of a secretary of state, a president, or a foreign ambassador, she would be intelligent enough, elegant enough, dignified enough; but whether she is always sufficiently gracious, I am doubtful. She is elective, she wants the best; I am inclined to think that the ignorant, the pretentious, and the bores would decide that her manners were not so cordial as those of Mrs. Breckenridge Clay Rutledge, of the South."

"I should know exactly what crimes a New England woman would commit," said our hostess. "I agree with Gorowski about the *locale* of crime; hers would be crimes against the agreeable. She might be capable of great hardness toward the man she loved if he did not come up to her standard of faith. If she found him untrue to his principles and hers, she would leave him and denounce him; that is to say, my type would; she would be most unmerciful. His sins toward herself she might forgive, but not a dishonesty of creed or conscience."

"She cultivates her conscience more than her heart, then?" said a very pretty woman, not from New England.

"I am afraid so," said Harrison, reluctantly.

Our host, a thoughtful man, here said a few pertinent words. "I should know that your typical woman would not take a bribe, or feel the temptations of ordinary women as to dress and social power; but would she not possibly become a political Cleopatra, an antislavery Delilah, and use some wiles unworthy of the Mayflower standard to advance the cause she advocates and believes in, — some high-toned flatteries, some eloquent arguments" —

"Never! As well expect to find a pine-apple, or a cactus, growing in the untropical streets of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, as to find such an one!" said the undaunted Harrison.

"Perhaps she is ignorant, like — you know — Gorowski's Poles; perhaps," began Majoribanks, "she would not know how to be so fascinating."

Harrison looked baffled, but recovered himself in a moment. "Exactly! She does not know; she has not the instinct of Cleopatra or Delilah; a bribe does not reach her brain; she is cut off, poor thing, by the limitations of her being, from some very admirable vices."

"I have seen — that is, there are — there were — some very beautiful ones in England, last summer; very nice ones, too. Gainsborough type, you know," said Majoribanks, as if extenuating, and setting down naught in malice.

"Yes, that type prevails in Boston, also the willow pattern; don't leave out, either, my Andalusians. I believe also that a tribe of gypsies went through one county, and that the daughters of the Zingari married into the best families. I drink to their fine eyes!"

"Harrison, you grow incoherent," said our host.

"It is the curaçoa!"

"I think," said our hostess, "if I have followed the conversation aright, that you have made us out a cold, forbidding set, even with all your praises!"

"I have met — that is — I have perhaps — yes — haw — I have met some that were cordial," said Majoribanks.

"There are," said Harrison, gravely, "some queens who rule the world: some Northern women with Southern manners, some Southern women with all the sincerity and directness of Northern souls. We cannot mark off the virtues, the faults, or the manners, by latitude or longitude. We cannot define that geographical boundary where the Yankee twang ends, or the New York accent begins, yet we who have ears can hear, and mark it as we go."

"I have — the accent — it is strange — I don't know — yes — hem — I have heard — that you know a Philadelphian by his talk, and can tell — that is to say, perhaps — a Western man's State, or

if New England, what you call Yankee drawl — or is it that there can be local accent ? " asked Majoribanks, getting completely swamped.

" Yes, I assure you, definite as Yorkshire or Kingsley's county talk. Remember his Derbyshire? And more than definite is the type of our New England export " —

" Supposing you change the simile," said our hostess, interrupting him, and pulling a lily from the flowers in the *épergne* and handing it to Harrison, as she signaled to us to move off.

" Yes," said he, accepting the flower. " Wherever I have seen her, on a silver lake, on the secluded shaded wave of a lonely river, my pure New England flower; or on the marshy, disturbed surface of some suburban inlet, or the malarious, broad plane of Western waters, it was the same white flower, it was always the lily."

As we left the dining-room and walked off to the parlor, the Englishman confided to me that he thought Harrison had too many words, and was given to bragging.

M. E. W. S.

CONTENT.

They may be worlds, but let me for to-night
  Gaze on the beauty of yon liquid blue,
Studded with gems whose iridescent light
  Trembles the soft air through.

True, it were wise to name each separate part
  That helps to form this delicate rich rose;
But let me, foolishly, look in its heart,
  And mark how fair it glows.

Books tell of wondrous secrets buried deep,
  Written upon the rocks, — and it may be;
The grass is green; let all beneath it sleep, —
  The new green world for me!

I do not care to hear the ancient tale
  Of magi, prophets, patriarchs of old;
A sweeter story doth this flowery vale,
  Low-tinkling stream, and purple air unfold.

Let me a little while forget my years,
  See with a child's eyes for a little while;
Let me forget that there be death or tears
  In Nature's golden smile.

Catherine J. Schiller.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Author. Do the critical notices which appear in the newspapers have any influence on the sale of a book?

Publisher. That is a question which I have been studying these twenty years. I would rather solve that problem than discover a gold-mine. In fact, it would be equivalent to discovering a gold-mine. If newspaper praise insured a book's success, or newspaper condemnation prevented it, we publishers would know where we stand. It would be a fine thing for literature, too; for none but books of striking merit would have much chance of getting into print. The skillful literary workman would be pretty sure of his hire.

Author. I am not so positive about that. Publishers are human, and might publish poor books; critics are very human, and would be sure to praise them. An inferior workman would probably be praised by the column, just as he is now, and the true artist would be dismissed, as he often is, with a contemptuous paragraph. No, I prefer things to remain as they are. I like to see a meritorious work making its mark in spite of dull or malicious misappreciation. Until our critics are trained men, as most of our professional authors are, it is best that their verdicts, favorable or unfavorable, should carry no weight. But is it true that they carry no weight?

Publisher. Heaven only knows, — the trade does n't. I have sometimes been tempted to ascribe the success of a book to the disparaging criticism it has received. But it 's all a tangle. Here 's a work which fell dead; out of eighty journals to which it was sent for review only three handled it severely, and those three were journals not likely to hurt anything unless they indorsed it. This work is an authority on the subject of which it treats. Its appearance was saluted with volleys of type from the best batteries. It died without a struggle. On the other hand, there 's X's novel. I accepted it out of personal kindness for the author. X's father was an old schoolmate of mine. I printed one thousand copies and bound only five hundred. Before the critics could get at it I was obliged to bind up the remaining five hundred and print five hundred more. While those were in the bindery an order came by telegram for one thousand. To cut short a long story, ten thousand copies of X's novel were disposed of almost in secrecy, so far as the press was concerned. I am now printing the twenty-fifth thousand. I know of a work — I wish I had it on my list — of which eight or ten thousand copies have been sold every year for the last five or six years. I am not aware that during that time the title of the book has been so much as mentioned in any newspaper; the publisher has not spent five cents in advertising it; I believe it does not even appear in his catalogue.

Author. I know the work to which you allude so feelingly. It has no great merit.

Publisher. It has the merit of selling eight or ten thousand copies per annum. I 've known books with greater faults than that. Moreover, it *has* merit. Every book which wins a wide circulation has merit of some sort; it supplies some precise need, — possibly an illiterate, low-born need, but still a need. If one could only find out what that is, and supply it!

Author. Yet another book which shall resemble this, yea, as one pea resembleth another pea, would probably fall as dead as ——'s poems.

Publisher. That 's the perplexing part of it. A publisher brings out A History of Ten-Penny Nails, and makes his fortune; another publisher brings out A History of Eleven-Penny Nails (a superior work), and offers to settle with his creditors at fifteen cents on the dollar. Then, again, a whole string of wishy-washy stories meet with a large sale simply because their titles bear a resem-

blance to the title of a previous wishy-washy story which happened to strike the public fancy. In book-publishing experience goes almost for nothing. I regard every new book I publish as a lottery ticket. Asterisk's first book was a decided hit; I am fifteen hundred dollars out of pocket on his second book. It had far more sense in it, — and not so many dollars. It was highly, extravagantly praised, and the former was scarcely noticed. I tell you it is a lottery. This is why a publisher is willing to pay a new man the same percentage he pays an established author. That does not seem quite fair, you think. But observe: the publisher knows that a fresh book from the established author is pretty certain to sell so many copies, and dead certain not to go beyond that; but the new man! — there 's no knowing what the new man may do. He bristles with potential possibilities. *He* may be a twenty-edition fellow! To come back to the newspapers: I fancy that in most instances a book sells itself without any regard to the critics.

Author. Then you believe that the public — the great public which buys books — does not bother itself much about Literary Notices. I agree with you. There are just four persons who read a review, long or short: first, the writer of the review; second, the author reviewed; third, the author's publisher; and fourth, the author's friend, — if the review happens to be unfavorable. I take it that people unacquainted, personally, with authors, publishers, and journalists very seldom, if ever, glance at that busy column in which literary reputations are supposed to be made or unmade. The merchant, I imagine, no more thinks of reading the literary items than an author thinks of turning to the shopping list or the prices current. Yet for all that the merchant may purchase his ten or twenty books in the course of the year, and possibly has his favorite authors. An author really has two distinct reputations: he may rank very high with the critics and very low with the general public, or *vice versa*.

Publisher. You don't seem to think much of the critics. They have always treated you handsomely, if I remember.

Author. And I have always treated them handsomely, — by trying not to bore them too often. But in discussing this question I set myself aside. I care greatly for criticism. The critical faculty is the very rarest. Epic poets are more plentiful than good critics. The great critics of the world can be counted on the fingers of one hand and not exhaust all the fingers. The really great critic comes only once in a century, if so often as that. He is a *rara avis*, a white blackbird. During the last four decades, see what a numerous brood of brilliant writers France has produced! — but only one Sainte-Beuve. The world may wait a hundred years for another of his feather.

Publisher. To come nearer home: is n't Threestars a fine critic?

Author. He has an analytical mind, and his opinion on a work of philosophy or metaphysics is entitled to the highest respect. No one could discourse more amiably on the age of Confucius. In a narrow groove he is certainly a fine critic; but narrowness is the one thing not permissible in a critic. With the profoundest learning he should have the freshest sympathies and the most catholic tastes. Seneca should not be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. Yet we find men setting up as critics whose sole stock in trade consists of their individual likes and dislikes. By the bye, have you looked over that manuscript which I left with you the other day?

Publisher. The Tears of the Muses? Oh, yes; delightful, — *de*lightful! But, really, I don't see how I can help you shed those charming tears just at present. My list of publications for the coming season is quite full, — too full, in fact, — and nothing is selling. I shall have to ask you to wait a year — or two.

Author, walking away moodily. What a fraud that man is!

— In studying Chaucer lately, I have been led to meditate a paper on the Impertinences of Editors. Is it not impertinent, for example, for an editor to define words in an old author which are

explained with accuracy in our Worcester and Webster? It seems to me offensive and depreciatory of a reader's intelligence to annotate passages and allusions in an early writer which would not be thought to need explanation if found in a book of the eighteenth or nineteenth century.

Suppose that I am editing Willmott's works, and come to the following passage; shall I annotate it thus: —

"Think of beholding in a clear glass [1] Macchiavelli [2] living along the lines of his political web; [3] Galileo [4] watching the moon plow [5] her way across the clouds; or Tasso, [6] with Polybius [7] in his hand, [8] marshaling the Knights of Godfrey." [9]

[1] *Glass.* Mirror.

[2] *Macchiavelli.* Niccolo Macchiavelli was secretary of the Florentine republic for a number of years in the fifteenth century.

[3] *Political web.* Macchiavelli wrote a book on statesmanship which has identified his name with political craftiness, and it renders appropriate the expression "political web."

[4] *Galileo.* An Italian astronomer of the sixteenth century.

[5] *Plow.* This expression is to be taken metaphorically, agricultural implements not being used at so high an elevation.

[6] *Tasso.* An Italian poet who lived in the sixteenth century. His baptismal name was Torquato. His chief work was Jerusalem Delivered. The reader will notice Mr. Willmott's familiarity with Italian history at this period, as exhibited in the freedom with which he mentions the great names of that country.

[7] *Polybius.* A Greek historian of the second century before the Christian era.

[8] *In his hand.* This is a figurative expression. Polybius had died before the time of Tasso, and Mr. Willmott would have the reader understand that one of the books of Polybius was in the hand of the later author, and not the historian himself.

[9] *Godfrey.* The leader of the first Crusade was Godfrey of Boulogne, and he it is to whom Mr. Willmott probably refers, for he became king of Jerusalem, and is celebrated in Tasso's poem.

Perhaps I am a trifle generous in my annotations, but I find some that are not entirely unlike them in certain editions of Chaucer.

— Scandal, that is, spoken scandal, has doubtless been much mitigated in the course of the last century, as one of the Club set forth in our June conference. The amelioration of life in this respect is an accompaniment of that general improvement in the moral tone of society which has taken place during the last three generations. For there *has* been improvement in this respect, that is, on the moral side; and there has moreover been a steady setting towards a greater mildness of manners among the whole body social, although the manners of even the best-bred people are not quite so fine now as they were among the same sort of folks in the days of our grandfathers. This class has spared something of its superfluity in manners to those less fortunately placed people who were in need of such endowment. Hence the scandal-monger has for some time been out of favor in decent society. The sort of women who used to go about blackening the reputations of other people, and particularly those of other women, has almost disappeared: partly because such talk would not now be tolerated in society of any pretensions to moral tone or to decorum; and partly because the desire, the willingness, to harm others by bearing witness, false or true, against them has in a great measure been bred out of us by the bettering influences developed in mankind by time and by reflection.

When, however, we come to consider the question whether the appetite for scandal has diminished, an answer favorable to our moral improvement is not so easily found. For we have only to look through our newspapers to see that this appetite must be insatiable if it does not find itself fed every day to surfeiting. The supply indicates the demand; in no respect does the cardinal axiom of the dreary science apply so absolutely as in journalism. The publisher of the newspaper is imperative upon this point, — inexorable. What "our readers" demand, that they must have; what offends them must be excluded. Judged from this point of view, society in regard to scandal has become like the Turk in regard to dancing: he does not dance himself, but he likes very well to have it done for him. And his vicarious saltation is far higher-kilted, to use a Scotch phrase, than any in which he would personally indulge, unless, indeed, he were to undertake to rival a royal poet whom he much respects, — David,

in his dance before the ark, "girded only with a linen ephod." So the scandal that is spread before us in print every day shows not only our craving, but how much stronger a dose of this mental stimulant we can take in silence than in colloquial intercourse. Our servants the reporters rake the courts, great and small, the lobbies, the public offices, the vestry-rooms, — even, alas, the drawing-rooms; and our friends the interviewers pursue, like Horace's Death, *æquo pede*, every human creature from whom there is the slightest hope of extracting material for a "sensation;" and a sensation in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is made at the cost of more or less pain (and generally needless pain) to an individual and to his family and friends. And with what sublime indifference to the question of the truth or falsity of his story does our sensation-monger serve us up the dish of savory meat which our soul loveth! Only let there be the least occasion for it, or, above all, the slightest chance that another paper than that for which he labors will be the first to publish it, and if he get a sensational story upon any authority, or upon none, he unfolds his tale, and stings with it. Not that he cares particularly to sting, unless he may happen to have a grudge to satisfy, but simply that he regards mankind as material for and readers of sensation articles. Let any one who looks through the newspapers daily recollect the number of stories, more or less scandalous, which he has seen published during the past year and flatly contradicted by the persons who alone have competent knowledge in the matter, if indeed there be any matter; for, as we all know, stories are constantly published, — painful and injurious stories, full of detail which makes them truthful in seeming, — which are simply scandal and without foundation in fact. One of the most active dispensers of this sort of scandal is the Boston, New York, or Washington correspondent of some paper outside of those cities. His letters are frequently nothing but scandalous stories, that journals in the places to which they relate would not publish at first hand; but they will copy them with the saving preface, "The —— correspondent of the —— writes thus." And away a reputation goes; that is, would go, if we had not come to doubt, if not to disbelieve, everything of this kind that is not thoroughly established on grounds known to us. I was shown the other day a long letter in a Washington newspaper filled with a tale of scandal about a well-known gentleman; and the gentleman who showed it to me, who was in a position to know the whole truth, said, "There are twenty-seven assertions in that letter, and just twenty-seven of them are absolutely untrue; the whole story from beginning to end is absolutely false." Nor need a story be slanderous to make its publication the cause of annoyance to those to whom it refers. Their wishes, however, are not in the slightest degree regarded. Only a short time ago the daughter of a friend of my family who lives in the country, who is an entirely private person, and who has no more prominence than is given by wealth, culture, and character, was married. To my friend's surprise, reporters came fifty miles, from New York, and, asking to see him, put him to the question about the whole affair, the ceremony, and the parties to it. He decidedly but respectfully refused to give them any of the particulars about which they were so anxious, and told them that it would be very unpleasant to him and to his whole family to have any public notice taken of the marriage. Vain man! the next day he saw the whole affair set forth in two New York papers, the reporters having fished out the particulars from other parties. And but a short time since I saw announced the birth of a child to a lady who had threatened nothing of the kind for ten years and more, and who was likely to be much annoyed by congratulations upon an event which had not taken place. Now, to marry is not sinful, or to have children criminal; and a story published that one does either or both is not a libel, and therefore is not punishable at the law. But it should be so, unless done by consent of the parties in-

terested. For stories may not be damaging to business or to reputation, and may be true, and yet may therefore be none the less likely to give pain. No class of men ought to be allowed to give pain to private persons in order that they may make money by gratifying the prurient curiosity of thoughtless women — and men. What we need for the remedying of this evil is a law like the French law, which makes the publication of any purely private and personal matter, however true or however harmless, an offense punishable on the complaint of the party offended. For, O reader, the other and more effectual remedy, which you could begin to apply yourself, will not be applied, I think. It is, not to read scandal, and to let the editor and the publisher of the paper that prints scandal know, in the most effective way, that you find scandal, tattle, and personal gossip offensive.

— It is a favorite assertion of the mathematicians that figures cannot lie; yet here are two learned contributors to an educational journal of high rank fairly by the ears over the expression "1800 A. D." One contends that it marks the last year of the eighteenth century; the other rejoins, with a quiet assurance which is suggestive of Mr. Furnivall, that it cannot indicate anything but the first year of the nineteenth century, — in other words, that the year 1800 A. D. was the 1801st year of the Christian era. I have been greatly entertained by the argument of the latter writer. In setting up mile-stones, he says, we do not put No. 1 at the starting-point, but at the end of the first mile. "In referring to the clock at the beginning of the day, we do not call the time 1 o'clock, but 0 o'clock [do we, though?], and during the first hour we read 0–05, 0–10, etc., until one hour has passed, when we read 1 o'clock." So also the one used to denote a child's age is used not at birth but at the end of the first year. Having elaborated these three examples, the writer asks, "Why do not these same rules apply in the use of dates for marking points or divisions of an era? Why should not the dates 1, 100, or 1800 be understood to denote that one year, one hundred or eighteen hundred years have passed since the beginning of the era?" Apparently he sees no radical difference between separating dates and separated periods. To apply his idea, he says that during the first year of the era one might properly write "April 12;" during the second year, "April 12, 1;" the latter expression indicating that one year and three months have passed, and that the twelfth day of the fourth month of the second year of the era is now reached.

I still cling to the delusion of my boyhood, however, and wonder why, if the mile-stone argument is apt for the year, it is not equally so for the day; why, if the 1 shows that one year has passed and the second has been reached, the 12 does not in like manner show that twelve days of the month have passed and the thirteenth has been reached.

— This truthful record of what a man has done in and made by literary work during the ten years to January 1, 1878, must be interesting to many, and of service to some, — the latter those who think of adopting literature as a profession.

In eight principal magazines published in those ten years, and of which five remained in existence on the 1st of January, 1878, I have had nineteen articles, for which my pay was $927. In five weekly publications my work has appeared nine times, and brought me $138. From two daily papers I have received $24 for reviews, and $52 for correspondence. Receipts from the above sources, $1141. Then I wrote a short romance and published it at my own expense, getting the imprint of a book-house in New York. That netted me a profit of $198. During the time named I have written three other books of fiction, published by one of the most celebrated houses in the country. Of all, 4600 copies were printed, and 4500 sold, netting me at ten per cent., as copyright, $562.49, and paying to the publishers $3302.57, — this at wholesale rates, and not deducting expenses of publication; probably the publishers cleared but little more than the author. The sum total of my pay for lit-

erary labor is $1901.49, and, estimating roughly, it has consumed about a year's or fifteen months' time, at eight hours per day. I have had, fortunately, other occupations by which to eke out a living. Of the four books, three are now out of print. One was republished in England. All appeared over a *nom de plume*. So did my other writings, except, perhaps, half a dozen, and in omitting my proper name I made a great mistake. Literary work without signature is a bond without interest. Let the young author remember this.

Having done now with the figures of this paper, I will give some incidents of my experience with editors and publishers. A manuscript of mine, ordered in December, had lain in an editor's hands three months. This fact I had mentioned to a gentleman who is one of our best and most voluminous magazine writers and novelists. He wrote me, "Mr. Editor spoke most favorably in a recent letter of your ——, but did not explain the delay. . . . By the way, editors are sometimes unreasonable, even the best of them. If the —— magazine turns out too fastidious, or impracticable, or anything of that sort, why not try the ——? Of course —— would not like this suggestion, but one must live and let live; the world is not for editors alone." Seven months after the letter from which the above is taken was received, the article referred to appeared in print, without resource to the ——, and my friend, writing me again, said, "I read —— last evening. I have read it through carefully, with entire satisfaction and with great pleasure, and even with surprise. Certainly it is extraordinarily well written, and is the best —— which I have ever seen in an American periodical. It must attract wide attention to you." It did not, and when published, after eleven months' delay, payment did not come with its appearance in print. But a few lines to the magazine's publishers put me in possession of their check for $75. Without naming any price at the time the article was sent in, I had left that to the fairness of the editor, and I think he treated well enough a comparatively unknown writer, though the pay should have been, according to that magazine's custom per page, $104. One of our most popular magazinists wrote me once concerning the very small pay that the —— had sent me for a story: "Thirty dollars was very small pay for six pages, in small print, of matter that was readable, interesting, and worthy of insertion. At the same time, editors pay more for *notoriety* than for *quality*. Now there are several publics, and each has its celebrities. I am an old writer for the magazines, and therefore I get more than that, but I did not a few years ago. Even now I dare not ask above $10 a page, believing that that is all a magazine can afford, except for an out-and-out notoriety. A new man must work on, painfully and patiently, for years, every now and then demanding a rise in his wages. There must be bargaining as well as writing. The next time you send a piece to ——, write your price at the top of the MS., thus: 'Price $60,' or, 'Price $80.' If he declines, send it on to the next, and the next. See how it will come out. I am sorry you find the road of authorship profitless. So it is with nearly all who try it. I am never less than a few hundred dollars in debt, and often wish that I had some other trade, more profitable, — a machinist's, for instance."

The editor of a magazine once accepted a contribution of mine in this way: "Your story is not of the kind which has been usually found most attractive to our readers. It is, however, picturesquely conceived, and the interest fairly sustained, and I shall therefore be happy to insert it, paying on publication at five dollars a page." As this story had been returned by —— and ——, I accepted. It appeared in *eighteen* months from the date of the editor's letter, and I waited that time for the pay, $73. Meanwhile, I happened in the city where my editor reigned, and, laid flat by an acute attack of impecuniosity, I called at the office of the magazine and begged an advance of $5(!), which was granted. Why tailors and authors must always wait for payment I cannot exactly understand.

I was once ambitious to write editorials for the New York Daily ——. Mr. A B was then the literary editor, and Mr. Y Z, as now, the commander-in-chief. I obtained a proper introduction to Mr. Y Z through a prominent politician, who was his personal friend. I had a pleasant and rather promising interview that ended in my leaving with him two MSS. on social subjects, which he promised to put in the hands of Mr. A B. A week or two after, my friend sent me the following letter, which he had received from Mr. Y Z:—

I herewith return Mr. ——'s articles, and in doing so wish to say to him that he need not be discouraged in keeping on, as our best writers have been those who did not reach the point of excellence until after many failures. Let him send us articles as he may find subjects to write upon; they shall be carefully and kindly considered, and used if possible, leading to perhaps a more permanent connection. As ever, sincerely yours,

Y Z.

I was not discouraged, but kept on, until I had sent in five pieces, not one of which was accepted, and some of which, I firmly believe, were never opened by the managing editor. Four of these rejected contributions found market elsewhere, and one of them was copied in the Sunday edition after its refusal by the Daily ——.

In the memoirs of Count de Grammont (?) we read of an elegant French duelist who, whenever — and it was often — he sent his short sword clean into an antagonist, exclaimed, with pathetic courtesy "Mille pardons!" This was like —— of the ——. He pierced you with a rejection, but he added an *amende*, as once he wrote to me, "Your work is always so good that I don't feel like losing any of it. The article just received exceeds our space. I should be glad if you would allow me *to exchange it for something else* of yours." Another magazine editor, returning a manuscript, sent these words: "Your MS. goes with this letter. It is one that will find hearty welcome in any magazine but this, where, because of certain, etc. I am obliged, etc. I think, if you will pardon the suggestion, that it would be eagerly accepted by George Macdonald's Good Words, published in London." I thankfully took the advice, paid over a dollar in postage, and inclosed a like amount, and that was the last I ever heard of what I thought was a good piece of work.

Nearly a year ago, I took an article to the editor of ——. He opened the sheets and read them through (at least twelve magazine pages) whilst I sat there. "First-rate!" then he said, "just what I want, — interesting and *timely*. I 'll take it. Call again to-morrow." I discounted the payment with a fine dinner and a grand bottle of wine. In the morning I stepped in for my pay. "I have shown your MS. to Mr. ——. He says it must have illustrations. Can you supply them?" "No, it is impossible." As I went away, I asked: "What should I get for this article?" "Do not take less than one hundred dollars. Send it to the —— magazine, and it must be copied in England." I sent it, — always obeying an editor; and it hung fire for three months. I reclaimed it, and ere its *timeliness* was quite gone I sold it for half what the illustrated editor named.

So I might go on for columns concerning the anxieties, disappointments, and labors of literary work by one of small name, — aye, and these troubles come, too, more or less, to all authors except the great celebrities (*they* may be literary artists, mountebanks, scolds, or quacks); but I shall give only one more instance. The best piece of work I ever did went to a magazine with two editors, after having come back from four such journeys, and been accepted and after twenty days' thought rejected by another magazine. The junior editor returned it to me with these words, writing, as he probably supposed, to some entire novice in literature. The letter of advice came through a mutual friend: "It can't be used in the ——. I have written a letter giving him some suggestions as to how to make his work *marketable*. He certainly has ability; he knows

how to view things, and *can express* himself with remarkable command of words. He now needs to *study* with great attention the *mode of making himself compactly impressive to the public.*" The underscoring is my own. I may have smoked three pipes in succession over that patronizing epistle.

Thereafter I gave up my pen for eight months, and took to speculating in pigs. It was a new business, and had a flavor about it peculiarly recreative to a dead-beat author. There was a wild, gorgeous poetry in the statement (founded on figures that cannot lie, please remember) made me by my instigator to the porcine adventure. He — I mean the instigator, — lived in a fine rooting country, six hundred miles off to the south. I had nothing to do but plan, administer, forward checks, and count my profits four months ahead. He was to act, execute, buy, and perhaps share my profits. If I could not be famous in letters, I would at least be rich in hogs. Alas, there are figures that, as has been said here and elsewhere perhaps, cannot lie, and there is hog cholera! — worse, far worse than editors and publishers. Write, write, if you will, young man, but for Heaven's sake do not attempt the pig business. The latter, I know, requires more genius, but like all real labors of genius it will not pay. Its end is to make hashed sausage meat of you. What happened to me is of little consequence, except in the result, — that I took up my pen again. It was heavier now, and worked greasily, but I had learned boldness. My first act was to send off the rejected MS. of nearly a year ago to the *other* editor of the same magazine. He was summering by the sea-side, separated from his junior. In forty-eight hours I received the following lines: "I accept with great pleasure your ——. It is a study of extraordinary force and vividness, and, I take it, must be from life. I wish you would do some more things like it." I have other confidences to make, but not now, to men who may have literary ambition, and may be, as I, "to fortune and to fame unknown."

— Apropos of the notice contained in The Contributors' Club for February of the reappearance on the scene, fresh as ever, of our old acquaintance the hero of The Wide, Wide World, I am reminded of a story told to me last September by friends who had just returned from Europe. It will be seen that that book has been setting fashions for us on the other side of the water without our being aware of the honor. My friends were spending several days last summer at the residence of an English gentleman. At dinner on the first day, I think with the joint, something dark in a little cup was passed to my friend's wife by the servant in waiting. She glanced at it, but could not make out what it was; thought it might be some mysterious English form of beef tea, or a sauce; concluded on the whole it would be safer to decline, and did so. Same pantomime gone through with the husband, who, also mystified, declined. Servant disappears with the cup, of which no one else is invited to partake, and dinner proceeds. But their kind hostess is evidently disturbed; at last she remarks, "Perhaps it was not strong enough; or was it too weak?" And then it appears that the dark liquid was tea, and that they "supposed you always drank tea with your dinner in America." "Where could you have obtained that impression?" said my friend. "From The Wide, Wide World," was the innocent answer. The simple country folk in that bucolic book are, it will be remembered, always pictured as drinking "tea" with their dinner; and if this little incident had not intervened that English family would have forever supposed that all Americans did the same!

— There is nothing so majestic and slow-moving to-day in all our quick America as an old South Carolina gentleman, for instance, making a few remarks to you in your parlor, or on the Charleston Battery. His words, his periods, his very thoughts, are all old English. There is no use in trying to hurry him, and much loss. For, if you will only lay aside your modern impatience, and listen, your ears will soon be charmed by the very language of

Johnson and Addison. He never says "Mrs.," but always "Mistress;" his lips never syllable a contraction, but roll out their "do not," "can not," and "shall not" with slow precision; no chance expression of the day is aught to him. This stately, unhurrying way of talking is particularly apparent when you hear it from the sweet voices of the Southern ladies; their voices are much softer and richer than those of our Northern women, and modulated on a lower key. What gives an oddly contrasting local color to this dignified speech is the pronunciation of certain words, — a pronunciation probably caught in childhood from negro nurses. Almost all words in *ar* and *ere* have a *y* in them, or rather it is like this: *garden* is *gee-ar-den*, with the first two syllables run together; they tell you to take the *street kee-ars;* and *here* is *yere* or *h-yere*. The abbreviations of *mother* and *father*, that is, the words *ma* and *pa*, I defy any Northerner to imitate successfully; they might serve as a shibboleth for carpet-baggers. Hawthorne says somewhere that it is a good lesson for one who has dreamed of literary fame to step aside out of the narrow circle in which his claims are recognized, and see how utterly devoid of significance beyond that circle is all that he achieves and all that he aims at; and *I* advise the Northern writer of to-day, if he wishes this sort of lesson in its fullest strength, to go South! No matter who he is, no matter how honored in the circle, for instance, around The Atlantic, he will there find himself unknown. Not that Southerners of the best class are unliterary; in one way they are more literary than we are, for they have the old English essayists, dramatists, and poets at their tongues' end, and quote voluminously and well. But they seem never to have come down farther than about the middle of the last century; there they stop with their quotations. But the bewildered Atlantic man would not mind that so much if they would but stop entirely, — short off, as it were; with a little rubbing-up, he knows the old authors, too. Instead of that, however, these Southerners have made a chain, from the leg of Addison, say, down to to-day, consisting of a succession of writers whose names he has hardly even heard, — he, a man of wide-open eyes, accurate memory, and the most catholic choice in reading. He is told of an essayist, "now living," whose work equals "anything in The Spectator;" of a novelist, "at present dying," whose power is "superior to Fielding;" of a poetess, "just dead," who was "the inspired soul of the century." All this with sincerest belief and earnestness, and said by intelligent persons. Books are put into his hands (generally badly printed), and there in type these productions face him; they are not, then, the manuscript children from whom great things are expected by friends, but on the contrary they are full-grown, clothed, and in their right minds. He begins to doubt whether he is in his! He turns over the pages in a confused sort of way, and at last mentions perhaps some well-known writer whose fame is in all the magazines; they have never heard of him. He then brings forward another, whose volumes are, as he supposes, distinctly recognized as among the best of the day; they do not know his name. He now drops America, flees to England, and holds up George Eliot and Charles Reade; they *have* heard these names, but vaguely. They begin a discussion upon Richardson and Miss Austen, and close with allusions to the latest tale by some "daughter of Georgia," or "child of the Southland." It must not be supposed that I am making fun; these titles are used and bestowed with both pride and affection by the people and the writers themselves. I have heard them, and others like them, many times. The number of these Southern writers is to-day larger than any one would dream who has not studied the subject; and the Atlantic man might well be proud of so ardent and loyal a following as many of them possess. Their own people believe in them heartily, — if no one else does. I have recently looked through a volume containing short biographies of Southern writers, and, out of two hundred and fifty names, recog-

nized about twenty! Of course I except, in these remarks, a few authors with whose works we are all acquainted; there are exceptions always. But I think no one who has lived for any length of time at the South will dispute the truth of what I have said. The Southerners have finer and costlier *old*-fashioned books than we have. The library at Charleston is piled to the ceiling with venerable mahogany-colored English bindings, which look as though they had been "through the wars," as they have. The handsome young librarian says, — but not apologetically; the Charlestonians never apologize, — "We have but few new books." He does not know how delightful and new it is to see nothing but old ones! But the quaintest little places are the "neighborhood libraries," in the country; not by any means established for "the people," as with us, for there were no "people," but for the pleasure of the planters' families in that neighborhood. Twice I have had the key of such little buildings, now almost always lonely and forsaken, and have spent hours taking down and looking through the dusty books. Almost all were fine old English editions of fine old English authors, together with some of the most famous Frenchmen, also; on a lower shelf, the "Southland" writers. I call to mind now a courteous, white-haired gentleman of the old school, who had retired to a remote little village with the poor remains of his fortune and his library. On a dry-goods box covered with chintz reposed the few superb old volumes which he had saved; the remainder, he said, were "burned at Columbia, when Major-General Sherman did us the honor to pass through. The soldiers, I am informed, heated their coffee with them." He never touched a newspaper, or saw a modern book; but he used to read aloud to his wife on summer afternoons from these old volumes, and discuss their contents with any one who came in. Sitting there and listening, one almost forgot that there was any present, or any George Eliot, or even any Atlantic, save the ocean.

— In your review of Judge Caton's book on the Antelope and Deer of America, in the March number of The Atlantic, you help to disseminate a grave error into which he has fallen, concerning the area of country over which the black-tailed deer is distributed. Of course the author was misinformed, as, had he *any* personal knowledge on the subject in question, he would not have made such an error when writing as a specialist.

I have lived, since the war, in the States and Territories north of the Arkansas and south of the Yellowstone rivers, and have hunted in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, and Dakota; I have found the black-tail in all these States and Territories, and I am reliably informed that it abounds in Idaho and New Mexico; in fact, it is found as widely distributed east of the Sierras as west of them.

As to the antelope shedding their horns yearly, as do the deer, elk, etc., their antlers, it is considered an open question where antelope abound; but as Judge Caton has had an opportunity for careful personal observation on this point, and as it is not probable that any abnormal habit in this respect should obtain when antelope are removed from their native plains and confined as were those observed by Judge Caton, of course he is right.

I have seen buck antelope killed at all seasons of the year, but have never seen any with new horns; in fact, I once observed a tame buck antelope, almost daily, for several years, which showed no sign of shedding its horns. With one exception, all the hunters, trappers, guides, etc., whom I have talked with on this subject deny that the antelope sheds its horns. Bridger, the celebrated guide, hunter, and trapper, knew of but one instance, and that was so remarkable that it will not help to prove the affirmative to skeptics. He was once hunting along the base of a rocky, precipitous mountain, following the only practicable game trail in those parts, when, as he turned the sharp corner of a huge rock, he saw just in front of him, and rapidly approaching, a buck antelope pursued by

several wolves. The buck, on seeing Bridger, stopped so suddenly that *his horns dropped off at Bridger's feet!*

— Never were our houses better arranged for pictures, and never have people been less inclined to purchase them. The subdued colors of the Morris paper-hangings, the rich, dark tints of curtains and upholstered furniture, are admirably fitted to set off the colors of oil-paintings, provided there is any light in which to show them; and our sombre parlors and libraries actually demand the relief of the gold frame as well as the brass sconce. By preference I might be inclined to the purchase of a fine head or figure-painting, did not my judgment tell me that there are qualities in a good landscape representation which, for many reasons, would be paramount. In the first place, it is like an open window, giving upon a beautiful country scene; and in the city this is an element of primary importance. If it has atmosphere and distance it actually gives length or breadth to a room. On entering an apartment the eye falls easily upon the horizon of the picture opposite the door, and the room goes off into immeasurable perspective. I recall a gallery twenty feet in width which stretches out to forty feet by means of a skillfully painted "interior," the long retreating arches of which lead one easily into distant and suggestive space.

When "better times" come, we may have learned, by the want of good pictures, what to buy and where to hang. When the *bric-à-brac* fever has spent itself, it will be succeeded by a return to the purchase of good paintings. And we know better how to buy than we did ten years ago.

— At a recent *soirée* of the Royal Society, the Fellows and their guests gathered with interest around what at first glance seemed to be an ordinary *carte-de-visite*. It was not, however, the picture of one but of many individuals, — the Portrait of a Family. The photographed faces of a large family and their near relatives had been placed in an album, and one after another had been copied on the same plate, — face upon face, — the time required for taking a single portrait being equally divided among them by covering and uncovering the camera while the portraits were successively brought before it. The result was very striking, — almost mystical. One looked upon a life-like, expressive, and even beautiful face of a human being that, individually, never existed. But also it was a real being, and one that can never die. A family name may perish, but a family is immortal. The stream of its life expands, indeed, to a shoreless sea. If a man and wife had two children, and even that moderate average of increase continued in their line for twenty-five generations, their descendants would equal the population of Great Britain. If by some searching glass we could read all the lines on this average face of a family, if we could go on adding such generalized portraits and discerning all their characters, we should have types of mankind, and in the end — if there were any end — a portrait of the human race.

But where no tangible magnifier enables us to search the far depths of this personal-impersonal face, imagination may lend us further vision. It resembles all who sat before the great artrealist, — the sun, — and yet no one of them, however pronounced in feature, can be identified in it. All are raised somewhat, some a great deal; the highest owes something here to the lowest. It is only the Smith family, but with what romance does it invest the Smiths! How unconscious were we — and they — that through all their loves, cares, sorrows, pursuits, nature was steadily carrying forward a persistent character, a convoy of some quality she is resolved shall inhere in humanity!

— I went on a journey the other day through the back regions of one of the older States, to a little village which is yet untouched by any railroad line. It is a drowsy, gossiping market town, precisely like thousands of others in the country. Besides its county jail, its Catholic chapel, and two meeting-houses, these are some of the things which I found there: —

The carpenter, an old Scotchman who had followed his trade at sea for forty years, off every coast, and had ended with Kane.

The priest, an Alsatian Jesuit, under some cloud for which he had been exiled to this barren shore. No need to fish here for souls or for preferment; the man composedly gave himself up to studying spiders.

The minister, who had been, twenty years ago, a lawyer of acumen and force in New Orleans. There was a divorce, a duel; the husband, who killed his man, went into the church, took this charge, and worked in his old age for his Master with a fervid, hopeless zeal, strangely pathetic and effective.

There was a great man visiting the village while I was there, — Sharp (worth uncounted millions), of New York. We all looked at his gold-plated harness with bated breath. Sharp had been a farm boy, with an itching palm, in the neighborhood, thirty years ago. He was back now to look after his uncle, old Sam. Sam had starved himself until he was sixty to save his few thousands; now a materialized spirit and her family had quartered themselves on him, and the money was going fast.

The postmistress was a wizened old creature, in a knit woolen jacket, and patched shoes that clattered as she dealt out the pounds of brown sugar, or yards of yellow calico, or the few grimy letters. Now and then the pure intonation of the cracked voice startled a stranger, or a brilliant gleam from the gray eyes under the spectacles. This woman had been a power in Washington when women of culture and power were few. Old Aaron Burr had bowed to her budding beauty. The men who were giants in those days gathered about her father's table. "She had a shrewd wit, and that memory for details and magnetic presence which go to make up the great politician," said the greatest politician of his day of her. But for a slight chance she thinks her husband would have been minister to France. But the chance, death, was not to be set aside, and she came to this village post-office instead of Versailles. She thinks this, but does not say it. You shall not hear from her the story of her life.

On my way from the lonely little hamlet to a city where you might reasonably look for different people, I happened to read a late number of one of the heaviest British reviews, and found its final sentence upon the impossibility of that Bore of Expectation, the American novel. It declared that, owing to the rapid fusion of classes in the United States, characters for representation, if people of any culture, must all be found upon a dead social level, and offer therefore no dramatic possibilities to the novelist; whereas in English novels, from the graded ranks, there is an endless supply of incident and passion in the friction of society, in the ambition of individuals to pass its intangible barriers, in misalliances, etc.

It seemed to me our novelists were not sufficiently grateful for this very fusion. They have a chance to test their subjects in every change of circumstance, and so strip character of circumstance. The artist in human nature may miss the social scaffolding for his novels which has served its turn so long in England (and the American substitute, if he tries it, will prove very shifty); but he will find in this country not only divers figures, but certain new and unique lights thrown upon each figure which are not possible in older civilizations.

— When an English novelist does us the honor of introducing any of our country-folks into his fiction, he generally displays a commendable desire to invent something very typical in the way of names for his American *dramatis personæ*. His success is seldom or never commensurate with his desire. If he were only moderately familiar with American names, he would not bother himself by appealing to his imagination. Any city directory would furnish him with more material than he could use in a century. Charles Reade might have obtained in such a work a happier title than Fullalove for his Yankee captain, though I doubt, on the whole, if Anthony Trollope could have got anything better than Olivia Q. Fleabody for the young

woman from "the States" in his last novel. Perhaps I am rash in saying his last novel, for Is He Popenjoy? was published nearly a month ago, and the industrious author may have turned out three or four novels since then. To call a sprightly young female advocate of woman's rights Olivia Q. Fleabody was very happy indeed; to be candid, it was much better than is usual with Mr. Trollope, who has traveled extensively in this country, and whose misunderstanding of everything American is in consequence nearly complete. But Fleabody is excellent; it was probably suggested by Peabody, which must have struck Mr. Trollope as comical (just as Trollope strikes *us* as comical), or, at least, as not serious. What a capital name Veronica Trollope would be for a hoydenish young woman in a society novel! I fancy that all foreign names seem odd to a stranger. I know that the signs above shop-doors in England and on the Continent used to amuse me often enough, when I was over there. (One of Dickens's characters is the proprietor of a lollipop establishment in the charming little town of Chester, — I think it was Chester.) I am aware that many of our American names are sufficiently queer; but English writers always make merry over them, as if our very queerest names were not thrown completely into the shade by some of their own. Several years ago I read in the sober police reports of The Pall-Mall Gazette (I 've the paragraph carefully preserved in an old scrap-book) an account of a young man by the name of *Onions* who was arrested (by a "peeler," of course!) for stealing money from his employers, Messrs. Joseph *Pickles* & Co., "stuff merchants," of London. What mortal could have a more ludicrous name than Onions, unless it were Pickles, or Pickled-Onions? And then for Onions to be engaged in the vegetable line! Could there be a more incredible coincidence? As a coincidence it is nearly awful. No American story-writer would dare to present that fact in his novel; it would not be accepted even as probable fiction. In the mean while Olivia Q. Fleabody is quite clever — for Mr. Trollope.

— If your contributor who contends that *chalet* should be written without the circumflex accent is wrong, he is wrong in very excellent company; for M. Littré himself, an indisputable authority in such matters, sustains the contributor's position.

Apropos of this, I am permitted to quote the following passage from a letter addressed some time ago by Mr. P. G. Hamerton to his American publishers, who were then engaged in reprinting one of that author's delightful books: —

"The English text is all right, but in French words there are some errors. The printer ought not to put any accent on the *a* in *chalet*, — he always writes it *châlet*, which is a mistake I cannot imagine myself to have committed in the manuscript. This blunder begins at page ——, and I suppose your printers intend to go on sinning in like manner to the end of the volume. If the sheets are stereotyped when this reaches you, the accent might easily be removed with a small chisel wherever it occurs on the *a* in *chalet*, and I beg that this may be done. It may be an American habit to put a circumflex accent on *chalet*, but in France no one does it, and the word is French. . . . I find on referring to some books in my library that the English always stick a circumflex over the *a* in *chalet*, though it is quite incorrect. No French philologist of any importance does it or would do it."

RECENT LITERATURE.

It happens, curiously, that just as the long-expected life of Charlotte Cushman [1] makes its appearance Mr. William Black is developing the character of an imaginary actress in his serial story, Macleod of Dare. In that tale Miss Gertrude White, the heroine, is made to say: "I have to sympathize with so many characters — I have to be so many different people — that I don't quite know what my own character is, or if I have any at all;" which, it seems to us, is a thing that the real Miss White (supposing there had been one) would never have felt or said. Real actors and actresses, so far as we have record of them, possess very decided natures, and know perfectly well that they have characters which are not in the least obscured by their impersonations on the stage. A better offset to Mr. Black's feebly imagined bit of fancifulness than the story of Miss Cushman's career, and Miss Stebbins's sketch of her personality, could not be asked. We find here an actress who surpassed most of her sisterhood in the complete assumption of a variety of parts, both male and female, and yet possessed, quite beyond and independently of these, a powerful and charming personality of her own. So completely did she identify herself with Queen Katharine, in Henry VIII., "that the tender inspiration of the last scene would be visible in her face and eyes long after she had left the stage." Lady Macbeth she impersonated with an equal, perhaps a greater force; yet she disliked the part, and preferred to read rather than act in the play of Macbeth, because in the reading of the other parts she could find relief from the strain she experienced in the realization of a character in all ways so opposed to her own. As Miss Stebbins says, with an approach to eloquence, "There was a side to her which . . . enabled her to fill the rôle of a noble and thoughtful woman. She analyzed all her parts, and missed no shade of their true embodiment; but in her own supreme rôle no study and no analysis was necessary, for God had cast her for the part." It is in this supremacy of the woman without injury to the artist that one finds the measure of Miss Cushman's greatness; and this it is, also, which gives to the present biography its chief attraction. The record is not that of a life rich in family associations with the stage, and filled with reminiscences of famous people, like the autobiography of Mrs. Kemble. It does not supply us that minute picture of an entire career, with abstracts of some of its highest moods and elaborate correspondence, presented in the recent memoir of Macready, which has taken its place almost as a model of what every biography in this department should be. One is, in fact, surprised that Miss Cushman's letters should not have been better preserved, and that almost nothing should have been done in the way of collecting her observations on her art and her criticisms of other histrionic interpretations than her own. Leaders in the dramatic profession so inevitably and regrettably fade from memory when the spell of their personal presence is forever withdrawn that too much cannot be done to preserve in printed memorials those details of their acting, their conception of parts, their advice to other actors, which can alone secure to later generations the value of their achievements in histrionic art. But, if we must deplore the absence of these particulars from Miss Stebbins's memoir, we are ready to accord due praise for the full and enthusiastic manner in which the superb characteristics of the subject are brought forward. Nothing could be better than the careful account of Miss Cushman's ancestry, with its mingling of stern Puritan rectitude and of that gentler æsthetic bias derived from the Babbit family. The story of her early struggles, too, is one of absorbing interest. The failure of her voice; the hurried change from singing to acting; the flush of first success, which led her to expect too much; the subsequent reverses; and the three years' hard work as "walking lady" at the Park Theatre, and harder work as manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, while acting alternate nights with Macready in New York, — all this, and her heroic efforts to maintain her family, compose a rapid and striking narrative. It was at the close of this period that Macready, whom she supported in Boston, noted in his diary that she had her art still to learn; a some-

[1] *Charlotte Cushman: Her Letters and Memories of her Life.* Edited by her friend, Emma Stebbins. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878

what too patronizing remark, like the one he made concerning Mrs. Kemble (that she did not know the elements of her art), for in a very short time afterward she gained magnificent triumphs in London. But the reason of the full expansion of her powers and of undisputed success somehow fails, as presented in the biography, to meet one's expectations. Perhaps this is owing to the want of material of the right sort, perhaps to a certain limitedness in Miss Cushman's intellectual interests; but it is a fault which will be less apparent to readers who do not stand so close to the epoch treated. Miss Stebbins sometimes writes too much as if she were addressing a circle of acquaintances, and her style is not conspicuously good. But, whatever its short-comings, the book is sincere, and it belongs to a class in which American literature is not rich enough. We may congratulate ourselves on this substantial addition to the library of reminiscence.

— The sources from which L'Art[1] draws its treasures seem inexhaustible; the last volume for 1877 and the first for 1878 are as wonderfully rich and varied as those at which we first looked; the only difference is that now the surprise is gone, and now we expect wonders of L'Art. It is impossible to give a full idea of the abundance of this review, so far beyond anything of its kind hitherto attempted, and if we mention one thing rather than another it is not because the other is not almost as worthy of notice. Here in the closing volume of the year past are some unpublished letters of Delacroix, particularly interesting and valuable for the preliminary sketches for his Medea, in the Museum of Lille, which is also reproduced in an etching, — one of the eleven magnificent etchings in the volume. There is a continued article on Delft *faïence;* another on Fromentin, with numerous reproductions of his African sketches; a full and careful study of Poussin, with — of course — admirable illustrations from his works; a paper on Benvenuto Cellini, so much more widely known to readers by his autobiography than to connoisseurs by his works of art. Six papers devoted to the Museum of Lille are apparently the first of a series which is to make known the wealth of art-galleries in the provincial cities of France. At the same time the art of other ages and countries is not neglected: the extremely interesting and valuable studies of Italian art are continued; there is a notice of the Liverpool Art Club's Exhibition of Fans; in the first volume for this year Horatio N. Powers writes of the New York Society of Decorative Art and its loan exhibition. The same volume contains the fourth, fifth, and sixth of the Silhouettes of Contemporary artists, namely, Gustave Brion, the Alsatian; Léon Belly, the painter of Egyptian character; and the painter and engraver Félix Bracquemond. It is almost superfluous to say that these papers are abundantly illustrated from the works of the artists. A special feature of the volume is a series of twelve crayons in black and red reproducing sketches of J. F. Millet. Rubens's work in Italy, Spain, and Russia forms the subject of three essays. A charming peculiarity of L'Art, which we do not think we have mentioned before, is its illustrated reviews of new books on art. All the editorial departments and the full and satisfactory system of correspondence are perfectly sustained.

— In a brief preface, Mr. Luigi Monti owns the authorship of Mr. Sampleton's adventures as American consul at the Mediterranean port of Verdecuerno.[2] Mr. Monti was for twelve years our useful consul at Palermo, but under the workings of our uncivil disservice system was displaced, and has been kept out of an office which it is his sufficient disqualification to be able to fill better than any one else. If it had been his purpose to revenge himself upon the stupid order of things to which he owed his dismissal, he could not have done so more effectively than by painting to the life the misconceptions, mortifications, blunders, and sufferings of the average American appointee to consular service, as he has in this amusing and humiliating little book. But we fancy him governed by different motives, and we congratulate him on having produced a sketch which not only abounds in amiable satire, but is admirably faithful in all its characterizations. It will not have much, if any, effect upon the powers which mismanage such matters at Washington, but it adds to our literature several pieces of portraiture which are done with sympathy and insight into American nature and

[1] *L'Art.* Revue hebdomadaire illustrée. Troisième année: Tome IV. Quatrième année: Tome I. Paris: A. Ballue. New York: J. W. Bouton & Co.

[2] *Adventures of an American Consul Abroad.* By Samuel Sampleton, Esq., Late United States Consul at Verdecuerno. Boston: Lee & Shepard 1878.

conditions, as well as with charming skill. Samuel Sampleton and his excellent little wife are keeping a boarding-school at Quahaugsville on Cape Cod, and filling their place in life with the satisfaction and success which come of natural fitness and training for it, when he is sent out to Verdecuerno, totally ignorant of its language, its customs, the duties of his office, the etiquette of his position, or the dignity attaching to it. To heighten his misery with the last touch of cruelty, he is paid the salary of a third-rate department-clerk, and he finds that he is not only not able to live for nothing in Verdecuerno, as he was told in Quahaugsville before starting, but that his fifteen hundred dollars a year scantly enable him to take a shabby apartment outside the walls in a lodging-house occupied by merchant's clerks, military officers of low grade, and the employees of the other consuls. Here he accommodates his family and the American eagle in three small rooms, and here he receives the visits of his colleagues and all the local dignitaries; here he remains, without society and without the recognition due his rank, till he is moved at the end of a few years to make way for a successor even more unfit than himself. The picture is in no wise overdrawn, but is carefully subdued; among its most pleasing qualities are the delicate respect with which the characters of the consul and his wife are studied, and the cordial feeling for the simple, genuine, and worthy Americanism which they represent. They are merely shown to be out of place, while it is suggested that in their true place they are irreproachable. They have the best hearts and the soundest principles; they preserve their self-respect, while their pride suffers from the snubbing and pity and patronage which they receive on every hand, and must receive. The consul tells his story himself, with great modesty and unconsciousness, and just enough glimmerings of the author's light upon his narrative to make it delightful. All the other figures in the book are sketched with good-humored skill, and but for its bitter lesson it would be thoroughly enjoyable; as literature it is thoroughly enjoyable. We wish, however, that it might, as a civil service tract, have the greatest possible currency. As we said, there is little hope of influencing legislation on the subject, but the American people, who are not ungenerous whatever they are, ought to understand how and why their consular system is the shabbiest in the whole world.

— One is apt to look with suspicion upon an edition of the works of Shakespeare sent out with the assertion that it is perfect, for up to the present moment not one of the legion of editors has been able to give a text that would stand the test of criticism in all points, nor has the most diligent and capable student been successful in deciding upon the chronological order of the plays nor the date at which they were produced. We have before us, however, an edition which is heralded as "the perfect Shakespeare," that attempts to accomplish all this.[1] It is a convenient and well-printed small quarto volume, illustrated with four hundred engravings on wood, evidently by German artists, which are helps to the reader and adornments to the book. The merits of the text need not detain us long, for Professor Delius is no exception to the general statement of Mr. Richard Grant White regarding German Shakespeareans, that there can be no doubt that as to the text of Shakespeare "their labors have been entirely fruitless." We have examined the work of Professor Delius in this respect in difficult passages only to be disappointed. His chronological arrangement possesses little value, especially as it is unsupported by any reasons, though as regards the later plays he has probably arrived at results that are approximately correct.

The interest of the volume for us — and we think we may speak for the general reader also — centres in the introduction, by Mr. Frederick J. Furnivall, who is the director of the New Shakspere (*sic*) Society and the inciter to much good work in Early English literature. This is the most stimulating, lively, and interesting piece of work on the subject that we have read for many a day. It bristles all over with its author's peculiarities, for Mr. Furnivall is unlike any one else in his literary style, and even the conventionalities of orthodox spelling are no barrier to the impetuosity and independence of his spirits. We admire Mr. Furnivall, and always enjoy reading what he writes, though we may not succumb to his reasoning or be entirely pleased with his spirit. A superficial glance at his work shows that he is in a small way a spelling

[1] *The Leopold Shakspere.* The Poet's Works in Chronological Order, from the Text of Professor Delius, with an Introduction by F. J. Furnivall Illustrated. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

reformer. He not only writes "fixt," as Hare did forty years ago, but gives us also "ringd," "playd," "birds-nested," "cayennd," and the like, which is proof positive that familiarity with the orthographic freedom of Early English writers has bred in him contempt for the absurdities of our present spelling.

The object of Mr. Furnivall's introduction is to show the proper method of studying Shakespeare, to recount in brief the story of his life, and to present a philosophical chronological arrangement of the plays and poems. The matter he gives would fill a volume, and we wish that we had it in a separate publication, printed from type of fair size. The order of the plays is established by external evidence, internal evidence, allusions, and metrical tests, and upon these bases Mr. Furnivall proceeds to give his arrangement and the ingenious reasons for it. He says that the work of the first Victorian school of Shakespearean scholars was mainly confined to antiquarian illustration, emendation, and verbal criticism, while that of the second, represented by the members of the New Shakspere Society, is to study the growth and oneness of Shakespeare, the links between his successive plays, the light thrown on each by comparison with its neighbor, the distinctive characteristic of each period and its contrast with the others, and the treatment of the same or like incidents in the different periods of Shakespeare's life. He complains very justly that the plays have not been sufficiently studied as a whole, but have been looked upon as "a conglomerate of isolated plays, without order or succession, bound together only by his name and the covers of the volume that contained them." Mr. Furnivall is right, for no author ought to be studied without a recognition of the fact that his works are the growth of his living mind, and contain in their successive parts evidences of their gradual production that may be made of use as guides to others; but we need to be guarded in laying down law and making assertions in this respect, for no author has ever produced a series of regularly improving works, nor is this the rule. We cannot, therefore, determine the date of a poem or a play by its quality, though that is one of the elements to be considered in settling a disputed point.

Mr. Furnivall views the writings of Shakespeare under four quite natural divisions. The plays are distributed, eleven each to the first and second periods, ten to the third, and five to the fourth, according to the plan by which we have already shown that their chronology is settled. It should be premised, before presenting Mr. Furnivall's arrangement in detail, that he does not consider every date settled beyond dispute, but as subject to revision. We add, for our part, that an orderly study of Shakespeare makes necessary some sort of chronological arrangement, and that a reasonably correct one, though not absolutely perfect, is better than none at all. Such an arrangement gives the mind that "prenotion" which Bacon declares to be necessary at the beginning of an investigation to throw light over the field of inquiry and introduce a satisfactory method into the whole course of examination.

Mr. Furnivall pronounces Titus Andronicus not Shakespeare's, but touched up by him for the stage; and in this he agrees with the modern commentators. It belongs, however, to the first period, and is attributed to the year 1587. After it he places the Comedy of Errors, or Mistaken-Identity, group, including Love's Labour 's Lost, 1588–1589? Comedy of Errors, 1589? and Midsummer-Night's Dream, 1590–1591? Next comes the Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1590–1591; it connects the whole group with the next, the Passion group, comprising Romeo and Juliet, 1591–1593, and the poems Venus and Adonis, Lucrece and the Passionate Pilgrim, or so much of the last mentioned as belongs to Shakespeare. In these productions he finds strong passion and rich fancy. "The love which we saw rise in the Errors and develop in the Two Gentlemen bursts into full force in Romeo and Juliet. The play gives us that passion lawful in woman and man; Venus and Adonis gives it us unlawful in woman; the Rape of Lucrece, unlawful in man." In the next group, the Early Histories, Shakespeare turned to the great political questions which were stirring his countrymen in his time, and gave them Richard II., 1593? the three parts of Henry VI, 1592–1594? and Richard III., 1594? In these he showed his patriotism, "spoke his own opinions, and preacht his own moral."

The plays of the second period open with King John, 1595? and the Merchant of Venice, 1596?—a history and a comedy, forming the Life-Plea group. In these rhyme plays a secondary part, and they exhibit a greater fullness of characterization and power than the early plays did. The author's experience in life had increased, and with it his dra-

matic power. The Taming of the Shrew, 1596–1597, is linked to this group and binds it to the next, composed of the three comedies of Falstaff, with the trilogy of Henry IV., V., — 1 Henry IV., 1596–1597, 2 Henry IV., 1597–1598, the Merry Wives, 1598–1599, and Henry V., 1599. From the love and friendship exhibited in Portia, Antonio, Bassanio, and Bianca we are turned to "the headstrong valor of Hotspur, the wonderful wit of Falstaff, the vanquisht rebels who wound England with their horses' hoofs, the noble rivalry of Henry Percy and Henry Prince of Wales, and the sight of how 'ever did rebellion find rebuke.' Love gives place to war: kingdoms are striven for, not fair girls' hands; rebels, not shrews, are tamed." The change from the earlier historical plays is one "from spring to summer." Next, we have a group of three Sunny Comedies, coupled together by the "link of mistaken-identity or personation." They are, Much Ado, 1599–1600, As You Like It, 1600, and Twelfth Night, 1601. In the first we see, in Benedick and Beatrice, a development of Biron and Rosaline of Love's Labour's Lost, while Hero is the prototype of Hermione in Winter's Tale, written eleven years later. The last play of this second period is the "darkening comedy" All 's Well, 1601–1602, which is so distasteful to Mr. Furnivall that he wishes Shakespeare had given the subject the go-by; but it is an appropriate link, he thinks, between periods marked respectively by sunshine and storm. The sonnets are next considered, for, though written at intervals during a period of many years, Mr. Furnivall deems them the best preparation for the third period plays.

He says, "The stern decree of that period seems to me to be, 'There shall be vengeance, death, for misjudgment, failure in duty, self-indulgence, sin,' and the innocent who belong to the guilty shall suffer with them: Portia, Ophelia, Desdemona, Cordelia, lie beside Brutus, Hamlet, Othello, Lear." Here also four groups are made: I. The Unfit-Nature or Under-burden-falling group, comprising Julius Cæsar, 1601, Hamlet, 1602–1603, and Measure for Measure, 1603. II. The Tempter-Yielding group, Othello, 1604? Macbeth, 1605–1606. This is followed by a "link" play, King Lear, 1605–1606, the first Ingratitude and Cursing play. III. The Lust or False-Love group, Troilus and Cressida, 1606–1607? and Antony and Cleopatra, 1606–1607. IV. Second Ingratitude and Cursing group, Coriolanus, 1607–1608? and Timon of Athens, 1607–1608? This is a magnificent but terrible period, in sharp contrast both with the happiness of the one which preceded it and the calmness of that which followed. In his own bitterness and world-weariness Shakespeare paints the scourge of the avenger, the blindness of a furious fate.

From this picture Mr. Furnivall turns our gaze to the fourth period, the plays of which are all of Reunion, or Reconciliation and Forgiveness. I. By men, Pericles, 1608–1609, The Tempest, 1609–1610? II. By women (mainly), Cymbeline, 1610, The Winter's Tale, 1611, and Henry VIII., 1612–1613.

We have thus far permitted Mr. Furnivall's "groups" and "periods" to speak for themselves. They will, undoubtedly, strike most of us as too much refined and detailed, but we think they will serve an excellent purpose if they lead us to study carefully the arguments adduced in their favor by their author. He gives us some remarks of Mr. Spedding upon them. That careful critic says, "Classing the plays according to their general character, I find that they fall naturally into these broad divisions, and that they have a kind of correspondence with the divisions which are observable in the life of man; but if you want to separate these natural divisions into subordinate groups, according to the particular feature which distinguishes each, it seems to me that you must have as many groups as there are plays. The distinguishing feature would depend upon many things besides the author's state of mind. It would depend upon the story which he had to tell; and the choice of the story would depend upon the requirements of the theatre, the taste of the public, the popularity of the different actors, the strength of the company. A new part might be wanted for Burbage or Kempe. The two boys that acted Hermia and Helena, — the tall and the short one, — or the two men who were so like that they might be mistaken for each other, might want new pieces to appear in, and so on. The stories would be selected from such as were to be had (and had not been used up) to suit the taste of the frequenters of the theatre, and the characters and incidents would be according to the stories."

We think that such thoughts as these will suggest themselves to most readers of Mr. Furnivall's very ingenious remarks about the details of his chronological arrangement, for it seems as though the thousand and one

accidental reasons for the selection of a particular dramatic incident, or form of treating any subject chosen, have been omitted from Mr. Furnivall's considerations, and they must have been very potent in their influence. Notwithstanding this, however, it still remains that the man Shakespeare and his mind are back of all, exerting an almost creative power, to which accidental circumstances must often have given way. We feel, therefore, that Mr. Furnivall's mode of study is a correct one, which must be very fruitful of good whenever carefully followed. To push it to extremes would be to "think too brainsickly of things."

In concluding his introduction, Mr. Furnivall gives a very good list of books adapted to help the student, an elaborate table of the metre and date of the plays (rearranged from one by Mr. F. G. Fleay, author of the Shakespeare Manual), Professor Dowden's order and classification of the plays, and a multitude of facts and fancies, all of which are entertaining, and most of them valuable.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco: Francisco: A Poem. By William Watrous.

Asa K. Butts, New York: The Law of Population. Its Consequences and its Bearing upon Human Conduct and Morals. By Annie Besant.

Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York: The Life of Christ. By F. W. Farrar, D. D., Canon of Westminster. Illustrated with Steel Plates and Numerous Wood-Engravings. Parts 21, 22, 23, 24.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York: Hallock's American Club List and Sportsman's Glossary. By Charles Hallock.

Jesse Haney & Co., New York: Poems. By W. T. Washburn.

Harper & Brothers, New York: Shakespeare's Comedy of As You Like It. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M. — Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1877. Edited by Spencer F. Baird, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. — Mine is Thine. A Novel. By L. W. M. Lockhart. — A Modern Minister. With Illustrations. Vol. II. — The Russians of To-Day. By the Author of The Member for Paris, etc. — Half-Hour Series. Epochs of English History. The Settlement of the Constitution, 1689-1784. By James Rowley, M. A. With Four Maps. — The Coming Man. By Charles Reade.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam. By Mrs. Brassey. With Illustrations. — Leisure Hour Series: Maid Ellice. A Novel. By Theo. Gift.

Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston: Memorial and Biographical Sketches. By James Freeman Clarke. — Watch and Ward. By Henry James, Jr. — Vest Pocket Series: Paul and Virginia. Translated from the French of J. Bernardin H. de Saint-Pierre. Illustrated. — Visions: A Study of False Sight. By Edward H. Clarke, M. D. With an Introduction and Memorial Sketch by Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D. — Hammersmith: His Harvard Days. Chronicled by Mark Sibley Severance. — Artist-Biographies. Michael Angelo.

Judge Advocate and Recorder's Guide. Compilation of Statutory Provisions, Decisions, Pleas, etc. By James Regan, First Lieut. Ninth Infantry.

Lee & Shepard, Boston: Agamenticus. By E. P Tenney. — Rothmell. By the Author of That Husband of Mine. — His Inheritance. By Adeline Trafton.

Longmans, Green & Co., London: The Teacher's Hand-Book of the Bible. A Syllabus of Bible Readings and Connecting Epitomes, with Comments. For Use in Schools and Families. By Joseph Pulliblank, M. A.

Loring, Boston: Footprints in the Snow. A Novel.

Porter & Coates, Philadelphia: Sensible Etiquette of the Best Society, Customs, Manners, Morals, and Home Culture. Compiled from the Best Authorities by Mrs. H. O. Ward. — A Trip up the Volga to the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod. By H. A. Munro-Butler-Johnstone, M. P. With Thirteen Illustrations.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: Christ: His Nature and Work. A Series of Discourses by Howard Crosby, Henry W. Bellows, Cyrus D. Foss, Thomas Armitage, William F. Morgan, Thomas D Anderson, R. Heber Newton, Chauncey Giles, Edward A. Washburn, Edwin H. Chapin, Ebenezer P. Rogers, Charles F. Robinson, Llewelyn D. Bevan. — The Rising and the Setting Faith, and other Discourses. By O. B. Frothingham. — Economic Monographs. No. VIII. Protection and Revenue in 1877. A Lecture delivered before the New York Free Trade Club, April 18, 1878, by William G. Sumner. — Shooting Stars as observed from the Sixth Column of the Times. By W. L. Alden. — Pauline and Other Poems. By Hanford Lennox Gordon.

Sower, Potts & Co., Philadelphia: The Philosophy of Arithmetic as developed from the Three Fundamental Processes of Synthesis, Analysis, and Comparison, containing also a History of Arithmetic. By Edward Brooks, Ph. D.

J. M. Stoddart & Co., Philadelphia: His Dear Little Wife.

W. J. Widdleton, New York: The Life of Edgar Allan Poe. By William F. Gill. Illustrated.

A. Williams & Co., Boston: The Study of Modern Languages. Thorough Method *v.* Natural Method. A Letter to Dr. L. Sauveur. By J. Lévy

R. Worthington, New York: Poems and Ballads By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Second Series

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S

LITERARY BULLETIN.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

*** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price, by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., *Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on the fourth page.*

Mr. Warner's New Book, "In the Wilderness," is every way a gem of a summer book. It is so small as to go into almost every pocket; the type is good size; and the stories, or essays, or sketches, or whatever they should be called, are simply delightful. Those who have been through the experiences of a summer in the Adirondacks will take peculiar pleasure in reading them; but such books as Mr. Warner's are warranted good for all latitudes and for everybody who can appreciate humor that is not so subtle as to need an interpreter, that is never obtrusive, that clears the cobwebs from the brain with magic efficacy, and that makes the little miseries and discomforts of life seem rather desirable on the whole, since so much amusement can be extracted from them. The many who have read "My Summer in a Garden," "Saunterings," "Back-Log Studies," "Baddeck," "In the Levant," and "Being a Boy," know what pleasant summer hours are to be found "In the Wilderness."

"Hammersmith," Mr. Severance's story of Harvard life, is generally accepted by the students and graduates of Harvard as a faithful and graphic picture of the many and interesting features of student experience in that university. And, indeed, in its general outlines and in spirit it depicts student life in all American colleges. But, though peculiarly interesting to those who have studied at college, its interest is by no means restricted to them. Manliness, exuberant animal spirits, sports, love-making, and admiration for honor are attractive to hosts who never went to college or seminary, and "Hammersmith" is a thoroughly noble story which charms all readers by its healthy tone and its pictures of fresh young life.

The Boston *Journal* calls it "a story so refreshing and natural, so bright in its humor and so lively in its narrative, that we forget the tedium often associated with such books, and read it with an interest nearly as keen as that with which we followed Tom Brown through his adventures at Rugby and Oxford."

Bret Harte's New Book, "Drift from Two Shores," by its variety of contents and by its charm of style recalls "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Tales of the Argonauts," which have not only delighted American readers who know more or less intimately the types of character and the modes of life he describes, but have excited hardly less admiration in Europe. The foremost periodicals of France and Germany have produced translations of several of his stories, while cheap editions circulate very largely in England. His new book can hardly fail to be equally acceptable both at home and abroad; for though he here ventures into no unfamiliar fields, the old witchery of his style throws the charm of novelty over whatever he writes. The subject is of little importance; the dramatic narrative and the exquisite touch that have made Mr. Harte's name world-famous are here, and they are enough.

James Freeman Clarke's New Book, "Memorial and Biographical Sketches," treats so varied and widely known characters, with so much wisdom and generous sympathy, that its popularity is not difficult to account for. *The Nation* says: —

> The nineteen essays, articles, sermons, and addresses which make up this volume are marked by the sterling qualities, the common sense, manliness, earnestness, and tenderness which have given Dr. Clarke his enviable reputation in his native city and State.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* observes that "all the papers are of value and all entertaining, but the four treating of subjects connected with his residence in Louisville will be of special interest to Kentuckians."

The Boston *Christian Register* remarks: —

> The total impression made by the book is large and fine; and we know no better way to inspire our young people with faith in God and man, in our country and in civilization, than by giving them this almost personal introduction to some of "the good, the pure, the great, who made us what we are."

The Hartford *Courant* well says: —

> We have not only good estimates of character, but hosts of entertaining anecdotes that help us better than anything else to understand the men, the influences about them, and the movements in which they had part. Mr. Clarke is one of the most interesting and entertaining of talkers and speakers,

and the reader will find in this volume of recollections the same charm of narrative that is so attractive in the man.

"**Watch and Ward**," the latest published, but one of the earliest written, of Mr. Henry James Jr.'s stories, is very gladly welcomed by those — a constantly increasing number — who can appreciate the rare excellence of Mr. James as a novelist. The New York *Evening Post* speaks of it as a "singularly charming little novel," and concludes its exceedingly favorable notice by saying : —

It is too late in the day to tell any attentive student of current literature that Mr. James is a writer of the rarest genius; he has taught the world that in his work; but it is worth while, perhaps, to direct attention to this republished early work, and to assure readers who might otherwise pass it by as immature that it is abundantly worthy even of its author's present reputation.

The New England *Journal of Education* speaks of it as "one of his best tales," and adds the excellent practical remark, "It is an admirable book to take with you during the coming vacation season."

The Life of Charlotte Cushman, by Miss Stebbins, has attracted a remarkable degree of attention. A very discriminating criticism in the New York *Sun* remarks: —

The fitness of the biographer in this instance was attested not only by a long and intimate acquaintance, but by a profound sympathy and genuine æsthetic rapport with the gifted woman whose life is here portrayed. What is of equal importance to the reader, the material has received effective and even felicitous treatment, the author evincing a dexterity of literary workmanship which was scarcely to be looked for from one who has earned distinction in the art of expression under very different conditions. . . . There is very little gossip in this volume, and there is a great deal of patient, thoughtful, and sagacious appreciation.

The *American Bookseller* says : —

Not the least interesting portions of the charming book are the digressions, equally as important as the biography itself in showing the character of its subject, describing her homes in Rome and at Newport, her pet horses and dogs, and her numerous rambles among the hills and valleys of England and Wales. . . . . It is one of the best of female biographies.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* observes : "The story of her life as told by Miss Stebbins is absorbingly interesting."

Dr. Clarke's Book on "Visions" engages the interest of professional readers by its thoroughly scientific explanation of facts that puzzle even the most unimaginative practitioner; and appeals very strongly to those curious to understand the phenomena of apparitions, by the perfect candor which characterizes the book and leads Dr. Clarke to admit frankly that he does not feel certain that his physiological and psychological explanations cover the whole ground. Thus, speaking of the visions of the dying, he says : —

"Probably all such visions as these are automatic. But yet who, believing in God and personal immortality, as the writer rejoices in doing, will dare to say *absolutely all?* If life is continuous, heaven beyond, and death the portal, is it philosophical to affirm that no one entering that portal has ever caught a glimpse, or can ever catch a glimpse, before he is utterly freed from the flesh, of the glory beyond? May not the golden bowl, just as it is shattered, 'be touched by rays from a light that is above it,' and flash with a glory no language can describe? The pure materialist, sad disciple of nihilism, may dispute this, but no theist or Christian will be bold enough to deny it. Several remarkable incidents are given, whose explanation must come, it seems, 'from a height inaccessible to our imperfect physiology.'"

The Boston *Advertiser* remarks : —

The late Dr. Clarke's last work, a study of visions and all forms of false sight, is a book of extraordinary interest to the general reader, as well as to the scientific student. The subject itself has a singular fascination. Almost everybody has had some personal experience of visions, or personal knowledge of those who saw them, and explanations are eagerly sought for. . . . . Dr. Holmes speaks of the essay as of "singular and quite exceptional interest," and most readers will agree with him.

General Bartlett at Harvard. — At the recent meeting of Harvard alumni on Commencement Day, it was voted, "That the noble life and heroic character of Major General W. F. Bartlett, a graduate of the class of 1862, deserve and shall receive from his fellow-alumni a permanent memorial."

This action is highly creditable to the Harvard alumni, and without doubt their purpose will be executed; yet, however permanent a memorial they may raise to him, his noblest and most enduring memorial is his record and his character, so well commemorated in Colonel Palfrey's "Life" of him.

Appletons' Journal very justly remarks : —

If Colonel Palfrey's "Memoir" did no more than refresh the public memory of such a man, it would more than justify itself; but, altogether apart from the undying charm of its subject, it is a quite perfect piece of writing of its kind, and will take its place at once among the few really good biographies in American literature. It is a frank, unpretentious, and soldierly tribute of one soldier and friend to another; and does the best that such a work could do in convincing the reader that there was no exaggeration in the words of the eminent statesman who wrote, on hearing of General Bartlett's death, "The Massachusetts of this generation has bred no so heroic a character as that of the man whom she will bury, with sadness and with honor, in Berkshire, this week."

The "Vest-Pocket" Series may well be brought freshly to popular attention just now, for its hundred and three little pocket volumes are about the best and the most convenient summer books one can find. Their size commends them to travelers or vacation readers; their type is large enough; and, as for their contents, they include a quite remarkable proportion of the choicest literature in the English language, — the best short poems of all the leading poets of England and America; essays, sketches, and stories by the most famous writers in either hemisphere. They are not sensational, but in the best sense interesting; and readers of intelligence cannot fail to enjoy these

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Artist Biographies. — The Boston *Gazette* very well expresses the general estimate of these little books, which Mr. Sweetser is preparing, when it says, *apropos* of "Michael Angelo:" —

Compressing a life so full of incident into so small a space must have been a trying task, but Mr. Sweetser has accomplished it with rare skill. He has preserved all that it is indispensably essential to know of the artist's career and of his works, and has shown equal appreciation and good taste in the estimates he has formed of both. These volumes have all been satisfactory, and will prove a valuable and interesting little art library when finished, with a permanent utility in the list of paintings that supplement each book.

A list of the eight volumes already issued in this series will be found on the fourth page. The next to be added is "Guido."

Greek Vignettes is the title chosen by Professor James Albert Harrison for a "Little Classic" volume, containing impressions and recollections of a sail in Greek seas, and of a somewhat protracted visit to Athens and other parts of Greece, during the summer of 1877. The descriptions of scenery and historic localities are blended with quotations from classic authors, and the whole book shows the influence of classic studies and sympathies. The folk-lore of modern Greece furnishes material for an interesting chapter, and the contrast between ancient Athens and the Athens of to-day is delineated quite fully and sharply. On the whole, "Greek Vignettes" is an attractive summer book, especially to the large circle of readers who take delight in sketches of travel.

Sweetser's American Guide-Books are yearly growing in favor, as travelers come to know more fully the great value of good guide-books, and the many points of excellence in these. *The Independent*, after commending Baedeker's European Guide-Books, says: —

Fortunately we now have a guide-book library which, as far as it extends, is every whit as good as Baedeker. Four years ago James R. Osgood & Co. issued a guide-book to "New England," which has been followed by similar volumes on "The Middle States," "The Maritime Provinces," and "The White Mountains." New impressions of each have since been put forth, and all necessary revisions have been made. The information given is that of fact, and not of fancy. It is very important for the traveler to know what hotels to stop at; and these books tell him, at the same time carefully noting the price. The editor has the true European knack, happily becoming more common in this country, of saving money while on the road, so long as economy is consistent with comfort. But nowhere in the four volumes is there room for suspicion of attention to mercantile interests. Too often in guide books the hotel which pays the highest price gets the best mention; but this series is, evidently, an incorruptible one. The arrangement by routes is very convenient, and economy of time is consulted, as well as prudence in spending money. There are also many general and local maps. . . . . To the public or private library they are as indispensable as the dictionary or the cyclopædia.

"Jones on Mortgages" is having a remarkable sale for a law book. This is partly due, no doubt, to the grim fact that nowadays almost everybody is immediately interested in the subject, and partly to the fact that there was before no work on this important branch of law which covered the whole ground, or which commanded the confidence of the profession. Of Mr. Jones's work a very careful notice, written by a lawyer, appeared in the Boston *Transcript*, from which we take the following paragraph: —

At last we have a law book whose appearance seems to have been made in response to a genuine demand. While almost every other field of law had been plowed and replowed until all fertility was exhausted, and the patience of lawyers also, the law of mortgages had received but slight attention from writers, and we had no satisfactory work on the subject. . . . . In view of the importance of this neglected subject, the publishers therefore showed rare good judgment in selecting this as the title for a new law book. After a careful examination of the work itself, we believe that they displayed equally good judgment in their selection of a writer, and that his book will prove not unequal to the demand. . . . . The book is eminently practical and complete, and is written in an agreeable and lucid style.

Motley's Tribute to "The Autocrat." — In 1859, soon after Dr. Holmes's inimitable "Autocrat" papers, which illuminated the early numbers of the ATLANTIC, had been republished in a volume, Mr. J. Lothrop Motley, the illustrious historian of the Dutch Republic, wrote from Rome to Mr. F. H. Underwood of Boston: —

I am so fortunate as to have had in my possession for a few days the collected volume of the "Autocrat," lent me by a friend. As a matter of course I have devoured it all, and have been even more charmed than I expected, and you know how much I did anticipate, and how much I have always admired the genius of the author. He is, beyond question, one of the most original writers in English literature, and I have no doubt his fame will go on increasing every day. I hardly know an author in any language to be paralleled with him for profound and suggestive thought, glittering wit, vivid imagination, and individuality of humor. I am sure that the fact of his being one of my oldest and dearest personal friends has not prejudiced me in his favor; for my opinion — as you know very well — is that of every one who has ever read his papers. My opinion, too, is of very slight consequence, for the whole reading public is as much aware of his transcendent merits as I am.

The Charm of Bacon. — When the *Popular Edition* of Lord Bacon's Works was published a few months ago, the question may naturally have been asked, Can any edition of Bacon be popular? A partial answer is given in the following paragraph from an article by Mary Blake in *Scribner's Monthly*: —

Women sometimes think they will not be interested in the standard English classics, just because

they are standard and classic. Not long since, an intelligent lady was telling me how surprised she was to find Bacon's "Essays" so interesting. She said, "I was lying on the lounge in my husband's library, one evening, after an unusually wearisome day, and took it up because it was the nearest book, and I really felt as if I could not go across the room for another. I was perfectly absorbed before I knew it, and read for an hour with a sense of freshness and exhilaration which I had not known for a long time. I felt as if somehow I had got back to the beginnings of things. I had always supposed that Lord Bacon, being very learned, was therefore very dull, and entirely beyond my comprehension."

A New Edition of Houghton, Osgood & Co.'s Catalogue has just been published, including the books issued up to July. Its classification embraces Works in General Literature and Art, Law Books, Medical and Surgical, Religious and Theological, Educational, Juvenile, and Architectural Publications. A title-index has been added, including all distinctive titles in the catalogue, which will be a great convenience to book-sellers and book-buyers. This catalogue contains a quite remarkable array of notable names in literature, such as Agassiz, Aldrich, Andersen, Bacon, Dr. John Brown, Robert Browning, Bryant (his translation of Homer), Carlyle, Dr. E. H. Clarke and James Freeman Clarke, Joseph Cook, Cooper, Dana, De Quincey, Dickens, Emerson, Fields, Fiske, Goethe, Bret Harte, Hawthorne, Hillard, Holmes, Howells, Hughes, James, Mrs. Jameson, Starr King, Miss Larcom, Lewes, Longfellow, Lowell, Macaulay, Harriet Martineau, Owen Meredith, Montaigne, Parton, Pascal, Miss Phelps, Miss Adelaide Procter, Saxe, Scott, Scudder, Principal Shairp, Stedman, Stoddard, Mrs. Stowe, Bayard Taylor, Tennyson, Mrs. Thaxter, Dr. J. P. Thompson, Thoreau, Ticknor, Waring, Warner, Whipple, Mrs. Whitney, Whittier, and scores of others hardly less distinguished. A copy will be sent, on application, to any address.

Educational Catalogue. — Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co. have just issued a descriptive catalogue of their Educational Publications, including not only text-books proper, but also books of reference, works of literary criticism, such as most of Mr. Lowell's prose writings, the essays of Mr. Whipple, Carlyle, Macaulay, De Quincey, and others ; and other books on scientific and related subjects, — books that enterprising and studious teachers will find very useful. This catalogue will be mailed without charge to any address, on application.

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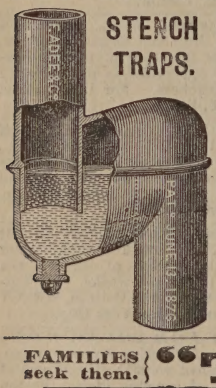

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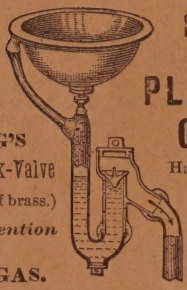

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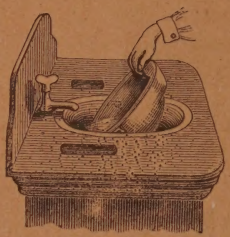

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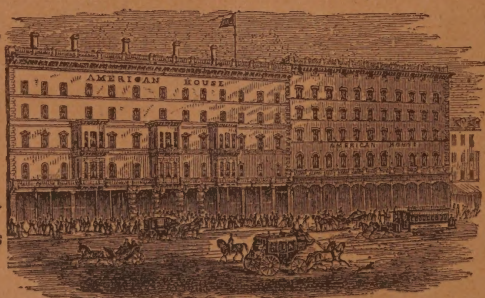

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THE

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THE VISION OF ECHARD.

THE Benedictine Echard
Sat, worn by wanderings far,
Where Marsberg sees the bridal
Of the Moselle and Sarre.

Fair with its sloping vineyards
And tawny chestnut bloom,
The happy vale Ausonius sung
For holy Treves made room.

On the shrine Helena builded
To keep the Christ coat well,
On minster tower and kloster cross,
The westering sunshine fell.

There, where the rock-hewn circles
O'erlooked the Roman's game,
The veil of sleep fell o'er him,
And his thought a dream became.

He felt the heart of silence
Throb with a soundless word,
And by the inward ear alone
A spirit's voice he heard.

And the spoken word seemed written
On air and wave and sod,
And the bending walls of sapphire
Blazed with the thought of God:

"What lack I, O my children?
All things are in my hand;

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The vast earth and the awful stars
I hold as grains of sand.

"Need I your alms? The silver
And gold are mine alone;
The gifts ye bring before me
Were evermore my own.

"Heed I the noise of viols,
Your pomp of masque and show?
Have I not dawns and sunsets?
Have I not winds that blow?

"Do I smell your gums of incense?
Is my ear with chantings fed?
Taste I your wine of worship,
Or eat your holy bread?

"Of rank and name and honors
Am I vain as ye are vain?
What can Eternal Fullness
From your lip-service gain?

"Ye make me not your debtor
Who serve yourselves alone;
Ye boast to me of service
Whose gain is all your own.

"For you I gave the prophets,
For you the Psalmist's lay;
For you the law's stone tables,
And holy book and day.

"Ye change to weary burdens
The helps that should uplift;
Ye lose in sign the substance,
The Giver in the gift.

"Who called ye to self-torment,
To fast and penance vain?
Dream ye Eternal Goodness
Has joy in mortal pain?

"For the death in life of Nitria,
For your Chartreuse ever dumb,
What better is the neighbor,
Or happier the home?

"Who counts his brother's welfare
As sacred as his own,
And loves, forgives, and pities,
He serveth me alone.

"I note each gracious purpose,
Each kindly word and deed;
Are ye not all my children?
Shall not the Father heed?

"I loathe your wrangling councils,
I tread upon your creeds;
Who made ye mine avengers;
Or told ye of my needs?

"I bless men and ye curse them,
I love them and ye hate;
Ye bite and tear each other,
I suffer long and wait.

"Ye bow to ghastly symbols,
To cross and scourge and thorn;
Ye seek his Syrian manger
Who in the heart is born.

"For the dead Christ, not the living,
Ye watch his empty grave
Whose life alone within you
Has power to bless and save.

"O blind ones, outward groping,
The idle quest forego;
Who listens to his inward voice
Alone of him shall know.

"Climb not the holy mountains,
Their eagles know not me;
Seek not the Blessed Islands,
I dwell not in the sea.

"The gods are gone forever
From Zanskar's glacier sides,
And in the Buddha's footprints
The Ceylon serpent glides.

"No more from shaded Delphos
The weird responses come;
Dodona's oaks are silent,
The Hebrew Bath-Col dumb!

"No more from rocky Horeb
The smitten waters gush;
Fallen is Bethel's ladder,
Quenched is the burning bush.

"The jewels of the Urim
And Thummim all are dim;

The fire has left the altar,
The sign the teraphim.

"No more in ark or hill grove
The Holiest abides;
Not in the scroll's dead letter
The eternal secret hides.

"The eye shall fail that searches
For me the hollow sky;
The far is even as the near,
The low is as the high.

"What if the earth is hiding
Her old faiths, long outworn?
What is it to the changeless truth
That yours shall fail in turn?

"What if the o'erturned altar
Lays bare the ancient lie?
What if the dreams and legends
Of the world's childhood die?

"Have ye not still my witness
Within yourselves alway,
My hand that on the keys of life
For bliss or bale I lay?

"Still, in perpetual judgment,
I hold assize within,
With sure reward of holiness,
And dread rebuke of sin.

"A light, a guide, a warning,
A presence ever near,
Through the deep silence of the flesh
I reach the inward ear.

"My Gerizim and Ebal
Are in each human soul,
The still, small voice of blessing,
And Sinai's thunder-roll.

"The stern behests of duty,
The doom-books open thrown,
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,
Are with yourselves alone."

A gold and purple sunset
Flowed down the broad Moselle;
On hills of vine and meadow lands
The peace of twilight fell.

The slow, cool wind of evening
Blew over leaf and bloom;
And, faint and far, the Angelus
Rang from Saint Matthew's tomb.

Then up rose Master Echard,
And marveled: "Can it be
That here, in dream and vision,
The Lord hath talked with me?"

He went his way; behind him
The shrines of saintly dead,
The holy coat, and nail of cross,
He left unvisited.

He sought the vale of Eltzbach
His burdened soul to free,
Where the foot-hills of the Eifel
Are glassed in Laachersee.

And, at his Order's kloster,
He sat, in night-long parle,
With Tauler of the Friends of God,
And Nicolas of Basle.

And lo, the twain made answer:
"Yea, brother, even thus
The Voice above all voices
Hath spoken unto us.

"The world will have its idols,
And flesh and sense their sign;
But the blinded eyes shall open,
And the gross ear be fine.

"What if the vision tarry?
God's time is always best;
The true Light shall be witnessed,
The Christ within confessed.

"In mercy and in judgment
He shall turn and overturn,
Till the heart shall be His temple,
And all of Him shall learn."

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE EUROPEANS.

VII.

Felix Young finished Gertrude's portrait, and he afterwards transferred to canvas the features of many members of that circle of which it may be said that he had become, for the time, the pivot and the centre. I am afraid it must be confessed that he was a decidedly flattering painter, and that he imparted to his models a romantic grace which seemed easily and cheaply acquired by the payment of a hundred dollars to a young man who made "sitting" so entertaining. For Felix was paid for his pictures, making, as he did, no secret of the fact that in guiding his steps to the Western world affectionate curiosity had gone hand in hand with a desire to better his condition. He took his uncle's portrait quite as if Mr. Wentworth had never averted himself from the experiment; and as he compassed his end only by the exercise of gentle violence it is but fair to add that he allowed the old man to give him nothing but his time. He passed his arm into Mr. Wentworth's one summer morning, — very few arms, indeed, had ever passed into Mr. Wentworth's, — and led him across the garden and along the road into the studio which he had extemporized in the little house among the apple-trees. The grave gentleman felt himself more and more fascinated by his clever nephew, whose fresh, demonstrative youth seemed a compendium of experiences so strangely numerous. It appeared to him that Felix must know a great deal; he would like to learn what he thought about some of those things as regards which his own conversation had always been formal, but his knowledge vague. Felix had a confident, gayly trenchant way of judging human actions which Mr. Wentworth grew little by little to envy; it seemed like criticism made easy. Forming an opinion — say on a person's conduct — was, with Mr. Wentworth, a good deal like fumbling in a lock with a key chosen at hazard. He seemed to himself to go about the world with a big bunch of these ineffectual instruments at his girdle. His nephew, on the other hand, with a single turn of the wrist, opened any door as adroitly as a house-thief. He felt obliged to keep up the convention that an uncle is always wiser than a nephew, even if he could keep it up no otherwise than by listening in serious silence to Felix's quick, light, constant discourse. But there came a day when he lapsed from consistency and almost asked his nephew's advice.

"Have you ever entertained the idea of settling in the United States?" he asked one morning, while Felix brilliantly plied his brush.

"My dear uncle," said Felix, "excuse me if your question makes me smile a little. To begin with, I have never entertained an idea. Ideas often entertain *me;* but I am afraid I have never seriously made a plan. I know what you are going to say; or rather, I know what you think, for I don't think you will say it, — that is very frivolous and loose-minded on my part. So it is; but I am made like that; I take things as they come, and somehow there is always some new thing to follow the last. In the second place, I should never propose to *settle.* I can't settle, my dear uncle; I 'm not a settler. I know that is what strangers are supposed to do here; they always settle. But I have n't — to answer your question — entertained that idea."

"You intend to return to Europe and resume your irregular manner of life?" Mr. Wentworth inquired.

"I can't say I intend. But it 's very likely I shall go back to Europe. After all, I am a European. I feel that, you know. It will depend a good deal upon my sister. She 's even more of a European than I; here, you know, she 's a picture out of her setting. And as for

'resuming,' dear uncle, I really have never given up my irregular manner of life. What, for me, could be more irregular than this?"

"Than what?" asked Mr. Wentworth, with his pale gravity.

"Well, than everything! Living in the midst of you, this way; this charming, quiet, serious family life; fraternizing with Charlotte and Gertrude; calling upon twenty young ladies, and going out to walk with them; sitting with you in the evening on the piazza and listening to the crickets, and going to bed at ten o'clock."

"Your description is very animated," said Mr. Wentworth; "but I see nothing improper in what you describe."

"Neither do I, dear uncle. It is extremely delightful; I should n't like it if it were improper. I assure you I don't like improper things; though I dare say you think I do," Felix went on, painting away.

"I have never accused you of that."

"Pray don't," said Felix, "because, you see, at bottom I am a terrible Philistine."

"A Philistine?" repeated Mr. Wentworth.

"I mean, as one may say, a plain, God-fearing man." Mr. Wentworth looked at him reservedly, like a mystified sage, and Felix continued, "I trust I shall enjoy a venerable and venerated old age. I mean to live long. I can hardly call that a plan, perhaps; but it 's a keen desire, — a rosy vision. I shall be a lively, perhaps even a frivolous old man!"

"It is natural," said his uncle, sententiously, "that one should desire to prolong an agreeable life. We have perhaps a selfish indisposition to bring our pleasure to a close. But I presume," he added, "that you expect to marry."

"That too, dear uncle, is a hope, a desire, a vision," said Felix. It occurred to him for an instant that this was possibly a preface to the offer of the hand of one of Mr. Wentworth's admirable daughters. But in the name of decent modesty and a proper sense of the hard realities of this world, Felix banished the thought. His uncle was the incarnation of benevolence, certainly; but from that to accepting — much more postulating — the idea of a union between a young lady with a dowry presumptively brilliant and a penniless artist with no prospect of fame, there was a very long way. Felix had lately become conscious of a luxurious preference for the society — if possible, unshared with others — of Gertrude Wentworth; but he had relegated this young lady, for the moment, to the coldly brilliant category of unattainable possessions. She was not the first woman for whom he had entertained an unpractical admiration. He had been in love with duchesses and countesses, and he had made, once or twice, a perilously near approach to cynicism in declaring that the disinterestedness of women had been overrated. On the whole, he had tempered audacity with modesty; and it is but fair to him, now, to say explicitly that he would have been incapable of taking advantage of his present large allowance of familiarity to make love to the younger of his handsome cousins. Felix had grown up among traditions in the light of which such a proceeding looked like a grievous breach of hospitality. I have said that he was always happy, and it may be counted among the present sources of his happiness that he had, as regards this matter of his relations with Gertrude, a deliciously good conscience. His own deportment seemed to him suffused with the beauty of virtue, — a form of beauty that he admired with the same vivacity with which he admired all other forms.

"I think that if you marry," said Mr. Wentworth presently, "it will conduce to your happiness."

"*Sicurissimo!*" Felix exclaimed; and then, arresting his brush, he looked at his uncle with a smile. "There is something I feel tempted to say to you. May I risk it?"

Mr. Wentworth drew himself up a little. "I am very safe; I don't repeat things." But he hoped Felix would not risk too much.

Felix was laughing at his answer.

"It 's odd to hear you telling me how to be happy. I don't think you know yourself, dear uncle. Now, does that sound brutal?"

The old man was silent a moment, and then, with a dry dignity that suddenly touched his nephew: "We may sometimes point out a road we are unable to follow."

"Ah, don't tell me you have had any sorrows," Felix rejoined. "I did n't suppose it, and I did n't mean to allude to them. I simply meant that you all don't amuse yourselves."

"Amuse ourselves? We are not children."

"Precisely not! You have reached the proper age. I was saying that, the other day, to Gertrude," Felix added. "I hope it was not indiscreet."

"If it was," said Mr. Wentworth, with a keener irony than Felix would have thought him capable of, "it was but your way of amusing yourself. I am afraid you have never had a trouble."

"Oh, yes, I have!" Felix declared, with some spirit; "before I knew better. But you don't catch me at it again."

Mr. Wentworth maintained for a while a silence more expressive than a deep-drawn sigh. "You have no children," he said at last.

"Don't tell me," Felix exclaimed, "that your charming young people are a source of grief to you!"

"I don't speak of Charlotte." And then, after a pause, Mr. Wentworth continued, "I don't speak of Gertrude. But I feel considerable anxiety about Clifford. I will tell you another time."

The next time he gave Felix a sitting his nephew reminded him that he had taken him into his confidence. "How is Clifford to-day?" Felix asked. "He has always seemed to me a young man of remarkable discretion. Indeed, he is only too discreet; he seems on his guard against me, — as if he thought me rather light company. The other day he told his sister — Gertrude repeated it to me — that I was always laughing at him. If I laugh it is simply from the impulse to try and inspire him with confidence. That is the only way I have."

"Clifford's situation is no laughing matter," said Mr. Wentworth. "It is very peculiar, as I suppose you have guessed."

"Ah, you mean his love affair with his cousin?"

Mr. Wentworth stared, blushing a little. "I mean his absence from college. He has been suspended. We have decided not to speak of it unless we are asked."

"Suspended?" Felix repeated.

"He has been requested by the Harvard authorities to absent himself for six months. Meanwhile he is studying with Mr. Brand. We think Mr. Brand will help him; at least we hope so."

"What befell him at college?" Felix asked. "He was too fond of pleasure? Mr. Brand certainly will not teach him any of those secrets!"

"He was too fond of something of which he should not have been fond. I suppose it is considered a pleasure."

Felix gave his light laugh. "My dear uncle, is there any doubt about its being a pleasure? *C'est de son âge*, as they say in France."

"I should have said rather it was a vice of later life, — of disappointed old age."

Felix glanced at his uncle, with his lifted eyebrows, and then, "Of what are you speaking?" he demanded, smiling.

"Of the situation in which Clifford was found."

"Ah, he was found, — he was caught?"

"Necessarily, he was caught. He could n't walk; he staggered."

"Oh," said Felix, "he drinks! I rather suspected that, from something I observed the first day I came here. I quite agree with you that it is a low taste. It 's not a vice for a gentleman. He ought to give it up."

"We hope for a good deal from Mr. Brand's influence," Mr. Wentworth went on. "He has talked to him from the first. And he never touches anything himself."

"I will talk to him, — I will talk to him!" Felix declared, gayly.

"What will you say to him?" asked his uncle, with some apprehension.

Felix for some moments answered nothing. "Do you mean to marry him to his cousin?" he asked at last.

"Marry him?" echoed Mr. Wentworth. "I should n't think his cousin would want to marry him."

"You have no understanding, then, with Mrs. Acton?"

Mr. Wentworth stared, almost blankly. "I have never discussed such subjects with her."

"I should think it might be time," said Felix. "Lizzie Acton is admirably pretty, and if Clifford is dangerous" . . .

"They are not engaged," said Mr. Wentworth. "I have no reason to suppose they are engaged."

"*Par exemple!*" cried Felix. "A clandestine engagement? Trust me, Clifford, as I say, is a charming boy. He is incapable of that. Lizzie Acton, then, would not be jealous of another woman."

"I certainly hope not," said the old man, with a vague sense of jealousy being an even lower vice than a love of liquor.

"The best thing for Clifford, then," Felix propounded, "is to become interested in some clever, charming woman." And he paused in his painting, and, with his elbows on his knees, looked with bright communicativeness at his uncle. "You see, I believe greatly in the influence of women. Living with women helps to make a man a gentleman. It is very true, Clifford has his sisters, who are so charming. But there should be a different sentiment in play from the fraternal, you know. He has Lizzie Acton; but she, perhaps, is rather immature."

"I suspect Lizzie has talked to him, reasoned with him," said Mr. Wentworth.

"On the impropriety of getting tipsy, — on the beauty of temperance? That is dreary work for a pretty young girl. No," Felix continued; "Clifford ought to frequent some agreeable woman, who, without ever mentioning such unsavory subjects, would give him a sense of its being very ridiculous to be fuddled. If he could fall in love with her a little, so much the better. The thing would operate as a cure."

"Well, now, what lady should you suggest?" asked Mr. Wentworth.

"There is a clever woman under your hand. My sister."

"Your sister — under my hand?" Mr. Wentworth repeated.

"Say a word to Clifford. Tell him to be bold. He is well disposed already; he has invited her two or three times to drive. But I don't think he comes to see her. Give him a hint to come, — to come often. He will sit there of an afternoon, and they will talk. It will do him good."

Mr. Wentworth meditated. "You think she will exercise a helpful influence?"

"She will exercise a civilizing — I may call it a sobering — influence. A charming, clever, witty woman always does, — especially if she is a little of a coquette. My dear uncle, the society of such women has been half my education. If Clifford is suspended, as you say, from college, let Eugenia be his preceptress."

Mr. Wentworth continued thoughtful. "You think Eugenia is a coquette?" he asked.

"What pretty woman is not?" Felix demanded in turn. But this, for Mr. Wentworth, could at the best have been no answer, for he did not think his niece pretty. "With Clifford," the young man pursued, "Eugenia will simply be enough of a coquette to be a little ironical. That 's what he needs. So you recommend him to be nice with her, you know. The suggestion will come best from you."

"Do I understand," asked the old man, "that I am to suggest to my son to make a — a profession of — of affection to Madame Münster?"

"Yes, yes, — a profession!" cried Felix, sympathetically.

"But, as I understand it, Madame Münster is a married woman."

"Ah," said Felix, smiling, "of course

she can't marry him. But she will do what she can."

Mr. Wentworth sat for some time with his eyes on the floor; at last he got up. "I don't think," he said, "that I can undertake to recommend my son any such course." And without meeting Felix's surprised glance he broke off his sitting, which was not resumed for a fortnight.

Felix was very fond of the little lake which occupied so many of Mr. Wentworth's numerous acres, and of a remarkable pine grove which lay upon the further side of it, planted upon a steep embankment and haunted by the summer breeze. The murmur of the air in the far-off tree-tops had a strange distinctness. It was almost articulate. One afternoon the young man came out of his painting-room and passed the open door of Eugenia's little *salon*. Within, in the cool dimness, he saw his sister, dressed in white, buried in her arm-chair, and holding to her face an immense bouquet. Opposite to her sat Clifford Wentworth, twirling his hat. He had evidently just presented the bouquet to the baroness, whose fine eyes, as she glanced at him over the big roses and geraniums, wore a conversational smile. Felix, standing on the threshold of the cottage, hesitated for a moment as to whether he should retrace his steps and enter the parlor. Then he went his way and passed into Mr. Wentworth's garden. That civilizing process to which he had suggested that Clifford should be subjected appeared to have come on of itself. Felix was very sure, at least, that Mr. Wentworth had not adopted his ingenious device for stimulating the young man's æsthetic consciousness. "Doubtless he supposes," he said to himself, after the conversation that has been narrated, "that I desire, out of fraternal benevolence, to procure for Eugenia the amusement of a flirtation — or, as he probably calls it, an intrigue — with the too susceptible Clifford. It must be admitted — and I have noticed it before — that nothing exceeds the license occasionally taken by the imagination of very rigid people." Felix, on his own side, had of course said nothing to Clifford; but he had observed to Eugenia that Mr. Wentworth was much mortified at his son's low tastes. "We ought to do something to help them, after all their kindness to us," he had added. "Encourage Clifford to come and see you, and inspire him with a taste for conversation. That will supplant the other, which only comes from his puerility, from his not taking his position in the world — that of a rich young man of ancient stock — seriously enough. Make him a little more serious. Even if he makes love to you it is no great matter."

"I am to offer myself as a superior form of intoxication, — a substitute for a brandy bottle, eh?" asked the baroness. "Truly, in this country one comes to strange uses."

But she had not positively declined to undertake Clifford's higher education, and Felix, who had not thought of the matter again, being haunted with visions of more personal profit, now reflected that the work of redemption had fairly begun. The idea in prospect had seemed of the happiest, but in operation it made him a trifle uneasy. "What if Eugenia — what if Eugenia" — he asked himself softly, the question dying away in his sense of Eugenia's undetermined capacity. But before Felix had time either to accept or to reject its admonition, even in this vague form, he saw Robert Acton turn out of Mr. Wentworth's inclosure, by a distant gate, and come toward the cottage in the orchard. Acton had evidently walked from his own house along a shady by-way, and he was intending to pay a visit to Madame Münster. Felix watched him a moment; then he turned away. Acton could be left to play the part of Providence and interrupt — if interruption were needed — Eugenia's *tête-à-tête* with Clifford.

Felix passed through the garden toward the house and toward a postern gate which opened upon a path leading across the fields, beside a little wood, to the lake. He stopped and looked up at the house; his eyes rested more particularly upon a certain open window, on

the shady side. Presently Gertrude appeared there, looking out into the summer light. He took off his hat to her and bade her good-day; he remarked that he was going to row across the pond, and begged that she would do him the honor to accompany him. She looked at him a moment; then, without saying anything, she turned away. But she soon reappeared below in one of those quaint and charming Leghorn hats, tied with white satin bows, that were worn at that period; she also carried a green parasol. She went with him to the edge of the lake, where a couple of boats were always moored; they got into one of them, and Felix, with gentle strokes, propelled it to the opposite shore. The day was the perfection of summer weather; the little lake was the color of sunshine; the plash of the oars was the only sound, and they found themselves listening to it. They disembarked, and, by a winding path, ascended the pine-crested mound which overlooked the water, whose white expanse glittered between the tree trunks. The place was delightfully cool, and had the added charm that — in the softly sounding pine boughs — you seemed to hear the coolness as well as feel it. Felix and Gertrude sat down on the rust-colored carpet of pine needles and talked of many things. Felix spoke at last, in the course of talk, of his going away; it was the first time he had alluded to it.

"You are going away?" said Gertrude, looking at him.

"Some day, — when the leaves begin to fall. You know I can't stay forever."

Gertrude transferred her eyes to the outer prospect, and then, after a pause, she said, "I shall never see you again."

"Why not?" asked Felix. "We shall probably both survive my departure."

But Gertrude only repeated, "I shall never see you again. I shall never hear of you," she went on. "I shall know nothing about you. I knew nothing about you before, and it will be the same again."

"I knew nothing about you then, unfortunately," said Felix. "But now I shall write to you."

"Don't write to me. I shall not answer you," Gertrude declared.

"I should of course burn your letters," said Felix.

Gertrude looked at him again. "Burn my letters? You sometimes say strange things."

"They are not strange in themselves," the young man answered. "They are only strange as said to you. You will come to Europe."

"With whom shall I come?" She asked this question simply; she was very much in earnest. Felix was interested in her earnestness. For some moments he hesitated. "You can't tell me that," she pursued. "You can't say that I shall go with my father and my sister; you don't believe that."

"I shall keep your letters," said Felix, presently, for all answer.

"I never write. I don't know how to write." Gertrude, for some time, said nothing more; and her companion, as he looked at her, wished it had not been "disloyal" to make love to the daughter of an old gentleman who had offered one hospitality. The afternoon waned; the shadows stretched themselves; and the light grew deeper in the western sky. Two persons appeared on the opposite side of the lake, coming from the house and crossing the meadow. "It is Charlotte and Mr. Brand," said Gertrude. "They are coming over here." But Charlotte and Mr. Brand only came down to the edge of the water, and stood there, looking across; they made no motion to enter the boat that Felix had left at the mooring-place. Felix waved his hat to them; it was too far to call. They made no visible response, and they presently turned away and walked along the shore.

"Mr. Brand is not demonstrative," said Felix. "He is never demonstrative to me. He sits silent, with his chin in his hand, looking at me. Sometimes he looks away. Your father tells me he is so eloquent; and I should like to hear him talk. He looks like such a noble young man. But with me he will never

talk. And yet I am so fond of listening to brilliant imagery!"

"He is very eloquent," said Gertrude; "but he has no brilliant imagery. I have heard him talk a great deal. I knew that when they saw us they would not come over here."

"Ah, he is making *la cour*, as they say, to your sister? They desire to be alone?"

"No," said Gertrude, gravely, "they have no such reason as that for being alone."

"But why does n't he make la cour to Charlotte?" Felix inquired. "She is so pretty, so gentle, so good."

Gertrude glanced at him, and then she looked at the distantly-seen couple they were discussing. Mr. Brand and Charlotte were walking side by side. They might have been a pair of lovers, and yet they might not. "They think I should not be here," said Gertrude.

"With me? I thought you did n't have those ideas."

"You don't understand. There are a great many things you don't understand."

"I understand my stupidity. But why, then, do not Charlotte and Mr. Brand, who, as an elder sister and a clergyman, are free to walk about together, come over and make me wiser by breaking up the unlawful interview into which I have lured you?"

"That is the last thing they would do," said Gertrude.

Felix stared at her a moment, with his lifted eyebrows. "Je n'y comprends rien!" he exclaimed; then his eyes followed for a while the retreating figures of this critical couple. "You may say what you please," he declared; "it is evident to me that your sister is not indifferent to her clever companion. It is agreeable to her to be walking there with him. I can see that from here." And in the excitement of observation Felix rose to his feet.

Gertrude rose also, but she made no attempt to emulate her companion's discovery; she looked rather in another direction. Felix's words had struck her; but a certain delicacy checked her.

"She is certainly not indifferent to Mr. Brand; she has the highest opinion of him."

"One can see it, — one can see it," said Felix in a tone of amused contemplation, with his head on one side. Gertrude turned her back to the opposite shore; it was disagreeable to her to look, but she hoped Felix would say something more. "Ah, they have wandered away into the wood," he added.

Gertrude turned round again. "She is *not* in love with him," she said; it seemed her duty to say that.

"Then he is in love with her; or if he is not, he ought to be. She is such a perfect little woman of her kind. She reminds me of a pair of old-fashioned silver sugar-tongs; you know I am very fond of sugar. And she is very nice with Mr. Brand; I have noticed that; very gentle and gracious."

Gertrude reflected a moment. Then she took a great resolution. "She wants him to marry me," she said. "So of course she is nice."

Felix's eyebrows rose higher than ever. "To marry you! Ah, ah, this is interesting. And you think one must be very nice with a man to induce him to do that?"

Gertrude had turned a little pale, but she went on: "Mr. Brand wants it himself."

Felix folded his arms and stood looking at her. "I see, — I see," he said quickly. "Why did you never tell me this before?"

"It is disagreeable to me to speak of it even now. I wished simply to explain to you about Charlotte."

"You don't wish to marry Mr. Brand, then?"

"No," said Gertrude, gravely.

"And does your father wish it?"

"Very much."

"And you don't like him, — you have refused him?"

"I don't wish to marry him."

"Your father and sister think you ought to, eh?"

"It is a long story," said Gertrude. "They think there are good reasons. I can't explain it. They think I have

obligations, and that I have encouraged him."

Felix smiled at her, as if she had been telling him an amusing story about some one else. "I can't tell you how this interests me," he said. "Now you don't recognize these reasons, — these obligations?"

"I am not sure; it is not easy." And she picked up her parasol and turned away, as if to descend the slope.

"Tell me this," Felix went on, going with her: "are you likely to give in, — to let them persuade you?"

Gertrude looked at him with the serious face that she had constantly worn, in opposition to his almost eager smile. "I shall never marry Mr. Brand," she said.

"I see!" Felix rejoined. And they slowly descended the hill together, saying nothing till they reached the margin of the pond. "It is your own affair," he then resumed; "but do you know, I am not altogether glad? If it were settled that you were to marry Mr. Brand I should take a certain comfort in the arrangement. I should feel more free. I have no right to make love to you myself, eh?" And he paused, lightly pressing his argument upon her.

"None whatever," replied Gertrude quickly, — too quickly.

"Your father would never hear of it; I have n't a penny. Mr. Brand, of course, has property of his own, eh?"

"I believe he has some property; but that has nothing to do with it."

"With you, of course not; but with your father and sister it must have. So, as I say, if this were settled, I should feel more at liberty."

"More at liberty?" Gertrude repeated. "Please unfasten the boat."

Felix untwisted the rope and stood holding it. "I should be able to say things to you that I can't give myself the pleasure of saying now," he went on. "I could tell you how much I admire you, without seeming to pretend to that which I have no right to pretend to. I should make violent love to you," he added, laughing, "if I thought you were so placed as not to be offended by it."

"You mean if I were engaged to another man? That is strange reasoning!" Gertrude exclaimed.

"In that case you would not take me seriously."

"I take every one seriously!" said Gertrude. And without his help she stepped lightly into the boat.

Felix took up the oars and sent it forward. "Ah, this is what you have been thinking about? It seemed to me you had something on your mind. I wish very much," he added, "that you would tell me some of these so-called reasons, — these obligations."

"They are not real reasons, — good reasons," said Gertrude, looking at the pink and yellow gleams in the water.

"I can understand that! Because a handsome girl has had a spark of coquetry, that is no reason."

"If you mean me, it 's not that. I have not done that."

"It is something that troubles you, at any rate," said Felix.

"Not so much as it used to," Gertrude rejoined.

He looked at her, smiling always. "That is not saying much, eh?" But she only rested her eyes, very gravely, on the lighted water. She seemed to him to be trying to hide the signs of the trouble of which she had just told him. Felix felt, at all times, much the same impulse to dissipate visible melancholy that a good housewife feels to brush away dust. There was something he wished to brush away now; suddenly he stopped rowing and poised his oars. "Why should Mr. Brand have addressed himself to you, and not to your sister?" he asked. "I am sure she would listen to him."

Gertrude, in her family, was thought capable of a good deal of levity; but her levity had never gone so far as this. It moved her greatly, however, to hear Felix say that he was sure of something; so that, raising her eyes toward him, she tried intently, for some moments, to conjure up this wonderful image of a love-affair between her own sister and her own suitor. We know that Gertrude had an imaginative mind; so that it is

not impossible that this effort should have been partially successful. But she only murmured, "Ah, Felix! ah Felix!"

"Why should n't they marry? Try and make them marry!" cried Felix.

"Try and make them?"

"Turn the tables on them. Then they will leave you alone. I will help you as far as I can."

Gertrude's heart began to beat; she was greatly excited; she had never had anything so interesting proposed to her before. Felix had begun to row again, and he now sent the boat home with long strokes. "I believe she *does* care for him!" said Gertrude, after they had disembarked.

"Of course she does, and we will marry them off. It will make them happy; it will make every one happy. We shall have a wedding, and I will write an epithalamium."

"It seems as if it would make *me* happy," said Gertrude.

"To get rid of Mr. Brand, eh? To recover your liberty?"

Gertrude walked on. "To see my sister married to so good a man."

Felix gave his light laugh. "You always put things on those grounds; you will never say anything for yourself. You are all so afraid, here, of being selfish. I don't think you know how," he went on. "Let me show you! It will make me happy for myself, and for just the reverse of what I told you a while ago. After that, when I make love to you, you will have to think I mean it."

"I shall never think you mean anything," said Gertrude. "You are too fantastic."

"Ah," cried Felix, "that 's a license to say everything! Gertrude, I adore you!"

VIII.

Charlotte and Mr. Brand had not returned when they reached the house; but the baroness had come to tea, and Robert Acton also, who now regularly asked for a place at this generous repast, or made his appearance later in the evening. Clifford Wentworth, with his juvenile growl, remarked upon it.

"You are always coming to tea nowadays, Robert," he said. "I should think you had drunk enough tea in China."

"Since when is Mr. Acton more frequent?" asked the baroness.

"Since you came," said Clifford. "It seems as if you were a kind of attraction."

"I suppose I am a curiosity," said the baroness. "Give me time and I will make you a salon."

"It would fall to pieces after you go!" exclaimed Acton.

"Don't talk about her going, in that familiar way," Clifford said. "It makes me feel gloomy."

Mr. Wentworth glanced at his son, and, taking note of these words, wondered if Felix had been teaching him, according to the programme he had sketched out, to make love to the wife of a German prince.

Charlotte came in late with Mr. Brand; but Gertrude, to whom, at least, Felix had taught something, looked in vain, in her face, for the traces of a guilty passion. Mr. Brand sat down by Gertrude, and she presently asked him why they had not crossed the pond to join Felix and herself.

"It is cruel of you to ask me that," he answered, very softly. He had a large morsel of cake before him; but he fingered it without eating it. "I sometimes think you are growing cruel," he added.

Gertrude said nothing; she was afraid to speak. There was a kind of rage in her heart; she felt as if she could easily persuade herself that she was persecuted. She said to herself that it was quite right that she should not allow him to make her believe she was wrong. She thought of what Felix had said to her; she wished, indeed, Mr. Brand would marry Charlotte. She looked away from him, and spoke no more. Mr. Brand ended by eating his cake, while Felix sat opposite, describing to Mr. Went worth the students' duels at Heidelberg. After tea they all dispersed themselves,

as usual, upon the piazza and in the garden; and Mr. Brand drew near to Gertrude again.

"I did n't come to you this afternoon because you were not alone," he began; "because you were with a newer friend."

"Felix? He is an old friend by this time."

Mr. Brand looked at the ground for some moments. "I thought I was prepared to hear you speak in that way," he resumed. "But I find it very painful."

"I don't see what else I can say," said Gertrude.

Mr. Brand walked beside her for a while in silence. Gertrude wished he would go away. "He is certainly very accomplished. But I think I ought to advise you."

"To advise me?"

"I think I know your nature."

"I think you don't," said Gertrude, with a little laugh.

"You make yourself out worse than you are, — to please him," Mr. Brand said, softly.

"Worse — to please him? What do you mean?" asked Gertrude, stopping.

Mr. Brand stopped also, and with the same soft straightforwardness, "He does n't care for the things you care for, — the great questions of life."

Gertrude, with her eyes on his, shook her head. "I don't care for the great questions of life. They are much beyond me."

"There was a time when you did n't say that," said Mr. Brand.

"Oh," rejoined Gertrude, "I think you make me talk a great deal of nonsense. And it depends," she added, "upon what you call the great questions of life. There are some things I care for."

"Are they the things you talk about with your cousin?"

"You should not say things to me against my cousin, Mr. Brand," said Gertrude. "That is dishonorable."

He listened to this respectfully; then he answered, with a little vibration of the voice, "I should be very sorry to do anything dishonorable. But I don't see why it is dishonorable to say that your cousin is frivolous."

"Go and say it to himself!"

"I think he would admit it," said Mr. Brand. "That is the tone he would take. He would not be ashamed of it."

"Then I am not ashamed of it!" Gertrude declared. "That is probably what I like him for. I am frivolous myself."

"You are trying, as I said just now, to lower yourself."

"I am trying for once to be natural!" cried Gertrude passionately. "I have been pretending all my life; I have been dishonest; it is you that have made me so!" Mr. Brand stood gazing at her, and she went on: "Why should n't I be frivolous, if I want? One has a right to be frivolous, if it 's one's nature. No, I don't care for the great questions. I care for pleasure, — for amusement. Perhaps I am fond of wicked things; it is very possible!"

Mr. Brand remained staring; he was even a little pale, as if he had been frightened. "I don't think you know what you are saying!" he exclaimed.

"Perhaps not. Perhaps I am talking nonsense. But it is only with you that I talk nonsense. I never do so with my cousin."

"I will speak to you again, when you are less excited," said Mr. Brand.

"I am always excited when you speak to me. I must tell you that, — even if it prevents you altogether, in future. Your speaking to me irritates me. With my cousin it is very different. That seems quiet and natural."

He looked at her, and then he looked away, with a kind of helpless distress, at the dusky garden and the faint summer stars. After which, suddenly turning back, "Gertrude, Gertrude!" he softly groaned. "Am I really losing you?"

She was touched, — she was pained; but it had already occurred to her that she might do something better than say so. It would not have alleviated her companion's distress to perceive, just then, whence she had sympathetically borrowed this ingenuity. "I am not

sorry for you," Gertrude said; "for in paying so much attention to me you are following a shadow, — you are wasting something precious. There is something else you might have that you don't look at, — something better than I am. That is a reality!" And then, with intention, she looked at him and tried to smile a little. He thought this smile of hers very strange; but she turned away and left him.

She wandered about alone in the garden wondering what Mr. Brand would make of her words, which it had been a singular pleasure for her to utter. Shortly after, passing in front of the house, she saw at a distance two persons standing near the garden gate. It was Mr. Brand going away and bidding good-night to Charlotte, who had walked down with him from the house. Gertrude saw that the parting was prolonged. Then she turned her back upon it. She had not gone very far, however, when she heard her sister slowly following her. She neither turned round nor waited for her; she knew what Charlotte was going to say. Charlotte, who at last overtook her, in fact presently began; she had passed her arm into Gertrude's.

"Will you listen to me, dear, if I say something very particular?"

"I know what you are going to say," said Gertrude. "Mr. Brand feels very badly."

"Oh, Gertrude, how can you treat him so?" Charlotte demanded. And as her sister made no answer she added, "After all he has done for you!"

"What has he done for me?"

"I wonder you can ask, Gertrude. He has helped you so. You told me so yourself, a great many times. You told me that he helped you to struggle with your — your peculiarities. You told me that he had taught you how to govern your temper."

For a moment Gertrude said nothing. Then, "Was my temper very bad?" she asked.

"I am not accusing you, Gertrude," said Charlotte.

"What are you doing, then?" her sister demanded, with a little laugh.

"I am pleading for Mr. Brand, — reminding you of all you owe him."

"I have given it all back," said Gertrude, still with her little laugh. "He can take back the virtue he imparted! I want to be wicked again."

Her sister made her stop in the path, and fixed upon her, in the darkness, a sweet, reproachful gaze. "If you talk this way I shall almost believe it. Think of all we owe Mr. Brand. Think of how he has always expected something of you. Think how much he has been to us. Think of his beautiful influence upon Clifford."

"He is very good," said Gertrude, looking at her sister. "I know he is very good. But he shouldn't speak against Felix."

"Felix is good," Charlotte answered, softly but promptly. "Felix is very wonderful. Only he is so different. Mr. Brand is much nearer to us. I should never think of going to Felix with a trouble, — with a question. Mr. Brand is much *more* to us, Gertrude."

"He is very — very good," Gertrude repeated. "He is more to you; yes, much more. Charlotte," she added suddenly, "you are in love with him!"

"Oh, Gertrude!" cried poor Charlotte; and her sister saw her blushing in the darkness.

Gertrude put her arm round her. "I wish he would marry you!" she went on.

Charlotte shook herself free. "You must not say such things!" she exclaimed, beneath her breath.

"You like him more than you say, and he likes you more than he knows."

"This is very cruel of you!" Charlotte Wentworth murmured.

But if it was cruel Gertrude continued pitiless. "Not if it's true," she answered. "I wish he would marry you."

"Please don't say that."

"I mean to tell him so!" said Gertrude.

"Oh, Gertrude, Gertrude!" her sister almost moaned.

"Yes, if he speaks to me again about myself. I will say, 'Why don't you

marry Charlotte? She 's a thousand times better than I.' "

"You *are* wicked; you *are* changed!" cried her sister.

"If you don't like it you can prevent it," said Gertrude. "You can prevent it by keeping him from speaking to me!" And with this she walked away, very conscious of what she had done; measuring it and finding a certain joy and a quickened sense of freedom in it.

Mr. Wentworth was rather wide of the mark in suspecting that Clifford had begun to pay unscrupulous compliments to his brilliant cousin; for the young man had really more scruples than he received credit for in his family. He had a certain transparent shamefacedness which was in itself a proof that he was not at his ease in dissipation. His collegiate peccadilloes had aroused a domestic murmur as disagreeable to the young man as the creaking of his boots would have been to a house-breaker. Only, as the house-breaker would have simplified matters by removing his *chaussures*, it had seemed to Clifford that the shortest cut to comfortable relations with people — relations which should make him cease to think that when they spoke to him they meant something improving — was to renounce all ambition toward a nefarious development. And, in fact, Clifford's ambition took the most commendable form. He thought of himself in the future as the well-known and much-liked Mr. Wentworth, of Boston, who should, in the natural course of prosperity, have married his pretty cousin, Lizzie Acton; should live in a wide-fronted house, in view of the Common; and should drive, behind a light wagon, over the damp autumn roads, a pair of beautifully matched sorrel horses. Clifford's vision of the coming years was very simple; its most definite features were this element of familiar matrimony and the duplication of his resources for trotting. He had not yet asked his cousin to marry him; but he meant to do so as soon as he had taken his degree. Lizzie was serenely conscious of his intention, and she had made up her mind that he would improve. Her brother, who was very fond of this light, quick, competent little Lizzie, saw, on his side, no reason to interpose. It seemed to him a graceful social law that Clifford and his sister should become engaged; he himself was not engaged, but every one else, fortunately, was not such a fool as he. He was fond of Clifford, as well, and had his own way — of which it must be confessed he was a little ashamed — of looking at those aberrations which had led to the young man's compulsory retirement from the neighboring seat of learning. Acton had seen the world, as he said to himself; he had been to China and had knocked about among men. He had learned the essential difference between a good young fellow and a mean young fellow, and was satisfied that there was no harm in Clifford. He believed — although it must be added that he had not quite the courage to declare it — in the doctrine of wild oats, and thought it a useful preventive of superfluous fears. If Mr. Wentworth and Charlotte and Mr. Brand would only apply it in Clifford's case, they would be happier; and Acton thought it a pity they should not be happier. They took the boy's misdemeanors too much to heart; they talked to him too solemnly; they frightened and bewildered him. Of course there was the great standard of morality, which forbade that a man should get tipsy, play at billiards for money, or cultivate his sensual consciousness; but what fear was there that poor Clifford was going to run a tilt at any great standard? It had, however, never occurred to Acton to dedicate the Baroness Münster to the redemption of a refractory collegian. The instrument, here, would have seemed to him quite too complex for the operation. Felix, on the other hand, had spoken in obedience to the belief that the more charming a woman is, the more numerous, literally, are her definite social uses.

Eugenia herself, as we know, had plenty of leisure to enumerate her uses. As I have had the honor of intimating, she had come four thousand miles to seek her fortune; and it is not to be supposed that after this great effort she could neglect any apparent aid to ad-

vancement. It is my misfortune that in attempting to describe in a short compass the deportment of this remarkable woman I am obliged to express things rather brutally. I feel this to be the case, for instance, when I say that she had primarily detected such an aid to advancement in the person of Robert Acton, but that she had afterwards remembered that a prudent archer has always a second bowstring. Eugenia was a woman of finely-mingled motive, and her intentions were never sensibly gross. She had a sort of æsthetic ideal for Clifford which seemed to her a disinterested reason for taking him in hand. It was very well for a fresh-colored young gentleman to be ingenuous; but Clifford, really, was crude. With such a pretty face he ought to have prettier manners. She would teach him that, with a beautiful name, the expectation of a large property, and, as they said in Europe, a social position, an only son should know how to carry himself.

Once Clifford had begun to come and see her by himself and for himself, he came very often. He hardly knew why he should come; he saw her almost every evening at his father's house; he had nothing particular to say to her. She was not a young girl, and fellows of his age called only upon young girls. He exaggerated her age; she seemed to him an old woman; it was happy that the baroness, with all her intelligence, was incapable of guessing this. But gradually it struck Clifford that visiting old women might be, if not a natural, at least, as they say of some articles of diet, an acquired taste. The baroness was certainly a very amusing old woman; she talked to him as no lady — and indeed no gentleman — had ever talked to him before.

"You should go to Europe and make the tour," she said to him one afternoon. "Of course, on leaving college you will go."

"I don't want to go," Clifford declared. "I know some fellows who have been to Europe. They say you can have better fun here."

"That depends. It depends upon your idea of fun. Your friends probably were not introduced."

"Introduced?" Clifford demanded.

"They had no opportunity of going into society; they formed no *relations*." This was one of a certain number of words that the baroness always pronounced in the French manner.

"They went to a ball, in Paris; I know that," said Clifford.

"Ah, there are balls and balls; especially in Paris. No, you must go, you know; it is not a thing from which you can dispense yourself. You need it."

"Oh, I'm very well," said Clifford. "I'm not sick."

"I don't mean for your health, my poor child. I mean for your manners."

"I have n't got any manners!" growled Clifford.

"Precisely. You don't mind my assenting to that, eh?" asked the baroness with a smile. "You must go to Europe and get a few. You can get them better there. It is a pity you might not have come while I was living in — in Germany. I would have introduced you; I had a charming little circle. You would perhaps have been rather young; but the younger one begins, I think, the better. Now, at any rate, you have no time to lose, and when I return you must immediately come to me."

All this, to Clifford's apprehension, was a great mixture, — his beginning young, Eugenia's return to Europe, his being introduced to her charming little circle. What was he to begin, and what was her little circle? His ideas about her marriage had a good deal of vagueness; but they were in so far definite as that he felt it to be a matter not to be freely mentioned. He sat and looked all round the room; he supposed she was alluding in some way to her marriage.

"Oh, I don't want to go to Germany," he said; it seemed to him the most convenient thing to say.

She looked at him a while, smiling with her lips, but not with her eyes. "You have scruples?" she asked.

"Scruples?" said Clifford.

"You young people, here, are very singular; one does n't know where to expect you. When you are not extremely improper you are so terribly proper. I dare say you think that, owing to my irregular marriage, I live with loose people. You were never more mistaken. I have been all the more particular."

"Oh, no," said Clifford, honestly distressed. "I never thought such a thing as that."

"Are you very sure? I am convinced that your father does, and your sisters. They say to each other that here I am on my good behavior, but that over there — married by the left hand — I associate with light women."

"Oh, no," cried Clifford, energetically, "they don't say such things as that to each other!"

"If they think them they had better say them," the baroness rejoined. "Then they can be contradicted. Please contradict that whenever you hear it, and don't be afraid of coming to see me on account of the company I keep. I have the honor of knowing more distinguished men, my poor child, than you are likely to see in a life-time. I see very few women; but those are women of rank. So, my dear young Puritan, you need n't be afraid. I am not in the least one of those who think that the society of women who have lost their place in the *vrai monde* is necessary to form a young man. I have never taken that tone. I have kept my place myself, and I think we are a much better school than the others. Trust me, Clifford, and I will prove that to you," the baroness continued, while she made the agreeable reflection that she could not, at least, be accused of perverting her young kinsman. "So if you ever fall amongst thieves don't go about saying I sent you to them."

Clifford thought it so comical that he should know — in spite of her figurative language — what she meant, and that she should mean what he knew, that he could hardly help laughing a little, although he tried hard. "Oh, no! oh, no!" he murmured.

"Laugh out, laugh out, if I amuse you!" cried the baroness. "I am here for that!" And Clifford thought her a very amusing person indeed. "But remember," she said on this occasion, "that you are coming — next year — to pay me a visit over there."

About a week afterwards she said to him, point-blank, "Are you seriously making love to your little cousin?"

"Seriously making love," — these words, on Madame Münster's lips, had to Clifford's sense a portentous and embarrassing sound; he hesitated about assenting, lest he should commit himself to more than he understood. "Well, I should n't say it if I was!" he exclaimed.

"Why would n't you say it?" the baroness demanded. "Those things ought to be known."

"I don't care whether it is known or not," Clifford rejoined. "But I don't want people looking at me."

"A young man of your importance ought to learn to bear observation, — to carry himself as if he were quite indifferent to it. I won't say, exactly, unconscious," the baroness explained. "No, he must seem to know he is observed, and to think it natural he should be; but he must appear perfectly used to it. Now you have n't that, Clifford; you have n't that at all. You must have that, you know. Don't tell me you are not a young man of importance," Eugenia added. "Don't say anything so flat as that."

"Oh, no, you don't catch me saying that!" cried Clifford.

"Yes, you must come to Germany," Madame Münster continued. "I will show you how people can be talked about, and yet not seem to know it. You will be talked about, of course, with me; it will be said you are my lover. I will show you how little one may mind that, — how little I shall mind it."

Clifford sat staring, blushing, and laughing. "I shall mind it a good deal!" he declared.

"Ah, not too much, you know; that would be uncivil. But I give you leave to mind it a little; especially if you have a passion for Miss Acton. *Voyons;* as

regards that, you either have, or you have not. It is very simple to say it."

"I don't see why you want to know," said Clifford.

"You ought to want me to know. If one is arranging a marriage, one tells one's friends."

"Oh, I 'm not arranging anything," said Clifford.

"You don't intend to marry your cousin?"

"Well, I expect I shall do as I choose!"

The baroness leaned her head upon the back of her chair and closed her eyes, as if she were tired. Then opening them again, "Your cousin is very charming," she said.

"She is the prettiest girl in this place," Clifford rejoined.

"'In this place' is saying little; she would be charming anywhere. I am afraid you are entangled."

"Oh, no, I 'm not entangled."

"Are you engaged? At your age that is the same thing."

Clifford looked at the baroness with some audacity. "Will you tell no one?"

"If it 's as sacred as that, — no."

"Well, then, — we are not!" said Clifford.

"That 's the great secret, — that you are not, eh?" asked the baroness, with a quick laugh. "I am very glad to hear it. You are altogether too young. A young man in your position must choose and compare; he must see the world first. Depend upon it," she added, "you should not settle that matter before you have come abroad and paid me that visit. There are several things I should like to call your attention to first."

"Well, I am rather afraid of that visit," said Clifford. "It seems to me it will be rather like going to school again."

The baroness looked at him a moment. "My dear child," she said, "there is no agreeable man who has not, at some moment, been to school to a clever woman, — probably a little older than himself. And you must be thankful when you get your instruction gratis. With me you would get it gratis."

The next day Clifford told Lizzie Acton that the baroness thought her the most charming girl she had ever seen.

Lizzie shook her head. "No, she does n't!" she said.

"Do you think everything she says," asked Clifford, "is to be taken the opposite way?"

"I think that it is!" said Lizzie.

Clifford was going to remark that in this case the baroness must desire greatly to bring about a marriage between Mr. Clifford Wentworth and Miss Elizabeth Acton; but he resolved, on the whole, to suppress this observation.

IX.

It seemed to Robert Acton, after Eugenia had come to his house, that something had passed between them which made them a good deal more intimate. It was hard to say exactly what, except her telling him that she had taken her resolution with regard to the Duke of Silberstadt; for Madame Münster's visit had made no difference in their relations. He came to see her very often; but he had come to see her very often before. It was agreeable to him to find himself in her little drawing-room; but this was not a new discovery. There was a change, however, in this sense: that if the baroness had been a great deal in Acton's thoughts before, she was now never out of them. From the first she had been personally fascinating; but the fascination now had become intellectual as well. He was constantly pondering her words and motions. They were as interesting as the factors in an algebraic problem. This is saying a good deal; for Acton was extremely fond of mathematics. He asked himself whether it could be that he was in love with her, and then hoped he was not; hoped it not so much for his own sake as for that of the amatory passion itself. If this was love, love had been overrated. Love was a poetic impulse, and his own state of feeling with regard to

the baroness was largely characterized by that eminently prosaic sentiment, — curiosity. It was true, as Acton with his quietly cogitative habit observed to himself, that curiosity, pushed to a given point, might become a romantic passion; and he certainly thought enough about this charming woman to make him restless, and even a little melancholy. It puzzled and vexed him at times to feel that he was not more ardent. He was not in the least bent upon remaining a bachelor. In his younger years he had been — or he had tried to be — of the opinion that it would be a good deal "jollier" not to marry, and he had flattered himself that his single condition was something of a citadel. It was a citadel, at all events, of which he had long since leveled the outworks. He had removed the guns from the ramparts; he had lowered the draw-bridge across the moat. The draw-bridge had swayed lightly under Madame Münster's step; why should he not cause it to be raised again, so that she might be kept prisoner? He had an idea that she would become — in time at least, and on learning the conveniences of the place for making a lady comfortable — a tolerably patient captive. But the draw-bridge was never raised, and Acton's brilliant visitor was as free to depart as she had been to come. It was part of his curiosity to know why the deuce so susceptible a man was *not* in love with so charming a woman. If her various graces were, as I have said, the factors in an algebraic problem, the answer to this question was the indispensable, unknown quantity. The pursuit of the unknown quantity was extremely absorbing; for the present it taxed all Acton's faculties.

Toward the middle of August he was obliged to leave home for some days; an old friend, with whom he had been associated in China, had begged him to come to Newport, where he lay extremely ill. His friend got better, and at the end of a week Acton was released. I use the word "released" advisedly; for in spite of his attachment to his Chinese comrade he had been but a half-hearted visitor. He felt as if he had been called away from the theatre during the progress of a remarkably interesting drama. The curtain was up all this time, and he was losing the fourth act; that fourth act which would have been so essential to a just appreciation of the fifth. In other words, he was thinking about the baroness, who, seen at this distance, seemed a truly brilliant figure. He saw at Newport a great many pretty women, who certainly were figures as brilliant as beautiful light dresses could make them; but though they talked a great deal — and the baroness's strong point was perhaps also her conversation — Madame Münster appeared to lose nothing by the comparison. He wished she had come to Newport, too. Would it not be possible to make up, as they said, a party for visiting the famous watering-place, and invite Eugenia to join it? It was true that the complete satisfaction would be to spend a fortnight at Newport with Eugenia alone. It would be a great pleasure to see her, in society, carry everything before her, as he was sure she would do. When Acton caught himself thinking these thoughts he began to walk up and down, with his hands in his pockets, frowning a little and looking at the floor. What did it prove, — for it certainly proved something, — this lively disposition to be "off" somewhere with Madame Münster, away from all the rest of them? Such a vision, certainly, seemed a refined implication of matrimony, after the baroness should have formally got rid of her informal husband. At any rate, Acton, with his characteristic discretion, forbore to give expression to whatever else it might imply, and the narrator of these incidents is not obliged to be more definite.

He returned home rapidly, and, arriving in the afternoon, lost as little time as possible in joining the familiar circle at Mr. Wentworth's. On reaching the house, however, he found the piazzas empty. The doors and windows were open, and their emptiness was made clear by the shafts of lamp-light from the parlors. Entering the house, he found

Mr. Wentworth sitting alone in one of these apartments, engaged in the perusal of the North American Review. After they had exchanged greetings and his cousin had made discreet inquiry about his journey, Acton asked what had become of Mr. Wentworth's companions.

"They are scattered about, amusing themselves as usual," said the old man. "I saw Charlotte, a short time since, seated, with Mr. Brand, upon the piazza. They were conversing with their customary animation. I suppose they have joined her sister, who, for the hundredth time, was doing the honors of the garden to her foreign cousin."

"I suppose you mean Felix," said Acton. And on Mr. Wentworth's assenting, he said, "And the others?"

"Your sister has not come this evening. You must have seen her at home," said Mr. Wentworth.

"Yes. I proposed to her to come. She declined."

"Lizzie, I suppose, was expecting a visitor," said the old man, with a kind of solemn slyness.

"If she was expecting Clifford, he had not turned up."

Mr. Wentworth, at this intelligence, closed the North American Review, and remarked that he had understood Clifford to say that he was going to see his cousin. Privately, he reflected that if Lizzie Acton had had no news of his son, Clifford must have gone to Boston for the evening; an unnatural course of a summer night, especially when accompanied with disingenuous representations.

"You must remember that he has two cousins," said Acton, laughing. And then, coming to the point, "If Lizzie is not here," he added, "neither apparently is the baroness."

Mr. Wentworth stared a moment, and remembered that queer proposition of Felix's. For a moment he did not know whether it was not to be wished that Clifford, after all, might have gone to Boston. "The baroness has not honored us to-night," he said. "She has not come over for three days."

"Is she ill?" Acton asked.

"No; I have been to see her."

"What is the matter with her?"

"Well," said Mr. Wentworth, "I infer she has tired of us."

Acton pretended to sit down, but he was restless; he found it impossible to talk with Mr. Wentworth. At the end of ten minutes he took up his hat and said that he thought he would "go off." It was very late; it was ten o'clock.

His quiet-faced kinsman looked at him a moment. "Are you going home?" he asked.

Acton hesitated, and then answered that he had proposed to go over and take a look at the baroness.

"Well, *you* are honest, at least," said Mr. Wentworth, sadly.

"So are you, if you come to that!" cried Acton, laughing. "Why should n't I be honest?"

The old man opened the North American again, and read a few lines. "If we have ever had any virtue among us, we had better keep hold of it now," he said. He was not quoting.

"We have a baroness among us," said Acton. "That 's what we must keep hold of!" He was too impatient to see Madame Münster again to wonder what Mr. Wentworth was talking about. Nevertheless, after he had passed out of the house and traversed the garden and the little piece of road that separated him from Eugenia's provisional residence, he stopped a moment outside. He stood in her little garden; the long window of her parlor was open, and he could see the white curtains, with the lamp-light shining through them, swaying softly to and fro in the warm night wind. There was a sort of excitement in the idea of seeing Madame Münster again; he became aware that his heart was beating rather faster than usual. It was this that made him stop, with a half-amused surprise. But in a moment he went along the piazza, and, approaching the open window, tapped upon its lintel with his stick. He could see the baroness within; she was standing in the middle of the room. She came to the window and pulled aside the

curtain; then she stood looking at him a moment. She was not smiling; she seemed serious.

"Mais entrez donc!" she said at last. Acton passed in across the window-sill; he wondered, for an instant, what was the matter with her. But the next moment she had begun to smile and had put out her hand. "Better late than never," she said. "It is very kind of you to come at this hour."

"I have just returned from my journey," said Acton.

"Ah, very kind, very kind," she repeated, looking about her where to sit.

"I went first to the other house," Acton continued. "I expected to find you there."

She had sunk into her usual chair; but she got up again, and began to move about the room. Acton had laid down his hat and stick; he was looking at her, conscious that there was in fact a great charm in seeing her again. "I don't know whether I ought to tell you to sit down," she said. "It is too late to begin a visit."

"It 's too early to end one," Acton declared; "and we need n't mind the beginning."

She looked at him again, and, after a moment, dropped once more into her low chair, while he took a place near her. "We are in the middle, then?" she asked. "Was that where we were when you went away? No, I have n't been to the other house."

"Not yesterday, nor the day before, eh?"

"I don't know how many days it is."

"You are tired of it," said Acton.

She leaned back in her chair; her arms were folded. "That is a terrible accusation, but I have not the courage to defend myself."

"I am not attacking you," said Acton. "I expected something of this kind."

"It 's a proof of extreme intelligence. I hope you enjoyed your journey."

"Not at all," Acton declared. "I should much rather have been here with you."

"Now you *are* attacking me," said the baroness. "You are contrasting my inconstancy with your own fidelity."

"I confess I never get tired of people I like."

"Ah, you are not a poor, wicked, foreign woman, with irritable nerves and a sophisticated mind!"

"Something has happened to you since I went away," said Acton, changing his place.

"Your going away, — that is what has happened to me."

"Do you mean to say that you have missed me?" he asked.

"If I had meant to say it, it would not be worth your making a note of. I am very dishonest, and my compliments are worthless."

Acton was silent for some moments. "You have broken down," he said at last.

Madame Münster left her chair, and began to move about.

"Only for a moment. I shall pull myself together again."

"You had better not take it too hard. If you are bored, you need n't be afraid to say so, — to me at least."

"You should n't say such things as that," the baroness answered. "You should encourage me."

"I admire your patience; that is encouraging."

"You should n't even say that. When you talk of my patience you are disloyal to your own people. Patience implies suffering; and what have I had to suffer?"

"Oh, not hunger, not unkindness, certainly," said Acton, laughing. "Nevertheless, we all admire your patience."

"You all detest me!" cried the baroness, with a sudden vehemence, turning her back toward him.

"You make it hard," said Acton, getting up, "for a man to say something tender to you." This evening there was something particularly striking and touching about her; an unwonted softness, and a look of suppressed emotion. He felt himself suddenly appreciating the fact that she had behaved very well. She had come to this quiet corner of the world under the weight of a cruel indig-

nity, and she had been so gracefully, modestly thankful for the rest she found there. She had joined that simple circle over the way; she had mingled in its plain, provincial talk; she had shared its meagre and savorless pleasures. She had set herself a task, and she had rigidly performed it. She had conformed to the angular conditions of New England life, and she had had the tact and pluck to carry it off as if she liked them. Acton felt a more downright need than he had ever felt before to tell her that he admired her, and that she struck him as a very superior woman. All along, hitherto, he had been on his guard with her; he had been cautious, observant, suspicious. But now a certain light tumult in his blood seemed to tell him that a finer degree of confidence in this charming woman would be its own reward. "We don't detest you," he went on. "I don't know what you mean. At any rate, I speak for myself; I don't know anything about the others. Very likely, you detest them for the dull life they make you lead. Really, it would give me a sort of pleasure to hear you say so."

Eugenia had been looking at the door on the other side of the room; now she slowly turned her eyes toward Robert Acton. "What can be the motive," she asked, "of a man like you — an honest man, a *galant homme* — in saying so base a thing as that?"

"Does it sound very base?" asked Acton, candidly. "I suppose it does, and I thank you for telling me so. Of course, I don't mean it literally."

The baroness stood looking at him. "How do you mean it?" she asked.

This question was difficult to answer, and Acton, feeling the least bit foolish, walked to the open window and looked out. He stood there, thinking a moment, and then he turned back. "You know that document that you were to send to Germany," he said. "You called it your 'renunciation.' Did you ever send it?"

Madame Münster's eyes expanded; she looked very grave. "What a singular answer to my question!"

"Oh, it is n't an answer," said Acton. "I have wished to ask you, many times. I thought it probable you would tell me yourself. The question, on my part, seems abrupt now; but it would be abrupt at any time."

The baroness was silent a moment; and then, "I think I have told you too much!" she said.

This declaration appeared to Acton to have a certain force; he had indeed a sense of asking more of her than he offered her. He returned to the window, and watched, for a moment, a little star that twinkled through the lattice of the piazza. There were at any rate offers enough he could make; perhaps he had hitherto not been sufficiently explicit in doing so. "I wish you would ask something of me," he presently said. "Is there nothing I can do for you? If you can't stand this dull life any more, let me amuse you!"

The baroness had sunk once more into a chair, and she had taken up a fan which she held, with both hands, to her mouth. Over the top of the fan her eyes were fixed on him. "You are very strange to-night," she said, with a little laugh.

"I will do anything in the world," he rejoined, standing in front of her. "Should n't you like to travel about and see something of the country? Won't you go to Niagara? You ought to see Niagara, you know."

"With you, do you mean?"

"I should be delighted to take you."

"You alone?"

Acton looked at her, smiling, and yet with a serious air. "Well, yes; we might go alone," he said.

"If you were not what you are," she answered, "I should feel insulted."

"How do you mean, — what I am?"

"If you were one of the gentlemen I have been used to all my life. If you were not a queer Bostonian."

"If the gentlemen you have been used to have taught you to expect insults," said Acton, "I am glad I am what I am. You had much better come to Niagara."

"If you wish to 'amuse' me," the

baroness declared, "you need go to no further expense. You amuse me very effectually."

He sat down opposite to her; she still held her fan up to her face, with her eyes only showing above it. There was a moment's silence, and then he said, returning to his former question, "Have you sent that document to Germany?"

Again there was a moment's silence. The expressive eyes of Madame Münster seemed, however, half to break it. "I will tell you — at Niagara!" she said.

She had hardly spoken when the door at the further end of the room opened, — the door upon which, some minutes previous, Eugenia had fixed her gaze. Clifford Wentworth stood there, blushing and looking rather awkward. The baroness rose, quickly, and Acton, more slowly, did the same. Clifford gave him no greeting; he was looking at Eugenia.

"Ah, you were here?" exclaimed Acton.

"He was in Felix's studio," said Madame Münster. "He wanted to see his sketches."

Clifford looked at Robert Acton, but said nothing. He only fanned himself with his hat. "You chose a bad moment," said Acton; "you had n't much light."

"I had n't any!" said Clifford, laughing.

"Your candle went out?" Eugenia asked. "You should have come back here and lighted it again."

Clifford looked at her a moment. "So I have — come back. But I have left the candle!"

Eugenia turned away. "You are very stupid, my poor boy. You had better go home."

"Well," said Clifford, "good night!"

"Have n't you a word to throw to a man when he has safely returned from a perilous journey?" Acton asked.

"How do you do?" said Clifford. "I thought — I thought you were" — And he paused, looking at the baroness again.

"You thought I was at Newport, eh? So I was, — this morning."

"Good night, clever child! said Madame Münster, over her shoulder.

Clifford stared at her, — not at all like a clever child; and then, with one of his little facetious growls, took his departure.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Acton, when he was gone. "He seemed rather in a muddle."

Eugenia, who was near the window, glanced out, listening a moment. "The matter — the matter" — she answered. "But you don't say such things here."

"If you mean that he had been drinking a little, you can say that."

"He does n't drink any more. I have cured him. And in return — he 's in love with me."

It was Acton's turn to stare. He instantly thought of his sister; but he said nothing about her. He began to laugh. "I don't wonder at his passion! But I wonder at his forsaking your society for that of your brother's paint-brushes."

Eugenia was silent a moment. "He had not been in the studio. I invented that, — on the instant."

"Invented it? For what purpose?"

"He has an idea of being romantic. He has adopted the habit of coming to see me at midnight, — passing only through the orchard and through Felix's painting-room, which has a door opening that way. It seems to amuse him," added Eugenia, with a little laugh.

Acton felt more surprised than he confessed to, for this was a new view of Clifford, whose irregularities had hitherto been quite without the romantic element. He tried to laugh again, but he felt rather too serious, and, after a moment's hesitation, his seriousness explained itself. "I hope you don't encourage him," he said. "He must not be inconstant to poor Lizzie."

"To your sister?"

"You know they are decidedly intimate," said Acton.

"Ah," cried Eugenia, smiling, "has she — has she" —

"I don't know," Acton interrupted, "what she has. But I always supposed that Clifford had a desire to make himself agreeable to her."

"Ah, par exemple!" the baroness went on. "The little monster! The next time he becomes sentimental I will tell him that he ought to be ashamed of himself."

Acton was silent a moment. "You had better say nothing about it."

"I had told him as much already, on general grounds," said the baroness. "But in this country, you know, the relations of young people are so extraordinary that one is quite at sea. They are not engaged when you would quite say they ought to be. Take Charlotte Wentworth, for instance, and that young ecclesiastic. If I were her father I should insist upon his marrying her; but it appears to be thought there is no urgency. On the other hand, you suddenly learn that a boy of twenty and a little girl who is still with her governess, — your sister has no governess? Well, then, who is never away from her mamma, — a young couple, in short, between whom you have noticed nothing beyond an exchange of the childish pleasantries characteristic of their age, are on the point of setting up as man and wife." The baroness spoke with a certain exaggerated volubility which was in contrast with the languid grace that had characterized her manner before Clifford made his appearance. It seemed to Acton that there was a spark of irritation in her eye, — a note of irony (as when she spoke of Lizzie being never away from her mother) in her voice. If Madame Münster was irritated, Robert Acton was vaguely mystified; she began to move about the room again, and he looked at her without saying anything. Presently she took out her watch, and, glancing at it, declared that it was three o'clock in the morning, and he must go.

"I have not been here an hour," he said, "and they are still sitting up at the other house. You can see the lights. Your brother has not come in."

"Oh, at the other house," cried Eugenia, "they are terrible people! I don't know what they may do over there. I am a quiet little humdrum woman; I have rigid rules, and I keep them. One of them is not to have visitors in the small hours, — especially clever men like you. So good night!"

Decidedly, the baroness was incisive; and though Acton bade her good night and departed, he was still a good deal mystified.

The next day Clifford Wentworth came to see Lizzie, and Acton, who was at home and saw him pass through the garden, took note of the circumstance. He had a natural desire to make it tally with Madame Münster's account of Clifford's disaffection; but his ingenuity, finding itself unequal to the task, resolved at last to ask help of the young man's candor. He waited till he saw him going away, and then he went out and overtook him in the grounds.

"I wish very much you would answer me a question," Acton said. "What were you doing, last night, at Madame Munster's?"

Clifford began to laugh and to blush, by no means like a young man with a romantic secret. "What did she tell you?" he asked.

"That is exactly what I don't want to say."

"Well, I want to tell you the same," said Clifford; "and unless I know it perhaps I can't."

They had stopped in a garden path; Acton looked hard at his rosy young kinsman. "She said she could n't fancy what had got into you; you appeared to have taken a violent dislike to her."

Clifford stared, looking a little alarmed. "Oh, come," he growled, "you don't mean that!"

"And that when — for common civility's sake — you came occasionally to the house you left her alone and spent your time in Felix's studio, under pretext of looking at his sketches."

"Oh, come!" growled Clifford, again.

"Did you ever know me to tell an untruth?"

"Yes, lots of them!" said Clifford, seeing an opening, out of the discussion, for his sarcastic powers. "Well," he presently added, "I thought you were my father."

"You knew some one was there?"

"We heard you coming in."

Acton meditated. "You had been with the baroness, then?"

"I was in the parlor. We heard your step outside. I thought it was my father."

"And on that," asked Acton, "you ran away?"

"She told me to go, — to go out by the studio."

Acton meditated more intensely; if there had been a chair at hand he would have sat down. "Why should she wish you not to meet your father?"

"Well," said Clifford, "father does n't like to see me there."

Acton looked askance at his companion, and forbore to make any comment upon this assertion. "Has he said so," he asked, "to the baroness?"

"Well, I hope not," said Clifford. "He has n't said so — in so many words — to me. But I know it worries him; and I want to stop worrying him. The baroness knows it, and she wants me to stop, too."

"To stop coming to see her?"

"I don't know about that; but to stop worrying father. Eugenia knows everything," Clifford added, with an air of knowingness of his own.

"Ah," said Acton, interrogatively, "Eugenia knows everything?"

"She knew it was not father coming in."

"Then why did you go?"

Clifford blushed and laughed afresh. "Well, I was afraid it was. And besides, she told me to go, at any rate."

"Did she think it was I?" Acton asked.

"She did n't say so."

Again Robert Acton reflected. "But you did n't go," he presently said; "you came back."

"I could n't get out of the studio," Clifford rejoined. "The door was locked, and Felix had nailed some planks across the lower half of the confounded windows to make the light come in from above. So they were no use. I waited there a good while, and then, suddenly, I felt ashamed. I did n't want to be hiding away from my own father. I could n't stand it any longer. I bolted out, and when I found it was you I was a little flurried. But Eugenia carried it off, did n't she?" Clifford added, in the tone of a young humorist whose perception had not been permanently clouded by the sense of his own discomfort.

"Beautifully!" said Acton. "Especially," he continued, "when one remembers that you were very imprudent, and that she must have been a good deal annoyed."

"Oh," cried Clifford, with the indifference of a young man who feels that however he may have failed of felicity in behavior, he is extremely just in his impressions, "Eugenia does n't care for anything!"

Acton hesitated a moment. "Thank you for telling me this," he said at last. And then, laying his hand on Clifford's shoulder, he added, "Tell me one thing more: are you by chance a little in love with the baroness?"

"No, sir!" said Clifford, almost shaking off his hand.

Henry James, Jr.

RECOMPENSE.

THE summer coaxed me to be glad,
Entreating with the primrose hue
Of sunset skies, with downward calls
From viewless larks, with winds that blew

The red-topped clover's breath abroad,
  And told the mirth of water-falls;
In vain! my heart would not be wooed
From the December of its mood.

But on a day of wintry skies
  A withered rose slipped from my book;
And as I caught its faint perfume
  The soul of summer straight forsook
The little tenement it loved,
  And filled the world with song and bloom,
Missed, in their season, by my sense.
So found my heart late recompense.

Annie R. Annan.

AMERICAN FINANCES FROM 1789 TO 1835.

I.

How we may best manage and most speedily pay off our great public debt will practically be the vital question in American politics for a long time to come. Every year its importance is, through the medium of taxation, brought home to all classes and to every species of industry, while at the same time any lack of wisdom or experience in dealing with this central issue is sure to be felt in the wide circumference of the rest of our public questions. A similar inquiry held a dominant place in our national councils from the year 1789, the date of the present constitution, down to the year 1835. The financial history of this period is well worth special study, because of the signal ability and sagacity by which the government brought its difficult problem to a successful issue. In dealing with our existing debt, it may therefore be not without utility to trace, in a short review, the growth of its experience in finance during that time, whether as manifested in its prevailing ideas, or as embodied in actual legislation.

Our present constitution owes its origin to the financial embarrassments of the government formed under the articles of confederation. That government had to depend for its revenue upon the States, by making requisitions upon them in their integral and sovereign capacity. Under this system, however, there existed no power to enforce these requisitions; and hence when the States, sometimes by default and sometimes by refusal, failed to pay their respective quotas into the common treasury, the government found itself reduced to bankruptcy. There were no funds for its own support; the interest upon the loans which had been contracted both at home and abroad on account of the war of the Revolution remained unpaid; and fresh infractions of treaty and financial obligations were daily bringing deeper humiliation upon the country.

To devise some remedy for this most disastrous condition of affairs, delegates from all the States met in convention, in Philadelphia, in the year 1787. This body, as was natural under the circumstances, was at the outset solely intent upon ingrafting needed power and vitality upon the existing articles of confederation. Their deliberations, however, carried them beyond this original purpose, and resulted finally in their

framing a new scheme of government altogether, — the constitution of the United States.

Among the provisions of this constitution was one to the effect that all debts for which the United States had become liable as a confederation, as well as every agreement entered into by them, were now made valid, by express terms, against the United States. Ample powers were, in view of recent experience, likewise conferred upon the new government, both to secure its own maintenance and to provide for the public credit.

The total amount which had thus been formally assumed as public debt was estimated, with principal and arrearages of interest together, to reach the sum of $54,124,464.56, and became thenceforth distinguished and known under the names of foreign debt and domestic debt. The foreign debt summed up $11,710,378.62, and resolved itself into (1) loans obtained from private lenders in Holland, (2) sums of money furnished from time to time by the king of France, and (3) a small amount due to Spain.

Our country as a borrowing power (under the guarantee, as will be hereafter seen, of the king of France) was first introduced into Holland in the year 1781. John Adams, American ambassador at the Hague, had received general authority to borrow any sums required for necessary expenses, and succeeded by his wise management and perseverance in obtaining loans amounting to nine million florins, equal to $3,600,000. Four separate loans of this description were negotiated by him; the first in the year 1782, and the last in 1788. The rate of interest to be paid on this money was fixed nominally at four and five per cent. per annum; but the premiums and gratifications exacted by the lenders ran it up in reality as high as seven per cent. The payment of the interest went on quite regularly, the money coming directly out of the proceeds of the loans. Indeed, the last two loans, each for one million florins, were expressly obtained for this purpose, and were so pledged. Meanwhile, no part of the principal had been paid, the first installment thereon not falling due until the year 1793. These several loans had been made reimbursable, in equal payments, within fifteen years from date, the first payment to be made in the eleventh year.

The French debt differed in many respects from the debt owing in Holland. In addition to the support of his arms during the war of independence, the French king had also rendered important pecuniary assistance. Between the years 1778 and 1783, in addition to a subsidy of six million livres, he had granted under the title of loans thirty-four million livres, equal to $6,296,296. The amount last mentioned was divided into three parts. The first part consisted of loans made previously to the 16th of July, 1782, amounting in all to eighteen million livres. By a contract between the two countries, all arrears of interest up to that date, together with any interest that might accrue until the conclusion of a treaty of peace, were made a present to the United States in token of the king's friendship. The principal was made payable, with five per cent. interest per annum, in ready money in twelve equal parts, and at the royal treasury in Paris; the first payment to commence from the third year after a peace with Great Britain. The second part was the single loan, on the 5th of November, 1781, of five millions of florins, computed by agreement at ten millions of livres. Strictly speaking, this was a loan by the States-General of the United Provinces of the Netherlands to the French king, but made in favor of the United States; the king undertaking to guarantee its payment. This debt was to be reimbursed in Paris, in ten equal payments at four per cent. per annum. And in order that the king of France might be enabled to fulfill his own obligations in regard to it, the first of these payments was made due on the 5th of November, 1787. The third part was also a single loan of six millions of livres, bearing interest at five per cent. Its repayment was fixed within the period 1797–1802, both years inclusive.

These engagements with France the

old Congress had found itself unable to fulfill; although prompt payment, owing to the low condition of that country's finances in 1787, when the first installments became due, was especially necessary. The arrears accumulating after this fashion swelled the amount of principal and interest due to France at the close of the year 1789 to nearly three millions of dollars. As there was no abatement in their financial difficulties, the double motive of gratitude and justice urged the United States to begin without delay to reimburse the French debt.

Negotiations were accordingly opened at Amsterdam and Antwerp for the purpose of borrowing money upon the credit of the United States. Any other course, if not altogether impracticable, seemed at least to be unwise. The supply of money at home was too limited for the pressing needs of the government, either with respect to amount or time. Even had the home market been able to furnish the funds, the drain upon its cash for remittance to France would have been ruinous. Moreover, the money of foreigners would have been brought over here to be subscribed to a domestic loan, or to be invested in the stock. This would have induced a higher rate of interest, and by this means the specie of the country, which did not at the time exceed five million dollars, would have been carried away all the faster.

Eight loans were obtained in Holland, amounting in all to 23,500,000 florins, which, at forty cents per florin (the treasury rate of exchange), gave the sum of $9,400,000. The first of these loans was effected on February 1, 1790, and the final one on the 10th of April, 1794. The highest rate of interest, counting in extra charges along with the nominal interest, was a fraction more than five and a half per cent.; while the lowest actual interest was a fraction less than four and a half per cent. These conditions were quite as favorable as granted at the time to any borrowing power. The proceeds of the loans here spoken of were applied to paying the arrears of interest on the foreign debt, together with any installments of the principal then due; and also in providing for such other engagements and contracts respecting it as might avail to the public benefit.

Before, however, these financial dispositions were fully matured and settled more than a year had been suffered to elapse; so that on the 4th of August, 1790, the time when the laws were enacted for carrying them out, the arrears of principal and interest had largely increased. Happily, matters in this regard were being accelerated in the interim by the sagacious action of Mr. William Short, the financial agent of the United States in Europe. Foreseeing the wants of the government, that gentleman had, in the month of February, entered into a provisional agreement for a loan of three millions of florins in Amsterdam. This loan was accepted on account of the government on the 25th of August following, and out of it a first payment was made to France early in December. Other payments succeeded each other at short intervals, so that by September, 1792, accounts were adjusted between the two countries. At that time, too, the policy began to be adopted of paying the installments in advance, as such a course, it was believed, would tend to revive the friendly feelings of France, already weakened by previous breaches of faith. But, from want of confidence in the stability of that government, this policy was soon abandoned. The regular payments continued to be made promptly up to the 31st of December, 1795. The balance of the debt remaining unpaid on the 1st of January, 1796, was, because of an increase of interest, now exchanged for domestic securities, created for the purpose, at the rate of 18.15 cents per livre, the par value of the precious metals as agreed upon between the two countries.

Under this arrangement, certificates of domestic debt were issued by the United States, in favor of an agent duly authorized by the committee of public safety of the national convention, to the amount of $2,024,900; $1,848,900 of this sum bore interest at five and a half

per cent., and the remaining $176,000 four and a half per cent. In this final settlement was also included a loan of one million livres from the farmers-general, obtained in the year 1777. Thus was closed the account with the republic of France. The French debt, by means of re-loans, had now been transferred to Amsterdam and the United States.

Out of the proceeds of the new Dutch loans was likewise discharged the small debt due to Spain, as also the claims for pay and service of the foreign officers who had enlisted in the army during the late war, amounting to $186,988.23. The Spanish debt originated in this wise: In the year 1780, Congress, then under the pressure of immediate necessity, had sold bills of exchange on the American minister at Madrid to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars. It was hoped that these bills, which were at long dates, would be met by a loan from Spain. On their presentation for payment, however, the Spanish court refused to advance the money; and only after repeated solicitation was that government finally persuaded to grant a loan of $174,011, to be payable within three years, at five per cent. interest. This debt was paid in August, 1793, at which time it had amounted, with arrears of interest, to something more than $268,000.

The management of the domestic debt gave rise to more serious difficulties than the foreign debt. On the demise of the late government this debt amounted to $42,414,085.94. Out of this total $27,383,917.74 were represented by certificates which had been issued on account of the principal of the debt; $13,030,168.20, in indents, went to sum up the arrears of interest as computed to December 31, 1790; and two million dollars was the estimate formed of the unliquidated portion, consisting chiefly of continental bills of credit. The capital of the debt was in the nature of an annuity at six per cent. per annum, redeemable at the pleasure of the government by the payment of the principal. As to the arrears of interest, which bore so large a proportion to the principal of the debt, any immediate payment was not at all practicable. While the very nature of these claims made them of necessity a subject for construction, yet they were entitled to the same consideration as was given to the principal.

The ratification of the new constitution by a number of the States sufficient to secure an organized government exerted a timely and restorative influence upon the public credit. The belief became general that now some effective provision would be made for the payment of the domestic debt. That it was just and valid had never been questioned. It was designated "the price of liberty;" and the good faith and honor of the country had been repeatedly and solemnly pledged for its payment. The late government had made, it is true, earnest and laudable efforts towards fulfilling its obligations, but these efforts were defeated by the more urgent necessities of the war, as well as by its own inexperience in finance, not to speak of the embarrassments of a defective constitution during the last seven years of its existence. Now that the new government had competent powers to command the resources of the whole country, the confidence of creditors began to revive. And this confidence that some action would be taken in their behalf received new strength and sanction on the adoption by the house of representatives, at the close of the first session of Congress in September, 1789, of a resolution declaring that they considered an adequate provision for the support of the public credit to be a matter of high importance to the national honor and prosperity. A rapid increase took place in the market value of the public securities. They had been selling for no more than fifteen and twenty cents upon their nominal value. But from January, 1789, to November of the same year, they rose thirty-three and a third per cent.; and by the following January they had risen fifty per cent. more.

On the 4th of August, 1790, was passed an act known as the funding act. This was a plan for remodeling the do-

mestic debt, and it grew out of the absolute necessity of bringing the government's liabilities within reach of its probable income. Were the government, with its current expenses, — always liable to increase from contingent demands, — to attempt to pay the interest of the entire mass of the public debt on the basis contracted for, it would have to control a revenue of not less than five millions of dollars annually. To undertake to secure this sum by means of taxation would, it was apprehended, put a very great strain on the nascent capacity of the country, as its ability to bear taxation was as yet practically untried. In lieu, therefore, of the original basis contracted for, a provision for the debt was made under the funding act on a basis calculated at four per cent. The measure was an appeal to the intelligence of the creditors, and to their interest as well, in favor of an arrangement which was considered to be based upon a real and fair equivalent. This reorganization of the old debt made it easier to be provided for, while at the same time it offered unquestionable security for the strict fulfillment of the new engagements.

A loan was now opened for the full amount of the domestic debt, the subscriptions thereto being made payable in the certificates that had been previously issued for it. For every sum subscribed in the principal of the debt two certificates were issued: one of them for an amount equal to two thirds of the subscription, bearing interest (payable quarterly) at the rate of six per cent. per annum from the 1st of January, 1791; the other for the remaining third of the sum, bearing the same interest after the year 1800. The debt in this new shape was subject, upon the accruing of the interest, to redemption in such payments as were not to exceed in a single year, on account of both principal and interest, the proportion of eight dollars upon a hundred dollars. The arrears of interest, computed to the last day of December, 1790, were fundable, dollar for dollar, into a stock redeemable at the pleasure of the government, and bore interest at three per cent. per annum, payable quarterly from the 1st of January, 1791.

Lest it might be imputed that this new measure acted upon the necessities of the creditors, and so carried with it an appearance of coercing them, the change in the form of the debt was left to their own choice. To this end, a solemn legislative declaration was made in protection of the rights of any creditors who did not think proper to subscribe to the new loan, and which stated that those rights should in no wise be altered, abridged, or impaired, and that their contracts were to remain in full force and validity. An appropriation was made for paying them an interest on their respective claims equal to the interest payable to the subscribing creditors. The sole condition attached to their payment was the return of the old certificates in exchange for new ones of like tenor, or their registration. This was necessary as a protection against fraud, and also as a help towards ascertaining as far as possible the extent of the public debt. The option of separating the arrears of interest from the principal and funding them at three per cent. was also given the creditors. But it was well understood that no more was to be done for the non-subscribers than was positively due to good faith.

Under the new form now assumed by the public debt the government relinquished the right of redeeming it at pleasure, which it could previously use to its advantage whenever there was a fall in the market-rate of interest. This surrender served to give to the debt a more fixed character. Again, instead of the interest being paid at the end of the year and only at the treasury, it was now to be paid in quarterly payments and at thirteen different places, which made it equivalent to 6.15 per cent. per annum in lieu of the stipulated rate of six per cent. Furthermore, by the original contract only an annual provision for the interest was required, whereas the funding act appropriated and pledged funds for both the interest and the principal, and this appropriation was made coextensive with the duration of the debt.

Considerable intrinsic value now accrued to the public debt in its new form from these stipulations. Nor is this statement negatived by the fact of the reduction of the interest from six per cent. to four per cent., inasmuch as it was made on an estimate of the resources of the country below the value of their subsequent growth and expansion. And it is this growth in the national finances which might hinder the measure, without adverting to this fact, from being appreciated in our day at its full value. The very change in the mode of appropriation formed of itself a valuable consideration; and this was evidenced at the time by the opposition of a strong party to the funding of the debt upon terms so advantageous to the creditors as those offered. This party contended that a discrimination should be made between the possessors of the certificates by purchase and the original holders, as the latter, under the pressure of need, had had to sell their certificates at a very great discount. The permanent had this advantage over the annual provision, namely, that once it was made it was absolutely safe, at least until all the three departments of the government should concur in revoking the solemn pledge given to the creditors. The annual provision, on the other hand, was always liable to be defeated by the prevailing passions, prejudices, or intrigues of a majority of but a single branch of the government. Some of the creditors were at first for insisting on better terms, and in a memorial to Congress entered their protest against the commutation as a breach of faith, particularly in view of the favor shown to the foreign creditors. Nevertheless, seeing on the whole that there was now secured to them a permanent and reliable settlement of their claims, all agreed to accept the modification proposed.

The books for receiving subscriptions were opened in all the States on the 1st of October, 1790, and were closed on the last day of the year 1797. During this interval nearly the whole of the old debt was subscribed to the new loan; there were a few, however, who still held back from funding their certificates, although they had registered them. All evidences of debt presented after the loan should be closed, and previous to the 12th of June, 1799, were to be paid in specie at their nominal value if registered, and at their market value if not registered. If any of them failed to be presented within this defined period, they became, by the fact, forever barred from settlement or allowance. The total amount of domestic debt that was funded was $41,963,561.98; $19,622,505.52 of this amount were in six per cent. stock; $9,416,382.92 in deferred stock; and $12,924,673.54 in three per cent. stock. The difference between the amount actually funded and the amount at first computed to be outstanding was attributable not so much to the act of limitation as to the loss or casual destruction of certificates throughout a period of more than twenty years. To this chief cause may be added the errors made in the estimates themselves, as for instance in the old emission bills, which, while computed at forty for one, were provided for at one hundred for one. Loan certificates, also, which were thought to have been already applied to the public service were returned to the treasury and canceled.

An important feature in the general plan for reorganizing the public debt was the assumption by the government of the debts incurred by the States in support of the war, and which in their nature and of right were properly a charge against the United States. The Congress which assembled at the commencement of the war of independence, possessing no defined powers of government, had no right to tax the States. However, when an appeal was made to them, the States furnished money and supplies according to their ability, considering these contributions as loans or advances for the common weal. By the adoption of the articles of confederation in the year 1781, no practical change was made in the mode of carrying on the war. The public contracts still continued to be turned over to the several States for settlement, a course which was not only a relief but a necessity to

a government with an empty treasury. The main obligations thus undertaken by the States were that they should settle the arrears of pay of their respective lines of the army, as well as the claims of their own citizens, many of whom already held the certificates of the commissioners or other officers of the United States for supplies furnished or services rendered. Now these obligations the States either paid in their own bills of credit, or substituted their own State certificates for the certificates of the United States. Such creditors therefore not only had never been asked to consent to this transfer of their claims from the United States, but had besides received no actual payment, but only promises of payment, which remained still unredeemed. Here arose a conflict between justice and generosity. Each State from the first was bound for its just proportion of the expenses of the war; anything advanced in excess of this of course gave the State a claim to remuneration. Until, however, the extent of these latter demands had been ascertained, the United States were not strictly obligated to assume their indebtedness. But on the other hand it would have been impolitic, and even invidious, to make a discrimination between equally meritorious public creditors, by paying one class and leaving the other to look for payment to the States, which were already overburdened with debts.

The debts of all the States taken together were found to amount to about $21,500,000. For the full sum a loan was opened at the same time and the same places as already prescribed for the domestic debt; and to each State was assigned a quota of it about equal to its estimated and still unpaid war debt. The subscriptions were paid indiscriminately in the certificates of the principal and of the interest (this latter computed to the 31st of December, 1791) of the debts of the respective States, issued prior to January, 1790, for services or supplies furnished for the prosecution of the late war. Each person subscribing received three certificates: one for a sum equal to four ninths of the subscribed sum, with interest at six per cent. per annum from the 1st of January, 1792; another for two ninths of the subscribed sum, to bear interest after the year 1800, at six per cent.; and the third certificate for the remaining three ninths, bearing an interest of three per cent. from the 1st of January, 1792. The interest on these several certificates was payable in the same manner, and the principal was made subject to a like mode of redemption, as the correspondent stock created by the loan funding the domestic debt.

The subscriptions to the funded assumed debt were closed on the 1st of March, 1793. Out of the total amount which had been assigned to the States only $18,271,814.74 had been subscribed. This difference is chiefly accounted for by the fact that the sums assumed for some of the States were in excess of the actual amount of their outstanding debts. In some instances, too, the debt was of such a kind as to preclude its being accepted; in the case, for example, of certificates issued after the 1st of January, 1790. A number of persons, besides, not noting the limitation of time for receiving subscriptions, or from entire ignorance of it, lost thereby the opportunity of subscribing.

The debts of the States did not, however, furnish any criterion of their relative contributions to the war. Some of them, escaping more than others the ravages of actual warfare, had therefore been able, by means of current taxation and their ample resources, to meet their expenses and reduce their debt; while those which had suffered, and were therefore forced to make all the heavier drafts upon their credit, found themselves exhausted when the war ceased, and ill prepared to face their liabilities. These grave inequalities in their financial condition, the result of a random distribution of the burdens of the war, it was now necessary to correct; and accordingly the assumption of the state debts was followed by the appointment of a board of three commissioners for the settlement of the accounts between the United States and the individual States.

Under the arrangement effected by this commission, the States were charged with all advances made to them by the United States, including the amount of assumed debt, with interest computed to the last day of the year 1789. The bills of credit, of which the advances principally consisted, were liquidated according to an established scale on a specie value at the date of each of the advances. On the other hand, the States were credited with their individual expenditures, whether of moneys paid or supplies furnished to the United States. This total of credit was liquidated to a specie value also, with interest to the last day of the year 1789. The expenditures on the part of the States having been found to exceed the advances from the United States by over seventy-seven and a half millions of dollars, an apportionment of this excess was made among the States according to the rule for apportioning representatives and direct taxes, as prescribed by the constitution of the United States. In order to insure perfect equalization it was necessary that the newly apportioned sum together with the advances should exactly correspond to the expenditure of each State. This was the standard of adjustment. In every State in which the expenditures fell short of this amount, a balance equal to the difference became due to the United States; and where any of them exceeded it, the balance was in that case due the State from the United States.

The debtor States were New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and North Carolina. The creditor States, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, South Carolina, and Georgia.

The balances due to the creditor States amounted to $3,517,584, and were funded by the United States in accordance with the law providing for the settlement of accounts. These balances stood on the same terms as the other part of the domestic debt, except that the stock was not transferable. The purpose of this restriction was to keep as much of the debt as possible out of the hands of foreigners, who were already holders of a large portion of it. But it was soon found necessary to suspend it, so as to enable the States to pay their remaining creditors. The balances proper were funded in six per cent. stock, two thirds of the amount to bear interest at once, the other third only after the year 1800. Each State also received interest upon its balance at the rate of four per cent. per annum, dating from the last day of December, 1789, to the last day of the same month, 1794. And this interest, which amounted to $703,516.80, was funded in three per cent. stock. The annual interest on the whole, except as to the deferred stock, began to accrue on the 1st of January, 1795.

The sum total of debt undertaken in behalf of the States amounted to $22,492,915.54. By the assumption proper the public debt of the country at large was not augmented. This measure only transferred a portion of it, which was thereby lifted off the States in their separate capacity and placed upon them in their national or united capacity. In this shape the general government was able to manage and provide for it, and it could do it more efficiently than would have been possible under the conflicting systems and less ample resources of the States. For it must be remembered that the States had now vested in the federal government a concurrent and superior power of taxation; and, moreover, that in giving up their right to lay duties on imports and exports they had parted with their most productive source of revenue. In a word, the assumption was a measure devised for fixing the responsibility for the payment of all the debts arising out of the Revolution upon the national government, where it properly belonged.

The case was different with the funded balances. Here there was an actual increase of debt. The United States in funding the balances of the creditor States acted only in behalf of and as guarantees for the debtor States, from which their payment was really due. But the United States have never succeeded in collecting the balances due from the debtor States, which would, as was orig-

inally intended, have offset the newly created debt. These States were given the option of settling their accounts either in money or in public stocks, or of expending the sums due upon the fortifications belonging to the United States. This invitation was made to them in the year 1799, at the time of a threatened outbreak with France. The State of New York partially complied with it. With this single and unimportant exception nothing has ever been recovered upon the balances of the debtor States.

The funding of the public debt on the terms already mentioned enabled the government to introduce system into the finances from the very beginning. The postponement to the 1st of January, 1791, of the annual payment of interest (all accruing to that date being converted into new capital) afforded an opportunity of testing the unknown resources of the country in advance of the necessity of a large revenue. In other respects also this delay was opportune, for the old government, not possessing the right to raise direct revenue, had no fiscal service. This branch therefore needed to be organized from its foundation. Officers were to be appointed all over the country, buildings provided for the transaction of business, and all other arrangements entered into incident to the collection of revenue.

To aid in administering the finances, a national bank, under the name of the Bank of the United States, was also chartered, with a capital of ten million dollars. It was granted the privilege of issuing notes, to be receivable in all payments to the United States; and the government likewise subscribed to two million dollars of the stock, paying for it by means of a loan of the bank of the same amount, which was reimbursable in ten years by equal annual installments. The interest on this loan, at six per cent. per annum, was derived from the dividends on the stock. As these averaged all through the duration of the bank's charter 8 13-36 per cent., a handsome profit was annually coming to the government.

On the 4th of July, 1789, the temporary tariff was adopted to meet the immediate wants of the government. It was based on the one which, as a federal tax, had been proposed to the States by the Continental Congress, and agreed to by all but two. The initiatory expenses of the government being mainly on account of the current service, the duties for the seventeen months this tariff was in force yielded a surplus over appropriations of $1,371,430. A large portion of this sum was subsequently invested in purchases of the public debt.

From the 1st of January, 1791, the annual income needed by the government for all demands was $2,839,163, distributed as follows: for the annual interest on the foreign debt, $542,600; for the four per cent. interest on the domestic debt, $1,896,563; and for current expenses, $600,000. In order to provide this sum an average increase of two and a half per cent. was placed on existing duties. Moreover, on the 1st of January, 1792, the date of the interest on the funded assumed debt becoming due, duties were laid on spirits distilled at home, while a higher rate was then too put on the foreign article. These additional duties gave an annual product of $800,000, and served to raise the national income to the level of all probable demands. All taxes and duties now established were to continue permanent as long as the debt lasted. Moreover, with the single exception of an annual reservation for the government of $600,000, their first proceeds were pledged and appropriated to paying the annual interest of the debt. Congress, however, reserved the right of substituting for these duties others of equal value.

But no sooner was this equilibrium in the public accounts secured than it was disturbed by unforeseen causes, demanding a still larger revenue. An expensive war with the Indians of the Northwest was almost immediately thrust upon the government. The Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania, growing out of resistance to the excise law, broke out in 1794; and in the same year, our relations with England becoming critical, the harbors were fortified, arsenals and

armories established, supplies of arms and stores purchased, and new ships built for the navy; finally, a treaty at heavy cost had to be purchased of Algiers. To meet these unexpected demands upon the treasury, fresh taxation had to be resorted to.

Apart from a deficit of $526,000, to provide for which some additional duties were put upon imported articles in May, 1792, the year 1794 was the one of greatest embarrassment during this period. The appropriations in that year exceeded those of any former year by upwards of two and a half millions of dollars; while the revenue, by reason of the interruptions to commerce, was estimated to fall off from the receipts of previous years $1,300,000. The tariff was again increased, and internal duties were laid upon carriages, refined sugar, snuff, licenses for selling wines and foreign liquors, and property sold at auction. Besides this, a prospective deficiency of cash in the treasury by the 1st of April made it necessary to provide immediately a million and a half of dollars. This sum was raised by a loan on the new internal duties, pledged in anticipation. By the close of the year signs of relief were apparent. In 1795 the Indians made peace, and England, too, modified her foreign policy in regard to neutral commerce.

The public expenditures were at once reduced, and soon there was a well-grounded assurance, on the basis of the existing revenues, of a surplus of more than a million of dollars in the year 1795, and in succeeding years also. The annual revenue was placed at $6,552,-300.74; the current annual expenditure at $5,481,843.90; giving an excess of income of $1,070,456.84. Making allowance for unforeseen demands and for deficiencies, the latter sum was deemed a sufficient guarantee for commencing a regular and immediate reduction of the public debt. With this view the temporary tariff duties which had been imposed under the pressure of recent complications, foreign and domestic, were retained as an addition to the permanent revenue; and the five internal duties, yielding a sum of $380,000, were also continued in force until the 1st of March, 1801, the year in which the deferred stock was payable. At that time Congress could decide from the actual condition of things whether those duties or any others would be required.

This was not, however, the earliest provision for reducing the public debt. There had prevailed from the very outset a paramount determination of lessening its burden as soon as practicable. By the terms of the funding act the proceeds of the public lands in the Western territory were appropriated solely in redemption of the debt. The fund from this source was set down at between three and four millions of dollars, the estimated price of the lands being twenty cents per acre. Again, after ample provision, according to the act, had been made for funding the debt, the surplus revenue to the end of the year 1790 was set apart for the purchase of any public stocks which were selling below their par value in the market.

These purchases were doubly beneficial at the time; for, besides sinking a capital often more than fifty per cent. greater than the sum expended, they accelerated the rise of stocks that were in great demand abroad, thus producing a clear profit to the nation proportioned to the enhanced price foreigners were obliged to pay for their purchases. A loan of two millions of dollars was even authorized for the same purpose, in order to place in the hands of the government sufficient means to influence the market whenever it was desirable. In the first quarter of the year 1791, the six per cents sold at eighty-two cents on the dollar; the three per cents and the deferred stock at forty-two cents. As early as the 1st of August, the six per cents had risen to par value, and the other two stocks to sixty cents; and in the month of January, 1792, the former commanded a premium of twenty-five per cent., and the two latter as much as seventy-five cents on the dollar. But they all subsequently declined, owing to the troubled state of public affairs.

The nominal amount of all the stocks

purchased on account of the two funds was $1,994,801.43, for which $1,392,672.54 in specie were paid. Of this sum $957,770.65 were credited to the surplus revenue, and the balance to the loan.

A permanent fund for the extinction of the public debt was first established by the act of the 8th of May, 1792. This fund had a twofold endowment: first, it was endowed with the annual interest on the public debt, that is, on the portion previously purchased, redeemed, or paid into the treasury for any debt or demand of the United States, and also on any portion that might thereafter be purchased, redeemed, or so paid; and secondly, it was endowed with the surplus remaining of the sums appropriated to pay the interest on the public debt. The annual proceeds of this fund, which increased as the outstanding stock decreased, were appropriated and inviolably pledged to the purchase, in as equal proportion as possible, of the several species of stocks constituting the public debt, at their market price respectively, if it did not exceed the par or true value; and this purchasing was to continue until the annual income of the fund should be equal to two per cent. of the whole amount of the outstanding funded stock bearing a present interest of six per cent. The fund was thenceforth to be applied to the redemption of that portion of the debt (according to the reserved right of the government), until the whole of it was redeemed. This redemption being accomplished, purchases were to be resumed out of the fund of the remaining unredeemed debt.

The fund was, however, inadequate to any very serious or immediate reduction of the debt. The annual interest account, its only certain resource, was of slow growth, and amounted at that time to less than forty thousand dollars; whereas a sum equal to two per cent. on the whole amount of the six per cent. stock subject to be created was upwards of six hundred thousand dollars.

The plan of redemption devised by the act of the 8th of May, 1792, was now enlarged and perfected by the act of the 3d of March, 1795, in which the name of sinking fund was first adopted. The resources of the sinking fund were now enlarged to such an extent out of the permanent revenues, out of the proceeds of former provisions, and from the bank dividends in excess of the annual interest on the unpaid installments of the subscription loan as to enable the government, on the strength of this increase, to commence on the 1st of January, 1796, the annual reimbursement of the six per cent. stock; to pay as they became due the annual installments themselves of the subscription loan of the National Bank; and upon the final settlement of this last-mentioned debt to begin on the 1st of January, 1802, the regular reimbursement of the deferred stock.

The absolute appropriation of more liberal funds was deemed imprudent and unsafe in the existing state of the revenue; but some auxiliary resources of a contingent character were made available to the sinking fund. These consisted of the net proceeds of the sales of the public lands, of all moneys received into the treasury on account of debts which originated under the old government, and of all surpluses arising from excess of revenue or from unexpended appropriations. These accessions it was hoped would amply secure a more speedy redemption of the debt than had been expressly stipulated for. No further provision in the sinking fund was made applicable to the purchase or redemption of any other component part of the public debt until the six per cent. and the deferred stock had been discharged. Upon such discharge, all the moneys of the fund were to be used in the purchase or redemption of the remaining unpaid debt, whether funded or unfunded, foreign or domestic. If, however, prior to the discharge of the six per cent. and the deferred stocks, the resources of the sinking fund were found adequate to paying the sums applied annually to the reimbursement of these two stocks, and yielding a surplus besides, then this surplus might meanwhile be employed in reducing the other parts of the debt. Nor

could the moneys of the sinking fund be diverted to any other purpose than the paying of the public debt until the whole of it was paid, except when its only remaining outstanding portion was the three per cent. stock; in which event Congress reserved the right of using the moneys of the fund thereto pledged for any purpose it might see fit.

The president of the senate, the chief-justice, the secretary of the treasury, the secretary of state, and the attorney-general, for the time being, were appointed the commissioners of the sinking fund. All reimbursements of the capital of the debt were placed under their superintendence, and all moneys accruing to the fund were so vested in them as to acquire the nature and quality of a proprietary trust, incapable of being diverted, except by a violation of the principles and sanctions of private property, to any other object than the reduction of the public debt.

In order that this system of redemption might not be dependent on extraneous provisions, but have within itself full means of complete execution, the commissioners were empowered and required to anticipate the revenue already appropriated, and make loans whenever the prompt payment of the annual interest rendered such a course necessary. These sums were not to exceed in any one year one million of dollars, and were to be payable within a year from the date of each loan. Furthermore, if in their judgment there was reason to apprehend that all the probable receipts into the treasury for any year would fall short of the amount needed for the annual current expenditures of the government, as well as for the payments they had in charge, they were in such contingencies also authorized, and even enjoined, to borrow, either by direct loan or by the sale of certificates of stock, any sums requisite for paying installments falling due of the debt existing on the 3d of March, 1795. For the payment of the interest on these projected loans there were pledged and appropriated, first, the interest on the sums reimbursed from their proceeds; and secondly, such amount of the permanent revenue as might be necessary to make up any deficiency. The interest on the six per cent. and the deferred stocks was, however, not included in this provision, as that interest was already set apart to form accumulations for paying the successive installments of the principal of these stocks; for these installments increased each year in the ratio of the interest liberated by each payment.

The great object of the law of the 3d of March, 1795, seems to have been to make efficient provision for the gradual reimbursement of the six per cent. and deferred stocks, and so pave the way for a future though distant payment of the remainder of the debt. As the successive reimbursement of these two stocks became thenceforth an irrevocable stipulation with the creditors, they were virtually converted from an annuity of six per cent. per annum for an indefinite period into an annuity of eight per cent. for a period of somewhat less than twenty-four years from the first payment under the new system. The first payment was made in one undivided sum, but after that no distinction was observed in the payments between the interest account and that of the principal. Dividends at the rate of one and one half per cent. on the original capital were declared on the last day of March, June, and September, and of three and one half per cent. on the last day of December. This arrangement was adopted because of its easy execution, and was most favorable to the equal and regular circulation of the revenue.

The foreign debt already rested in contracts which provided for its gradual reimbursement at stipulated periods. The Dutch debt made up the largest part of it. This debt amounted to $12,200,000, and for its extinguishment during the next fifteen years required annual payments ranging from $80,000 to $2,220,000, and averaging for each of these years $813,333.33, not including premiums, gratifications, commissions, and expenses of remittance; for all of these debts no provision was practically made except by borrowing money. However,

as an expedient for postponing these payments as long as the state of the finances required it, a proposal was submitted to the foreign creditors to convert their debts into a domestic stock, reimbursable at the pleasure of the government. An increase of interest of one half per cent. per annum in addition to the rate already secured by the original contracts was offered them in indemnification for incidental charges; such as the expense and hazard of employing agents in the United States, the chances of exchange, payments of insurance and commissions, and in general for equalizing the facilities attending the payment of interest at home. The French government, we have seen, subscribed the remaining portion of its debt to this domestic loan.

The act of the 3d of March, 1795, is an event of importance in the financial history of the country. It was the consummation of what remained unfinished in our system of public credit, in that it publicly recognized and ingrafted on that system three essential principles, the regular operation of which can alone prevent a progressive accumulation of debt: first of all it established distinctive revenues for the payment of the interest of the public debt as well as for the reimbursement of the principal within a determinate period; secondly, it directed imperatively their application to the debt alone; and thirdly, it pledged the faith of the government that the appointed revenues should continue to be levied and collected and appropriated to these objects until the whole debt should be redeemed.

Under the operation of this sinking fund the payment of the public debt was designed and anticipated to take place by the year 1826, or within a period of about thirty years. It did not respond to this aim and anticipation. Indeed, the practical working of a scheme so complex and intricate would have been in the long run problematical, even had events suffered it to take its regular and intended course. Be that as it may, the failure of some of its provisions, in concurrence with fresh troubles both at home and abroad, besides aggravating some latent defects, overstrained the weak points of a system which, under more favorable circumstances, might have been atoned for, if not wholly overcome, by the elastic resources of the country.

John Watts Kearney.

SOME FRENCH NOVELS.

It is one of the minor results of the war between Russia and Turkey that the world is learning a great deal more than it ever knew before about the real character of the contesting nations; and it is to the awakening curiosity of outsiders concerning the Russians that the appearance of Oblomoff[1] is due. We foreigners have learned to know Russian literature, and have formed our opinion about the people, in great measure from Tourguéneff's novels; but many must have noticed what Mr. Bryce says in his Transcaucasia and Ararat, that Russians give that author by no means the highest place among contemporary writers; they acknowledge his great power, but they speak of him as one of many, and sing the praises of his rivals. Whether or not this is, as Mr. Bryce suggests, a bit of revenge for his satire of his countrymen it is hard to say; but there can be no doubt that a writer may be inferior to Tourguéneff, and yet well

[1] *Oblomoff. Scènes de la Vie Russe.* Traduction de Piotre Artamoff. Revue, corrigée, et augmentée d'une Notice sur l'Auteur, par Charles Deulin Paris: Didier & Cie. 1877.

worth reading. Especially is this true of the writers who form a class with Tourguéneff, so to speak; who have been exposed to the same influences, and, like him, have written with the intention of picturing Russian faults. Pisemski has written under the inspiration of dissatisfaction with the blight that rigid despotism had thrown upon the country, as it manifested itself in the listlessness of the weak and the corruption of the strong, as well as in the extreme violence of the reaction which has shown itself in nihilism. Goutcharoff, the author of Oblomoff, is a novelist of considerable fame in his own country. This story is one of his principal works, — in all he has written but three, — and it is said that the original is exceedingly well done. This quality is of course hardly to be distinguished in the translation, which, however, has a smoothness of its own, having been done with great care under the supervision of a large number of Russians who wished to commend one of their favorite authors to the outside world. This translation was made some eighteen years ago, but it could obtain no publisher until these days, when anything about Russia is sure of readers. As it is, great concessions have been made to the pampered public, inasmuch as only half the book has been given, from a fear that the whole would prove wearisome. This is a most unwise thing to do, and is exceedingly unfair to the author. It can hardly fail, too, to displease the reader, who, if he likes the book, must now ask for more, but who, if he had the book complete, could stop where he chose. To judge by a mere fragment the work of so careful a writer as Goutcharoff is said to be is impossible; but it is to be hoped that the success of this book will be such that more of this author's writing will be given to Western readers.

The purpose of this sketch (for in its present form it can hardly be called more) is to draw a picture of the aimless Russian who is frequently met with in the novels of that country, and who would seem to have been drawn from the life by those writers who saw with clear eyes the brutalizing effect that the reign of Nicholas produced upon a whole generation. Oblomoff is a man, but little over thirty, possessed of a competence, who has given up in disgust a position in the civil service, and at the time this story opens is beginning to seclude himself from the world, partly from hypochondria and partly from extreme indolence. The first part of the novel, all that has as yet been put into French, simply describes one day of his sluggish life. He wakes up in the morning to be met by the memory of a letter he received the night before from his steward, telling him that his next year's income from his estate will be two thousand rubles less than it has been before. At the same time he is requested by his landlord to leave his lodgings in St. Petersburg, some changes in the construction of the house being intended. These two alarming incidents almost crush him. He lies in bed, and tries to think how they are to be met; friends come in to see him, and he consults them in his misery; and finally he begins to recognize dimly the utter weakness of his character. An episode given in this volume is his dream, in which there pass before him all the memories of his childhood, and the reader perceives the ill-advised methods of his education. In the original the book goes on to describe his struggles to free himself from the incubus of helpless sloth that is slowly suffocating him, and the aid that is offered him by an energetic friend, a German, who has for ally a young girl who undertakes with enthusiasm the task set her of inspiring this amiable but weak man with ambition and energy. They fail completely, however, for the defect in Oblomoff lies too deep to be cured. It is especially to be regretted that such a mere scrap of the novel is given, because the heroine, Olga, of whom we have very little mention, is much praised by all the Russian critics, and the reader cannot help feeling defrauded of his just dues. It arouses curiosity to find anything cut out of a newspaper; how much worse it is when half of a book is excised!

From the little that is given, however,

it is easy to see that Gontcharoff is an able writer who deserves to be better known abroad. It is, moreover, curious to observe the likeness that he bears to Pisemski and Tourguéneff, this story of his corresponding to Dimitri Roudine, and in some measure to Pisemski's Tausend Seelen; while the later developments of nihilism inspired Tourguéneff with material for his Fathers and Sons, Pisemski with a novel yet untranslated, and Gontcharoff with a novel, also existing only in Russian, called The Precipice, which would seem from all accounts to be a noteworthy book. That the fault which Gontcharoff attacked in Oblomoff was wide-spread there can be no doubt. The very fact that it is attacked seriously makes this plain. A writer who lived in any other country would treat such a subject as something farcical; the incompetent man would be laughed at as an amusing exception, and not chosen as a fair representative of a fault common to society. The keenness with which the leading Russian writers follow up the predominant faults of their countrymen is a proof of considerable intellectual activity of a kind that observation teaches us is the surest to bring forth good fruit. The flavor of the soil never injures good literature; and with reference to all these Russian writers we feel that they have learned how to combine imagination and observation. Still, the flavor of the soil is the most important quality in this brief bit of a Russian story.

It is to a much larger public that Daudet's new novel, Le Nabab,[1] appeals. Whatever Daudet's merits, it cannot be denied that he suits a large circle of readers. His Froment Jeune has reached its fortieth edition, and although it is hard to avoid feeling that the book has been exceedingly over-praised, and that its glaring faults have been singularly overlooked, it shows, besides careful reading of the principal English and French novelists, a certain knowledge of passion and emotion, and, to some extent, the ability to tell a story. Jack, that followed, was less good. Le Nabab, although it has great faults, is yet, to our thinking, the cleverest of the three; his earlier books may be left out of the reckoning. The story that it tells is one that is more or less familiar to Parisian society, which, like the rest of the world, rejoices to find itself reflected in novels. The nabob who is the hero of the book is a Frenchman from the south of France, who has risen from great poverty to the possession of enormous wealth by mysterious practices in Tunis. Of course his main desire, now that he has made a fortune, is to spend it in Paris; and at the opening of the story we find him supporting a crowd of detestable parasites, who all live with one hand in his pockets, and who are perpetually urging him to further their wild projects. So much of the later French literature, from Balzac down, is devoted to the description of adventurers that Daudet enters on a tolerably crowded field in drawing a man like the nabob and his flatterers; but he deserves praise for much that he has done here. The nabob himself it is hard not to like, and it is this affection the reader feels for the poor man that makes the book interesting. He certainly is not a faultless hero; there are very dark rumors concerning the way in which he made his money, to say nothing about the way he spends it; but it is hard not to sympathize with his ambition to become a deputy, and his desire to be successful in his conflict with the rival banker, Hemerlingue. This Hemerlingue had married a slave whom the nabob's wife had refused to receive in Tunis, whence a deadly feud had arisen between the two families, and the hostile banker is gradually compassing the nabob's ruin. In telling the story Balzac would have made much of this quarrel, and would have given us a full account of the ups and downs of the Tunisian funds, with all the particulars of the methods each of the contestants resorted to in struggling with his opponent. Moreover, it cannot be denied, he would have drawn with much greater intensity the passionate feelings of the two rivals, and with such sympathetic ardor that the reader

[1] *Le Nabab.* Mœurs Parisiennes. Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Charpentier. 1878.

would have been in no way repelled by the accumulation of financial facts. But Daudet, probably because the novel first appeared in serial form, has given a number of somewhat incoherent scenes rather than a connected story. We have, as it were, a collection of photographic views of Parisian life, and not a complete, rounded tale. In fact, it is as hard for the novelist as it is for any one else to serve two masters, and it is almost impossible to construct a story that shall be composed of thrilling incidents, each one of which shall be complete in itself and yet subordinate to the whole development. The author's powder is wasted in firing fine shot. Consequently, the reader's attention, when he has the whole novel before him, is turned from one incident to another in a somewhat irritating way. But most of the separate scenes are described with ability. There is much, for instance, that is clever in the account of the oily-tongued quack, Dr. Jenkins, but it is impossible not to feel distracted with the exaggeration with which the whole book is profusely filled. The scandal about Madame Jenkins may serve as an example of overdrawn and unnecessary incident. To be sure, it expresses the author's contempt for the vicious society of the empire, abuse of which serves to enliven the French novels of the last few years; but it reminds the reader much more of a man who should enter a banquet hall where he disapproved of the festivities, and should pull the table-cloth from the table, than it does of one who is filled with righteous but sober indignation. Again, the episode of Felicia lends a good deal of unattractiveness to the book; and, attractive or not, this character can hardly be considered a happy addition. Indeed, the scene is much overcrowded. One of the most prominent figures in the motley crowd is the Duc de Mora, a very flimsy disguise for the Duc de Morny, whose private secretary Daudet was in the days when, possibly unconsciously, he was making studies for his denunciations of imperial society. This worthy nobleman is distinctly drawn, and so are some of the less aristocratic characters; but it is the nabob himself who rises far above them all. The story of his crude, boyish ambitions, of his sincere delight in his success, of his humility in defeat, of his affection for those he loved, and of his kindliness for every one is good reading, although the narrative is too profusely enriched with all sorts of scandalous titbits that forever tickle the reader's appetite.

With all its faults, the book is, to our thinking, more genuine than Froment Jeune, and less narrow and willfully pathetic than Jack. The reader closes it with real admiration for the author's cleverness, in spite of all that there is overdrawn in the caricatures of men and women that fill so many pages of the story. It is, too, a curious example of the way in which, to speak plainly, the love of gossip, at least of scandalous gossip, has become a prominent literary appetite. The passages from the servile memoirs of the *garçon de bureau* in this book are typical of much recent fiction, which seems made up of eavesdropping and interviewing. The empire that met with a violent death at Sedan was bad enough, but it is hard to praise those novelists who fill their books with tattle about it.

By a singular chance, the reader in search of novelty can now lay his hand on a romance of Balzac's that has only within a few months seen the light, and can, if he pleases, make a comparison between the great master of French fiction and his somewhat degenerate successors. To be sure, the chances are that there are other novels out of the enormous collection of Balzac's works which most people have not yet read, but they have not the charm of novelty which marks Les Petits Bourgeois,[1] the title of the one just exhumed. Whether it had been lying in some forgotten drawer, or had been condemned by its illustrious author, the publisher does not state. The book also lacks the dates of beginning and ending that mark the marvelously brief time of composition of most of his

[1] *Les Petits Bourgeois.* Par H. DE BALZAC. Two vols. Paris: Lévy. 1877.

novels; but yet in Balzac's Correspondance the reader will find frequent mention of this book. The first time its name occurs is under date of February 5, 1844, in which he speaks of writing the story for the *feuilleton* of the Journal des Débats; and although a few days later he speaks of the story as awaiting correction and completion, he refers to it again as unwritten in October, 1846. Probably he left it unfinished for a long time, or possibly, even after completion, he was dissatisfied with it. One is safe in setting the date of its composition at about the year 1846, for Modeste Mignon was published in its place in the Débats.

The title well defines the subject of the story, which was a subdivision of Balzac's attempt "to paint the great modern monster in all its phases.[1] It was Paris that he aimed at presenting in his pages; and every reader of his novels knows with what thoroughness he performed his task. Les Petits Bourgeois is not the best of the series, yet it is a remarkable book, and is full of that force which marked all of Balzac's stories. Their most noteworthy quality is their intensity; the lumbering beginning of most of them gives but a faint indication of the whirl of passion and of incident that is to follow, for Balzac always lingered over the setting and framework of the story before he brought in the characters whose delineation was to fill the pages.

In this novel it is a hypocrite that is drawn. In the dedication, it may be noticed, Balzac speaks of this book as one of those works which spring into the mind no one knows whence, and please the author before he knows how the public will receive them. He goes on to say that a few scraps of the clay left by Molière at the foot of his colossal statue of Tartuffe have been wrought into shape by a hand more bold than skillful. The hypocrite in this novel is one Théodore de la Peyrade, a Provençal of an attractive exterior, who tries to build up his fortunes by intriguing for the hand of the rich Mademoiselle Céleste Colleville. In this undertaking he plays a difficult game, for he has to succeed by making himself a sort of protecting deity to the family Thuillier, who, like most of the *dramatis personæ*, belong to the *bourgeoisie*. The father, an ex-employé, is a fatuous lump of vanity; his wife is a mere puppet in his hands and in those of his sister Brigitte, who is one of the main characters of the book. It is unnecessary to say that the pages swarm with a multitude of figures. There are Colleville, the easy-going husband, and Madame Colleville, Céleste's mother, who makes up by devotions for a "youth of frolics;" there is Phellion, a good-natured, pompous creature, whose only amusement is gazing at the demolition of old Paris, and whose main interest is watching the career of his worthy son. Besides these, Minard, a rich shop-keeper, and his family make their appearance. All of these characters are types as well as individuals, but their individuality is never sacrificed for the purpose of enforcing a general truth. Balzac's aim was to show one side of Parisian society, and also to show one character, the hypocrite, in the surroundings that would prove most congenial to such a man, and he has drawn as vivid a picture as one could wish to see, but the reader feels very strongly the breadth as well as the depth of Balzac's mind. He detested the Revolution of July and the bourgeoisie, yet he did not devote himself to painting this class of society in black colors without relief. He says it has great virtues as well as faults; and although he exposes the pettiness of social strife, the greed of the bourgeois and their mean ambition, he shows too that there is a chance for unselfishness, as in the unexpected outburst of Madame Thuillier in behalf of her godchild, and in the virtue and energy of young Phellion. Most of those writers who, like Daudet and Zola, thrive on the corruption of the second empire lack their great master's philosophic justice. They are not judges summing up the whole matter, so much as advocates arguing against something they despise. These writers are men of

[1] Vide Correspondance de H. de Balzac. Vol. ii., page 64.

undoubted ability, but it is not easy to say that they surpass Balzac. He had certainly a cunning hand, and his earnestness was something above all praise. If he had written in German there would be a Balzac Lexicon, with a list of all his characters and a brief outline of their qualities, to show us what a populous world he ruled. As it is, no memory can recall all the figures into whose nostrils he breathed intense life, so vast and so multiform is their number. The drawing he has here made of the hypocrite is in his best style, and the story runs on well, although perhaps with more melodramatic effect than is consistent with probability. The way in which Corentin, the mysterious chief of police, whisks La Peyrade out of the net into which all his intrigues have brought him, and gives him a place in that mysterious force, the secret police, does not read like the soberest realism, although a French detective is reasonably enough to be considered a sort of authorized fairy, above most laws of probability. However that may be, all of La Peyrade's career with the bourgeois is very life-like. Nothing could be better than the way in which he slyly ingratiates himself with the different persons, and manages them all to his own profit. He is a most consummate scoundrel, and Balzac thoroughly enjoys exposing his financial trickery: the young adventurer ingeniously finds for the Thuilliers an opportunity to buy at half-price a house near the Madeleine, but to do this he has to bind himself by all sorts of clogging ties; so that we see him once more struggling with his accomplices, who understand him, as well as inveigling the less suspicious.

It is not merely slavish adoration of a great name that makes the reader bow down before the author of this novel, nor is it only impatience of one's contemporaries that makes one feel as if there were a more generous air in the work of the older writer. When one recalls the immense amount of Balzac's production, and is under the charm of his enormous personality, — as it is called, — that writer seems to belong to a race of giants. For since Shakespeare there has been no man who has enriched literature with so many life-like studies of character, who has so vividly pictured the world about him. Zola is doubtless the ablest of his followers, but it may be fairly questioned whether his hostile spirit has not warped his judgment. He is a sort of prose Juvenal; not an imitator, as Dr. Johnson was when he wrote his satires, but a man writing under a similar impulse. And although the *sæva indignatio* of the Latin poet is a fine and indeed a noble quality, it is, so far as literature is concerned, a less precious quality than that true vein of poetry that is to be found in Lucretius, Virgil, and Horace. Zola may be compared to Hogarth, who showed all that was terrible and odious in corruption; but does any one name Hogarth, with all his genius, in the same breath as Raphael or Titian? Balzac by no means avoids describing the seamy side of life; but although the air in which his characters move is heavy and close, they themselves are truly living.

Of new writers there is one to be named who has some good qualities, but who is far inferior to any of those mentioned above. A few months ago we had the pleasure of speaking of two of the novels of Henry Gréville, and although at that time she was almost an unknown writer she has in this brief interval managed to acquire a considerable reputation. Her novels have come from the press almost faster than they could be read and noticed, so that now the list of her books[1] is a tolerably long one; for this writer belongs to that class whose fluency is as remarkable as any other characteristic. This is not a sneer at those whose inventive faculty is great, for it is by no means the poor novelists who write the most; Scott, George Sand, and Balzac certainly have claims to respect, and if Henry Gréville cannot be compared for a moment with these masters of fiction there are some in the lower

[1] *Dosia. Sonia. L'Expiation de Savéli. Suzanne Normis (roman d'un père). La Maison de Maurèze. Les Épreuves de Raïssa. Nouvelles Russes.* Par HENRY GRÉVILLE. Paris: Plon. 1877-1878.

rank to whom she bears great likeness. Mrs. Oliphant, for instance, is a very busy writer, and it is safe to say that the resemblance between her and Henry Gréville is worthy of note. Both have a ready invention, agreeable humor, and very similar power in the drawing of character. They take some story which often has not the charm of novelty, but they manage to fill it with such skill that it reads like something new, or, at any rate, like something that has sufficient merit to make us overlook the familiar groundwork. Yet the analogy between them is not to be carried too far. Henry Gréville, who, it may be as well to state here, is a French lady who has lived for many years in Russia, writes stories about Russian life, both of the aristocracy and of the peasants; and in her narration, which is often grim and painful, there is but little likeness to Mrs. Oliphant's quiet record of the complications of English society, where curates tepidly love their predestined wives, or the unjustly ousted heir gets his own again and turns out a faultless gentleman. But again, as Mrs. Oliphant, like English novel-writers in general, undertakes to give us pictures of life rather than discussions of problems, so Henry Gréville, unlike most French novelists, aims at describing what she has seen in Russia, instead of trying to present some new possible combination of the conventional relations of man, wife, and lover. This is a change, and one in a good direction. It is not to be supposed, of course, that this writer will alter the long-established grooves of French fiction, but she will doubtless find imitators as well as admirers.

There has been so complete a lack of French novels that could be recommended to any but a hardened class of readers that it is pleasant to find many of Henry Gréville's that can be praised on the score of general suitability for the "young person," without the modifying statement that they are at the same time exceptionally dull. Dosia, for example, is as bright and entertaining a little story as any one would care to read. The heroine is a charming girl who is not at all the conventional young lady of fiction, and the whole account of the way she gradually becomes civilized is full of humor. This is not a book written for all time, — the reading of books of that sort is generally put off, in the same way, for all time, — but it is by no means to be overlooked for that reason. The girl's ignorance and brightness are amusingly set before us, and the whole invention of the tale is easy and agreeable. The merits that it has will perhaps make clear the comparison of this author with Mrs. Oliphant. From the writings of both we do not get the impression that they — so to speak — carry very heavy guns, but rather that they have a pleasing vein of story-telling; they entertain, at least, if they do not try to make the world over again. It is not impossible to see from afar some of the incidents of the story, but they are cleverly told when they do appear, and are natural and amusing. This is always pleasant to find, and naturalness is a thing not over-common in a French novel.

Sonia, again, is good reading. It is very simple and not wonderfully impressive, but it shows the author's intelligence and ready wit. The story of the young man's love for the girl who does not care for him, and of her subsequent fate, makes the book bright and noteworthy. There is an agreeable flavor in it which it is not easy to define. The author does not by any means confine herself to such simple methods as make up the two books we have just mentioned. In spite of the current representations of optimistic Englishmen who persist in seeing nothing but amiability and gentleness in the Russians, there is no doubt that only a thin veil of civilization covers thick layers of savageness; and those writers who tell stories about Russian manners that might have been possible in England, judging from similar testimony, a hundred years ago and more doubtless do not pervert the truth. At any rate, Henry Gréville at times leaves those paths in which tender readers can follow her, to paint some of the darker sides of Russian life.* She can hardly

be said to move easily under this heavier burden. Les Épreuves de Raïssa, for instance, deals with as ghastly a subject as any *feuilletoniste* could care to write about; but it is treated with considerable skill, although not without a touch of the melodrama in the intervention of the Czar, and with something like tawdry sentimentality in the love of the young woman for the young man who has most grievously wronged her. Only the masters of fiction could be trusted with such exceptional subjects, and this author is too evidently a follower of greater novelists to be quite sure upon their ground.

It is Tourguéneff whom Henry Gréville has selected for her model, and whom she follows *haud passibus æquis*. She does not, like that famous writer, show the simplicity which is the triumph of art. When she is simple she approaches the commonplace, and she is not always impressive when she aims at something higher than the ordinary record of every-day life. But some of her shorter stories show her power at the best advantage. The little volume entitled Nouvelles Russes contains five slight sketches, and at least three of them rise above the average merit of her work. The first of these is tragic, and bears the stamp of genuine feeling to a much greater extent than most of her work. The story is said to be a true one, but it is not a bald enumeration of facts so much as their presentation by a writer who has a well-trained eye for the artistic value of things and their relative proportion. Le Meunier is also a readable sketch, which is superior to the ordinary tale, with, as might have been expected, the smoothness of execution characteristic of almost all French work. The last tale, too, is clever, so that, on the whole, the volume is well worth reading in spite of the feebleness of two of the stories.

In judging these books it is to be remembered that they describe Russian life, and that the local color with which they abound is very apt to seem more valuable from its novelty than an exact estimation of its merits would warrant. Incidents that are trite and unimpressive when laid in familiar scenery have a new charm when they are told of people whom we hardly know. In general, we prefer imported things to those of home make; and although there is a joy in seeing one's self reflected in a story of one's own surroundings, there is yet an added piquancy in stories of foreign life. But Henry Gréville writes, too, about French life. Suzanne Normis, for instance, is a novel of which the scene is laid in France of the present day, and La Maison de Maurèze deals with French life before the Revolution.

The only advantage to be got from reading the novel by Gustave Haller, entitled Vertu,[1] is the certainty that this is nearly, if not quite, the most foolish story that has been published for a long time. Its author, it will be remembered, wrote Le Bleuet, a book that was lucky enough to have a pretty paper cover and a warm recommendation from the pen of George Sand; and since it broke the monotony of most French novels by discussing a strictly Platonic affection it had some slight success. With all its faults, it is a classic compared with this medley of murder, condemnation to death, narrow escape from drowning, etc. There is an illustrated cover that some may find worth looking at, but let no one go further unless it be to know how the stories of the New York Ledger sound in the French tongue.

Zola's Une Page d'Amour[2] tells for the thousandth time the usual story of the French novel. To be sure, the heroine had appeared in one of the earlier volumes of the set, but the connection is remote, the main point being the fate of her daughter, who had inherited a feeble constitution and a tendency to divers nervous diseases, for which it may be said, by the way, that the second empire was in no way responsible. This daughter, Jeanne, is a most unpleasant little creature, — a sort of French Paul Dombey, — whose body is tormented by several

[1] *Vertu.* Par Gustave Haller. Paris: Lévy. 1877.

[2] *Une Page d'Amour.* Par Émile Zola. Paris: Charpentier. 1878.

kinds of illness, while her soul is wrung with jealousy of her mother, to whom she is strongly attached. Nor is this jealousy unreasonable: the mother, Hélène, calls in a physician one night when her child is taken with one of its alarming attacks; the physician, who is very handsome, manages to cure the child and to see the mother's beauty. The two happen to be brought into one another's company a great deal, — Hélène becomes intimate with the physician's wife, — and their acquaintance soon ripens into something different. This passion becomes very violent, and Hélène, after some slight coyness, yields to his fascinations. This distracts her from her child, who becomes morbidly jealous; and more than this, being left alone one rainy day while her mother and the doctor are together, she contrives to open the window and to catch a fatal cold. All this part about her last illness is described with great power, and the relative position of the different people to one another is most distinctly drawn. The mother naturally suffers grief and remorse, especially because her daughter died without expressing forgiveness; but she manages to forget her errors when she marries a worthy man, a great deal too good for her, whom she had known all the time.

Many of the minor characters and scenes of the story are well conceived and well executed. The infamous Mère Fétu, for instance, is drawn most cleverly. Yet it is hard to call the novel very successful. The story of a foolish woman's fall is not new, nor is it in this instance told with astounding skill. The most painful parts are the best done. Such is uniformly the case with Zola's novels, just as some artists paint shadows best, and it is impossible to deny his great technical skill. This is, however, far from feeling admiration for what distinguishes him from other novelists, namely, his pitiless realism. The general principle has been already discussed in these pages on the appearance of L'Assomoir,[1] and there is no need of taking up the matter now. Every one will acknowledge Zola's power; the question of its use or abuse is the only point unsettled.

Many critics have been so relieved to find this book comparatively free from noisomeness that they have called it almost idyllic; but this is going too far. If any one else had written it there would be a general outcry about its blackness. Besides the story, there are many pages devoted to rapturous descriptions of Paris at sunrise, at noonday, at sunset, and at night, which contain a good deal of "fine writing." This is lamentably overdone, and indicates only too clearly the narrowness of the ruts in which French novelists work; we all know the usual plot and the usual setting. Zola in some of his other novels stepped aside, but it was upon even less attractive ground, while here he has accepted all the ordinary conditions, and has not written an immortal book. He has made his name famous, however, and he will find plenty of readers for the dozen volumes still required for the completion of his series. So far, at least, he has drawn with great skill all sorts of outside surroundings of people in diverse circumstances, but he has not yet enriched literature with one memorable representation of some grand passion, and that is the only thing that lives. His books will be invaluable for the statistician in future ages, but where is there one like Balzac's Père Goriot? All the description of all the back streets and roofs in Paris will never make up for the absence of this. But, of course, it may come in time.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

[1] Vide Atlantic Monthly for June, 1877.

A HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT.

I.

THE road upon which Holcroft's Tavern stood was a disused turnpike. Years ago, when it was made, it ran straight as a railroad on its unbending way to the city, forty miles to the eastward. Not far from the tavern it encountered a slate quarry, cut it in two instead of avoiding it, then entered the woods, and, crossing the wet intervale upon an embankment made just wide enough, was carried by a bridge over the river, and climbed the hills on the other side. Then there were toll-gates, and a thriving business was done. Now it is not easy to tell where the road ran. By the tavern it has become obliterated in a wider, more pliant road, which winds and bends, in deference to houses and farms, this way and that; the slate quarry, abandoned since, had yet vigor enough to cover the old road-bed with slate chips, and in one place drown it under a stagnant pool; where once it emerged from the quarry is now a buckwheat field, and though its course can be tracked by a grassy wood-road which leads thence to the river, it cannot be long before that part also is reclaimed by nature. I went down the wood-road yesterday, and just made out the rude abutments of the long since ruined bridge; in rambling upon the hill beyond I stumbled once on a piece of the old turnpike, with a sign warning people that it was not for public travel. The road that once was a great public thoroughfare now begins nowhere and ends nowhere.

At intervals upon the turnpike stood solitary houses of entertainment, which drew all their nourishment from the dusty stream that flowed past, and so became, when that was drawn off, very weak and helpless. One sees great rambling buildings which may have looked hospitable enough to the tired traveler or drover, but now are suspected of being the resort of gangs of thieves; large barns, with weakness in their joints, stand heavily about, their capacity rendered impertinent by the emptiness that reigns there; long sheds, with roofs that rise and sink as if a perpetual sigh had taken possession of them, are in readiness for the wagons and horses that were long since transformed into freight cars and locomotives, — when the railroad, carried through this part of the country, extinguished the turnpike; and a sturdy pole stands, stiffly skewered at the top by iron rods, from which once swung and creaked a sign in token of the good cheer to be found within the house. The only part of the old establishment grown thrifty with age is the environment of oaks and elms, which throw a grateful shade over the buildings and hide the infirmities of a pride that sinks lower year by year.

Holcroft's Tavern was one of these roadside inns; not, indeed, a prominent one, but rather a baiting-place. It had kept its name through various vicissitudes, even after it had ceased to afford slender entertainment to man or beast. It was at one of the loneliest places on the old turnpike; at its back were some shy woods that crept with increasing confidence nearer the house each year, and had little fear of being discovered, for very few people passed in front. The innkeeper and owner worked his meagre farm and kept the ghostly show of an inn, but the misfortunes of the house easily passed upon the family within, and one after another dropped away to join the procession of travelers who never used the turnpike. It had long been wholly closed, when it was opened one day to admit the law, that unwelcome guest that so often comes as undertaker when good fortune has died in a family.

The inn was the only property which could be found in the possession of a certain scampish son of the old innkeeper, when his pockets were turned inside out

in the chance of finding stray coin to satisfy just claims. Notice was accordingly given of a sheriff's sale of the house and land, the barns and outhouses, and all the furniture and agricultural implements and what not to be found on the premises. There was a small gathering of farmers and their wives and idlers of both sexes on the day of the sale. The women went cautiously through the cobwebbed rooms, holding their skirts about them, properly shocked at the lamentable neglect that prevailed, while their lords walked about the barns and sheds, scoffing at the remains of what had once been industrious tools and serviceable vehicles; but when the hour of sale came, it appeared that there had been some shrewd calculation going on as to the worth of the place and its appurtenances. Estimates were ventured warily, and the old tavern was apparently only waiting certain formalities before it should be dismembered by an unsympathetic crowd.

The auctioneer stated the terms of sale and announced that he was instructed first to offer the entire estate, and if no sale was made then to dispose of it in lots, beginning with the buildings. As no person present proposed to buy the whole of this worthless estate, there was some curiosity to know who the voiceless person was whose bid was taken by the auctioneer as a starting-point. It was supposed that the glib salesman, with the vivid imagination of his profession, had suddenly constructed a buyer and was using him as a lure to others; but after all the urging which the impassive company seemed likely to stand, the announcement was made, as the hammer fell, that the tavern was sold to Alden Holcroft.

Who Alden Holcroft was no one knew; certainly he was not of the innkeeper's immediate family, and the auctioneer could give no further intelligence than that he was a young man doing business in the city. The law was satisfied, the young scapegrace lost his homestead, another of the same name succeeded to the property, and the neighbors scattered to their houses.

II.

Alden Holcroft was a banker's clerk. He had no father or mother, brother or sister, and there were none who would have ventured to call him more than acquaintance. For years he had been at his desk promptly every working morning, and had discharged his duties with precision. With that all connection with his associates ended, and though his lodging-place was known to his superiors, his life outside of banking hours was entirely unknown to them. The salary which he received had been increased from time to time, and punctually drawn, but Holcroft never seemed either to lack money or to have it. He was indeed so silent and retiring that his fellow-clerks, after ineffectual attempts at penetrating his reserve, accepted him as they would the ink bottle or blotter, — a necessary part of the office furniture, and that was all.

It was shortly after the auction sale of Holcroft's Tavern that a letter was received by the firm of Goodhue, Son & Co. through the mail, which ran as follows: —

GENTLEMEN, — I beg to ask the favor of being permitted hereafter to come to the office at half after nine on Monday morning of each week instead of at nine o'clock, as has been customary with me for the past fifteen years. Respectfully yours. ALDEN HOLCROFT.

A city postage stamp was inclosed for prepayment of the reply.

"That Holcroft is an odd stick," said Mr. Goodhue to his son, handing him the letter. "Who but he would have taken such a formal, roundabout way of asking a favor, when he is only thirty feet away from us all day? And see! the only approach to a justification in his request is in the intimation that he has been uniformly punctual for fifteen years. Write him a note, Theodore, put the two-cent stamp on, and drop it in the nearest box. I would n't offend his sense of propriety." A keener sense,

however, than that of propriety was touched in Holcroft when he received the permission. "A single word of praise might have been given," said the solitary man to himself. "They might have known what it cost me to write that note. Theodore Goodhue finds no difficulty in saying a friendly word to others; why could he not say it to me?" It was the inconsistent yet natural expression of a man who had fenced himself in with reserve, not because he hated his fellows, but because he was afraid of them. Behind that fence all manner of dumb show went on, so real to the man himself that he sometimes forgot how impenetrable he was to others. To be shy is not always to be unlovable, but it is very apt to be unloved.

The routine of office hours was the least part of Holcroft's life, though it was the most conspicuous. It was then that he was visible, and the side which he showed to the small world upon which his little light shone was that of a perfectly methodical, impassive fellow, who blushed when he was spoken to, and answered in a low tone; whose handwriting was regular and exquisitely delicate, entirely free from ornate flourishes; whose manners were so unobtrusive that it was quite impossible for his fellows to characterize them at all; and who did his part of the work with unfailing accuracy. He had been discovered now and then at concerts and plays, but only by those who chanced to pass by the most obscure corner of the hall or theatre, and when in the street he always seemed to court disguise by the hat which he pulled down over his face. His quick gait appeared curiously out of keeping with his ordinary quiet, but it was explained, by those who took the trouble to account for it, on the theory that he was hurrying to a hiding-place.

As a matter of fact, Holcroft led a much more out-of-door life than his acquaintances suspected, for his course and theirs lay in different directions. If it had chanced that any of his fellow-clerks had a fancy — which none of them had — for old books, or odd musical instruments, or rare prints, or antique furniture, they would probably have stumbled upon their shy companion in some one of the dingy recesses where old things bestow themselves before they are dragged out into the glare of fashion. Still, dealers in old things were scarcely a step nearer to a knowledge of this buyer, and the fancy which he showed would tell nothing more than that he was possessed of a certain refinement of taste and education. That he had, and in the exercise of it came much of the pleasure of his life; yet it would have been a barren existence after all which was divided into the two hemispheres of toil at the desk and solitary delight in art, even where, as in the case of Holcroft, there was some little power of creation in art, the faculty of drawing and coloring, the knowledge and use of harmony in music, the power to set down his thoughts in orderly form. Gifts like these create as well as satisfy wants.

To get at the secret of this man, we must be told what he himself never breathed to others: he was in love. Did he not then confess his love to the one who drew him? No, for there was no such person who could receive his passionate expression. He could scarcely be said to be in love with his own ideal; for there was a certain solidity of sense in him which forbade such ghostly and empty love-making. He had no ideal, he was waiting for that to be projected from the real, and meanwhile, in the activity of his passion, he was compelled to feed his flame from very combustible material. When Theodore Goodhue discovered him, one evening, shrinking into the corner of the concert-room, that easy-going young man would have laughed at frequent intervals had he once known that Holcroft was for the time in love with the beautiful singer on the stage; but he never would have known it, for the lover made no sign to his mistress, least of all to his employer. It could hardly be, one would think, a very satisfying devotion which could be contented with love at such long range; but the simple truth is that Holcroft, shrinking from what Brockden Brown calls "the awfulness of flowing muslin,"

had positively no acquaintance in society, and was compelled to let his eyes seek and his feelings run out to those whom he could gaze upon at a distance with unabashed glances. He shared, in common with the audience about him, the privilege of looking steadfastly upon the beautiful creature who came gracefully forward; his own attention could not possibly be construed into any marked devotion, and it was equally true that he could not fairly claim any individual response from the singer. But she sang, and with a lover's right he made song and voice interpretative of her nature. She sang ballads in a deep contralto, and there is something in such a voice which seems peculiarly sincere. Night after night, therefore, Holcroft waited upon this lady's appearance, and suffered his fancy to follow her when his own feet carried him no whit nearer. Once, indeed, lingering after the concert, he caught sight of her entering her carriage, and enjoyed a new delight in the transformation into something domestic and homely which the cloak thrown about her produced.

Yet such a Barmecide feast of love scarcely leaves a full heart behind, and Holcroft bitterly reproached himself at times that with his passionate longing for a wife, and his entire willingness to be loved by some beautiful girl, he seemed never to be any nearer the end. Moreover, while no suspicion rested in his mind upon this or that beautiful singer or actress whom he in turn heard or saw, the possibility of taking any step toward personal acquaintance caused a rush of feeling through his mind at the horrible publicity of such a love the moment it began to be formal. He could love her, but if she really began to love him, and yet sang night after night before all those men, — nay, that she had already so sung, even if never thereafter, — this shattered at once any faint resolve for turning his romance into fact.

He had noticed in the papers advertisements of the sale of the Holcroft Tavern, and the name attracted him. He visited it stealthily one afternoon, peeping in at the windows and getting such knowledge of the interior as he could from the outside. He knew nothing of the owner or his family, and felt no inclination to identify himself with the succession. He was satisfied to learn that the young scapegrace who held the title was the last of his family, and was not likely to interfere with any new owner. The project of buying such a place had long been in his mind. For one thing, his acquisitions had begun to accumulate beyond the capacity of his lodgings, and he had been obliged to store some of his furniture and books; a grievance to him, since it was not possession but use that pleased him. The opportunity now was excellent of owning a house near enough to the city to permit him to visit it occasionally, until he could live there permanently, while far enough away to remove him from fear of intrusion or observation. In effect, no counterfeiter plotting devices could have taken more pains to conceal himself than did this shy man, whose outward motive seemed to be to make himself a home, and whose secret hope was that with a house made perfectly ready, the visitant whom he longed for would enter the open door, take her seat by the fireside, and remain near to bless him.

Indeed, the buying and renewing of Holcroft's Tavern seemed to the young man so positive a step toward his marriage that for a time he was perfectly happy in his plans and work; it was so far an outward fulfillment of his purpose that the other and really more essential matter gave him now little concern. The lack of confidence in himself from which he had so frequently suffered was less painfully present, and he set about making the house ready for his wife in a cheerful spirit which partially recompensed him for her delay in coming. It might be questioned by some whether a man so ignorant of the companionship of women could properly appreciate the peculiar wants which such might be supposed to have. But Holcroft had in his own nature a certain femininity which was almost an added sense. Moreover, he was a careful reader, and a very close observer. He had not visited picture

galleries, or studied prints, or narrowly examined furniture and all the trappings of a household, without detecting the fitness of this or that to the wants of a refined woman. Besides, he trusted very wisely in his own artistic nature that such arrangements as he might make in the old tavern would cause at least those agreeable effects which render a house, when one enters it, hospitable and cheerful. Had he been a confirmed bachelor with an eye only to his own comfort, his dispositions would have been awkward and uncouth the moment a woman entered. But he was not an old bachelor; he was an ardent lover who saw everything through the eyes of his mistress, so that he was constantly asking himself how she would like this and that.

Shortly after his purchase of the tavern, having secured a perfect title, he began his weekly visits. The railroad carried him in an hour and a half to the village, and a walk of a mile brought him to his house. He would carry with him a basket of provisions sufficient for his stay, and make his way at once to his property. It was in September when he began his visits. The Saturdays and Sundays, by some happy fortune, were invariably bright, sunny days, and the old place at once gave him such a welcome as a rambling house with capacious fire-places could give him during autumn days, when the changing foliage of his trees paid him at once a rich rental on his ownership. Sometimes he would be obliged to hire a wagon at the village to carry the furniture and effects which, from time to time, he sent up from the city, but he never invited any one to help him. It was entire satisfaction to close the door behind him, build a fire in one of the great chimneys, and set to work upon the interior of his house. The week through he planned, and when Saturday came he was ready at once to put his plans into execution. One room at present he used as a storeroom for his furniture, the last room to be touched; but upon the others he began at once to exercise his skill. Added to his artistic taste was a considerable knowledge of the artisanship which makes so solid an accompaniment to art. He was an unusually good carpenter, and what he lacked of special knowledge he made up for by taking lessons during the week of an acquaintance. He was a good mason, and he set himself to learn the art of stair-building; for the changes which he designed included some very considerable alteration of the old plan of the house, and he had especially set his heart on a great hall and a grand staircase.

It will readily be seen that a day or two of work in a week, by one man, would not go very far or fast. But Holcroft was in no hurry. Occasionally, when all his ingenious contrivances of help failed, and he needed a man, he brought an assistant from the city, and sent him back the same day; for it was part of his sentiment that no one should really occupy the house, except himself, until he should bring his wife into it. He worked thus through the fall and winter and spring, and when his fortnight's vacation came in the summer he arranged to have a young man come daily from the city to help him, so that at the end of the season he had really gone far toward making the house assume inside the form and arrangement which he had planned; but he had plenty of work before him yet. The house which had been wont to entertain a dozen guests had been so rearranged by its new owner that with its large halls and rooms it would do little more than give space for himself, his wife, and their fancies.

III.

It was not long before the regular movements of the stranger attracted the attention of the villagers, and it was easily surmised that he was the Alden Holcroft who had bought the old tavern. But the people had a lazy curiosity; the few advances made by one and another failing to elicit anything, he was looked upon simply as an odd stick, and left to himself. He managed to keep an entire independence of his neighbors, and it was nearly two years after he had taken possession of his house before he formed

even the most trivial association with them. He had then completed the more important changes, and was mainly occupied with lighter matters of decoration and furnishing. There were therefore idler moments than he had known, and something of the old restlessness came back, repressed as it had been by his occupation. One Sunday morning, tasting the fresh life of a June day, he locked the door upon the outside, and walked along a road which he had occasionally taken on his way to or from the railway station, less direct than the customary road. It passed through a small settlement of the people known as Shakers, who had established themselves upon the slope of a hill which overlooked the river valley. Their houses and barns and outhouses had the air of keeping up a continual conflict with nature, as if a strong resolution was maintained not to suffer them to harmonize with the landscape. A prodigious barn, long unpainted, and by the lapse of time subdued to a russet hue, which diminished its proportions and made it look almost as if it had grown through generations, like the trees about it, had recently been clapboarded and painted white; so that now it put nature out, and shone in the midst of the greenery with a blank immensity which was the very triumph of ungovernable order. In this settlement Holcroft was always reminded of monasteries in their prime: the gardens were so rich; the slow-moving men, with their broad hats and sombre garments, led so monotonous and regular a life; the bell tolled at intervals; and he could fancy the brothers, with their few books of devotion and their petty duties, mingling religion and worldly comfort by that subtle combination which produced almost a new order of life. Only the Yankee thrift and barrenness of æsthetic predilection gave to the whole a hopelessly modern look, as if by no lapse of time could the buildings and family ever become picturesque.

It is true, the comparison with a monastery failed again in an important point: that the family held a goodly number of sisters, young and old; for their faces were at the windows, — there always seemed to be one or two whose business was to keep watch of passers-by, — and figures of women could be seen moving about between the houses and through the fields. The poke-bonnets which they wore reduced them all to one undistinguishable age and condition, and they seemed to Holcroft, when he casually passed them, scarcely more human than the stacks of beans which he saw in their fields in autumn. Once, crossing a cornfield in the early summer, he had come upon a scarecrow made with grim pleasantry out of the ordinary dress of a Shaker sister. It is true, they could hardly be supposed to have any other clothes to put to such a use, but the sight gave him a queer start, as if he had come upon one gone to seed; and he wondered besides if the crows would really be afraid of anything so harmless and patient.

As he drew near the village this morning he heard the toll of a bell, and was surprised by the sight of a procession crossing the road from one of the houses to the plain meeting-house opposite. He stopped in admiration. Two and two the women walked, carrying music-books in their hands, and dressed now in quiet-colored, delicate gowns which hung in straight folds, but were rendered singularly beautiful by the addition of the soft silk handkerchief about the neck; while the head was inclosed in a snug cap, which could not be called lovely in itself, yet had an undeniable harmony with the rest of the dress. The placid manners and quiet dignity of the little procession moving under the blue sky brought a singular sense of quiet to him, and as they entered the meeting-house he suddenly resolved to follow them and see what their service was like. Some wagons and carriages stood near by, and strangers — world's people — were moving into the little building. He followed through the men's door and seated himself upon one of the benches set apart for outsiders. The whole company of men and women were standing in opposite rows and singing, a few holding music-books, but most familiar with music and words. The hymn sung was introducto-

ry to the service, which began with the reading of a chapter from the New Testament by one of the elders. The chief part of the service, however, was in the combined music and marching, or dancing, as it might sometimes be called. By some understanding, the company quietly formed, eight young men and women occupying the centre of the room in an oval figure, the remainder disposed in two circles outside the smaller one; this small circle was stationary, and seemed to form a choir; the song was started by it, and the two circles began moving round it, the inner in an opposite direction to that taken by the outer. The choir members held their hands before them with uplifted palms, and gently let them rise and fall to the cadences of the music. So also did the two circles of marchers, and the singing was carried on not only by the choir, but by so many of the marchers as were possessed of musical powers; while those who could not sing moved their lips with the words of the song and seemed thus to share in the singing. When the song was ended, the double procession stopped, each member in place, and all, choir and marchers, swept their hands downward and by a gesture appeared to arrest the music. Then, after a pause, either new singing with a resumption of the marching would begin, or some one would speak a few words of thanksgiving or exhortation.

It was the first time that Holcroft had ever been within the Shaker meeting-house, and he was surprised into a spirit of reverence. Whatever of the grotesque had been associated with the service in his mind, from the descriptions he had heard, disappeared in the actual presence of these sincere men and women. It is true that now and then he had to repress a smile, as some peculiar earnestness of expression turned its odd side toward him, and he thought also that he detected certain sleepy and perfunctory movements on the part of some, as if their minds were on some remote occupation, perchance the gathering of roses for the distilled rose-water to be made shortly, or some like innocent occupation in their unexciting life; but the congregation doubtless had its range of devotion, like other congregations. The main effect was of a simple-minded and single-hearted people, who threw into this service a fervor which expressed the ideal of their life. To be neat and practical was not the whole of their religion; for them also were aspirations and anticipations; and sometimes, as they marched to the singing of a hymn which spoke of them as pilgrims on their way to a heavenly home, their faces were turned up with an eager, joyous look, their feet seemed only to touch the floor, and their hands pushed back the sordid world with an energetic gesture. It was at such times that Holcroft was thrilled with a sympathetic emotion. The rude singing and the quick movements of the marchers blended harmoniously, and his soul was fanned as it were by a breath from some distant sea. There were, besides, other times when the gestures, changing their meaning with the varying hymn, swept the world away and brought back heavenly presences, and the refrain was repeated again and again, so that the meaning was driven in upon one with renewed waves of feeling; and finally, by a sudden movement, the inner circle of singers was itself transformed into a moving circle, making three rings of worshipers, passing and repassing each other with rhythmic tread, and singing joyfully a triumphant song. Holcroft half closed his eyes, and the moving bodies before him seemed almost resolved into a cloud of witnesses, wavering under a divine power which swept it backward and forward across the heavenly field.

There was doubtless in Holcroft a sensitiveness to subtle influences which made him easily affected by the spectacle. It was the visible and frank manifestation of emotions which he shared with others, but was rarely permitted to witness, because in most cases one needs first to express like emotions, and Holcroft by his constitutional shyness was prevented from soliciting or sharing in any exhibition of feeling. Besides, the humorous was not strongly developed in him, and very simple sentiment, from his long

brooding in solitude, had come to have an elemental force likely to be overlooked by persons more familiar with the process of expression and repression. In the scene before him he thought he was looking into depths of the human heart, just as in hearing a few chords of music he might believe himself listening to spheral harmonies. Perhaps it was because he was so sympathetic and responsive that the faces of the men and women were hallowed by a light not ordinarily seen by him. Be this as it may, it is certain that his eye rested with peculiar reverence upon one of the worshipers who was in the outer circle, and in face, manner, and dress seemed to hold and give forth the perfume, as it were, of the religious ceremony. There were all ages present, from young children to old men and women; but the beauty of devotion never appears so fair as when residing in a girl who is heiress to all that the world can give, yet reaches upward for more enduring delights.

As the circles moved round the room, Holcroft had caught sight of a maiden, dressed, like others of her age, in a fabric which was neither clear white nor gray, but of a soft pearly tint, which symbolized the innocence of youth and the ripening wisdom of older years. Her dark hair was closely confined beneath the stiff cap which all wore, but in the dance a single lock had escaped, unknown to the wearer, and peeped forth in a half-timid, half-daring manner. A snow-white kerchief was folded over her shoulders and bosom, and her carriage was so erect, her movements so lithe, that as she came stepping lightly forward, her little hands rising and falling before her, or moving tremulously at her side, she seemed the soul of the whole body, pulsating visibly there before the reverent Holcroft. Once, in a pause of the dance, she stood directly before him, and he found it impossible to raise his eyes to her face, while a deep blush spread over his own. But when the dance began again, his eyes followed her, as she passed beyond and then returned, still with the sweet grace and unconscious purity which made the whole worship centre in her.

The dancing ceased finally, and the worshipers took their places on the wooden benches, which had been placed on one side. There were addresses made by one and another, passages from book, pamphlet, or paper were read, and then they all rose to sing, once more; this over, an elder came forward, added a few words, and said, "The meeting is closed," when the outside attendants took their leave and stood in knots by the meeting-house, watching the Shakers as they came out after them and passed into the several houses where they belonged. Holcroft, standing apart, watched for the young girl who had so attracted him, and saw her cross the road and enter one of the houses of the community. Then he turned and walked toward his own house.

IV.

The vision which he had had this Sunday morning came, like many such, to shatter a fabric which he had long been constructing. The solitary life which he had led, with its fancies made solid and its careful foundation of possibilities, was suddenly invaded by an enemy which disclosed its shining metal as only fool's gold after all. When he turned the key in his door and entered what had hitherto seemed his castle, he could think of nothing but opening the gate of a tomb and locking himself within. The unreality of his life stared him in the face. "For what have I been building this house of cards?" he cried to himself, as he looked about upon all the contrivances and decoration which his ingenuity and art had devised. "What a mockery is this! How complacently I have been setting my house in order, with all its frippery of earthly taste, when so near me move people who have shattered all these walls that separate us from the divine! I have deluded myself with the notion that I had but to build my nest and the bird would fly to it, when I find the bird to be a bird-of-

paradise, that makes its nest in the clouds if anywhere."

There is in despair sometimes an energetic force which is quite as available as the stimulus which hope gives, and Alden Holcroft, amid the ruins of his fancies, was by no means disposed to sit down in a listless acquiescence in the inevitable. Every Sunday found him at Shaker meeting, fascinated by the spell which the worship cast over him, and still, as at first, seeing in the graceful girl the very spirit of the society and its aims. He began, also, to listen attentively to expositions of the Shaker life which fell from the lips of the speakers. There was one venerable elder, called Elder Isaiah, who by tacit consent was the exponent of the Shakers' creed to the company of world's people who occupied the benches in front. Every Sunday, toward the close of the service, Elder Isaiah came forward and made a short, vigorous address, intended to illustrate some phase of belief, or to attack some conventional doctrine of the world. He had a precision of speech which made whatever he said doubly forcible. Every blow which his brain gave served to cleave the subject before him, as if he were driving a wedge. His logic, lightened by shrewd, witty sayings, had a certain force by the confines in which it was asserted. He had a pitiless way of driving an imaginary opponent down a narrow path, keeping close at his heels all the while, all the while deriving his own power from a broad, universal philosophy behind him. He never undertook to set forth the whole Shaker life in one address, but his series of addresses was evidently intended to cover the field of Shaker views. Thus it was that, as the summer wore on, Holcroft came to hear, one by one, the tenets of Shakerism set forth with a decision and temperate force which went far toward justifying them.

It was not any single article of the Shaker creed which attracted Holcroft. He might perhaps have answered each in turn; but the general spirit of the life that seemed possible in this isolated society had an elevation, and a grandeur, even, which moved him in a degree unaccountable except as one considered how solitarily he had lived, and how unreal and fantastic were the objects of his ambition. "What is there in my life," he exclaimed, "to compare with this ideal life? Could there be anything more selfish than this isolation which I have been peopling simply with the shapes of what I hoped some day to enjoy more positively? I have built my house for myself and some Eve to be fashioned out of me when I am in a deep sleep, and all my devotion to this unseen woman is but a tribute to my own pride of choice and possession. The best woman, it seems, is good enough for me, and I am preparing for her a solitude in which she shall find only me. The doors of my house of entertainment are to be opened only to her, and to be shut behind her. But these Shakers ask simply that they may work for one another, and expel from themselves everything that looks like individual possession. Elder Isaiah claims that their society is the true and lineal descendant of the Christian church of the first generation, when no man called anything his own. I have carefully studied to have what I cared for exclusively my own, and to shut out the remainder of the world. Their society, set down here in the country, is not hedged apart from the world, but is an open home to any who choose to enter. Their invitation is as broad as that of the kingdom of heaven." It was after such reflections that he would enter his house and try to engage himself with book, or pencil, or music. Once and again these friends would draw him back into his familiar world, but they could not withdraw him from the attraction of the Shaker meeting.

His constant attendance there had been marked by the brethren and sisters, but he had so evidently avoided intercourse that no one was moved to speak with him. His name was known, and his occupation of Holcroft's Tavern, but the silence of his surroundings had not been disturbed by anything more than the idlest rumors of the villa-

gers. One Sunday, Elder Isaiah came forward as usual, and placing his hands together with a familiar gesture began what at first might more properly be called a meditation than an address: —

"Jesus Christ said that if any man would be great among you he should be your servant. The law of service is the law of supremacy. If I use my neighbor for my personal ends I degrade him, but I degrade myself still more. I show that I am not free; that I am the slave of my ambition, my appetite, my propensities. He is free who has learned to govern his propensities. The rich man has a propensity for property, and he gets it from the poor. The more he gets, the more he wants; and as the poor man grows poorer, the rich man grows richer and more and more unable to do without his riches. His wants are increased, and they increase faster than he can supply them. He becomes a slave to his avaricious desires, and sinks lower and lower. The politician has a propensity for power, and he gets it by using men; he makes them serve him while he professes to serve them; he never gives anything except for a greater return. Every step he takes toward power brings him more under the control of other men; he binds himself by obligations, and when he gets supreme authority he finds that he has lost the right to call his soul his own, and he can do nothing without reference to meaner men. The selfish man has a propensity to gratify himself, and he seeks his end by shutting out everybody else from the participation of his pleasure. He will end by being himself shut out from the kingdom of heaven, an outcast who, seeking to gratify himself alone, finds that he has none of the things which he thought he had; that he has become a paralytic, unable to use the power that had been given him. The people called Shakers have set themselves a higher law, the law of service, and they have found that it has made them great by lifting them above the meaner desires that lead men captive. Are you rich? Come to us and learn that no man is rich till he calls nothing his own. Are you a politician? Come to us and learn that no man is exalted until he has made himself a servant of all. Are you selfish? Do you look for your pleasure in those things that minister to your ease, to your intellectual gratification; yea, to your love of family, of wife, and of children? Let me tell you that no man is worthy of the society of the head man of the race, Jesus Christ, who does not leave father and mother and wife and children to live as Christ lived, who called no man father and no man brother after the flesh; who did not marry, but loved all women with the pure love of a brother for his sisters. Come out and be ye separate from the world; crucify your lusts, conquer your propensities, and come up into the higher manhood, where all are equal, and every one loves his neighbor as himself, instead of loving his neighbor for the sake of himself."

There was nothing very new in these words, but as Elder Isaiah went on, his pointed hands were extended to where Alden Holcroft sat, and his voice was penetrated with a persuasion which in after-moments he was fain to believe was the direct result of an inspiring power. Be this as it may, when he ended he was suddenly moved to add, —

"If any one here present sees fit to address the meeting, the opportunity is given." His eyes were still upon Holcroft, and Holcroft, who had been looking steadily at him, rose at the word, as by a sudden impulse, and broke into hasty, scarce premeditated speech.

"I have sat here many Sundays, and I will say a word. I am a stranger to you. I am not a Shaker. I never spoke to a Shaker. I know nothing of you except what I have heard here, but a man testifies out of the fullness of his heart, and I believe what you say. There must be something better than the life I lead, and I think you have it." Here he sat down abruptly. The Shakers were taken by surprise, but a murmur followed his speech. "Yea, we have," "Yea, we have," came from one and another, accustomed in such fashion to approve and certify the testimony of

their own brethren. The meeting broke up shortly afterward, and Holcroft, who under a transitory excitement had spoken to a company, though he could not have been induced to speak to a person, left the room hastily. He had gone but a little way, when he heard steps behind him. Elder Isaiah advanced to his side.

"Friend Holcroft," said he, "will you let me have a word with you? It is an unusual thing to hear strangers speak in our meeting, but I was interested in hearing you. There was truth in what you said." Holcroft stood with his hat drawn down and his foot searching the earth. Elder Isaiah went on, "I do not want to obtrude myself, but I would gladly have a few words with you. If you do not mind I will come up to see you this evening." The young man assented, more anxious to get away from this interview than to avoid another. As he looked up, he perceived the young woman who had attracted his attention standing not far off, and evidently waiting for Elder Isaiah. The old man turned from his companion and walked away with her. Holcroft himself hardly knew whether or not to welcome the elder, yet the sudden plunge which, without premeditation, he had taken in the morning had thrown him into an excited state, and mingled with the crowd of thoughts that confused his mind was the possibility of being brought into some contact of knowledge with the girl whose hands, as they moved in the Shaker dance, seemed always beckoning him toward the devoted circle.

When, therefore, the early evening came, and he sat on his doorstep and saw the figure of the elder coming toward him out of the woods, he was for a moment disappointed at seeing him alone, although he was aware it could be but a childish hope that would suppose the old man to be accompanied by the girl; yet it is the improbable that seems easiest to recluses and dreamers. Elder Isaiah bowed to the young man, who made room for him on the doorstep. For a moment neither of them spoke; then Holcroft asked, with the abruptness of a person who speaks the last of a long series of words which his mind only has uttered, "Elder Isaiah, how did you come to be a Shaker?"

"If I were to answer you in the fewest words," he replied, "I should say that one day I saw the light, and have ever since lived in it; but I know you wish to learn something of what people call the practical side of Shaker living. Well, now, let me tell you that with the people called Shakers the law of their being is to cease to do evil; every man has in him a higher and a lower nature, and it is our life to crucify the lower nature. I was brought up in a Christian community and learned many excellent things, but I was always taught by example that the rules which Christ gave were to be obeyed up to a certain point, that is, just so far as the people around one had tacitly agreed it was well to go; and then, if one obeyed beyond that point, he was a fanatic, and very likely would be called an atheist and a disturber of the church. Well, now, I found that Christianity had only partly reclaimed the world, and for the rest had been itself perverted by the world; and I could not see that the church was much more than the world put into a meeting-house once a week. Then I looked about, and I saw a society of men and women who were trying to live just as the Christians did when Jesus was taken away from them. They were not wise beyond their years, and they did not say, The Pentecostal church was an accident, and cannot be repeated now; they said, If the form in which the church was cast, when it first came from the hand of God was good, then that form is not to be despised; and the closer we copy the form, while we try to keep the spirit, the more sure we shall be to keep the spirit. Well, I saw there were no rich people in this community, and there were no poor people, while in the world outside the chief misery sprang from there being rich and poor; that seemed to be a good thing. Then I saw that this community was one family, made up of brethren and sisters; and as I studied the words of Jesus Christ I saw that he came to establish a new order of things

on earth; that as the first man was the beginning of the generations, so Jesus Christ was the end of the generations; and that in the kingdom of heaven there was to be neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but all were to be as the angels of God."

"You could not have wished to marry," broke in Holcroft, earnestly.

"Nay, but I was married, and we had a little girl. She is grown now. It was she whom you saw with me this noon. I never loved her who was my wife more than when we entered the Shaker family and became brother and sister. It was a cross for us to take up, but she bore it, and though we lived in different houses and saw each other only now and then, we were both far happier than when we led a selfish life just for each other. She is dead now, and Ruth has grown up. She does not call me father, and I do not call her daughter, — call no man father after the flesh, — but she loves the principles that I love, and we both work together in the house or the field, and have many words with each other. She is a good girl."

"And does she never go outside?" asked Holcroft, who seized his opportunity to learn more of her under cover of his general interest.

"Nay; she is content with our people. Once she went away to visit one of her mother's sisters, but she came back gladly. The world was no place for her; it frightened her with its wickedness. Do not misconceive me, Friend Holcroft; the Shakers have to contend against evil just as the world does, and it is very curious to see how the great movements of history are repeated in our little community. But we have a safeguard against evil which the world does not have. Here one is safer, where all are banded together to resist evil."

"Yet people sometimes leave your community, just as people enter it."

"Yea, they leave us. They go to their own. We do not seek to restrain them; but you must judge of a tree by its fruits, and not by the dead branches that now and then are broken off and cast upon the ground."

There was silence for a few moments, broken by Holcroft, saying: —

"If I, now, were to join you, I should not give up much of the world, since I have no near relations, and I live alone."

"Nay," said the old man, looking keenly at him; "a man's world is not always in the family he belongs to, nor even in the things he possesses. When you give up the world, you will be giving up what has hitherto been your most secret wish, your darling desire, whatever that may be." Holcroft rose and walked hastily into the road and back again. "I would not deceive you," continued the elder. "It is no light thing to join us. We welcome all who come, but no one can bring with him all that he has; he must leave much behind."

"Let us say," said the young man, standing before him, "that I am a musician. Must my music be left behind?"

"Nay; we make much of music, and we are constantly adding new songs and tunes to our collection." A smile crept across Alden's face, as he momentarily contrasted the music that he was wont to play with the Shaker melodies that so remorselessly tormented him by their commonplace jingle when he was at his daily work.

"But say I am an artist, or that I love reading."

"We are plain people," said the elder, gravely. "What is more than yea or nay cometh of evil, and it will be a long while before the earth has been reclaimed and made to blossom. When that is brought to pass, it will be time to think of the arts. Now, our work is manifest, and we cannot escape it." Holcroft hesitated before asking his next question.

"These things may after all be outside of one's real life. I am a young man. Say I am in love. Shall I then renounce the girl whom I love?" The tremor of his voice easily justified Elder Isaiah in accepting the question as covering the fundamental fact in Holcroft's life.

"There was a rich young man," he replied, slowly, "who once went to Jesus Christ and wanted to know what he

should do to gain the kingdom of heaven. He was told to sell all that he had and give to the poor; and we are told that he went away sorrowing. Every young man is ripe for the kingdom of heaven except in some one particular. The test of his sincerity lies in his willingness to sacrifice just that one thing. I will not press the matter with you, but be assured of this, that if you wish to join the people called Shakers, you must first ask yourself, not whether you are willing to give up this or that thing for which you do not much care, but whether you will give up the one thing for which you care greatly; and you may know this, that the principles of the Shaker life do not require a man to give up anything except that which is indissolubly connected with his lower nature. Now I must go. I shall be glad to see you any day at our house, and I will come here to see you if you wish me to. Kindly farewell."

Elder Isaiah gave his hand to the young man, took his stick, and walked away. He had drawn his bow and shot his shaft. More he did not purpose doing, for he was firm in his confidence that the principles of the Shaker life needed only to be stated to minds capable of receiving them; and were idle words, which it was folly to heap up, to such as had no interior sense of their reasonableness.

V.

To Alden Holcroft the question of becoming a Shaker was not simply that of intimate association with a girl whom by the very association he was forbidden to marry; he was so far master of his own mind as to be able to consider the wider relations of the society at which he was looking; yet the parting words of Elder Isaiah were prophetic in this, that they disclosed to the young man a test of his entire interest in the subject; and he honestly admitted to himself that, were Ruth eliminated from the problem, it would be easy for him to solve it by continuing in his present mode of life. But Ruth was not out of the problem, and he dared to fancy to himself a life in the community, where he might silently, after his wont, rejoice in the presence of a girl who could not walk before him without making him thrill with pleasure. The conception had in it a certain refinement which seemed to make an illusion a permanent and bright reality. Others had sought this life for the refuge which it gave from disturbing influences in the world; why should not he enter it to find a spiritual fulfillment of dreams which had so far never been satisfied?

He continued his attendance at Shaker meeting week by week, and though he said nothing more he knew that he had in a measure marked himself before the little community. He did not solicit nor receive attention from the members. Elder Isaiah bowed to him when they met, but offered no speech. Yet Holcroft was aware of a curious glancing and attention of which he was the recipient; aware too, in time, of an equally positive fact, that he never received a look from Ruth, and that she alone of all the members seemed ignorant of his presence. He could not help observing this, because his own attention was always fixed upon her, under such cover of discretion as he was moved to employ. One day, a holiday in the city, when he was standing in the doorway of his house of entertainment, he discovered a wagon-load of Shaker girls, accompanied by one of the elders, driving along the road on a berrying excursion. They were singing some of their melodies, and having such discreet fun as could bubble from the unrepressible parts of their natures. As they passed his door he retreated, but not before the elder and his company had bowed to him, one only keeping her head turned away. That it was Ruth he knew by certain signs, easily conveyed to him who had possessed himself of all the lines of her form and face; and her avoidance, in the light of his Sunday experience, struck upon him with a force which, for the moment, was painful in its disclosure.

Could it be, he asked himself, that this

girl had come to look upon him with different eyes from what the rest did; that she was in any way affected in her consciousness by the steadfast gaze which his mind, rather than his eyes, had bent upon her? In the solitude of his life, noticing many times the superfluousness of speech, he had come to believe with confidence in the power of one person to communicate with another without spoken or written words; and as he stepped back into his empty house there rushed across his mind the belief that something of his constancy had become known to Ruth. For a moment there was mingled with this a feeling of regret, as if she had thereby stepped down from the place in which he had been regarding her; but this momentary regret was followed by an overwhelming desire to see her, to speak with her, to possess her. All the fine dreams of a brotherly intercourse under the protection of Shaker order were dissipated by the substantial image of a closer union, and the possibilities of a Shaker life fled before the possibility of a life with Ruth.

When the movements of action are anticipated and imitated in thought, the consummation is more rapid, and the changes are not so much surprises as quick developments. Within a short space of time Holcroft had performed several revolutions in his mind, and since his action lay largely in that arena, it was a natural exaggeration for him to believe himself much nearer the accomplishment of his purpose than a strict interpretation of the facts would warrant. He was always a little ahead of fact in any ardent pursuit like this. At all events, he was in a mood to magnify the smallest sign or incident. Shy as he was, the force of his desires had a momentum which comes from a long and silent gathering, able to break down any ordinary barriers. His shyness and his sensitiveness had always heretofore forbidden him to move from behind the intrenchment in which he lived, but never before had his nature been met and fairly subdued by a stronger force. Now a Shaker maiden had only moved before him week after week, and he knew that for the first time he had seen a woman; she had turned her eyes away from him, and he was ready to believe that a woman had seen him.

He took his hat, and, closing the door behind him, walked down the road in the direction taken by the party. He had no definite plan in his mind; he scarcely allowed himself to question what he should do, what he should say. In his eagerness he could not scheme; with a consciousness of his weakness he dared not deliberate. He simply gave himself to the controlling impulse which had urged him to follow Ruth. As he went down the road, he recalled the old slate quarry, which had outlived the turnpike that once drove through it, and remembered that from the top of a little ledge there one could get a pretty wide survey of the fields about. He entered the overgrown road that led to it, and crossing a little brook found himself soon among the loose chips which marked the beginning of the quarry; he climbed the side of the old ledge, past the little pool that reflected it, stood on the summit, and looked about him. His eye soon caught sight of the party engaged in stripping the blackberry vines. They were scattered in little groups or singly, and by herself was Ruth, somewhat apart from the others. He followed the lead of his impulse, still strong enough to master his habitual reserve, and as if fearing to be overtaken by prudence almost ran to where she stooped. He came upon her without passing her companion, and a clump of bushes sheltered them from immediate observation. She heard his footfall, and without looking up said, "Miranda, it is as I told you; the vines here have scarcely any thorns."

It was the first time that he had heard her speak, and wondering at the music of her voice he forgot for a moment the coming discovery; but she, getting no response, looked up, and saw standing by her the grave, brown-bearded man whom she had seen at the meetings and whom she had heard the brethren discuss.

"I thought it was Sister Miranda," she said faintly, turning again to her

berries, her face hidden by the Shaker bonnet which she wore.

"It is Alden Holcroft," said he, making a rude sort of introduction of himself. "You heard him speak once in your meeting. Elder Isaiah came to see me afterward, and I talked with him. I live in the old Holcroft Tavern. I have been making it over to live in. But I am not satisfied. It is a selfish life, after all. One may be selfish when he fancies he has very high ideals. If the secret of a perfect life could be found it would not lie in solitude, I am sure." At this point voices were heard from the other side of the bush, and Ruth's name was called. A sudden sense of the embarrassment which would come upon her took hold of Alden, and he spoke out, "Ruth Hanway is here."

He himself stepped forward and confronted two or three girls, who looked in astonishment at him and retreated a step; but Ruth herself came from behind the bush and accosted one of them, whose face had more laughter in it than the others. "I called you, Miranda; did you not hear me?"

"Nay; I was busy picking berries," said the girl, with a roguish look.

To Alden Holcroft Miranda was the image of the laughing girlhood of which he was in mortal terror. All the shyness of the man returned with a rush which covered him with confusion, and without another word he turned and strode across the fields toward his house.

"Look, Ruth, how fast he goes!" said Miranda. "He is afraid of me. What was he saying to you? I wish I had heard you call, and had come up behind the bush in time to catch some of his words."

"Will he be a Shaker?" asked one of the other girls.

"Yea," said Miranda, who took it upon her to answer. "He will be a Shaker, so as to pick berries with Ruth here."

"For shame, Miranda!" said the young girl, indignantly. "You heard him in the meeting, and you know he is an honest man. He needs the light."

"And he comes to you for it," pursued Miranda, mischievously. Ruth was silent, and refused to talk further with her companions.

When they had finished their task and were jogging home again, they drew near the Holcroft Tavern, and Miranda, who sat next to Ruth, whispered, —

"Look, Ruth! here is his house, and I think I see him behind the window." But Ruth turned the other way, vexed at her companion, yet curious to look again at the house of which the owner had spoken to her. "There are red curtains to the window," continued Miranda. "What a queer idea! I should think they would fade. There! he has left the window, and the door is open." By a sudden impulse Ruth turned and looked at the house. The hall door stood open, and the light which came from an opening at the farther end revealed, in a shadowy way, the rich cabinets and stately stairway which one entering the house would first notice as characterizing the interior. Pictures hung upon the walls, and sculptured bas-reliefs projected from the surface. It was a glimpse only, and Holcroft himself did not cross her vision, but she turned back with a shrinking sense of having rudely forced her way into the house.

"What a queer place!" said Miranda, still chattering. "I 'd like to go in there. But what a place to take care of! My! there 's more than one girl could look after. Did you see the staircase? It was wide enough for an ox-team to go up. I should n't wonder if Sister Abigail could go straight up; she has to go sideways, 'most, in our house. I've a mind to get Isaac to sell him some melons, and then he 'll come back and tell us all about the house. If you 'd go, Ruth, he 'd welcome you."

"Hush!" said Ruth, indignantly.

"Oh, you need n't be so mighty about it. Of course, I meant you should go with Elder Isaiah, next time he goes."

Horace E. Scudder.

JOAN MELLISH.

WHERE art thou now, Joan Mellish?
Spring with its smiles slips past;
The great red rose in the convent close
Crimsons and glows at last;
And with the time of roses
Old hopes new life assume:
Where art thou, then, Joan Mellish?
Shall naught thine eyes relume?

Thy step was free and stately
As the step of the mountain fawn;
Thy cheek's faint flush like the rosy blush
In the first sweet hush of dawn;
And oh, thy heart, Joan Mellish,
Was just the truest heart
That ever the dear God sent below
To bear an earthly part.

I seek for thee, Joan Mellish,
At morn, at noon, at eve;
I turn and turn, and pant and burn,
I strive and yearn and grieve;
But not for sigh or whisper,
For passionate sob or cry,
Dost thou come back, my love, my life!
And still the years go by.

Thou wilt not come, Joan Mellish,
Thy feet the earth-dust holds;
Where strangers pass the long grave-grass
Thy couch, alas, enfolds.
And I, thine earthly lover, —
Ah me, how far am I
From that dark home of thine below,
From thy bright home on high!

Ah me, the bitter parting
Of love that is not hope!
Farewell for aye, dear heart! Astray
In doubt's dark way I grope;
My eyes are dim with seeking
The face they cannot see.
Farewell, farewell, Joan Mellish,
A long farewell to thee!

Barton Grey.

ADDITIONAL ACCOMPANIMENTS TO BACH'S AND HÄNDEL'S SCORES.

> "Der Stoff gewinnt erst seinen Werth
> Durch künstlerische Gestaltung."
> HEINRICH HEINE: *Schöpfungslieder.*

IT is both fortunate and unfortunate that people in general have got into the habit of regarding Bach and Händel with a rather careless admiration. Those great names are too often treated with mere after-dinner-speech complacency. This is fortunate in so far as the admiration, if careless and of somewhat second-hand quality, is after all of a respectful character, and offers no opposition to whatever serious attempts may be made towards doing real honor to the great composers' works; but unfortunate as it tends to induce a too lukewarm interest in the painstaking study of what is most to be cherished in the rich legacy of music bequeathed to the world by Bach and Händel, without which study our appreciation of its full worth is unintelligent and undiscriminating. Although the astounding development which purely instrumental composition has undergone at the hands of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and others may seem to throw the instrumental works of Bach and Händel into the shade, it must be recognized that in the department of vocal composition the world has produced very little that can bear comparison with their monumental oratorios and cantatas. It seems strange, at first sight, that, while we can bring about an excellent performance of so huge a score as that of Berlioz's Requiem, with its four supplementary orchestras of brass instruments, eight pairs of kettle-drums, and all its imposing vocal and orchestral panoply, we stand utterly impotent before so apparently simple a work as Händel's Theodora. In the former case it is a mere question of good-will, orchestral resources, and money; in the latter, a question of something far more difficult to procure. In looking over the pages of a Bach or Händel score, we are surprised at the apparent meagreness of the instrumental portion. While the voices are treated with all the elaborate care that was characteristic of the composers' day, the instrumental accompaniment seems to have been unaccountably neglected. In some places the orchestral accompaniment is worked out with the same elaborateness as the vocal parts; in others we find little or nothing more than an instrumental bass to support the voices. But upon closer inspection we find that this bass is in most cases accompanied by a curious series of Arabic numerals, which were evidently not put there for nothing. In fact, both Bach and Händel were in the habit of writing a great part of their music in that species of short-hand known to the initiated as a figured bass. Wherever there seems to be a lack of instrumental accompaniment in their scores, we may feel sure that the bass contains the germ from which this is to be developed. This bass is called the *continuo* or *basso continuo*, and until it is developed into full harmony, until the frequent gaps in the score are filled out, anything like an adequate performance of the work is out of the question. In the composers' time, this filling out was in all probability done by themselves, or under their direction, on the organ or harpsichord. The organist played either directly from the continuo itself, or from an organ part prepared from it. All passages which the composer did not intend to be played in full harmony were marked *tasto solo;* the other portions were usually elaborately figured, that is, the harmony was indicated by figures written under the continuo. In some instances the figuring was omitted, the choice of harmony being then far more problematical. It is generally supposed that in such cases the composer intended to play the organ himself, or else that, although the figuring is not to be found in the score, it was written down

by the composer in the separate part the organist was to play from, and has been since lost. It will be easily seen that the manner in which Bach's and Händel's continuos are worked out is by no means a matter of indifference, inasmuch as a very vital and essential element in the music depends thereon. The subject has given rise to much discussion, which has to-day assumed the proportions of an actual pen-and-ink war. Musician after musician has tried his hand at working out the continuo in many scores of the old masters, with very varying success. To distinguish those parts which were actually written out by the composers themselves from the indispensable additions to the score made by other hands, the former are called "original parts;" the latter are generally known by the name of "additiona. accompaniments." The violence of the discussion on the subject of additiona. accompaniments now going on in Germany, and its direct bearing upon the all-important problem of how to insure a correct and adequate performance of Bach's and Händel's vocal works, makes it interesting to see how the two present contending parties arose.

It must be borne in mind that, as far as the familiarity of the public with Bach's works is concerned, Sebastian Bach is practically a more modern composer even than Beethoven. By this is meant that the public recognition of his works is of much more recent date. For a long period, during which the works of Haydn and Mozart had become familiar as household words, and Beethoven — yes, even Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schumann — was very generally known and admired, Sebastian Bach was known only by name except to a very few choice spirits. Organists knew his organ works, and his Well-Tempered Clavichord had been more or less studied by musicians; but his oratorios and cantatas were almost unheard of. How hard Mendelssohn and one or two other men worked to bring the public at large into direct relation with some of Bach's more important compositions is well known to every one. The task was a severe one, as almost all of Bach's vocal works existed only in MS. Mendelssohn succeeded, however, in having the St. Matthew-Passion brought out in the Thomas-Kirche, in Leipzig, — the very church in which Bach had held the position of organist, — and in bringing one or two of his orchestral suites to a performance at the Gewandhaus. The annual performance of the Passion Music on Good Friday soon grew to be a fixed institution. A large portion of the public all over North Germany got to regard this work with peculiar veneration. The St. John-Passion was also given annually at another church, the Pauliner-Kirche, but it was not so generally admired as its mighty companion. The Gewandhaus orchestra continued playing the D-minor suite, more as a matter of routine than anything else, for their audiences were hugely bored by it. The fruits of Mendelssohn's strenuous endeavors in the cause of Bach were practically limited to this. Few persons knew, and still fewer cared, about the existence of some three hundred church cantatas from the pen of the great master. Surely, very few indeed suspected the fact that these cantatas were one of the most precious mines of musical riches that the world ever possessed. It was not until some time after Mendelssohn's death that the world at large began to learn anything about them. With Händel the case was somewhat different. Although his works have never, to this day, won anything like general popularity in Germany, the few musicians and musical *savants* who were interested in Händel took more active measures to have his oratorios publicly performed than the Bach lovers did, on their side; witness the great preponderance of Händel's vocal works, which had been supplied with additional accompaniments, over works by Bach, for which similar things had been done, in Mendelssohn's time. Many completed scores of Händel (made by Mozart, Mosel, and others) were ready for use by choral societies, while almost nothing of Bach existed in a performable shape. The violent discussions between "Bachianer" and "Händelianer,"

about which the world has since heard a good deal, interested only the parties actively engaged in them; the outside world cared nothing about the whole question. It was indeed impossible that any general enthusiasm should have been felt on the subject at a time when new works by Mendelssohn and Schumann were continually making appeals to public interest; when Weber was exciting every one's attention, and Richard Wagner was beginning to stir up all the musical elements in Germany into astonished, chaotic strife by his music-dramas and theoretical pamphlets. Yet the true Bach and Händel lovers were not idle. Three years after Mendelssohn's death several musicians and men interested in the cause came together in Leipzig, to debate upon the practicability of publishing a complete edition of the works of Johann Sebastian Bach. They decided that this undertaking could be carried out only by subscription, as the demand for such music in the market was virtually null. Accordingly the now well-known Bach Society[1] was formed, the chief founders of which were C. F. Becker, the firm of Breitkopf und Härtel, Moritz Hauptmann, Otto Jahn, and Robert Schumann. The edition was to be published by Breitkopf und Härtel. The matter must have been taken up with a good deal of energy, for on the 18th of July, 1850, — the centennial anniversary of Bach's death, — an official circular soliciting subscriptions was sent out over Germany. Subscriptions came in quite rapidly, and among a host of names on the list we find especially prominent those of Franz Liszt, I. Moscheles, Louis Spohr, and A. B. Marx. The first volume, containing ten church cantatas in score, appeared in December, 1851. A list of the then existing subscribers was printed with the volume, classified according to their places of residence. It is interesting to note in this list, under the head "Boston," the single American name of "Herr Parker, J. C. D., Tonkünstler." The society has since that time continued publishing volume after volume, and the edition has at the present date attained its twenty-fourth volume. But in spite of these labors of the Bach Society, which were, after all, prompted by an archæologico-historical rather than a purely musical interest in Bach's works, the general love for Bach kept pretty much *in statu quo*. Some years after the appearance of the Bach circular, another organization was formed, namely, the Händel Society, for the purpose of publishing a complete edition of Händel's works. It was conducted on precisely the same principles as the other body, and the edition was published by the same firm. The first volume, comprising the dramatic oratorio of Susannah, appeared in October, 1858. That far more vital musical interest in its task was felt by this organization than by its fellow society is evident from the fact that, in its edition, all the orchestral scores of Händel's vocal works are accompanied by a carefully written-out part for organ or piano-forte, in which the bare places in the score are filled out according to the figured basso continuo. In the Bach edition there is nothing of the sort, but only the incomplete score, just as the composer left it. Thus, while the Bach Society gave to the world an edition of that master's works which was historically valuable, and only that in so far as the vocal scores were concerned, the Händel Society took active measures to make the vocal scores in their edition available for actual performance by choral bodies. The champion of the latter society was Friedrich Chrysander, a man who had always assumed the attitude of an almost exclusive admirer of Händel, and who, in his writings, rarely let a chance slip of saying something invidious about Bach. Chrysander had much more prestige as a musical authority than any man on the Bach side. Another man was G. G. Gervinus, who,

[1] This Deutsche Bach-Gesellschaft (German Bach Society), which to-day counts among its members distinguished musicians and music-lovers all over Europe and in many parts of America, must not be confounded with the Leipziger Bach-Verein (Bach Union), a totally distinct society, which was organized much later.

although not a musician in any way, had somehow got bitten with the Händel mania, and allowed his admiration for Händel to expand into all the implacable bigotry of an amateur. As most of Händel's vocal works were originally written to English words, Gervinus was of great service to the Händel Society in furnishing them with German translations for their edition. That a man like Gervinus should have been willing to wade through the unspeakable balderdash of many of the texts of Händel's oratorios, and diligently turn it into rhymed German, is a good proof of the strength of his enthusiasm. The most actively prominent Bachite was Philipp Spitta, a school-master in Eisenach. As Chrysander had the peculiar failing of not being able to keep from defaming Bach, Spitta could never be dissuaded from indulging in similar flings at Händel; so the two men were continually at swords' (or pens') points. Their animosity reached its climax when Spitta came to Leipzig, a few years ago, to deliver a course of lectures on Bach. How long this state of affairs might have lasted, if a third element had not been introduced into the discussion, no one can tell. But a third element was very soon introduced in the person of Robert Franz. Franz had, for some time past, been attracting considerable attention by his additional accompaniments to several scores of Bach, Händel, Durante, and Astorga. Now Chrysander felt rather as if he himself, the noted biographer of Händel, and one of the most influential members of the Händel Society, had, or ought to have, something like a monopoly of knowledge on the subject of filling out Händel's continuos; in like manner, Spitta felt that he, the biographer of Bach, and the well-known Bach student, knew all that was to be known about writing additional accompaniments to Bach's scores. About the manner in which this was to be done both men essentially agreed, if in nothing else. Franz believed that he, although neither an archæological pedant, necrologist, nor school-master, but merely a hard Bach and Händel student, and a highly cultured musician with a decided spark of genius, knew rather more about the æsthetic side of his favorite masters than either Chrysander or Spitta, who, with all their labor, may be said to have sounded those mighty heads only wig-deep at best. He also showed in his work that he differed widely in opinion from Chrysander and Spitta on some very vital and essential points. So he came in for a sound rating (through the medium of printing-ink) from both those literary lights. But Franz, although the most modest and naturally inoffensive mortal alive, was not the man to shirk an encounter in which the honor of Bach and Händel was at stake; being also a man of no mean literary ability, he answered back, calmly but firmly, and with such effect that his opponents' wrath fairly reached the boiling-over point. There was evidently nothing to be done but to make common cause against the common enemy. Accordingly Chrysander and Spitta shook hands, swearing eternal alliance; Bachianer and Händelianer fused, as the politicians say. The Leipziger Bach-Verein (Bach Union) was formed on the most violent anti-Franz principles. This association had for its object not only the editing of many of Bach's choral works in pianoforte and vocal score, with a complete organ accompaniment, worked out from Bach's figured continuo, to be used whenever the works in question were performed, but also the public performance of those works by the best choral and orchestral means that Leipzig afforded. So the pen-and-ink war was no longer between Bachianer and Händelianer, about which of the two was the greater man, — a rather foolish bone of contention, at best, — but between Robert Franz and the Leipzig Bach Union, as to the manner in which the necessary additional accompaniments to Bach's and Händel's (but more especially the former's) vocal scores should be written. The contest, as has been said, has by this time got to be a particularly fierce one, both parties indulging in personalities and mutual recriminations to a lamentable extent. Be it said, however, that, as far as Franz

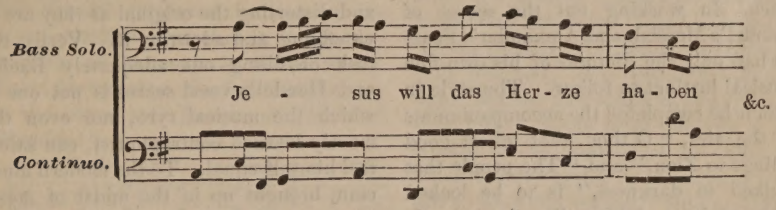
is personally concerned, he has expressed himself with a noble moderation in all he has written. The most notable sympathizers with either party are, on the Franz side, Julius Schaeffer (who may be regarded as Franz's official mouthpiece), Joseph Rheinberger, and Franz Liszt; on the side of the Bach Union, Johannes Brahms, Joseph Joachim, and several others. The Bach Union represents the conservative, archæologico-historical element, and Franz the progressive, artistic one. There seems to exist considerable divergence of opinion on many points among some of the influential members of the Bach Union itself; one of them, Franz Wüllner, may be regarded as to all intents and purposes a sympathizer with Robert Franz. In his additional accompaniments to the cantata "Jesu, der du meine Seele," he has followed Franz's method in all essential points. How it happens that the Bach Union can have permitted this arrangement to be embodied in their edition is not wholly clear. There are also many prominent musicians who sympathize wholly with Franz, but who take no active part in the controversy. The first publication of the Bach Union appeared in 1876. It contained the cantatas, "Sie werden alle aus Saba kommen," arranged by A. Volkland; "Wer Dank oppert, der preisset mich," arranged by H. von Herzogenberg, and "Jesu, der du meine Seele," arranged by Franz Wüllner.

Having thus seen how the famous Bach and Händel controversy arose, it is now time for us to examine into its merits.

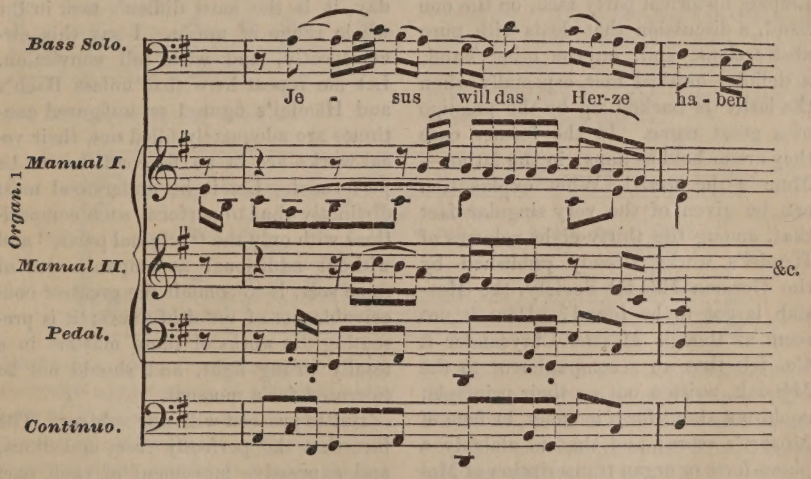
The question of how additional accompaniments are to be written to Bach and Händel scores is really a double one. The first and more important is in what style the filling out of the figured continuo is to be done; the second is upon what instrument, or instruments, the added parts are to be played. This second question seems of easy solution at first sight; the almost universally accepted tradition being that the composers themselves used the organ, and in some cases the harpsichord or spinet. But there is, notwithstanding, a great difficulty in the matter. The majority of Händel's vocal works are either concert compositions or else dramatic works, which the great change in the art of dramatic musical writing since his time has driven from the stage, and which our modern taste can find acceptable only in the concert room. Bach wrote mainly for the church; but the altered fashions of our day make the availableness of his church cantatas for purposes of divine worship very questionable; at all events, they could be used only in the German Lutheran church service. Bach's oratorios and cantatas come to-day as much within the domain of the concert room as Händel's works. Now the number of concert halls in the world which possess an organ is exceedingly limited, so that the enforced use of an organ in these scores would shut the doors of many choral societies upon them at once. But more of this farther on; let us consider the more important and vital question first. How is the figured continuo to be worked out? There are many opinions on the subject. That something needs to be done, even in those scores in which there is no figuring to the continuo, is agreed by every one. Bach and Händel never showed the slightest symptoms of being of the opinion that a melody and bass are all that is necessary in music. Jean Jacques Rousseau advocated this strange theory, saying that a truly æsthetic ear takes more pleasure in divining the harmony of a composition than in actually hearing it; but Bach and Händel had minds of a different stamp. As for the working out of these masters' figured (or unfigured) basses, some persons have thought that "the greatest possible *neutrality* in the filling out" is, above all things, desirable; in other words, that the additions should be as inconspicuous as possible. These are the archæological extremists. Others have felt less scruples, saying that one need only have a clear insight into the A B C of the matter (that is, of writing harmony to a figured bass, or, as it was called in Händel's time, — mark the expression, —

the *art of accompanying*) to be able to do all that is needful in any case; that every skillful musician, even every musical amateur who has some knowledge of the theory of the art, cannot fail to find the right path and walk securely in it. What the "greatest possible neutrality in the filling out" means is not hard to guess. It evidently means that the figured continuo should be filled out in plain harmony, — what the French call *accords plaqués*. Now one thing is clear: if this added harmony is to be "neutral," it must be neither actively consonant nor discrepant with the spirit of the instrumental and vocal parts which the composer actually wrote; it must neither help nor hinder them; it must have no individuality of its own; in short, it must be a sort of musical *tertium quid*, not to be very easily defined. It is a little strange, however, that we may look through all Händel's and Bach's vocal works without finding an instance of *their* having treated a single item in their compositions as "neutral." On the contrary, every voice, every orchestral part, is instinct with life, every instrument has something of vital importance to say. It may be retorted, with some show of speciousness, that, admitting this musical vitality to be found in everything that Bach and Händel *actually wrote out*, there is no direct evidence that they intended their mere figured basses to indicate anything of the sort; and that if they had intended the gaps in their scores to be filled out in a purely polyphonic style — that is, a style in which every part is vitally important — they would not have left those gaps there at all, but would have filled them out themselves. Of circumstantial evidence in this particular there is naturally none, or the question could never have come up. But the internal evidence is very strong. In the first place, the style of writing in which certain instrumental parts are used merely to fill up gaps in the harmony, or simply for the sake of enriching the quality of tone, without adding anything to the essential musical structure of the composition, was entirely foreign to the spirit of Bach's time. This style cannot be traced back farther than Mozart, Haydn, and Gluck. Bach and Handel may be said to have lived in a purely polyphonic age; in a time when everything that was not absolutely essential in music was looked upon as superfluous, and hence inadmissible. To understand why they should have been content merely to indicate certain things in their scores, and that, too, in a way which was open to great latitude of interpretation, we must understand something of the musical habits of their day. At that period the "art of accompanying" did not mean the art of playing or conducting an already elaborated instrumental accompaniment to one or more singers or solo players. It meant the art of deciphering — either at sight, or after some practice — a figured bass on the organ or harpsichord. This art was very generally cultivated, and no one was considtered a competent organist or clavecinist who had not attained to a high degree of proficiency in it. More than this, an organist was expected to be able not only to decipher a figured bass correctly and freely at sight, but to extemporize contrapuntally upon a given theme. A significant fact in this matter is that we find that certain famous singers in London stipulated especially, in their contracts with managers, "that Mr. Händel should play the accompaniments;" that is, that he should preside at the harpsichord or organ, and decipher the figured continuo. Now it is hardly likely that, at a time when there were so many instrumental virtuosi in London, such stress should have been laid upon Händel's accompanying if it had been only a question of technical executive talent. No; it was because Händel filled out a figured bass better than other artists. If this filling out were to be done merely in correct plain harmony, there would have been small chance for Händel's shining perceptibly superior to other artists, at a time when the next best organist was perfectly competent to do as much. But if the continuo was to be worked out in pure polyphonic style, in imitative counterpoint, we see at once how Händel

could easily distance less gifted virtuosi than himself. Indeed, it is reported that to hear Händel or Bach play from a figured bass was like listening to a brilliant organ concerto. In the second place, we find by experiment that, in by far the majority of cases, the effect of mere plain harmony (accords plaqués) in conjunction with the parts actually written out by Bach and Händel is unsatisfactory if not downright bad. The contrast between Bach's and Händel's freely moving parts, so full of glorious life and vigor, and the heavy, sluggish chords is too marked; the "accompaniment" hangs like a millstone round the neck of the brilliant counterpoint, or else it so muffles and chokes it that it loses half of its charm. It is like filling out the space between the beautiful head and limbs of some incomplete antique statue with mere shapeless ashlar. The head and limbs do better without it. There are even passages which absolutely defy simple harmonic treatment. Take, for example, the following measure from the bass air in Bach's cantata, "Sie werden aus Saba alle kommen."



Try to fill out the accompaniment in plain chords, and see what the effect will be. Franz evidently felt this difficulty when he wrote it out thus:



Were it worth while, I might also quote the Bach Union version of this measure, which Schaeffer has very justly characterized as sheer harmonic nonsense.

No, Franz is clearly right when he says that the greatest possible neutrality in the filling out must necessarily lead to a want of character. A mere harmonic accompaniment will be irksomely conspicuous by its very neutrality. Even the Bach Union have found it impossible to adhere exclusively to this principle, and the co-workers of the Händel Society have found its unstinted application equally out of the question. A vital polyphonic style is requisite, and through it alone can the gaps in Bach's and Händel's scores be so filled out that the contrast between the original parts and the additional ac-

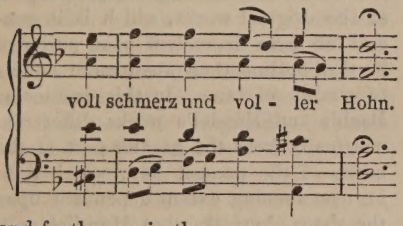
[1] The two manuals are to be registered with contrasted stops.

companiments shall not strike the ear as ungraceful and unmusical. The truth of this was most clearly perceived by the greatest, and to all practical purposes the first, musician who tried his hand at filling out an incomplete score, — a man whose name carries such weight with it that the present archæologico-historical party have always carefully omitted it in their discussions. I mean Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. In his time the mighty question of additional accompaniments had not set so many wise and foolish heads wagging as it has since. In working out the scores of Händel's Messiah and Alexander's Feast he had only the dictates of his own fine musical instinct to follow. The style in which he completed the accompaniments to the airs, "O thou, that tellest good tidings to Zion," and "The people that walked in darkness," is to be looked upon as the model for all such work. It is curious to notice how differently the Leipzig historical party face, on the one hand, a discussion that deals with pure abstractions, and, on the other hand, a definite musical fact, especially when the latter is backed up by the prestige of a great name. In the former case they are as bold as lions; in the latter — Mum 's the word! What explanation can be given of the very singular fact that, among the thirty-eight volumes of Händel's works already published by the German Händel Society, the Messiah is not to be found? Does it not seem as though Messrs. Chrysander & Co. felt that an accompaniment to the Messiah, written out on their principle, could not stand for a moment in face of Mozart's score; and that to embody a piano-forte or organ transcription of Mozart's score into their edition would be virtually to deny the soundness of their principles? The fact that there is much that is unsatisfactory in Mozart's score is not worth a jot, seeing that in just those passages where Mozart has been most successful in making his additional accompaniments blend harmoniously with both the spirit and the letter of the original parts, so that both Händel's work and his own seem to have sprung from the same source, and no ear can detect which is Händel and which Mozart, in the two airs just referred to, he has worked out the continuo in the very freest and most elaborate contrapuntal style.

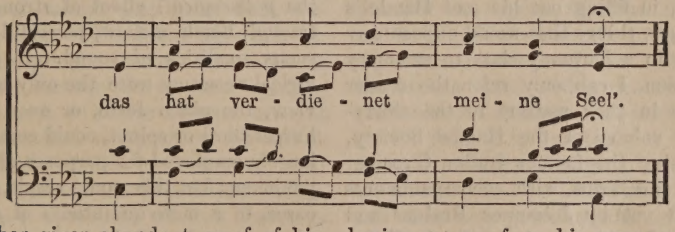
In so far as clear insight into the A B C of the matter is concerned, it is not hard to see that this is quite too flippant a way of settling a very grave question. Franz holds, with perfect truth, and it cannot be said too often nor too emphatically, that additional accompaniments are quite as capable of weakening and distorting the original as they are of ennobling and adorning it. Verily, the task of filling out adequately Bach's and Händel's vocal scores is not one to which the musical tyro, nor even the merely learned contrapuntist, can safely feel himself equal. To the modern musician, brought up in the midst of music of a post-Händelian period, and strongly imbued with the art tendencies of our day, it is the most difficult task in the whole range of music. I say this circumspectly, and with full conviction. Let me repeat here that unless Bach's and Händel's figured or unfigured continuos are adequately filled out, their vocal works are in no fit condition to be performed. Let it be understood most distinctly that to perform such compositions with only the "original parts," and without additional accompaniments of some sort, is to commit the greatest conceivable act of unfaithfulness; it is presenting the works of those masters in a totally wrong light, and should not be tolerated for a moment.

But to proceed with our subject. The fact that the perfectly free, melodious, and expressive movement of each part in the harmony was one of the prime characteristics of Bach's style, even when nothing like fugued writing was in question, seems to have escaped many of his arrangers. Yet this is not only an evidence of Bach's supreme skill in polyphonic writing, but is one of the means by which he gave expression to some of his finest and most beautiful poetic conceptions. Speaking technically, the bass with him contained the germ from which

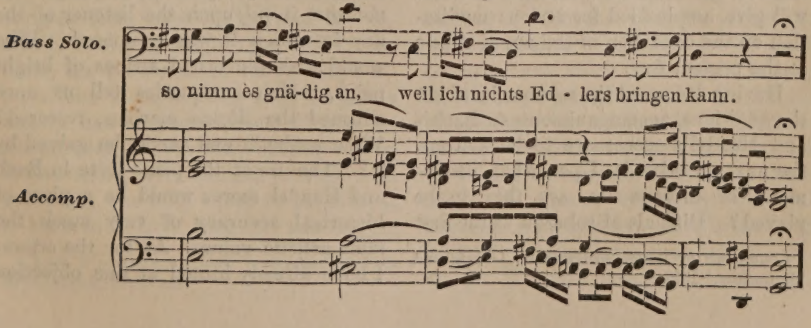
a composition was to be evolved, rather than that part which we, in modern parlance, call the melody. Of all the parts lying above the bass, the "melody" was, at most, *primus inter pares*. In his vocal works, where the music naturally seeks to give expression to the sentiment of the text, we often find that what we now call the poetic essence of the music lies in the middle parts (alto and tenor), or in the accompaniment. This is peculiarly noticeable in his chorals, where the middle parts move with the most absolute freedom, and nothing of that timidly restricted leading of the voices which is advocated in elementary manuals of harmony is to be found. Take, for instance, the following phrase in the choral "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden:"—

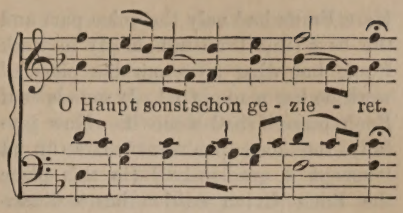


and further on in the same:—



Franz has given abundant proof of his thorough appreciation of this characteristic of Bach's style. Of his skill in reproducing such effects — *effects* is an unpleasant word, but let it pass — the following passage from his arrangement of the Saba cantata is a fine example. The words are, "So accept it" (that is, my heart) "graciously, since I can bring nothing nobler."





What a plenitude of grief the tenor brings into the harmony at the word *Schmerz* (grief)! What can be more expressive of mental anguish than the suspended E in the tenor, making, as it does, the grating dissonance of a minor ninth with the upper voice? In the following passage, "O Head, once beautifully adorned," the wondrous glow of light, shining like a halo around the divine head, at the word *gezieret*, is due wholly to the leading of the alto and tenor voices; again, in the choral "Ich bin's, ich sollte büssen" (the melody of which is commonly known as "Nun ruhen alle Wälder"), where the last two verses are, "The scourging and the bonds that thou hast undergone, them has my soul deserved," with what loving, sorrowful penitence is the tenor voice instinct in the last line!—

Here Franz had only the voice part and the bass (this time unfigured) to work from; but what an admirable piece of work he has made of it! It sounds as if Bach himself had done it. How joyfully the accompaniment soars up at "accept it graciously" (in this place the Bach Union edition has a diminished seventh chord, which sounds as if the supplicant were performing some painful surgical operation upon his heart, or else were invoking the powers of darkness), and how humbly it bows down to prepare for the words "since I can bring nothing nobler"! How full of reposeful trust in the acceptance of the offering is the descending closing cadence! I have hinted that the Bach Union arrangers, and some others too, had sounded Bach's head only wig-deep; as for diving down to the great, bounteously loving heart of him, so full of tender piety and child-like trust, that seems to have lain as far as possible from their thoughts. Concerning the mere grammatical errors (*Schulfehler*), such as rank fifths and octaves, hideous harmonic progressions, and what not, made by men of no mean repute as musicians, in filling out his and Händel's continuos, things that would expose any scholar in a harmony class to summary correction, I can only refer the reader curious in such matters to the thirty-second volume of the Händel Society, containing the famous Italian Chamber Duets and Trios, with accompaniments worked out by Johannes Brahms and Joseph Joachim, and the Bach Union edition of the cantata "Wer Dank opfert, der preisset mich,"[1] with the accompaniment arranged by H. von Herzogenberg. Both of these publications will give ample food for serious meditation on the condition of the art of music at the present day.

Having discussed the manner in which the additional accompaniments to Bach's and Händel's scores are to be written, the next question is, Upon what instrument, or instruments, are they to be played? Difficult of solution as the first question was, this one is still more so. Indeed, it has not yet been solved to the reasonable satisfaction of any one. If we look at the matter from a purely historical point of view, the fact stares us in the face that, in all probability, Bach and Händel used the organ and harpsichord. So far as the latter instrument is concerned the sound of a piano-forte (which is the modern equivalent of the harpsichord) in combination with the orchestra, the contrast between its short, sharp notes and the sustained tones of the voices and other instruments, is peculiarly ungrateful to the modern ear; so much so that anything more than a very sparing resort to it is to be deprecated. For let us not lose sight of the fact that, in filling out old scores, the main desideratum is to preserve the *spirit* of the original works, which is in general far more dependent upon purity of musical outline than upon mere effects of quality of tone. In this particular Bach's and Händel's works differ diametrically from the greater part of the music of the present day, which is to an overweening extent dependent upon the sheer physical (what Hanslick calls the *pathological*) effect of strongly contrasted, harsh, mellow, powerful, or sensuous qualities of sound. If archæological accuracy were the only object in view, the piano-forte, or even the old harpsichord or spinet, could certainly be largely employed for purposes of accompaniment; but this would result, in most cases, in a mere quaintness of sonority (to our ears), utterly at variance with the purposes of the music. What we should have most at heart is to enable the music to produce, as far as practicable, the same effect upon *our organization* that it did upon the listener of the day in which it was composed. Who would wish the broad stripes of bright paint, which antiquaries tell us once adorned the Ægina marbles, restored? What æsthetic end would be gained by it? The use of the piano-forte in Bach and Händel scores would be a piece of historical accuracy of very much the same artistic value. As for the organ, I have already hinted at one objection

[1] Published by Rieter-Biedermann: Leipzig und Winterthur. 1876.

to its use; but as that objection is based merely upon the ground of the scarcity of organs in concert rooms, and has no direct bearing upon the musical side of the question, it cannot be considered as final. In fact, the whole question is at present in such an undecided condition that it is not worth while to go into it here at great length. I will only give some significant facts. The historical party are naturally in favor of the organ, and the organ only; their claim to the title of historical party rests mainly upon this preference. That Bach and Händel used the organ is not to be questioned; but where, how, and how much they used it is by no means so certain. In Bach's case it is not even certain why he used it; that is, whether he used it entirely from preference, or partly from necessity. Bach wrote his church cantatas at very short intervals, and copied out many of the parts himself. It is easily conceivable that he was often much pressed for time, and seized upon the make-shift of a figured bass, to be played upon the organ, either by himself or under his own supervision, simply to save time. The lack of proper orchestral means may have been another reason. The following quotation from the preface to the first volume of the Bach Society throws some light on this matter: "While Händel brought out his sacred compositions by means of elaborate concert performances, with large masses of the best-drilled executants, in a metropolis where a numerous public were interested to pass judgment upon them, S. Bach[1] wrote solely for the church service, and had at his disposal but very limited means of performing his music for Sundays and holidays. Judging from what we know of the demands made by Bach upon his executants, the performance cannot have always been a euphonious one, much less such a one as could reveal all the intrinsic wealth of the composition. Even if the choir, well trained to sing with precision, was fully equal to its task, it is hard to believe that the solo singers could have been equally competent to grapple with S. Bach's airs, — those airs of which the peculiar and not always convenient vocal style is to be mastered and rendered with musical freedom only by finished artists. . . . Among his MS. parts for strings and chorus we never find more than a single copy for each voice or instrument; the chorus parts also contain the solo passages for their respective voices. From this fact alone it might be concluded that both stringed instruments and chorus singers at these performances were very few in number; and a MS. letter of Bach, still preserved in the archives of the Leipzig common council, containing complaints of the insufficient means offered him for performing his church music, together with an enumeration and description of the same, leaves no room for further doubt on this head." Another fact to the point is that in Bach's and Händel's day such a thing as a conductor, marking time with a *bâton*, was unknown. The organist led the performance. In Philip Emanuel Bach's treatise on the art of accompanying, we find: "The organ is indispensable in church matters, on account of the fugues, the loud choruses, and in general for the sake of establishing a firm connection [that is, between the various voices and instruments]. It increases the splendor and *preserves order*." Now it is one thing to use the organ as a reinforcing agent, to strengthen certain vocal or instrumental parts, and thus add power to the volume of sound; but it is quite another thing to use it as an independent element in a composition. It has been found that the organ loses much of its noble individuality in a rectangular hall; the irregular surface of walls and roof, the pillars and vaulted arches of Gothic church architecture, have much to do with the tone of this mighty instrument. On the use of the organ in connection with the orchestra, the following opinion of Berlioz (who may be considered a high authority in all matters connected with the effect of combinations of different qualities of sound) is of great value. He says, "We must recognize the fact that

[1] Bach is commonly known in Germany by his middle name, Sebastian.

its [the organ's] even, equal, uniform sonority never blends perfectly with the variously characterized voices of the orchestra, and that there seems to exist a secret antipathy between these two musical powers. The organ and the orchestra are both kings, — or rather the one is emperor, and the other pope; their interests are too vast and too divergent to be confounded. Thus, on nearly all occasions when this singular combination has been tried, either the organ proudly domineered over the orchestra, or else the orchestra, forced to an immoderate pitch of energy, well-nigh extinguished its adversary." The intrinsic incompatibility of the organ with the orchestra is peculiarly felt in the accompaniment of airs, and concerted music for solo voices, where there can certainly be no question of reinforcing weak parts. Of course, in such cases, only the softer stops can come into play; and just these stops so greatly lack decision of utterance and accent that their contrast with the orchestral instruments is especially unfavorable to the full effect of polyphonic writing. In the concert room, moreover, both organist and organ-pipes are at such a distance from the singer and the accompanying instruments in the orchestra that anything like a sympathetic performance is rendered well-nigh impracticable. There is good historical evidence for the belief, entertained by many persons, that both Bach and Händel accompanied many of the airs in their works on a *Rückpositiv*,[1] or a *Regal*[2] placed directly by the singer's side. Franz has suggested supplying the place of an organ, in cases where that instrument is not used as a reinforcing agent, by a quartet, composed of two clarinets and two bassoons; in some cases, by the strings in the orchestra. The quartet of reed instruments has much the quality of tone of an organ, and has the advantage of a far greater power of accent and dynamic variety. These instruments are to be placed, together with a double-bass and 'cello, close beside the singer, and consequently directly under the conductor's eye. This arrangement has proved eminently successful in many instances; in others, it is not so satisfying. The union of the second bassoon with the double-bass and 'cello, especially when the part runs low, often sounds thick and muddy. This difficulty might perhaps be obviated by substituting a bass clarinet for the bassoon in some passages, but I believe this has not yet been tried. At all events, it is well known that both Bach and Händel were not at all averse to a very solid bass to their works. But even if Franz has been unsuccessful in some passages, — for his surpassing skill in counterpoint and his fine musical instinct have nothing to do with his possible lack of knowledge in orchestration, — he and notably Mozart have been so thoroughly successful in many of their arrangements of Bach and Händel scores for orchestra without organ that the possibility of its being well and satisfactorily done has been convincingly demonstrated. But, upon the whole, this subject has not yet been made clear by sufficiently exhaustive experiments, and no one can have come to a rational final conclusion about it. It must also not be forgotten that this question is, after all, one of secondary importance. Whether a musical phrase is played on the organ or on a clarinet, it still remains one and the same phrase. Whatever opinion one may hold of the condition of the art of instrumentation in Bach's and Händel's day, it must be very evident to any one who takes the trouble to examine those masters' scores that instrumentation *per se* was a far less integral element in the art of musical composition then than it is now. The prime question in this matter is, *What shall be played?* not, *By what instruments shall it be played?*

William F. Apthorp.

[1] *Rückpositiv* (Ger.) a back choir organ; that is, a choir organ which is behind the player, the connecting mechanism of which passes under his feet. (Stainer and Barrett's Dictionary of Musical Terms.)

[2] The *Regal* was a small, portable organ

COUNT SHOUVALOFF.

It was in the afternoon of the 16th of April, 1866, that St. Petersburg was startled by the news of an attempt to assassinate the Czar. The criminal, a student named Karakosoff, was arrested, but all efforts on the part of the police to draw from him any details of the plot, or the names of his accomplices, or his own name, or to unravel the mystery for themselves, were vain. The Czar was enraged. Though he had done everything to diminish, if not destroy, the efficiency of the secret police, he now punished its chief by dismissal from office.

It will be remembered that, in order to control his unruly subjects, Peter the Great instituted the "secret inquisition," a supreme tribunal over all political offenses in Russia. The Emperor Paul the First abolished this institution, although neither he nor his son could wholly dispense with its services; but the Emperor Nicholas, who was determined that "not a mouse should stir in Russia without his knowledge," reëstablished the secret police in all essentials under the innocent name of the "Third Division," the chief of which was, next to the Czar, the most powerful man in all the Russias. On Alexander's accession to the throne, this darling institution of despotism received a severe blow. The new Czar was liberal; he surrounded himself with a liberal, independent, and energetic ministry, and, as he had personally, when he was grand duke, had certain very unpleasant experiences of the omniscience of the secret police, he placed the power in the hands of a good-natured military dandy, Prince Wassily Dolgoruki.

Not satisfied with thus maiming the efficiency of the terrible system, Alexander totally discouraged its officers by throwing some of their reports into the waste-basket and dismissing spies who proved too active. Naturally, Prince Dolgoruki lost credit, his minions became careless, and thus it happened that in 1866 the plot culminating in Karakosoff's murderous attempt on the Czar's life could be formed in the heart of Moscow undetected. But it was no easy matter to choose a successor to the Prince Dolgoruki when he was deposed.

The office of adjutant-general, whence ministers were supplied, and which during Nicholas's reign had been filled only by elderly men whose services had commended them, had, during Alexander's reign, declined. It was at this critical juncture that Count Shouvaloff, then governor-general of Livonia and Courland, and recently appointed adjutant-general, had come to St. Petersburg to receive the insignia of his new office, and upon him fell the emperor's choice as the successor of Prince Dolgoruki.

Peter Andrejevitsch Shouvaloff was then only thirty-eight years of age. He had manifested conspicuous administrative talents in managing the difficult German provinces, and previous to his becoming their governor he had rendered valuable services as a member of the police department. He was married to a court favorite, the widow of Count Orloff Damydoff, by which alliance he had become a man of rank and acquired a reputation for blameless conduct, a high sense of honor, and remarkable elegance of manners and address.

He was the son of the popular Grand Marshal Count Andrei, and was brought up at court in intimate association with the imperial family. In spite of all these powerful considerations to account for the emperor's choice, it was a surprise to all St. Petersburg that so young and comparatively inexperienced a man as Count Shouvaloff should be made chief of the Third Division, and therefore second in power only to the Czar himself. But on the very first day of his appointment Count Shouvaloff justified, by a fine instance of persistence and patience, the honor the Czar had done him.

In the room of Karakosoff were found

the torn and scattered fragments of a document which, it was believed, would reveal all that was necessary to clear up the dark plot. Count Shouvaloff had these fragments placed on glass, so that they could be readily examined on both sides, and by a patient placing and replacing of them succeeded in forming the correct adjustment; and the secret was thus laid bare, including the name of Karakosoff, which the latter had so resolutely withheld.

From being a liberal, and a supporter of Pan-Slavistic ideas, Count Shouvaloff suddenly became an ultra-imperialist. He won the Czar's entire confidence, restored the Third Division to all its former effectiveness, and when the provincial assembly of St. Petersburg was closed, in 1867, at his instigation, he sent his own cousin, who had been at the head of it, abroad. He has had many a sharp contest with the heir-apparent, on account of the latter's correspondence with Aksakoff and other Pan-Slavists, and has more than once been on the verge of overthrow, saving himself only by direct appeal to the Czar. His polemical encounters with the father confessor of the empress have estranged her royal favor from him.

Ignatieff and the Philo-Franks hate Shouvaloff's conservative notions about maintaining peace at almost any price, and the national parties are embittered by his uncompromising loyalty to the Czar, and his advocacy of the rights to language and religion in Russia.

On the overthrow of Walujeff, who was dismissed from the home department in the winter of 1867, at the request of the heir-apparent, only the Czar's personal interposition saved Count Shouvaloff; and his adversaries have from that day called him, in compulsory admission of his great influence, "Peter the Fourth." He was sent to Nice in the spring of 1872, on a mission for breaking up the morganatic marriage between the Grand Duke Alexis and Lady Alexandrine Shukowski. The American public, especially the fairer portion of it, will recall the somewhat tender interest felt in the handsome young Grand Duke Alexis during his visit to the United States, owing to this glamour of imperial romance surrounding him, in which Count Shouvaloff played by proxy the part of the cruel parent. The lovely and high-spirited Lady Alexandrine, with the church behind her and the baby son of Alexis in her arms, confronted Peter the Fourth with a resolute defiance, before which he retired in defeat.

Towards the close of 1872, events in Central Asia became of the utmost importance. The relations between Russia and Afghanistan caused serious uneasiness at the court of St. James, and in January, 1873, Count Shouvaloff was dispatched to London on a special mission, charged with stating to England that the campaign decided upon against Khiva would be a small affair, intended simply to punish acts of brigandage and give the Khan a salutary warning; and that positive orders had been given to prevent the prolonged occupation of Khiva. He was also privately intrusted to sound the British court regarding a marriage between the Czar's only daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie, and the heir-apparent to the throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Prince Alfred of Edinburgh. Although the British name was not very popular in Russia, such an alliance appeared desirable, and especially at the moment when it was necessary to conciliate interests so strongly antagonistic. Count Shouvaloff fulfilled both these delicate missions so well that in less than three weeks he returned in triumph to St. Petersburg, and has since then been universally considered certain to succeed to the chair of the aged chancellor, Prince Gortschakoff.

Thus at forty-five years of age Count Shouvaloff had become the Czar's most trusted counselor and friend; and as he had been for years the most influential man in Russia it was a mistake to say, when, in 1876, he accepted the ambassadorship to London, that he had been promoted. During the eight years in which he was chief of the Third Division, and had successfully defeated several of the revolutionary schemes of the Nihilists, — a society which had grown up during his

régime, and had become powerful, — his energies had been strained to the utmost; the great cares and arduous labors of his position had made life burdensome. His affectionate and gifted wife, who was proud of his distinguished abilities and conspicuous station, saw with alarm that his health and even his life were endangered by the long strain; and being, moreover, herself of a retiring, home-loving temperament, entreated her husband to accept the Czar's appointment to the English mission, which would allow him the benefit of change and comparative rest. As Shouvaloff's uncompromising opposition to Eastern adventures in Russia's weak and unsettled condition was so well known, he was the more eligible for the English office.

In the spring of 1876 he resigned his position as chief of police, and went as ambassador to England, where he has materially contributed to prevent the outbreak of a war between England and Russia; but his situation has been for the last year by no means wholly agreeable, and his rank has not saved him from even royal indignities, which may be said to have culminated in that of his being officially presented to Baker and Hobart pashas. Finally, at the time of Lord Derby's resignation, when the diplomatic relations between Russia and England assumed the most threatening aspect, the Russian ambassador, Count Shouvaloff, ceased to attend the queen's soirées.

It is said that one day Lord Salisbury waited upon Shouvaloff, announcing that the queen had observed his absence, and had expressed a hope for his early reappearance at court. This approach on the part of Lord Salisbury resulted in Count Shouvaloff's recent "mission" to St. Petersburg, and in the so-called Salisbury-Shouvaloff agreement, on the strength of which England consented to attend the Berlin Congress.

Axel Gustafson.

THE SILENT MELODY.

"Bring me my broken harp," he said;
"We both are wrecks — but as ye will —
Though all its ringing tones have fled,
Their echoes linger round it still;
It had some golden strings, I know,
But that was long — how long! — ago.

"I cannot see its tarnished gold,
I cannot hear its vanished tone,
Scarce can my trembling fingers hold
The pillared frame so long their own;
We both are wrecks — a while ago
It had some silver strings, I know,

"But on them Time too long has played
The solemn strain that knows no change,
And where of old my fingers strayed
The chords they find are new and strange, —
Yes! iron strings — I know — I know —
We both are wrecks of long ago.

"We both are wrecks — a shattered pair —
Strange to ourselves in time's disguise . . .
What say ye to the lovesick air
That brought the tears from Marian's eyes?
Ay! trust me — under breasts of snow
Hearts could be melted long ago!

"Or will ye hear the storm-song's crash
That from his dreams the soldier woke
And bade him face the lightning flash
When battle's cloud in thunder broke? . . .
Wrecks — nought but wrecks! — the time was when
We two were worth a thousand men!".

And so the broken harp they bring
With pitying smiles that none could blame;
Alas! there 's not a single string
Of all that filled the tarnished frame!
But see! like children overjoyed,
His fingers rambling through the void!

"I clasp thee! Ay . . . mine ancient lyre . . .
Nay, guide my wandering fingers. . . . There!
They love to dally with the wire
As Isaac played with Esau's hair. . . .
Hush! ye shall hear the famous tune
That Marian called The Breath of June!"

And so they softly gather round:
Rapt in his tuneful trance he seems:
His fingers move: but not a sound!
A silence like the song of dreams. . . .
"There! ye have heard the air," he cries,
"That brought the tears from Marian's eyes!"

Ah, smile not at his fond conceit,
Nor deem his fancy wrought in vain;
To him the unreal sounds are sweet, —
No discord mars the silent strain
Scored on life's latest, starlit page —
The voiceless melody of age.

Sweet are the lips of all that sing,
When Nature's music breathes unsought,
But never yet could voice or string
So truly shape our tenderest thought
As when by life's decaying fire
Our fingers sweep the stringless lyre!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

PRIMITIVE COMMUNISM.

WITHIN the past two or three months the press has been full of discussions as to the condition and prospects of a party whose name and objects had hitherto been considered foreign to the American system of government and society. The appearance of socialism, a product of European growth, on this side of the Atlantic seems to show that the great economic differences originally established between Europe and America have rapidly lessened, if they have not almost disappeared. Modern socialism derives its origin, as everybody knows, from the simultaneous development of democratic power and of wealth undemocratically held. Speaking roughly, the suffrage is now, in the leading countries of the world, enjoyed by every male of legal age, and the enjoyment of it has familiarized the public at large with the fact that by united effort of the masses almost any desired political change may be effected. Through the instrumentality of popular majorities enormous changes have actually been introduced, not merely in political machinery, but in matters of common right. Women's property interests have been secured against their husbands; the right of disposition by will has been curtailed; slaves have been enfranchised. Notwithstanding, wealth in its accumulation has followed rigidly the laws of economic distribution and accretion. Capital has produced capital; the strong and prudent and wise have got what they desired of the earth's abundance, and the weak and thriftless and foolish have wasted their substance. Gigantic fortunes have been kept together for generations; and though the condition of the poor has, absolutely considered, improved, their relative position in the order of society does not seem to them greatly better than it was. Being taught to believe that the power is theirs, they have cast about them to see how their lot can be made more endurable; and the result is socialism. Stripped of its disguises, the idea at the bottom of the socialist programme is that the modern democratic power should be used to remedy the inequality of conditions produced by the struggle for existence.

It is fortunate for the peace of the world that, at the moment when this movement seems to be attaining great strength and importance, the researches of investigators into primitive institutions should have thrown a flood of light upon the whole question of the development of property, which enables us to understand the exact bearing of the present agitation.

The inquiries of Haxthausen, Von Maurer, Nasse, Mill, Morgan, and Laveleye have made the history of property as plain as the fossil remains of early periods make the development of animal life. It is now established that the first dawn of the idea of property in the human mind grows out of the enjoyment by family groups, or larger societies, of lands and chattels in common. In other words, property first appears as a communistic institution. Without going minutely into the subject, it may be stated generally that the early institutions of mankind, in all races and all countries, have rested on what we now know as communism. The laws or customs governing it have been different in different places, but the process has been substantially from ownership by family or village groups to what we are familiar with as individual ownership. With regard to land, man has passed through three stages, — the nomadic, pastoral, and agricultural. In the first, no settled occupation or ownership is possible. In the second, the idea of property, limited, however, to the spot where the herds of the tribe are accustomed to graze, springs up, the herds of each tribe being necessarily restricted to a particular portion of land; but "the idea that a single individual could claim a part of the soil as exclusively his own never yet occurred

to any one; the conditions of the pastoral life are in direct opposition to it." Gradually part of the soil comes under cultivation, and agriculture springs up; but the land occupied remains the common property of the tribe. The land obviously divides itself into three kinds,—arable, pasture, and forest. In order to get the utmost possible return from it, the cultivated land is divided into parcels, which are distributed by lot amongst the several families, a mere temporary right of occupation being allowed to the individual; and it is curious to observe that this most ancient method of distribution still survives, philologically, in our word "lot" of land, which, however, now carries with it, more perhaps than any other word of the sort, the idea of individual property and absolute ownership. Of primitive communists there seem to have been many varieties. Without entering upon controverted questions, or attempting to preserve the historical order, they may be said to divide themselves roughly into house communities, village communities, and family communities. In the time of Tacitus the soil of Germany was the collective property of the clan, to whom it returned from time to time, with periodical repartitions. This system is found in force to-day in the Russian *mir*. In Italy and France in the Middle Ages, as in Servia at the present time, parcels of land were held in the hands of groups of patriarchal families "dwelling in the same house and working together for the benefit of the association." Finally individual property appears.

Now the main economic causes of this development from primitive communism to the modern system of individual ownership are well understood. The means of subsistence are wrung from the soil, and in all cases the object of any clan, tribe, or organized community of men is to obtain subsistence in the easiest way. Hence, in the earliest stage of agriculture, the idea of fixed property being still very rudimentary, and there being as yet no accumulations of capital which can be used for this purpose, the only means of providing a constant supply of food is by tilling large tracts of land for the common benefit, and after the soil is exhausted resorting to new land. The land first used then lies fallow for a long period, after which it is again brought under cultivation. This method, which to us seems crude and barbarous, is in fact the only way in which, in the absence of capital, any agriculture is possible. With the progress of civilization, however, and of invention, new means are found of making the soil yield subsistence, while at the same time the pressure of population on the area of land makes it more and more difficult to find new territory. In this way cultivation becomes constant and what is called "intensive." In other words, capital is employed to make a given area of land yield a constant supply of food. It is the change from extensive to intensive agriculture which seems to be the prime cause of the development of individual ownership. So long as the area of land is very great, and rotation of crops on a large scale is possible, the communistic system works very well. The cultivators, of course, have only a usufructuary interest; but they need no more. Permanent possession of a tract of land by individuals offers no particular attractions when a changing possession secures the only object in view. But when the process has reached the point at which the soil will not yield a subsistence except by the steady and persistent application of capital, a longer tenure of the land by individuals becomes a necessity. Some compensation is essential if they are to make permanent investment of labor or capital, and the only compensation that is possible is permanent possession. Hence, when the economic process reaches this stage, communism begins to disappear, and individual ownership to take its place.

The change is unquestionably attended with many immediate evils. The great advantage of the primitive system is that under it every one has an interest in the soil. He does not own it, but he has a definite right to an aliquot share in the distribution of it; and hence pau-

perization on a large scale is impossible. The Russians have frequently called upon the rest of Europe to observe the operation of their mir, or village community, in which the right of each member to a periodical allotment of land is preserved, as a safeguard against all the evils with which countries that have adopted individual property are afflicted. Wherever individual property has appeared it has been followed by the dispossession from the soil of large numbers of people, who, having no fixed residence or means of support, become a sort of nomadic proletariat horde, dangerous to the public peace. On the other hand, the privately owned land exhibits a tendency to accumulate in large quantities in the possession of a few owners.

The question therefore naturally arises whether anything can be done to remedy these tendencies, and it is to the solution of this question, among others, that M. Laveleye has directed his studies. Reformers of the last generation, who undertook to deal with the same problem before investigation into primitive institutions had revealed what may be called the natural history of property, arrived, by the light of nature, at the conclusion that some form of socialism was the only cure. They made the suggestion of a reintroduction of communistic life, and wherever it was attempted it failed. It is interesting now to examine the reasoning on the subject of property which came into fashion after the French Revolution, and to see how entirely it was based on abstractions as remote from reality as any found in Plato. From Gracchus Babeuf to Proudhon, the French socialists founded their utopian systems on the metaphysical notion of an equality of right. If this is assumed, individual property is of course founded in injustice. Further, it is an injustice established by the government, and by the government it ought to be removed. Every man, Proudhon maintained, has a right to a share in the world's goods by the very fact of his existence, and of the impossibility of continuing his existence without something which he can possess and cultivate; moreover, since the number of possessors is altered continually by births and deaths, it follows that the amount which each laborer can claim varies in like manner with the total number; consequently, the limits of possession are always determined by the population, so that it is not possible for possession to remain fixed, or to ripen into individual property. The answer made to this argument was that whatever the abstract right of the matter might be, property was a valuable institution, and must be maintained at all hazards. The discovery that property does not derive its origin at all from constitutions or laws, but is a growth, and that by the operation of known economic laws individual ownership, at a certain stage in the march of civilization, inevitably succeeds communism, has necessarily changed the whole aspect of this discussion. The question of abstract right disappears altogether, and the speculations of Proudhon and Fourier become of no more value than investigations into the transmutability of metals.

Still, is there not an opportunity for the birth of a new and philosophical school of socialists, who, accepting all that science has discovered, may yet find room for an argument in favor of a better system than that with which the slow laws of evolution have familiarized us? Cannot the economic processes which have been sketched above be arrested, retarded, or mitigated by the action of man? It is evident that both the ancient communism of our forefathers and our own system of individual ownership have their good sides. Cannot we retain the good features of both? Some such question as this is always before M. Laveleye, and his book on Primitive Property [1] is written partly to show that an affirmative answer may be given. The matter is important enough to deserve more attention than it has received.

It must be said at the outset that the question ought to be very precisely put before an attempt is made to answer it.

[1] *Primitive Property.* Translated from the French of Émile de Laveleye by G. R. L. Marriott, B. A., LL. B. With an Introduction by T. E. Cliffe Leslie, LL. B., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

An objector to M. Laveleye might fairly say that while it is admitted that the modern system of ownership has its evils, and while it is admitted that the ancient communal system had its advantages, it has not by any means been proved that a perpetual union of the two would be better than either. Indeed, this is the very point to be proved, and the facts as far as they are known — that is, that civilization and all the inestimable advances produced by it have been made *pari passu* with the destruction of the communal system — tend the other way. Many of the advantages claimed for the ancient system, looked at from a modern point of view, are of doubtful value, or are real evils which are eradicated by the change to individual ownership. The partisans of the Russian mir, for example, are cited by M. Laveleye as claiming for it five distinct advantages: —

First, every laborer having the right to a share of the land, a proletariat cannot arise. On the other hand, the causes which prevent a proletariat prevent an intensive system of agriculture, and make the Russian peasant one of the most backward and barbarous on the face of the earth; the proletariat is avoided only by reducing all to a dead level of mediocrity, as in a trades-union.

Second, the children do not suffer for the idleness, the misfortune, or the extravagance of their parents. But is this an advantage? Does not the danger of such suffering in society as we know it constitute one of the strongest inducements to prudent and virtuous lives in the parents?

Third, each family being a usufructuary of a portion of the soil, there exists an element of order, of conservatism, and of tradition, which preserves the society from social disorders. But the very question is whether society is not the better for a change from such conservatism and tradition.

Fourth, the soil remaining the inalienable patrimony of all the inhabitants, there is no ground to fear the struggle between the contending forces elsewhere known as capital and labor. It might be replied, This is very true, but it is because in the Russian mir there is no capital for labor to have a conflict with.

Fifth, the system of the mir is very favorable to colonization, — an enormous advantage to Russia, which still possesses in Europe and Asia vast uninhabited territories. This, however, can hardly be considered true, as the great colonizing countries of modern times, England and the United States, are precisely those in which individual property is most securely established and guarded.

In fact, there is no end of this sort of argument. There is probably no institution in the world which is not so well suited to those who live under it that ingenious arguments may not be discovered which will prove its superiority to the customs prevailing in other countries. The true way to state the question would appear to be this: The history of the world shows a gradual development of the modern property system out of that prevailing in the antique world. Do those countries in which the modern system has reached its most extreme development exhibit, on the whole, most general economic, intellectual, and moral growth, or do they not? Stated in this way, there can be but one answer. The idea that anybody in England or America could be brought to envy the condition of the communistic usufructuary of the Russian mir is preposterous.

Considerations of this nature have brought most of the investigators into the history of property, though by an altogether new route, to precisely the conclusion that conservative people, the world over, reached after an examination of the schemes of Proudhon and Fourier: that the highest product of civilization and the main-stay of modern society is that right of property which Proudhon denounced as "robbery." M. Laveleye, however, is not altogether of this opinion, for he represents, standing nearly alone, what may be called modern philosophical socialism. His book is consequently not a mere collection of the facts with regard to primitive property, but a tract as well. Feeling the difficulties in the way of a decision of the question when approached in the man-

ner of the partisans of the Russian mir, he has endeavored to solve it more scientifically. He has looked about for a country in which the ancient communistic system still exists, and which is yet acknowledged to be a civilized country. He has found it in Switzerland. In the Allmends of that country he thinks we may see an institution of the primitive communistic type, yet modified so that it is in accord with the spirit of the modern world. Here we have common ownership, and yet the tenure of land by each joint owner is made long enough to guarantee intensive cultivation. We will not pursue him into the details of the subject. We will grant all he insists upon. But are we seriously to look at the property system of Switzerland as foreshadowing that of the world? It seems too much to ask us to believe that this little corner, its very existence insured only by the jealousy of its neighbors, with a simple mountain population, and few large cities or diversified industries, has discovered a system of property which the rest of the world is to imitate. After Switzerland has imposed Allmends, as Rome imposed "Quiritary dominion," not on the institutions of Europe and America, but on those of a single neighboring nation, it will be time to discuss the probabilities of a general extension.

Enough has been said to show the general scope of M. Laveleye's interesting and valuable work. His speculations on the possibility of future changes in our system of property are only a part of it, the rest being made up of historical and descriptive chapters, tracing the rise and growth of primitive notions of property and their development into modern conceptions; and also descriptions of the numerous archaic systems belonging to all periods, still existing in various parts of the world. These of themselves appear to us the most effective refutation of the propagandist part of the work.

To go back to the point at which we started: in the light of modern investigation, what future has socialism, as a political movement, before it? The Darwinians have a term which expresses the tendency constantly showing itself in the animal world towards a return to primitive types and forms. Long after the struggle for existence has produced a permanent modification in a species, individual members of it appear of the type as it existed before the modification became fixed. The same sort of atavism, as it is called, exhibits itself in the mental operations of the human race; and it is now clear that the socialistic projects with which reformers have perplexed and disturbed the world for the last hundred years have their root in this curious tendency. One of the most interesting chapters of M. Laveleye's book is devoted to showing that in the classical world utopian speculation of all kind, was based on a living tradition of the "Saturnian days," when property did not exist, but men lived together as brothers. This is now seen to be not a mere fancy, but a memory of a real communistic state of society, in which individual ownership did not exist, and men were brothers in a literal sense, the family being the social unit. The tendency always existing to throw a halo about the past produced a feeling that this early condition of society had been much better than the existing state; and it is easy to see how, reinforced by a highly speculative philosophy, it might account for a large part of the platonic scheme for the reorganization of the world. With the disappearance of the classical world, the tradition of primitive communism, as a lost Utopia, died out, and left nothing but abstract philosophizing for new schemes to be based upon. Accordingly, we find that for the last hundred years the socialists have rested their case upon the abstract sense of justice and assumed equality of right. Now this basis has been swept away by the discovery that the assumed equality of right is opposed to a great economic law, which in all ages and in all countries has been slowly compelling the substitution of the system of individual for communistic ownership. There is left, then, at one extreme, the modern philosophical socialism of M. Laveleye, the principal objection to which is that it remains to be proved to have any chance

of obtaining a lasting hold upon opinion; at the other, we discover Justus Schwab and "Citizen" Maddox plotting over their beer for a redistribution of the world's goods. To say that there is a connection between Plato and the pot-house communism of Chicago and New York may seem a grotesque fancy, but it is certain that our Schwabs' minds, could their operations be exhibited, would in social speculation betray a much closer resemblance to the Platonist mental operations than to those of most of their living fellow-creatures. When they dream of a world in which there shall be no more property, or in which every man shall have his just share of it, this mental operation presents a case of atavism which carries us back to an intellectual condition two thousand years old. Atavism, however, can never be a living social force. It is opposed by the whole weight of accumulated civilization and progress attained since the primitive Schwabs wandered naked through the German forests. To suppose that it is to succeed is to suppose that the world is to go backwards, and that we are to relapse into the primæval night and chaos out of which we sprang. Civilization may be destroyed, but not reversed; and, if the chain of reasoning furnished by modern investigation is not altogether wrong, mankind at large will in the future be less and less likely to risk a plunge into the bog of primitive communism in the hope of overtaking the glimmer of what a long and weary pursuit has proved to be a social *ignis fatuus*.

Arthur G. Sedgwick.

AMERICANISMS.

IV.

A CERTAIN new fashion in names — the use of two christening names or prænomens — is very generally regarded in England as an Americanism. Many years ago I heard Englishmen scoff at what they called the "three-barreled names" of Americans; and more recently, at a country house in Essex, a gentleman — he was a Cambridge don, and although young a man of note, altogether a person of whom greater accuracy or more discretion might have been expected — said to me, apropos of some American who was named, "How is it you Americans always have those triple names? It is quite an American thing." "Yes, I 've remarked that myself," was my reply: "there are those well-known Englishmen, Washington Irving, and George Bancroft, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, and his son Julian Hawthorne, and Abraham Lincoln, and Jefferson Davis; and then those Yankees, William Ewart Gladstone, and Thomas Babington Macaulay, and William Makepeace Thackeray, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Walter Savage Landor, and Percy Bysshe Shelley;" and I might have added Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Martin Farquhar Tupper, and Charles Haddon Spurgeon, if I had happened to think of them, and not nearly have exhausted the list of notable triple-named Englishmen. He winced a little, but jauntily suggested that a few exceptions one way or the other were of little import. Thereupon I went to the book-table, and found that more than two thirds of the authors represented there — all British — had two names besides the surname. Then taking up the Pall Mall Budget, which was also on the table, I turned to the long list of births, marriages, and deaths, which filled two pages of the paper in very small letter; and in these the proportion of single and

double prænomens was found to be about the same; which also proved to be true of the names in the Gazette, that filled two pages in the same letter. This discovery was received with surprise, which faded away in a smile half deprecating, half confessing. Of course there was nothing to be said. Afterwards I looked through the Army and Navy Register, and the list of the members of the House of Commons, with substantially the same result. Yet the belief in England that a three-barreled name is an American distinction is so general as to be almost universal. Mr. Trollope, when he introduces an American character, always decorates him with a triple name, which he courteously makes ridiculous in sound and sense; and even in the case of a lady he does not omit the middle name or initial, calling, for example, the doctress in his last book Olivia Q. Fleabody.

The giving of two christening names is, as I have mentioned, a comparatively new fashion among English-speaking people. It is not two centuries old, and indeed did not come into vogue in either country until within the present century. Not only was one christening name regarded as quite enough by our forefathers, but sometimes two members of one family would have the same christening name. In the Paston family there were living at one time two Johns, sons of the same father and mother; and the same name was in like manner repeated some three hundred years ago in a family now in this country, whose records I examined not long ago. The new fashion is one of the accompaniments of democracy. It is one of the signs of the rise of the middle class. There are likely to be many Johns and Jameses of the same surname in that class; and as, instead of being known only to a few neighbors, after the old way, they have now a wide business connection, travel the world over, and are recorded in city directories, it has become highly desirable to distinguish them. This is conveniently done by the addition of a second christening name, which accomplishes its purpose the better, and pleases a godfather besides, if it is a surname. Now this giving of two christening names is as common, or almost as common, in England as in America. Yet there is a reason for the notion which prevails there upon the subject. It is this. If a man has half a dozen names, if his full register is, like that of a witness in the Tichborne trial, Frederick Augustus Talbot Clifford Constable, he is called at home and by his friends by one of these names only: he is Frederick, or he is Tom, or Dick, or Harry; and this is the same in both countries. But in England, with very few exceptions, a man carries into public and business and social life only the name he bears at home; and a George Washington Brown is spoken of and addressed, for example, as George Brown or Washington Brown, not as George W. Brown; whereas in America the initial letter of the "middle name" is very often specified, even in familiar speech. This, again, is for the sake of making a clear and sure distinction between persons of the same surname, and possibly of the same first christening name; a purpose which it effects. In England the need of such a distinction is not so great, and there is a more enduring conformity to the old fashion.

Errors like this one in regard to names are very common as to so-called Americanisms, both in England and America. Some very trifling and altogether unessential difference in the wearing of rue is remarked upon by some traveler in one country or the other, and it is seized upon as a distinctive trait, and assumed to be so, and talked of until a belief that it is so comes to be established and undisputed. Mistakes of this kind are often made with the profoundest and most amusing ignorance of the subject. In the trial to which I have already referred one of the witnesses, a governess, having accounted for some peculiarities of language in the letters of the impostor-claimant by his supposed and pretended early French education, was asked what she thought of "worrit" (for worry), which appeared in them frequently. She replied that she should "consider that peculiarity as colonial." But on the contrary *worrit* is a perversion of worry

which is distinctive of the lowest class of English life, and is as common in London as "heggs" or "hale." Yet this prim maiden Philistine, because it was a word that she and her pupils did not use, must set it down as "colonial."

It is one of the objects of this series of papers to expose such errors as these, and to guard against their consequences. I am far from supposing myself to be free from the liability to such errors; indeed, I shall point out anon one into which I have fallen. But the British critic whom I have referred to in previous articles, and who has favored me with another letter, illustrates this point for me with candor too rare in word controversy. He writes: "There is so much truth in what you say in the beginning of your May article as to the necessity of a wide knowledge of the literature and the society of both countries, that although I do not plead guilty to the charge of 'unlimited self-confidence,' yet my range of knowledge is so very limited that I require to be constantly guarding myself against making positive assertions which a closer investigation might prove to be only partially correct. Only the other day I came across a phrase which I had always considered an Americanism, namely, *to home*, which is put into the mouth of a Lincolnshire farmer in a novel, and which I suppose is an old Lincolnshire expression. (I fancy it is very old English indeed, as it is the same as the German *zu hause.*) A month ago, therefore, I should have said confidently that *to home* was an Americanism."

As to another phrase which is more and more coming into vogue, "*on* the street" for "*in* the street," a very bad phrase, the change being indicative of a low, coarse apprehension of language, which I hinted in passing a month or two ago, he says: "I notice that you put down *on* (as 'on Broadway') as a Scotticism as well as a Southernism. I presume you would not have made this statement without good grounds for doing so; but it must be a rare Scotticism, as I have never heard it in use except in America. Although I have been brought up among Scotticisms, to my sorrow, I always considered it an undeniable Americanism." My observation and my memory leave me in no doubt as to the Scots use of this phrase. But in support of them I put in evidence the following passages, written by a Scotsman of some distinction, Thomas Carlyle, in his translation of Wilhelm Meister: —

"Their soft, sweet dreams were broken in upon by a noise which arose *on* the street. . . . Barbara said the disturbance arose from a set of jolly companions," etc. (Book I., chap. iii.)

"Wilhelm sprang through the door; and a strong smoke came rushing down upon him from the upper story. *On* the street he heard the cry of fire." (Book V., chap. xiii.)

Wilhelm Meister was published in 1823, when Carlyle, a Dumfriesshire man, was only twenty-eight years old, before he had been in England, and ten years before he went to live in London.

As to *bureau* my correspondent says: "I cannot recollect having heard a chest of drawers called a bureau on any single occasion." And he and a distinguished dissenting English clergyman, now in this country, who has shown some interest in these articles, although they admit the weight of my citations (and I have others to the same effect), still show great faith in the value of their ignorance of, or I should prefer to call it their unacquaintance with, the usage in question. I shall not carry the discussion further than to direct attention to the fact that in Walker's Dictionary, London, ed. 1805 (the last published in the author's life), *bureau* has for its *only* definition "a chest of drawers;" which I saw to my surprise, for I did not expect to find its primitive and legitimate meaning entirely passed over. But I will here remark upon an Americanism in regard to this word as to which there can be no doubt, — its pronunciation, of which there is no hint in Webster. In England it is still pronounced as a French word, *bu-rów;* in America it has become thoroughly englished, and is *bú-ro.* In this respect it is like *trait*, which is pronounced in England as if

it were still a French word, *tray;* but in America *trait* has the English sound, with the final *t*. These two words are, with the British *jug* for *pitcher*, the only sure verbal tests that I know between speakers of the two countries. In England they say a quarter *to* one o'clock, in America a quarter *of* one o'clock; there, railway station, here railroad depot (*deep, oh!*); that is, these are severally the general fashions in each country. Many here, however, say a quarter *to* one, and very many, I am happy to admit, railway station; but as far as my observation goes an American never pronounces *bureau* and *trait* as if they were French words; and in this, according to reason in regard to words that have been so long adopted into the English language, he seems to be right.

It is merely as verbal tests of Americanism in speech that these words have their peculiar distinction; but they can be rarely applied because they are rarely used. Unfortunately, however, there remain, in intonation, pitch of voice, pronunciation, and phraseology, countless and ceaseless aberrations from the usage of the best English speakers; and even from that of those who are not the best, and who yet are better in this respect than the person who is somewhat vaguely and yet significantly described as the average American. But it must not be supposed that what is generally regarded as education, that is, book-learning or other professional acquirement, lifts its possessor in this respect above the infection of speech which lies along this level. Quite the contrary. A man may be very learned, and yet speak English very badly, and write it very awkwardly. An eminent English phonologist told me, somewhat to my surprise, that he had found all the most unpleasant peculiarities of American speech, in their most striking and obtrusive form, in a distinguished American scholar; and every competent observer who has preferences in language must have noticed that the purest and best English is spoken in the most agreeable manner by women who have no learning and little liking for books.

Reserving other parts of these letters for future comment, I will call attention to the following remark: "*Whisker*," it is said, "is used in the West (you will know whether it is confined to the West) as it used to be used by us until within about forty years, to mean hair growing upon any part of the face. We, and I rather think educated Americans as a rule, only apply the term to hair growing on the cheeks." I must admit that this is new to me; nor has the omnivorous research of Mr. Bartlett apparently enabled him to pounce upon this Americanism. I have never in my life heard *whisker* applied to any other part of the beard than that which grows upon the cheeks. But, having never been farther westward than Niagara, I can only accept my correspondent's testimony, which of course is all-sufficient. As to the use of *whisker* for the beard generally in England until forty years ago, I am disposed to doubt that such was ever the best usage; for Addison, as quoted by Johnson in illustration of the use of the word, writes, "A painter added a *pair* of whiskers to the face." The examples which I know might be adduced of the use, by writers of the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this, of *whisker* to mean the beard on any part of the face I should attribute to an ignorance due to absolute unacquaintance with the beard in any form, except as an unpleasant something to be scraped off daily. From 1700 to 1825 the appearance of beard on any part of an Englishman's or an American's face was, strangely enough, so rare as to be regarded as a monstrosity. However, to call the beard on a man's chin or lips *whiskers* is not so bad as the other Western and Southwestern barbarism of applying *suit* to the hair: thus, "She has a beautiful *suit* of hair." This is an unmitigated Americanism, and very properly appears in Mr. Bartlett's dictionary. It is a ridiculous use of the word. A suit is a succession or system of things, different, and yet conforming to each other: as a suit (not a *sweet*) of rooms; a suit of clothes; a suit of sails, for a ship. A suit of hair is

preposterous. Much better say a suit of fingers or of toes. I think that I can hardly err in attributing the origin of this absurd phrase to that desire to be elegant in speech which is the cause of so much vulgarism. It must have been started by folk too fine to speak simple English and say a head of hair.

With regard to *pshaw*, I was surprised to find the English clergyman before mentioned rather inclined to the opinion of this correspondent. He, too, is disposed to regard this exclamation as very old-fashioned; and to my plea that it is found in English books of the day he rejoins that the language of books is always a little behind that of every-day talk. This is an intelligent objection, and one which would be of force in regard to certain words and phrases and certain books. In serious writings of a didactic nature, in scientific, political, theological, critical, controversial books, essays, and the like, the vocabulary and the phraseology of the writer are naturally pretty sure to be well within the limits of the thoroughly established, not to say commonplace, language of his day, except upon emergencies, when he may be led by necessity or good taste to take something old or to make something new. The language of such books is therefore generally a little behind that of daily talk, even among the best speakers. But this criticism does not apply to novels; and it is particularly inapplicable to the dialogues which form so large a part of the novels of the day. These are intended to represent — and with novelists of opportunity and skill they do represent very faithfully — the actual speech of the day in the circles of society to which the personages who speak belong. Thackeray's novels are almost phonographic in this respect; and so are Anthony Trollope's. It is futile to urge the objection of precision and old-fashioned primness in language against the evidence of a writer who makes well-bred people (correctly) talk thus, — as Mr. Trollope does in his last novel. Charles De Baron says to Miss Mildmay, who proposes marriage to him, and rather insists upon it than otherwise, "There was a little fun to be had when we could *spoon together*, — when I hardly knew how to ask for it, and you hardly knew how to grant it." (Popenjoy, chap. xv.) And Dean Lovelace says to his daughter, "Look here, Mary, you 'll have no happiness in life unless you can make up your mind not to allow those old ladies at Manor Cross to *sit upon you.*" (Idem, chap. xi.) Now in this book, published this year, and thus representing the free speech of society even to the minutiæ of such slang as "spoon" and "sit upon," we have *pshaw* three times. "*Psha!*" exclaimed Miss Mildmay, the young lady whose intentions are strictly honorable, "it is nothing to me whether you are married or single." (Chap. xxvii.) And that ornament to her sex, Adelaide De Baron, says to her old lover, Lord George, whom she is grappling for again, and who reminds her that she had married, "*Psha!* Married! Of course I had married. Everybody marries." (Chap. xxxv.) Again, Miss Mildmay, when the impecunious captain of her affections shrinks coyly from her suggestion of marriage behind the vision of "hashed mutton and cradles," with the true ardor of a female lover, exclaims, "*Psha!*" (Chap. li.) Were evidence needed upon the point, it seems to me that this could not be rejected as showing that *psha* is no more obsolete or obsolescent than *spoon* or *sit upon*. This seems all the more to be depended upon because, when Dean Lovelace is moved to an exclamation of impatience, he, who says "sit upon," does not say *psha*. "*Pish!*" he ejaculated, "I hate these attempted restrictions." (Chap. xxxix.) It is quite in character that a dean should use the older form of the word; it suits with his shovel-hat and his gaiters.

The reader will probably remember that, in the last of these articles, it was shown that the use of *elect* with a following infinitive was not an Americanism, with the added remark that it was in any case not admirable. One correspondent thanks me very heartily for this, and says, "Nothing irritates me quite so much; and I wish you would

say something upon the want of intellectual discrimination which makes the error possible. So far as I observe, Mrs. Henry Wood is responsible for this use of *elect*." I also remarked that it was probably of recent origin, although it was known to me far away beyond Mrs. Henry Wood. Its use in general speech may be very modern; but a judge of one of our higher courts has been kind enough to call my attention to the fact that in law the infinitive has long been used after *election* and *elect*, of which he sends me the following examples, coming, it will be seen, from rather high quarters: —

"The grantee hath *election to* bring a writ of annuity." (Coke upon Littleton, 1628.)

"Further, the grantor hath *election* at the day *to* deliver which he would." (Ibid.)

"She must *elect to* take under the will or against the will." (Lord Chancellor Thurlow, 1785.)

"The defendant obtained an order that he should *elect to* proceed either at law or in equity." (Lord Eldon, 1815.)

My learned correspondent points out to me that in the quotations from Coke the noun *election* alone is used, and says that he has not been able to find that Coke used the verb in any of its tenses followed by an infinitive, although an examination of his Reports of Cases at Law may show that he did so. But here is enough to settle the question as to usage, and to favor the supposition that the phrase came into general speech from the law, in which it has a *quasi*-technical meaning.

The foregoing examples of error illustrate and enforce what has been said heretofore in these articles, as to the necessity of extremest caution in receiving assertions, even by professed students of language, or by intelligent and well-educated English men and women, as to the Americanism or the provincialism of words or phrases, which cannot be too strongly insisted upon or too continuously kept in mind. Mr. Bartlett has given this subject the benefit of his laborious research for more than thirty years, and we may all be sure that he means to be careful and accurate in his statements. The present edition of his dictionary is the fourth, and it bears evidence, as its predecessors have done, of careful and thoughtful revision; and yet it not only presents the use of *elect* for *choose* as an Americanism, but specifies with particularity that "the Americanism consists in the construction of this verb with the following infinitive," when that construction in English is at least as old as the days of James I.'s chief-justice, and is commonly used by reputable British writers of the day. Whatever the intrinsic or relative character of a word or phrase, there can be no better proof that it is not American or provincial, but is English in origin and association, than its use by Coke, Thurlow, and Eldon in the past, and by Trollope, Thackeray, Ruskin, the London Times, and the Saturday Review in the present.[1]

And how significant are the errors of my intelligent and accomplished correspondent, and of the dissenting clergyman, his quasi supporter! They, too, on their side, I am sure, will laugh at the Tichborne governess, an intelligent and

[1] I had forgotten — for I must have noticed — Coke's use of "election to," although the writings of Thurlow and Eldon are unknown to me. I will here remark that it has been my custom and my choice, heretofore, to give with any opinion I expressed on language nothing more in the way of example than would just illustrate what I had to say. I did not care to present my readers with the chips and shavings of my work to show my "reading." In deviating now somewhat from this plan, for a season, I am often hampered by the fact that my memorandums, which must number many thousands, were never gathered together and labeled and pigeon-holed, to be taken out for exhibition, but are scattered about in heaps, in drawers, in portfolios, in envelopes, and in great numbers on the fly-leaves of books; of these I have thus far found time to arrange only a very small part for convenient reference. I am also much hindered by the sale and dispersion, in 1871, of the greater part of my library. If the present possessor of my copy of Coke upon Littleton and of Spenser will communicate with me, I shall take it as a favor. The Coke upon Littleton was Archbishop Laud's copy, and had his arms, impaled with those of the see of Canterbury, rudely stamped in gilt upon the sides. The Spenser was the edition of 1609, bound in rough crimson levant morocco, with my cipher on the side. There are many others of my books which I should be glad now to repurchase, or at least to have the privilege of inspecting.

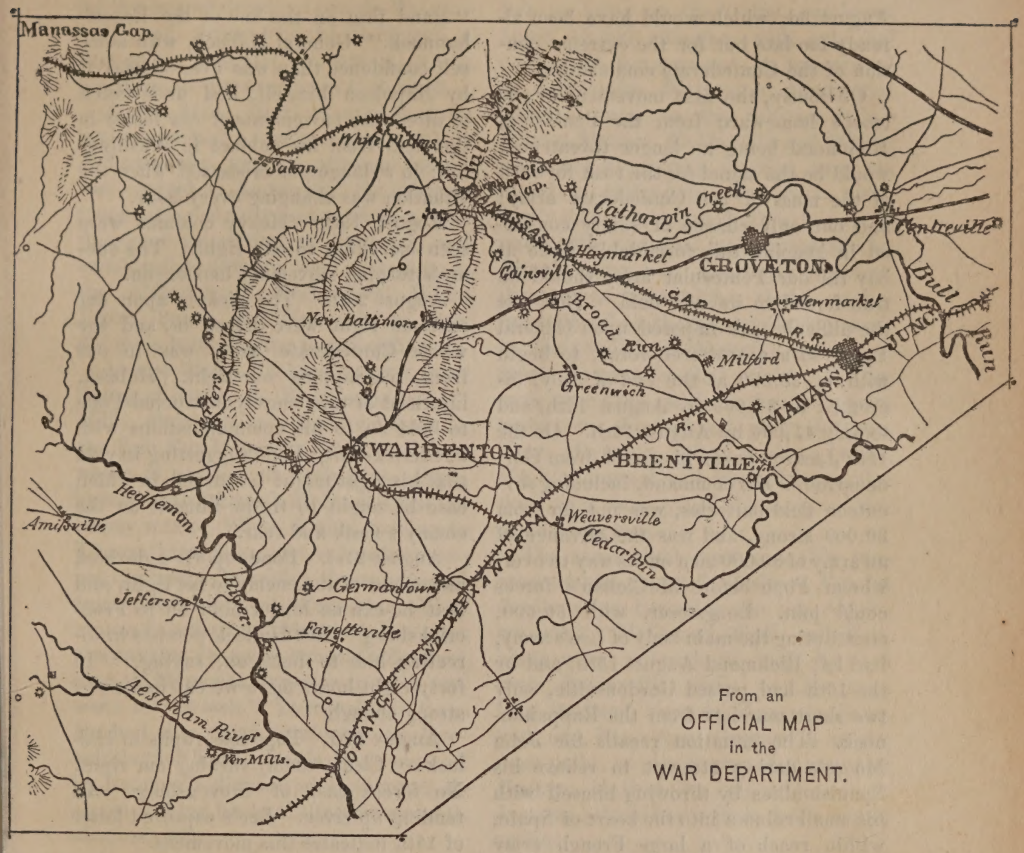
educated woman, not too high in station to be lifted out of knowledge of the talk of common people, who could regard *worrit* as a colonial peculiarity. And yet her error and theirs were due to the same simple causes: limited knowledge, and a disposition to regard what was beyond their ken or out of their memories as obsolete or provincial.

It is also to be remarked that mere slips in the use of words (due to various and sometimes to undiscoverable causes) are often seized upon as provincialisms. Dr. Hall falls often into this pit, which is usually of his own digging. Thus he speaks of the use of *aside* for *apart* (for example, "aside from this") as an Americanism. Now there is no doubt that in such sentences *apart* is generally the better word; but there is also no doubt, as might be shown were such a trifling matter worth the while, that *apart* is commonly used by most American writers, even in newspapers, and that, which is even more to the purpose, British writers slip now and then, just as American writers do, into the use of *aside*, when *apart* would be better. Moreover, the most eminent of them err conversely, and use *apart* when they should use *aside*, as for example Bulwer: "He then drew her *apart* and whispered to her for some moments" (The Caxtons, Book XIV., chap. vi.), where *apart* should plainly be *aside*, and where the former word has a somewhat laughable ambiguity. But who shall therefore revile Bulwer, and set him down as no writer of English, — except him before excepted?

How can such a question as this be settled, if it is worth settling? Of course many examples might be produced of the use of *apart* by British writers, and of *aside* by American writers. But then the converse could also be shown. There will remain only the individual opinion of the critic, whoever he may be; and in the case of the critic last in question we have seen on former occasions what opinion *ex cathedrâ* is worth, and we shall see more hereafter. Verbal criticism is not the most elevating or satisfying literary work; but if it is worth any attention, this part of it may well receive a little of ours. Otherwise, we may have *bread and butter* and *roast beef* set down as Americanisms. And if it were done, and those phrases appeared so duly catalogued and indexed, there is no telling how many people would accept them as such, particularly if the philologist who thus classified them should support his assertion by a few pages of examples of their use by American writers. Than this what could be more convincing?

I observe that the discussion as to the propriety of an accent over the *a* in *chalet* goes in the Contributors' Club. The matter is far from my *terraine*, but not very foreign to my present subject; and I venture to put in my oar as the Columbia boys did theirs at Henley. On a question of French orthography or etymology is not Littré as nearly an absolute authority as there can be? I have not his dictionary, nor is it at present accessible to me, and I do not know what he has said about the word. I am sure, however, that it is not French, but mere Swiss *patois;* and therefore not subject to those dreadful rules of accent, *grave*, *aigu*, and *circonflex*, with which the French language is afflicted.

Richard Grant White.



POPE'S VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN, AND PORTER'S PART IN IT.

By July, 1862, our efforts in the Peninsula had resulted only in disaster. After the failure of the attempt upon Richmond, a "change of base" had placed the nation's principal army where it could not fire a shot to protect Washington from capture or the loyal States from invasion. As Richmond was no longer seriously threatened, there was nothing to prevent the march northward of a Confederate army of 90,000 men but a few scattered divisions in Northern Virginia, which could have made but a short and feeble resistance.

This dangerous situation was the result of the last of McClellan's blunders in the Peninsula. When, after Fair Oaks, satisfied, right or wrong, that he was not strong enough either to march upon Richmond or to maintain his position, common sense, as well as military principles, required him to retire towards Hanover Court House, near the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, for this would have been marching towards his reinforcements instead of away from them, and would have been interposing his army between Washington and the enemy, whose capital he would still threaten, while retaining his base at White House.

It took General Halleck the whole month of July to discover that no time should be lost in recalling the army for the protection of Washington, the first order for its return not being sent till

August 3d, which would have been already too late but for the extreme caution of the Confederate commander.

Obviously, the first movement of our troops homeward from the Peninsula, Richmond being no longer threatened, would be the signal for the rush forward of the mass of the Confederate army; and our only chance of safety consisted in keeping this formidable force at bay till our Peninsular army should be transferred to its new field. This was the difficult task imposed upon General Pope, with a scattered force, to begin with, of 28,000 at the end of July, increased to 33,000 by August 12th, and to only 41,000 by August 14th. On the 15th Jackson began his march from Gordonsville. His command, including seventeen field batteries, was not far from 30,000 strong, and was the advance of an army of 80,000 men on its way to overwhelm Pope before McClellan's forces could join. Longstreet, with 50,000, constituting the main body of Lee's army, had left Richmond August 13th, and by the 16th had passed Gordonsville, only two short marches from the Rappahannock. The situation recalls Sir John Moore's daring attempt to relieve his Spanish allies by throwing himself with his small column into the heart of Spain, within reach of a large French army under Napoleon himself, ready to crush him by superior numbers. There has seldom been a more trying position. Defeat and disgrace seemed certain, as three days would suffice for Lee's concentrated army to rout our forces and possess itself of Manassas Junction, the key to Washington.

August 16th. Pope, having learned by the capture of a dispatch Lee's intention to overwhelm him before McClellan's arrival, retired behind the Rappahannock: his right three miles above Rappahannock Station, where the Orange and Alexandria Railroad crosses the river; his left at Kelly's Ford, three miles below it, — thus covering the railroad, which was his line of communication and supply.

On the 18th he received a dispatch from General Halleck directing him to "stand firm on the line of the Rappahannock." General Halleck, with more self-confidence than was ever displayed by Napoleon himself, had undertaken to direct the movements of our forces in the field from his cabinet in Washington; in a dangerous crisis, too, when the situation was changing every hour.

August 19th. Heavy columns were seen marching to our right. The enemy's turning movement had begun.

August 20th. The pickets upon our extreme right were driven in, and the whole Confederate army was in our front, overlapping our right. Halleck, informed of this, merely instructed Pope to hold on to his communications with Fredericksburg; Pope suggesting in vain that his right might be turned, in which case he ought to throw himself on the enemy's flank and rear.

August 21st. Pope reports a decided movement of the enemy to his right, and that he can no longer hold on to Fredericksburg. But Halleck persists in directing him to hold on, saying, "In forty-eight hours more we can make you strong enough."

August 22d. Pope telegraphs to Halleck: "Clear, enemy turning our right. No forces east of Stevensburg. All tending up river. Lee's captured letter of 15th indicates this movement."

At five P. M. "Movement to our right all day. Will mass all at Fayetteville to attack his flank." At 6.30 P. M. "Everything indicates enemy marching to Warrenton by Sulphur Springs." At nine P. M. "Heavy forces moving up Hedgman's River towards Warrenton." At 9.15 P. M. "Enemy crossing Sulphur Springs, and on road from Sperryville to Warrenton."

But Pope, in obedience to Halleck's instructions, still waited for reinforcements to arrive from Fredericksburg before falling on Jackson's flank.

The next day, Halleck telegraphed Pope "not to expose his railroad communications with Alexandria." Early that morning Sigel had reported that the enemy had positively outflanked us. Hampered by his instructions, Pope simply ordered Sigel to "stand firm, and

let the enemy develop towards Warrenton," and threw forward McDowell a few miles towards Warrenton, which place his advance occupied that night.

August 24th. Sigel reported the enemy's main body (under Longstreet) at Jeffersonville, and his advance (Jackson's corps) at Amissville: the advance "consisting of thirty-six regiments, with the usual proportion of batteries, and considerable cavalry, seen marching in the direction of Rectortown, White Plains, Salem, and Thoroughfare Gap; the main body moving to our right."

August 25th. Jackson's corps, consisting of Jackson's, Ewell's, and A. P. Hill's divisions, marched, covered by the Bull Run Mountain range, to Salem, where it arrived at midnight. Pope, having heard through McDowell that the enemy was at White Plains, moving to Thoroughfare Gap, gave orders for massing his troops, including those expected from Alexandria, at Warrenton, Warrenton Junction, and Manassas Junction; the cavalry (a mere handful effective) then at Manassas Junction to push forward to "watch" Thoroughfare Gap. He had then been reinforced by Reynolds's 2500 Pennsylvania Reserves, and by Kearney's division of Heintzleman's corps; making his total effective strength about 45,000.

August 26th. Longstreet, with the enemy's main body, marched from Jeffersonville to join Jackson. Meanwhile Jackson marched from White Plains, through Thoroughfare Gap, by Haymarket and Gainesville. He was joined at Gainesville by the Confederate cavalry under Stuart, who accompanied him to Bristoe Station, seven miles southwest of Manassas Junction, where he arrived at sunset. At eight P. M. Pope was still of the opinion that the fight should be made at Warrenton; but that same night he heard of the enemy's passage of Thoroughfare Gap. Meantime he had been reinforced by Porter's corps and Heintzleman's corps (Kearney's division of which had previously joined), the two corps amounting together to 18,000 men.

August 27th. The next day Pope's force, exclusive of Banks's corps of 5000 left to bring up the trains, numbered about 49,000 effective, with only 500 cavalry fit for service. It was posted at Gainesville, Warrenton, Warrenton Junction, and on the railroad below Bristoe Station. McDowell's and Sigel's corps and Reynolds's division were ordered to Gainesville, by which place Lee's main body would have to pass to unite with Jackson; to be supported by Reno's corps and Kearney's division, directed on Greenwich. Porter, on being relieved by Banks, was also to march to Gainesville; McDowell's column to reach Gainesville that night. At the same time Pope, with Hooker's division, moved up the railroad after Jackson. That afternoon, after a sharp fight, Hooker drove Ewell from Bristoe Station, who then joined Jackson at Manassas Junction.

The same night, however, this programme was changed, Jackson, then at the Junction, becoming the sole objective point. McDowell, Sigel, and Reynolds were ordered to push forward from Gainesville, right on Manassas Gap Railroad, towards Manassas Junction, and Reno from Greenwich to the same point, as also Porter, Kearney and Hooker; McDowell's column to attack Jackson before Lee's main body should arrive.

August 28th. But Jackson did not wait to be attacked. Early the next morning he moved northward, by the Sudley Springs road, to the Warrenton turnpike, crossed the pike, and took up a strong position on some timbered land northwest of Groveton, his right on the pike, where he awaited Longstreet's coming. Jackson had commenced his march from Manassas Junction in the direction of Centreville. So Pope pushed on to that place in pursuit of him, with Reno's corps, which had arrived from Greenwich, and Hooker's and Kearney's divisions of Heintzleman's corps.

If every part of Pope's present programme had been carried out according to orders, Jackson would that day have been overwhelmed by twice his number. But it was just as well for us that Jackson did not await our attack; for half of

our force would have been absent. McDowell's column, of about 25,000 men, had been ordered to march from Gainesville by the railroad to the Junction early that morning; but Sigel, who was to lead, did not leave that place till the day was well advanced. At two P. M., Pope, having learned that Jackson was on the Warrenton road, ordered McDowell to march by that road towards Centreville, in order to intercept him. At six P. M., King's division (under Hatch) of McDowell's corps, which was the advance of his column, marching by this road, was attacked in flank by the whole of Jackson's force, near Groveton. After a fierce combat, in which the division nobly held its ground against greatly superior numbers, it retired under cover of the darkness to Manassas Junction. Jackson prudently remained in the position he had chosen, not wishing to risk an engagement with forces whose numbers were unknown, of which this division was apparently the advance.

Again, though McDowell had been ordered to "move with his whole force" to the Junction, he had that forenoon taken the responsibility of detaching Ricketts's division of his corps, without Pope's knowledge, to seize and hold Thoroughfare Gap, which the enemy's main body, under Longstreet, was now approaching in its march to unite with Jackson. Ricketts pushed rapidly forward, but arrived just too late. The enemy had taken up strong positions in the pass, and was already crowning the heights. Ricketts nevertheless commenced an attack which lasted till dark; when, the enemy marching through Hopewell Gap, three miles to his right, in large numbers, and his left being at the same time threatened, he was compelled to retire, with considerable loss. He rejoined the main body near Sudley Church by the evening of the 29th.

The result of all this was that both Thoroughfare Gap and the road from it to Jackson's position were left open to the enemy, who were pouring throught the Gap that night and the next morning.

August 29th. Early in the morning Jackson was still holding his position on the high ground northwest of Groveton, commanding the Warrenton turnpike, by which he was expecting Longstreet to join him. His right rested on the turnpike, his left was near the Sudley Mills, and his masses were sheltered in thick woods. Our own forces were still scattered. Sigel and Reynolds were near Groveton, to the east of Jackson; Reno's corps and Hooker's and Kearney's divisions on the turnpike, between that place and Centreville; and McDowell and Porter at Manassas Junction. Hooker and Kearney, followed by Reno's corps, were ordered to push forward to Groveton, join Sigel, and attack. McDowell and Porter were ordered to march to Gainesville. Sigel, with Hooker and Kearney, attacked Jackson's left with such vigor as to drive it back several hundred yards to an unfinished railroad, crossing the turnpike obliquely northeast and southwest; behind the embankment of which, a ready-made parapet, Jackson's line maintained its ground, substantially, during the whole day.

Meantime, the enemy's main body had been rapidly advancing from Thoroughfare Gap, had entered the turnpike near Gainesville, and by noon, with the exception of Anderson's division, was all in line on Jackson's right. Its own right extended either to the Manassas Railroad, or to the south of it; its three right brigades, somewhat refused, and in echelon; the whole flanked by Stuart's cavalry, thus barring our approach by the Manassas Railroad to Gainesville.

Towards noon Pope arrived on the ground from Centreville, and stationed himself at a point about half a mile north of the crossing of the Warrenton and Sudley Springs roads. Longstreet's line was entirely concealed by wooded heights, and Pope did not dream, what was literally the fact, that he had in his front not Jackson's corps alone, but (less Anderson's division, not yet up) the whole Confederate army. Pursuant to orders, McDowell and Porter had begun their march from Manassas Junction to Gainesville. They halted at noon

near Bethlehem Church, a little to the west of the Sudley Springs road, where, about one P. M., notwithstanding his orders, McDowell marched his own corps towards Groveton, but did not arrive there till towards sunset. Left to himself, Porter did not take the responsibility of a movement with his single corps which had been directed to be made by two corps; especially as he discovered a strong force of the enemy to be in front of him, which force could be no other than Lee's main body under Longstreet, since Jackson's corps was then in front of Pope, some five miles off. He therefore remained in position the rest of the day, with one division deployed, the other troops massed.

Porter's judgment had not deceived him; for, as before stated, the road to Gainesville was covered by the right of Longstreet's force, which was the main body of the Confederate army. The Confederate commander, seeing his right flank seriously threatened by what was evidently an army corps at least, reinforced it at once with three brigades drawn from his left, and with some guns. These brigades returned to their position in line about sunset. Though Lee had intended to bring on the general battle on the 29th, Longstreet was deterred from doing so by this deployment of force in his front, which apparently left him no available point of attack. Accordingly, Longstreet's entire command remained in position the whole day, taking no part in the battle with Pope, except that, late in the evening, Hood's and Evans's brigades were engaged in repulsing an attack by King's division of McDowell's corps.

Our attack in the morning on Jackson's left was followed by desultory artillery firing, attended with no effect; and afterwards by skirmishing at various points, more or less severe.

At 4.30 P. M., Pope still supposed that only Jackson's corps was on the field, not knowing that Lee's main body was at that moment in position on Jackson's right, and held in check by Porter's single corps. He therefore, very naturally, sent an order to Porter to move upon the enemy's right and rear, keeping his right in communication with Reynolds (who was on the left of our line at Groveton), and using his batteries. This order did not reach Porter till 6.30 P. M.; that is, about sunset. He immediately made his dispositions to obey it. The ground did not admit of the use of batteries; but, what was still more important, it was impossible to keep his right, as directed, in communication with the left of our line at Groveton. He had already attempted to communicate with McDowell, then on his march to that place; but his messengers had run into the enemy. It was but doing justice to Pope to assume that he would not have issued such an order had he been aware that it required the march of an isolated corps, not upon Jackson's flank, but upon the front of what was apparently Longstreet's whole force, outnumbering ours, probably, three to one. Under these circumstances Porter judged it to be his duty not to attempt to carry the order into execution.

About 5.30 P. M., Pope, expecting Porter to arrive on Jackson's flank, ordered an attack on the enemy's left, which was so vigorously made by Reno, Heintzleman, and Sigel as nearly to double back the enemy's left on his centre; but who, with the aid of heavy reserves, succeeded in reëstablishing his line, and by about eight P. M. the fighting was over.

I have been unable to find authentic data fixing the exact number of the Confederate forces in this battle; but a careful examination of the materials for forming a judgment in the matter gives the following result, which cannot differ materially from the truth. At the commencement of the battle Jackson's effective force, including seventeen field batteries, numbered about 25,000 men; and Longstreet had actually in line some 30,000 infantry and artillery, with Stuart's cavalry, 2500 strong.

Exclusive of Banks's corps, left behind in charge of the trains, Pope's aggregate force was about 49,000 men; but as Porter's corps of 11,000 was not on the field, and McDowell's of 13,000

did not arrive till the battle was virtually over, the total of Pope's forces in line did not exceed 25,000. Thus, though Pope was not aware of it, from twelve o'clock at noon, with 25,000, he was facing at least 55,000 of the enemy.

August 30th. In view of the great disparity of numbers (for the enemy was reinforced the same night by Anderson's division of 10,000 men) Pope's campaign was already virtually lost. The next day, however, though he knew that Longstreet had joined, and that he was now greatly outnumbered, despairing of receiving the promised reinforcements, but not despairing of his country's cause, Pope determined upon one struggle more, and ordered an attack on the enemy's left. Our troops in advancing found that flank refused, and discovered other apparent indications that the Confederates were withdrawing from that part of the field. Indulging in the too sanguine belief that the enemy had commenced a retreat, Pope acted accordingly. Jackson's left and centre were vigorously assailed by our right wing, under Heintzleman; while McDowell, who commanded on our left, was directed to send forward Porter's corps (arrived that morning on the field), supported by King's and Reynolds's divisions, "in pursuit." The battle on our right was fierce and bloody, Ricketts's and Kearney's divisions, especially, losing very heavily. At four P. M. Porter's corps, reduced to 7000 by the departure of two of his brigades to Centreville, through some misconception of orders, moved forward in two lines fifty yards apart, with King's division (under Hatch) on its right, and drove back the enemy's advanced line. But this only developed his real line behind the railroad embankment, from which there poured forth an incessant and murderous fire. Our troops pressed on. A portion of them gained the embankment, when there ensued a desperate struggle for its possession, — one of the most bloody of the whole war. Meanwhile, Jackson had sent an urgent request to Longstreet on his right for assistance, and Longstreet had planted a battery on an eminence that gave him an enfilading fire upon Porter's lines. By five P. M., swept in front by musketry and in flank by artillery, our troops were forced to retire, leaving near one third of their number on the ground.

Reynolds's division, on Porter's left, having been withdrawn by McDowell, to check a threatened movement of the enemy to seize the Warrenton road, our line of retreat, Colonel (afterwards General) Warren, with his small brigade of 1000 (the fifth and tenth New York Volunteers), rushed without orders to fill the gap thus left, and gallantly held his position till the rest of Porters corp's had retired.

The following extracts from the official reports of Stonewall Jackson and General Longstreet, and from a letter from the latter to the writer, will make the cause and manner of this repulse perfectly plain.

From Jackson's report: "After some desultory skirmishing and heavy cannonading during the day, the Federal infantry, about four o'clock in the evening, moved from under cover of the wood and advanced in several lines, first engaging the right, but soon extended its attack to the centre and left. In a few moments our entire line was engaged in a fierce and sanguinary struggle with the enemy. As one line was repulsed another took its place, and pressed forward as if determined, by force of numbers and fury of assault, to drive us from our positions. So impetuous and well sustained were these onsets as to induce me to send to the commanding general for reinforcements; but the timely and gallant advance of General Longstreet on the right relieved my troops from the pressure of overwhelming numbers, and gave to those brave men the chances of a more equal conflict. As Longstreet pressed upon the right the Federal advance was checked, and soon a general advance of my whole line was ordered. Eagerly and fiercely did each brigade press forward, exhibiting in parts of the field scenes of close encounter and murderous strife not witnessed often in the turmoil of battle. The Fed-

erals gave way before our troops, fell back in disorder, and fled precipitately, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. During their retreat the artillery opened with destructive power upon the fugitive masses. The infantry followed until darkness put an end to the pursuit."

From General Longstreet's report: "Just after reaching my front line [this was towards four o'clock] I received a message for reinforcements for General Jackson, who was said to be severely pressed. From an eminence near by, one portion of the enemy's masses attacking General Jackson were immediately within my view, and in easy range of batteries in that position. It gave me an advantage that I had not expected to have, and I made haste to use it. Two batteries were ordered for the purpose, and one placed in position immediately and opened. Just as this fire began, I received a message from the commanding general informing me of General Jackson's position and his wants. As it was evident that the attack against General Jackson could not be continued ten minutes under the fire of these batteries, I made no movement with my troops. Before the second battery could be placed in position the enemy began to retire, and in less than ten minutes the ranks were broken, and that portion of his army put to flight."

Extract from a letter from General Longstreet: —

"On the afternoon of the 30th, just before my advance and attack, I received a message from General Jackson asking me to reinforce him; that the attack of the enemy was getting to be too severe for him. And soon after the receipt of that message an order came from General Lee to the same effect. It was then I rode to the advance of my line and discovered that I could relieve General Jackson sooner and more effectually by the movement of my batteries to my front and opening them upon the flank of the Federal masses."

As soon as Porter's troops were driven back, the whole Confederate army advanced in pursuit. Bald Hill was carried by them, but the Henry House Hill, to the east of this, was still ours. Its possession by us was of the utmost importance, as covering our retreat to Centreville. It was firmly held to the last by what remained of Porter's corps, aided by two of Reynolds's brigades and Munroe's Rhode Island Battery; which enabled our troops to make an orderly retreat over Bull Run, followed, long after dark, by the covering forces.

Pope retired to Centreville behind intrenchments. Sumner, with 11,000 men, and Franklin, with 8000, had arrived there just too late to do any good. There was no further pursuit.

According to the Confederate reports, the enemy captured from us, on this bloody field, 9000 men, 30 guns, and 20,000 stand of arms.

August 31st, Sunday, was a day of rest. Banks had come in with his trains intact.

September 1st. A. P. Hill's and Ewell's divisions advanced towards Fairfax Court House. Pope posted the ninth corps (under Reno) in advance, covering the main road at Chantilly, with McDowell, Hooker, and Kearney in support. Reno was vigorously attacked at six P. M., in the midst of a terrific thunder-storm. The enemy retired soon after dark, but Generals Kearney and Stevens were killed during the combat.

September 3d. Three thousand of our wounded were found left on the field of battle without food.

Pope's entire loss during the campaign is said to have been 30,000 men; that of the enemy, 15,000.

September 5th. The Confederates crossed the Potomac, and the Antietam campaign began.

OBSERVATIONS.

(1.) Pope has been blamed for not following Jackson with his whole force after the battle of Cedar Mountain, and possessing himself of Gordonsville. But this would have been rash in the extreme. He had then but 28,000 men Supposing he could have driven Jackson, whose force was equal to his own

he could have held Gordonsville but a short time in the face of 90,000 men that Lee could have concentrated upon him, and his escape from such a force would have been very difficult. His mere presence behind the Rapidan sufficed to draw off Jackson's corps — that is, one third of the Confederate army — from Richmond, and thus to make a diversion in favor of McClellan, which was the object in view. Nothing more could have been accomplished with the force then at his command.

(2.) On August 16th Lee's dispatch of the 15th was captured, announcing his intention to unite with Jackson and overwhelm Pope before McClellan could join. Pope thereupon retired behind the Rappahannock. He had then 40,000 men; but this was a mere handful to guard a line extending some fifty miles, from Fredericksburg to the Blue Ridge, against a concentrated force, daily expected, of more than double his numbers. Our subsequent disasters are traceable primarily to the stolid obstinacy of General Halleck, who undertook to conduct the operations in the field at his office desk in Washington. Though kept informed almost hourly of everything that transpired, he insisted on Pope's holding on to the line of the Rappahannock, and to his communications with Fredericksburg, thirty miles off. Were that river both deep and wide through its whole length, no degree of skill or activity on our part, as Halleck must be supposed to have known, could have prevented Lee's crossing it somewhere, and turning our position. But the Rappahannock has numerous fords, and above the Forks is fordable every mile or two for all the three arms. Halleck continued by telegrams to restrain Pope from profiting by the enemy's rashness till further telegrams were no longer possible, from our communications being cut by Jackson. The cause of this obstinate persistency of Halleck was his daily expectation of reinforcements from McClellan's army *via* Fredericksburg. By August 25th, 7000 men had arrived, but the campaign was already virtually lost by the delay. It was plain enough that Lee would not be guilty of the folly of crossing the river to attack us in front, and these expected reinforcements would not have the slightest effect in preventing his turning movement, where it would be so easy, on the Upper Rappahannock. We were not then threatening Richmond, but trying to cover Washington. Our position was a purely defensive one. If, after the reinforcements arrived, we were strong enough to take the offensive, we could then have moved forward without taking up any position at all.

Again, when Jackson had actually turned our right, and Pope would have massed his force to crush him in his flank march, within easy striking distance from us, Halleck would not consent to his uncovering the Orange and Alexandria Railroad at Rappahannock Station. What though this was the front gate to Washington? Why continue to guard it while the enemy was actually on his way thither through one of several back gates left open in our rear? But this point would have been sufficiently secured, the railroad bridge being first destroyed, by a single corps properly posted, which could have defended the crossing till Pope should have had time to destroy or capture Jackson's corps.

This is by no means the first instance of a campaign being lost through the blunder of directing the concentration of forces at a point too near the enemy.

(3.) The safe and proper position for covering Washington till our whole force should be concentrated would have been Manassas Junction. If Rappahannock Station was the front gate to Washington, Manassas Junction was its front door. There were six possible routes by which the enemy could reach Washington. First, by Maryland. But this was impracticable, for we held the Potomac River by forts and by war vessels. Secondly, by the river road, through Acquia and Dumfries. But supposing the enemy to have been able to push their way through in this direction, before reaching Alexandria they would have had us massed on their flank. Thirdly, by the Shenandoah Valley and down the

Potomac, on either the Virginia or the Maryland side. But Washington would have had nothing to fear from an enemy coming by so circuitous a route as this; for a few hours would have sufficed to concentrate our whole force there. Moreover, Washington was then garrisoned by 12,000 men; and though these were principally undisciplined volunteers, Bunker Hill, New Orleans, and Fort Sandusky are proof enough that such troops, behind earth-works, may be a match for more than their number of veterans.

The other possible routes would have been the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, the Warrenton turnpike, and the Manassas Gap Railroad through Thoroughfare. Now Manassas Junction commands the approach by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and Gainesville the approach by both the other two routes. And Gainesville is but fifteen miles from the Junction by the railroad. Pope's main body should therefore have been posted at Manassas Junction. A single corps, with a few earth-works at Gainesville, keeping out patrols to Thoroughfare Gap and on the Warrenton road, could have held its ground against any odds till the arrival of its main body from Manassas. Of course the troops coming from the Peninsula should have been ordered to Alexandria instead of Acquia.

The position at Manassas would have been, it is true, *en l'air;* but this constitutes no serious objection to a strategic position otherwise good, however it may be as to a merely tactical one.

(4.) When, on August 10th, Lee's whole army fronted us, overlapping us on the right, our right was already potentially turned; and when, on August 24th, Pope knew the enemy's advance corps to be at Amissville, his intention to march west of the Bull Run Mountain range to Thoroughfare, and not to Warrenton, was evident. Lee's main body was then at Jeffersonville, and would undoubtedly follow by the same route. A flank march so near us was itself a rash and dangerous proceeding; but such a march in two columns, separated by a mountain range, would have been an act of mere folly. Pope's inaction at this time was opposed to sound military principle. If it was too late to throw himself on Jackson's flank, he should have made a forced march to Gainesville, now obviously become the decisive point. If this had been done even on the 25th, at daylight, when Jackson was known to be at Salem, the mass of his troops could have arrived at Gainesville that evening. Instead of this, learning on the 25th that the enemy was at White Plains, heading for Thoroughfare, he gave orders for massing his troops, including those expected from Alexandria, at Warrenton, Warrenton Junction, and Manassas Junction; the cavalry, of which there was only 500 effective, to push forward "to watch" the Gap, through which Jackson debouched the next morning. Through some singular hallucination, Pope remained of opinion that the fight should be made at Warrenton until the night of the 26th, when he learned that the enemy had actually passed the Gap. Then he awoke to the true situation of affairs, and instantly ordered a massing of his troops at and about Gainesville, which was successfully accomplished. And if this disposition had remained unchanged the campaign might still have been won.

(5.) In the afternoon of August 27th, Pope had moved up the railroad with Hooker's division, and after a sharp fight with Ewell at Bristoe Station had driven him back on his main body, then at Manassas. From that moment Pope's sole thought was to crush Jackson by superior numbers before Longstreet could arrive. In his zeal to accomplish this praiseworthy object he apparently forgot two things: first, that Jackson might not wait to be crushed, but, thus threatened, would probably march to meet his reinforcements; and, secondly, that it is unsafe to attempt to crush one of two corps of the enemy unless the approach of the other corps is in the mean while delayed. Accordingly, he that night ordered McDowell, Sigel, and Reynolds at Gainesville, and Reno at Greenwich, to march early the next morning by the

Manassas Gap Railroad upon Manassas Junction, and Kearney, Hooker, and Porter, from Bristoe Station to the same point. But, as might have been expected, by daylight that morning Jackson had marched to the Warrenton turnpike, where he awaited, in a strong position, the coming of Longstreet with the main body. When, on arriving at Manassas Junction, it was found that the bird had flown, Pope too readily believed that the flight was to Centreville. But nothing was more unlikely. Jackson would thus have been marching straight into the centre of our camp, and away from his reinforcements, upon whose speedy junction his salvation depended. It may be here observed that it is unadvisable to pursue an undefeated enemy in order to bring him to battle; because in such case he can choose his own battle-ground, as did Napoleon at Austerlitz, which gives always a great advantage.

Pope's pursuit of Jackson to Centreville with Reno, Hooker, and Kearney, leaving Porter at Manassas Junction, while McDowell's column was at or only leaving Gainesville, scattered his forces, and thus led to disaster. Had he not changed his plan, but gone himself to Gainesville with Porter's and Heintzleman's corps, simply sending a cavalry detachment to ascertain and report Jackson's whereabouts, occupying Thoroughfare Gap with a division or two, Longstreet's force would have been delayed long enough to enable us to defeat Jackson, and then, countermarching, to attack Longstreet while debouching from the Gap, an attack in which we should have had all the chances of success. And if Longstreet were forced to retire, defeated or not, we should have had the shorter line to Richmond.

(6.) At Centreville, early upon the morning of August 28th, Pope knew that Jackson was marching west to meet Longstreet. This required a second change of plan. He immediately sent orders to McDowell, whose column numbered about 24,000, to advance with his whole force eastward on the Warrenton turnpike instead of the Manassas Gap Railroad; intending to march, himself, westward on the same road, and fall upon Jackson with Reno's, Porter's and Heintzleman's corps, numbering about 25,000, on the east, while McDowell should attack him on the west. Considering the strength of both the attacking columns, the plan itself was an excellent one, and must have resulted in the destruction or capture of Jackson's entire force, if Pope's orders had been faithfully executed. But there was one serious objection to it: it left the road open to Longstreet, who might arrive at any moment in McDowell's rear, and thus place him between two fires.

(7.) The chief cause of the failure of this last combination was McDowell's disobedience of orders. He had been directed to march from Gainesville "with his whole force." But knowing that Thoroughfare Gap was undefended, and that Lee's main body was rapidly approaching it, he took the responsibility of detaching Ricketts's division to occupy and defend that defile. By so doing he obviously made himself amenable to a court-martial. But considering that it was of the last importance that Longstreet's debouching should be delayed, this appears to be one of those rare and extreme cases in which a subordinate commander, unable to communicate with a distant superior, may be justified in departing from his orders, even where this very departure afterwards leads to disaster.

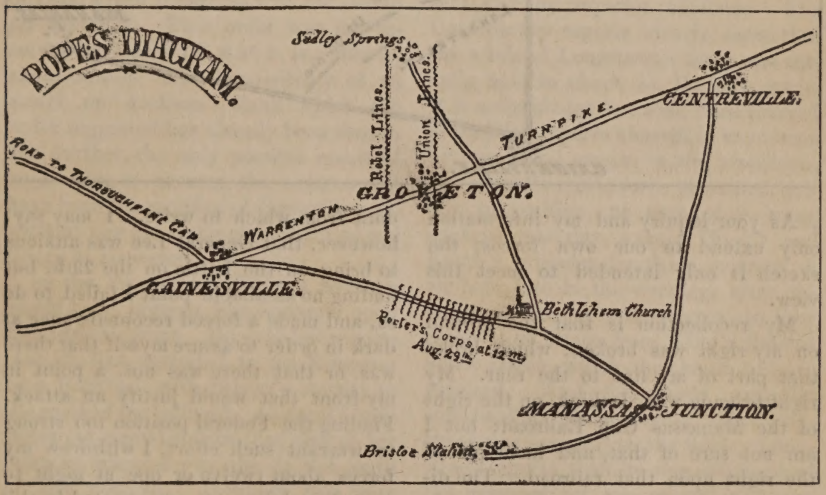
(8.) The battle of August 29th suggests no special remark, except that, theoretically speaking, on the hypothesis that Jackson alone was present, our attack should have been on his right instead of on his left; because the flank by which the enemy is expecting to be reinforced is, for that reason, the decisive point for attack. Had Longstreet not been there, our attack on Jackson's right would have placed us on his line of retreat, and, giving hand to McDowell and Porter, would have thrown Jackson back from his reinforcements. This is what, to cite no other instance, Napoleon did at Ligny, thus separating Blucher from Wellington at Quatre Bras.

FITZ JOHN PORTER.

(9.) Pope's action in regard to General Porter was based upon three important mistakes: First, that Longstreet's troops did not begin to come upon the field until about sunset of Friday, August 29th. Second, as a necessary consequence of this, that Jackson's right flank was exposed to Porter's attack. Third, that when Porter received the order of 4.30 P. M. he could have attacked Jackson in flank in time to enable Pope to rout Jackson before Longstreet arrived.

First, as to the time of Longstreet's arrival. The Confederate official reports put it beyond question that their main body under Longstreet was arriving on the ground during the whole forenoon of August 29th, and that it was all in line on Jackson's right by about noon. This also appears from General Longstreet's letter, to be given presently.

Secondly, as to the exposure of Jackson's flank. That Jackson's flank was not exposed, but that on the contrary, from noon of the 29th, Longstreet's troops formed a continuous line extending from Jackson's flank southerly to the Manassas Gap Railroad is also conclusively shown by the Confederate official reports, and is as certain as any fact in history. General Jones, for instance, who commanded Longstreet's rear division, reports that he arrived on the field and took up his position on the extreme right; the other divisions on his left connecting with Jackson's right.



The two diagrams presented herewith show, roughly, the positions of the respective forces on August 29th. "Pope's Diagram" is printed from one given in General Pope's pamphlet, entitled Brief Statement of the Case of Fitz John Porter. This diagram must be assumed to show correctly the general position of our own troops; for, as to this, General Pope is, of course, the best authority. But in respect to the position of the enemy, of which Pope had no personal knowledge, and which was concealed from him by wooded heights, General Longstreet must be deemed much better authority than Pope. The real position and direction of the Confederate line is roughly shown by General Longstreet's hasty sketch contained in the following letter: —

NEW ORLEANS, LA., *July* 30, 1870.

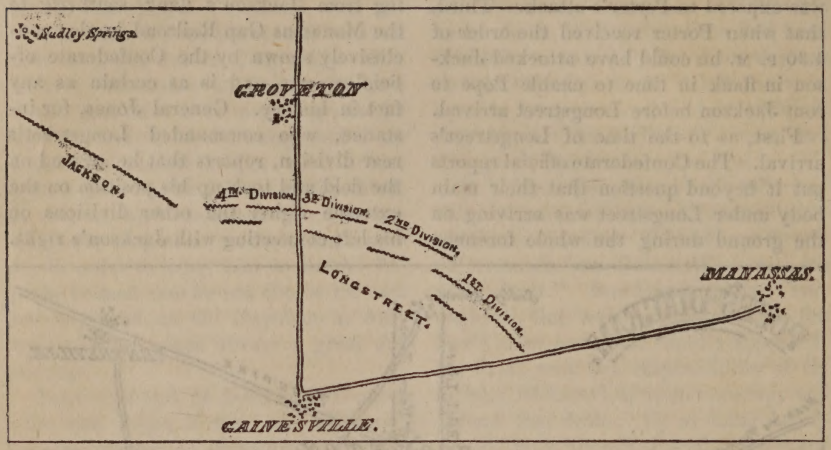
GEN. F. J. LIPPITT, Boston, Mass.: —

GENERAL, — Your favor of the 23d instant is received. I am not able to answer your questions as definitely as I would like, because of many lost papers. The head of my column reached the field of the second Manassas about eleven o'clock, A. M., on the 29th of

August. The forces were advanced and deployed as rapidly as possible, and I think that I was fully prepared for battle by one o'clock, P. M. The strength of the force I cannot give for reasons already assigned, but there were twelve brigades, Anderson's division of three brigades coming up after dark on the 29th.

Neither of your diagrams agrees with my recollection of the lines occupied by the Southern forces. I shall attempt one that accords more nearly with my recollections.

I am a poor draughtsman at best, having but my left hand now with which to aid you. I hope that you may be able to excuse this effort.



As your inquiry and my information only extend to our own forces, the sketch is only intended to meet this view.

My recollection is that the ground on my right was broken, which broke that part of my line to the rear. My right brigade was, I think, on the right of the Manassas Gap Railroad; but I am not sure of that, and have placed the right upon that railroad. The divisions were arranged as represented in the diagram, — two brigades in line of battle and one in reserve. On the night of the 29th Anderson's division arrived, and in my attack on the 30th was added to the third division as the assaulting column, making the assaulting column one of six brigades, in column of brigades, except the head of the column which was two brigades.

So many inquiries have been made since the war upon all of these matters that the few papers and records that I saved from the wreck have been sent to friends in various parts of the country who are writing, leaving me without data from which to write. I may say, however, that General Lee was anxious to bring on the battle on the 29th, but finding no assailable point I failed to do so, and made a forced reconnaissance at dark in order to assure myself that there was, or that there was not, a point in my front that would justify an attack. Finding the Federal position too strong to warrant such effort, I withdrew my forces about twelve or one at night to my original line, as represented in this diagram. It appears that the Federal commander mistook this move of mine for a retreat, which induced him to attack Jackson the next afternoon. His forces massed against Jackson, you will readily perceive that a slight advance of my batteries gave me an enfilade fire upon his masses that no troops could live under, and this with but little exposure to me. Of course I seized the opportunity. My batteries broke the masses in about five minutes, that appeared, but a moment before, as formidable and resistless as an avalanche. My command, being fully prepared for the

emergency, was sprung to the charge as the Federal masses melted away.

I don't know but I should apologize for this long reply to your brief interrogations. It seems to be almost impossible to give an intelligible answer to a single question without some detail of connected incidents.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, JAMES LONGSTREET.

A comparison of the two diagrams plainly shows how widely Pope's theory differs from the truth, and how grossly he was mistaken in supposing that Jackson's right was accessible in the afternoon of August 29th.

Thirdly, as to Porter's failure to obey the order of 4.30 P. M. being the cause of Pope's own failure to rout the enemy on that day. That order was not received by Porter till 6.30 P. M.; that is, about sunset. The impossibility of an attack on Jackson's flank which the order suggested has already been shown. But further, the only possible result of an attempt to execute the order would have been the sacrifice of Porter's corps, without any aid being given by it to our troops at Groveton.

In the first place, Porter's advance would have brought him squarely upon Longstreet's front. General Lee reports that his line extended to the Manassas Gap Railroad, with Stuart's cavalry to the south of the railroad. General Longstreet (*ut supra*) thinks that one of his infantry brigades was also to the south of the railroad. However this may have been, Longstreet's three flank brigades being in echelon, a few minutes would have been sufficient to extend his line so as to present a continuous front to Porter, and effectually to bar his further advance. Porter had three miles of ground to march over, and would have been enveloped, upon arriving, by cross fires sufficient to sweep him from the field.

Again, the force he would have been attacking outnumbered him three to one. His own corps was about 11,000 strong. Now Longstreet left Richmond with 50,000 infantry and artillery. Deducting 9000 for probable losses, and Anderson's division of 10,000 not yet up, would leave him 31,000. Add to this Stuart's cavalry, 2500, and Longstreet must then have had in line at least 33,000 men; which entire force, as shown by the Confederate official reports, was held in readiness to receive Porter.

But even if Porter had rashly attacked Longstreet, the destruction of his corps would have been no help to Pope. It being sunset when he received the order, he could not have actually attacked till about dark, when Pope's battle with Jackson, which began at 5.30 P. M., was substantially over.

(10.) Not only this, but the course adopted by Porter, in all probability, saved Pope from being utterly routed on that day by superior numbers. The Confederate reports clearly show that the whole of Longstreet's force was actually held in check by Porter's corps. It is a significant fact that, hard pressed as Jackson reports himself to have been by our grand attack in the afternoon, Longstreet's entire force remained quietly in position, no part of it being engaged that day, except Hood's and Evans's brigades for three quarters of an hour late in the evening, after the battle of the day was over; when they received an attack from King's division under Hatch, which they claim to have repulsed. And this would naturally confirm Pope in his belief that Longstreet was not yet on the field. Longstreet reports that he was informed of the approach of the enemy in heavy columns against his extreme right, and that thereupon he withdrew Wilcox's three brigades from his left to support Jones in case of attack; and Wilcox reports that he was not ordered back to his position till sundown. Again, Longstreet states that the enemy's entire force appearing to be massed directly in front of him, he deemed it not advisable to move against his immediate front, and therefore quietly withdrew his force at one o'clock A. M. And again, in his letter (ut supra) he states that he was deterred from attacking on the 29th by the strength of our position. A glance

at the two diagrams will show that the force which thus held him in check could have been no other than Porter's corps; since, as shown by Pope's diagram, our forces at Groveton extended but a short distance south of the Warrenton turnpike.

If this fact needed further proof, it would be found in the statement to Lewis Este Mills (see his pamphlet) of the chief engineer on Lee's staff to the effect that what induced Lee to remain on the defensive during the afternoon of "Saturday" was the absence of Anderson's division, and "a feeling of uncertainty as to Porter's force and intention." To this was added that Porter's attack was "feebly urged."

It is very plain that this statement referred not to Saturday the 30th, but to Friday the 29th. In the first place, it was on Friday the 29th that Anderson was absent. He arrived that same night (Longstreet's letter, supra), and on Saturday the 30th he was present; taking his place in line, as the Confederate reports show, about noon. In the next place, in characterizing Porter's attack as "feebly" made, Mills's informant again showed that he was not referring to Saturday the 30th, but, consequently, to Friday the 29th. Porter's attack on the 30th was one of the most vigorous and determined in the war, costing him the loss of about one third of his men. It was this attack that compelled Jackson to ask Longstreet for assistance; which Longstreet effectively gave by so plowing through Porter's lines with round shot as to compel them finally to retire.

(11.) There remains for observation one other point, important and interesting to military men. Did Porter really disobey any order of Pope's; and if he did, was he justified, from a military point of view, in doing so?

As to the first order, sent from Centreville early that morning, directing McDowell's and Porter's corps to march to Gainesville, no serious question can be made. It may be observed, in passing, that this order was a rash one, not justified on military principles. Lee's main body, which must have been known or supposed to outnumber, two to one, both these corps combined, was hourly expected at Gainesville. The danger was great, therefore, that they would arrive there only to be defeated. But when at one P. M. McDowell, the senior in command, chose to take the responsibility of marching to Groveton with his 13,000 men, leaving Porter on the railroad with his 11,000, and Porter advanced no further, this was no disobedience of orders. The order directed the march of two corps to Gainesville, not of one corps alone, and that the smaller of the two. Not only this, but the order expressly left it to the discretion of the commander how far it should be executed; and after McDowell's departure Porter exercised a wise discretion in declining to carry it out; which, by the way, would have been now impracticable, as we have already seen. The other order was sent to Porter from the field. It read thus: —

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD,
August 29, 1862, 4.30 P. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL PORTER, — Your line of march brings you in on the enemy's right flank. I desire you to push forward into action on the enemy's flank, and, if possible, on his rear, keeping your right in communication with General Reynolds. The enemy is massed in the woods in front of us, but can be shelled out as soon as you engage his flank. Keep heavy reserves and use your batteries, keeping well closed to your right all the time. In case you are obliged to fall back, do so to your right and rear, so as to keep you in close communication with the right wing.

[Signed] JOHN POPE,
Major-General Commanding.

This order supposed four things: (1.) That by pushing forward, Porter would be brought upon the enemy's flank. As already seen, this supposition was erroneous. (2.) That Porter's right could be kept in communication with General Reynolds. This also was a mistaken supposition. General Reynolds was some

four or five miles off, and Porter had found that the cross roads from his position to Groveton were in possession of the enemy, who had thus isolated him from the main body. (3.) That Porter could support his attack with his batteries. The ground appears to have been such as to preclude the use of batteries. But, aside from that, the order supposed: (4.) That, if compelled to fall back, Porter could do so in such a manner as to keep him in close communication with the right wing at Groveton. Here again was obviously a mistaken supposition.

The order itself, under the circumstances assumed to exist, was an eminently proper one, and the framing of it indicated a skillful and prudent commander; the attack it directed not being that of an isolated corps of a few thousand men, unsupported, upon a distant front of the enemy, where it would be vastly outnumbered. The only objection to its execution was that it was drawn up in ignorance of material facts. Can it be seriously contended that an order to a distant subordinate commander must be obeyed at all risks, though showing on its face that it contemplated an entirely different state of facts from that actually existing; or that, in such case, the execution of it, if it would apparently lead to unforeseen and disastrous consequences, would be even justifiable? Had Porter, on receiving this order, thrown his corps upon the force in front, and the result had been its destruction, no court of inquiry could have helped finding that he had rashly exceeded his orders; and he would have been deemed thenceforth unfit, as lacking in judgment, to hold an important command. If he had pleaded the terms of the order, the obvious reply would have been that it directed an attack on the enemy's flank, not on his front, and that, as he well knew, not one of the other conditions existed in reference to which the order was framed.

The settled principle in military ethics in such cases is this, that an order to a subordinate from a distant superior is not to be disobeyed simply because it would apparently lead to disastrous consequences; but that when, in addition to this, *the order itself, by its very terms, assumes facts which do not exist*, and the subordinate is clearly satisfied, in the exercise of a sound judgment, that the superior would not have made the order if he had known the real circumstances of the case, obedience to it would be in the highest degree blameworthy, — nay, criminal. And no friend of General Pope would venture to assert that, under the circumstances of the case as now known, and as Porter believed them to exist at the time, the latter would have been ordered "to push forward into action at once on the enemy's flank."

As for Porter's marching to Groveton, he had no order to do so. The idea that, hearing the sound of battle, he ought to have gone there at once is a very natural one, but it leaves important facts out of view. He was too far away to hear any sound of musketry, and the firing heard indicated an artillery duel at long range, not an actual conflict of troops. If he had marched at 5.30 P. M., when the grand attack was made, it was very doubtful, the enemy being apparently in possession of the roads, when he could have arrived at Groveton, or if he could have arrived there at all. In point of fact, McDowell's corps, which began its march at one P. M., did not arrive till about six o'clock; certainly not earlier than five o'clock.

But there was a conclusive reason why he should remain where he was. He was then holding in check a much larger force than his own. If he had marched for Groveton, that force, having the shorter line, would have been there before him. By remaining in his position he was rendering the greatest possible service to General Pope and to his country.

There remains to be noticed one other charge against General Porter. In the night of August 27th, being then at Warrenton Junction, he was ordered to march with his corps at one A. M. the same night, and arrive at Bristoe Station by daylight the next morning; instead of which he did not march till three A. M.

(or, as some accounts say, till daylight), nor arrive at Bristoe till ten o'clock in the forenoon. This sort of disobedience, as all military men know, necessarily occurs more or less often in every campaign. In directing the movements of a detached column at a distance, the superior commander can seldom, if ever, know the circumstances which sometimes necessarily delay, for a few hours, the putting of the column in route, or its arrival at the point designated. Undoubtedly, in failing to arrive at the hour required a commander is technically guilty of a disobedience of orders. But the real question always is whether the delay was blameworthy, for which he would be properly amenable to punishment. On this point it may not be material that Porter's failure to arrive at daylight led to no prejudicial consequences; but it is material that, as shown by the weight of evidence, he exercised a sound judgment under the circumstances in not marching till three A. M., and especially that he actually arrived at Bristoe full as soon as if he had marched at one instead of three A. M., or at daylight.

McCLELLAN.

(12.) The principal responsibility for the disasters of Pope's campaign must rest upon General McClellan. This will sufficiently appear from reading the dispatches sent and received by him, of which, and of his action in connection with them, I subjoin the following brief notes. It must be remembered that, in spite of his losses in the Peninsula, McClellan had still with him at Harrison's Landing 85,000 or 90,000 men.

August 3d. McClellan ordered to Acquia Creek. He remonstrates. Order repeated.

August 4th. The order again repeated.

August 9th. Halleck urges instant reinforcements to Acquia Creek. "Enemy massing to crush Pope and Burnside."

August 10th. Halleck telegraphs, "Enemy crossing Rapidan in large force. Fighting Pope to-day."

August 15th. McClellan puts two corps in motion towards Fortress Monroe.

August 21st. Halleck telegraphs, "Pope and Burnside hard pushed."

August 23d. Franklin's corps (8000 men) sails.

August 25th. The only reinforcements from McClellan arrived so far are Reynolds's and Kearney's commands, 7000 in all.

August 27th. Halleck to McClellan (then apparently at Alexandria): "General battle imminent. Franklin's corps should move out by forced marches." McClellan reports 13,000 men ready to march at a moment's notice.

August 28th. Pope telegraphs for supplies: "Troops but little to eat; for two days marching and fighting. Troops and animals perfectly exhausted. For two days no forage for cavalry and artillery horses; for ten days saddled and harnessed." 4.10 P. M. McClellan telegraphs to Halleck: "General Franklin is with me here. Not yet in condition to move. May be by to-morrow A. M." 4.45 P. M. "Neither Franklin or Sumner in condition to move and fight battle."

Halleck sends a direct order to Franklin to move towards Manassas Junction.

McClellan answers, "Thinks enemy not in such force near Manassas as to need to move in force."

Halleck telegraphs, "Not a moment to be lost, to push as large a force as possible to Manassas, to unite with Pope before enemy reinforced. Franklin must go to-morrow morning, ready or not ready."

August 29th. 10.30 A. M. Franklin's corps in motion. McClellan halts it at one P. M., and telegraphs, "Not safe to go beyond Annandale."

Two days before, McClellan's troops had been ordered to march to Manassas Junction by forced marches, but they had now only reached Annandale, six miles out.

August 30th. In reply to Pope's urgent telegram of the day before, McClellan instructs Franklin to inform him that he will have the wagons and cars

loaded with rations as soon as Pope should "send in a cavalry escort to Alexandria, as a guard to the train." (A cavalry escort for a railroad train!)

On the 29th McClellan had telegraphed to the president "to leave Pope to get out of his scrape, and at once to use all our means to make the capital safe." (As if saving Pope from defeat was not the surest means of making the capital safe.)

These dispatches need no comment. In connection with his action, they clearly show a determination on McClellan's part that, so far as he could help it, Pope should receive no assistance from him, whatever might be the consequences to Pope's army, or to his country; and, to carry out that determination, a continued and criminal disobedience of orders to the very last.

On the 3d of August McClellan had a well-equipped army of some 85,000 men lying inactive at Harrison's Landing. On that day he was ordered to transfer it to Acquia Creek. In spite of repeated and peremptory orders, owing to his indisposition to obey them and inexcusable delays, by August 30th only 20,500 of this large force had reached the field.

On the 27th of August, 1854, during the Crimean war, the allied armies commenced their embarkation at Varna. It was made under no urgent pressure. Nevertheless, by the night of September 4th, that is, in eight days, 62,000 men had been embarked, with all their stores and guns. Again: McClellan himself had, not long before, embarked his whole force, of over 100,000 men, for the Peninsula, in twelve days. In view of these facts it is incredible that McClellan, if so disposed, could not easily, in twenty-seven days, have had 60,000 men to reinforce Pope. In that case, on August 30th the entire Confederate army would have been overwhelmed, and Richmond, in a few days, would have been in our hands.

LEE.

(13.) Lee erred in not promptly marching to crush Pope with superior numbers before his reinforcements could arrive. If he had done so, there would have been nothing to prevent him from marching to Washington; and that city would have fallen soon after he had possessed himself of Upton's Hill, which commands both Arlington Heights and Washington. His inaction was caused, of course, by his uncertainty as to McClellan's intentions and the fear of losing Richmond. But a few brigades, well intrenched, could have defended Richmond till Lee should be able to send reinforcements; and even at the worst, Washington gained would have been far more than compensation for Richmond lost. But by August 6th, Lee knew that McClellan's army was being recalled. Then not a moment should have been lost in marching to destroy Pope before the junction of the two armies. Yet his force was not concentrated on the Rappahannock till August 20th.

(14.) Lee's grand turning movement must have had something more for its object than merely to get between Pope and his base, and to destroy his communications. For it is not enough to get on the enemy's line of communication and retreat. This is only a means to an end, that end being the defeat of the enemy, and such a defeat as may be decisive of the war or of the campaign. It did not suffice Napoleon to cross the Alps and swoop down, as from the clouds, upon Milan, thus cutting off Melas at Turin from his base. By this he really accomplished nothing until he had induced Melas to come out against him on the plains of Marengo and be beaten. Then the campaign was won. Again, in 1806, it was not enough suddenly to move his principal mass upon the Prussian army's line of communication, until, by the victory of Jena, he had virtually ended the campaign, and thus achieved the conquest of Prussia.

When a commander has resolved upon a turning movement that shall place his army on the enemy's line of communication, in order that this manœuvre shall be decisive of the campaign, two conditions are essential: one is that his columns should be so near each other

as to insure his fighting the intended battle with his whole force. And here was the great defect in the execution of Lee's plan. Jackson's corps, constituting a third of his force, was three days in advance of his main body. It was at Manassas Junction on the 26th, while Longstreet did not arrive till the 29th. During these three days Jackson was in imminent danger of being beaten by superior numbers. It was Lee's good luck that Thoroughfare Gap had not been secured. Had he arrived there two hours later on the 28th, Ricketts would have been in possession of the defile, and Longstreet could not have been in line by the 29th nor by the 30th, on which day Jackson's corps would have been destroyed or captured; for we then greatly outnumbered him on the field. Longstreet should therefore have followed close upon Jackson, instead of being three days behind him. A few brigades left in Pope's front on the Rappahannock, with the expedients usually resorted to in such cases to deceive the enemy, might have sufficed to mask the movement long enough for the object in view.

The other essential condition is that when the decisive battle is fought, it be fought with our back to the enemy's base; for then a defeat, cutting him off from all possibility of reinforcement or supply, insures his surrender or destruction. In the contrary case, the defeated enemy has only to fall back upon his base, as Pope did after his battle of the 30th. If in that battle the positions of the contending armies had been reversed, Lee being between Pope and Centreville, after thoroughly defeating Pope there would have been nothing to prevent Lee's marching to Washington. Now if Lee had debouched from Thoroughfare with both Jackson and Longstreet, his superiority of numbers would have enabled him to choose his own battle-ground, and by giving battle facing to the west to make it decisive of the campaign.

On the 30th of August Pope must have known at last that the whole Confederate army was fronting him, and that he was therefore largely outnumbered. It was a brave and chivalrous act to fight with the chances decidedly against him, an act of which McClellan would never have been capable. The contrast between these two commanders must have been strongly felt in Washington; and it is no wonder that on Pope's arrival there Halleck warmly exclaimed to him, "You have done nobly!" — a greeting in which his countrymen, in spite of his mistakes, might have sincerely joined.

According to statements now made, Longstreet's and Jackson's commands numbered somewhat less than is supposed in the foregoing article; but the discrepancies are not important enough to require any modification in the conclusions arrived at.

Francis J. Lippitt.

AUGUST SAILING.

In the bright morn from out the little bay
We slowly drifted, and at noon the wind,
O'ercome with heat, had flagged and dropped behind.
Under the tyrannous sunshine all the day
We moved so lazily one scarce could say
We moved at all. Upon the deck at night,
Beside the moon-blanched sail, beneath the bright,

High-hung, great stars, with open eyes we lay;
Slept for a moment in the utter hush,
Then waked again to hear the sudden rush
Of swift-flowing water, as we made our way
Straight to the east, and coming o'er the sea
Saw the young morn, that with slow, sweet delay
Began to draw her veil of mystery.

H. Everett.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I MUST take issue with that contributor in the Club for March who wishes to replace the distinction between prose and *poetry* with the much more limited and, as I think, inadequate one between prose and *verse*. "The question is not," so Coleridge says, "whether there may not occur in prose an order of words which would be equally proper in a poem, nor whether there are not beautiful lines and sentences of frequent occurrence in good poems which would be equally becoming, as well as beautiful, in good prose; for neither the one nor the other has ever been denied or doubted by any one." But he goes on to say that the true question must be whether there are not modes of expression, and especially a *construction* and an *order* of sentences, fitting in prose, out of place in poetry; and *vice versa*.

I find Coleridge sound and practical on this point, and he might have greatly cleared up the distinction we are talking of if he had not run off into long sentences and scattered his dicta in different places. Beautiful thoughts may be found conveyed in words measurable as verse, yet closely resembling prose when taken alone. "And now my tongue's use is no more to me than an unstringed viol or a harp." These are two lines from Shakespeare that might have stood in Jeremy Taylor's sermons. Yet they are verse. Does *that* distinguish them from imaginative prose? No; it is the way they rise out of the preceding verses, their position in the play, their *keeping*, in fine, which places them within the domain of poetry. Prose may be detached from its context without altering its character; but what we call poetry is so much more subtle that you often seriously maim it when you disjoin it from its succession. This violence does not alter it, though; if conceived as poetry, it remains poetry even when maltreated. Likewise beautiful prose, if conceived as such and evolved in a consistent prose surrounding, retains its own nature, however much in sympathy with that of poetry.

Mr. Stedman and the contributor might say that the two verses just given happen not to be preëminently musical. Is musicalness, then, the one missing element which would turn a beautiful thought, already measured off as a verse, into poetry? I doubt it; for there are hundreds of pages of "musical" prose which cannot be made into poetry, although the thoughts are beautiful. You might cut them up and rearrange them in verses, retaining the music and only slightly altering them, yet the theme and the whole progress of the thought about it will not admit of rendering such compositions into anything but prose. As instances, take some of Daniel Webster's cadenced periods, or the "impassioned prose" of De Quincey, which loses its peculiar glory the moment you try to consider it as poetry. Then, on the other hand, let us consider descriptive poems,

the simplest love songs, or a composition like The Cotter's Saturday Night of Burns, — pieces in which there is not always distinct beauty of *thought*, but which constitute one kind of poetry purely because of their grouping of words and pictures, combined with metre and rhyme, or rhythm and rhyme. In these the element of beautiful or grand thought may be absent, while the music is present. And here is a passage from Webster's Duchess of Malfy, —

> "What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
> With diamonds? or to be smothered
> With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
> I know death hath ten thousand several doors
> For men to take their exits," —

which might be paralleled in others of the old dramatists and in parts of Samson Agonistes, — a passage so free from restraint of metre that it may be read as prose. Yet it is poetic; and so is Milton's prose often splendidly poetic without ever confusing itself with his poetry, properly so called. Mr. Stedman's definition, "beautiful thought expressed in musical words," will not do, because it describes poetic prose as well as pure poetry. Hazlitt has furnished the best definition, though it needs qualification. Poetry, he says, is "the natural impression of any object or event which excites an involuntary movement of imagination or passion, producing by sympathy a certain modulation" of the sounds expressing it. He neglects to describe this modulation, but Coleridge has explained what it is. He reasons that a poem has for its *immediate* object pleasure, and is distinguished from other modes of composition by giving a delight in the whole at the same time that each and every part supplies a distinct gratification. Hence, in a poem one continually excites emotion for the sake of the pleasure it gives; but, while doing so, a spontaneous effort to check the play of emotion comes in, which results in forming *metre*. The rush of emotion is interrupted, and the pleasure prolonged, by this device. Now in prose there is comparatively little of this. Even in poetic prose there are many connecting portions put in for the sake of clearness, which would not be tolerated in poetry. And in poetry, the check which the mind puts upon itself for the sake of heightening the pleasure necessitates forms of expression and figures of speech which are utterly out of place in prose. No writer in the Club needs to be reminded how painful is composition in the prose form which affects the phraseology belonging peculiarly to poems. Equally unpleasant is the occurrence in prose of clauses or sentences too closely resembling verse. Dickens begins the last chapter of the Old Curiosity Shop with a line of blank verse: —

> "The magic reel, which, rolling on before,
> Has led the chronicler," etc.

This has always jarred upon me, because it comes after a pathetic passage on the death of Nell's grandfather, conceived and carried out in tender, vibrating prose; and the whole (to please my ear, at least) should be conceived as poetry and executed in verse, or else in prose, not admitting even a line of verse. In his Aristoteles and Callisthenes, Landor makes the second speaker refer to Aristotle's care in avoiding the dactyl, which he calls "the bind-weed of prose;" and the two have some quiet fun over the difficulty there would be if Plato's proposed banishment of the poets were carried out; for even Aristotle, it is said, wrote no period in which there was not an iambic (that is, one iambus following another). But in the same conversation Aristotle declares: "Among the writers of luxuriant and florid prose, however rich and fanciful, there never was one that wrote good poetry. . . . If ever a good poet should excel in prose, we who know how distinct are the qualities, and how great must be the comprehension and the vigor that unites them, shall contemplate him as an object of wonder and almost of worship." Certainly; if prose and poetry are the same, is n't it strange that so few good poets have excelled in prose?

Although the two forms graze each other, and although Isaiah, Ossian, or Walt Whitman are poetic in their unversified language, the one form is just as distinct from the other as written

prose is from colloquial, — the prose of Molière's *bourgeois gentilhomme*, who had talked it all his life without being conscious thereof. Both have truth for their object, but prose has it primarily and more directly; in poetry, pleasure arising from emotion and harmony is the first consideration, — with truth, of course, to support and ennoble the pleasure. Prose becomes poetic when it is passionate, resonant, rich in imagery; in short, when the pleasure to be given by its warmth of feeling and its style approaches that which poetry has in view. But it never becomes poetry. Scraps of verse occurring in it do not make it poetry, but simply bad prose. Poetry, on the other side, may at moments drop into strains resembling eloquent and poetic prose; but if it is good poetry this does not alter the total poetic effect; for a poem consists also in the mood that originates, underlies it, and in the relation of its parts and its union of qualities. It must have pleasing thought, feeling, or images, canorous words, verses, and an *ensemble* which holds the passages that border on prose in the poetic atmosphere still. Poetry is the "music of language answering to the *music* of the mind." Prose answers to the *intonations* of the mind, which fall just short of actual music.

— Some of our leading journals seem disposed to set down Lord Beaconsfield as a political charlatan, and to judge him from a jocular point of view.

I do not by any means feel sure that this is a correct diagnosis of the man, or of his possibilities as a power in both national and international statesmanship. It seems to me that if I were an Englishman I should watch him with alarm rather than with contempt or amusement, and that if I were a Russian I should hate him as a far-sighted and dangerous enemy of universal Slavic empire.

No doubt he is much guided by his imagination, and is disposed to move men by means of theatrical measures. But some of the greatest schemers and doers in history, such as Alexander, Pyrrhus, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon, have been men of unbridled and almost insane imagination. These same men, too, and other distinguished wielders of power, as for instance the Roman Catholic Church, have largely used the spectacular element in government. Has the world forgotten Napoleon's order to gild the dome of the Invalides? Well, when Beaconsfield changed the queen into an empress, he gilded the dome of the British state; and I have little doubt that in so doing he pleased the fancy and the pride of the great majority of commonplace English people; I have scarcely less doubt that by this piece of so-called charlatanism he gave a longer lease to monarchical rule.

As for the transfer of Indian troops to Europe, a movement so widely ridiculed by civilians of liberal tendencies, and so generally stigmatized as a military idea worthy of the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein, I am inclined to regard it in a very serious light. The ultimate object of England in this Eastern Question, remember, is to prevent Russia from reaching India with either arms or intrigue, and so overthrowing the Indian empire. Hindostan may be considered as a fortress, or defensive position, which Britons are to hold against Muscovites. Now it is an established military maxim that a commandant who relies solely upon defensive warfare, and never uses sorties or other aggressive tactics, will in the end surrender his stronghold. This rule applies, in a certain measure at least, to the defense of an outlying province. Every one acquainted with history will recollect scores of cases in point. No great soldier doubts that Hannibal covered Spain and Africa best while he was able to keep an army of Spaniards and Numidians in Italy.

Now, merely as a menace, merely to give warning of what England may do in the future, Beaconsfield has done wisely in sending a few thousand Sepoys to Malta. The world of civilians laughs, and perhaps Russian lieutenants laugh; but I do not believe that Todleben is hilarious over the demonstration. Let us suppose that a year ago England had forwarded to Bulgaria, not even a sin-

gle native British regiment, but fifty or sixty Hindoo regiments, led and directed by British officers and strategists. One does not imagine, it is true, that Sepoys are as solid as Slavs, or that, even with Turkish help, they could always beat Ghourko and Skobeleff. But, considering the desperate nature of Osmanli resistance, it is probable that such a reinforcement would have turned a wavering balance against the invaders. Sixty thousand fair troops, backed by a sufficiency of money and supplies, might have enabled Osman Pasha to hold Plevna, and even have sent Russia north of the Danube.

We may be sure that the long heads of the Russian army have considered all this, and that they are capable of meditating upon the chances of the future as well as of the past. The calling of Sepoys to Malta is really a noticeable menace to the often hard-driven powers of continental Europe. It will not reëstablish Turkey, and probably was not meant to do that; but it is saying to Russia, in a language which every good soldier can understand: "Keep away from the Indus, or we will pour India upon the Danube and the Baltic." Everybody knows that England could do this, and that only the will to do it is lacking. There is not a warlike race in all the hundred millions of Hindostan which is not glad and proud to serve under the red-cross banner. It requires only a fiat from the people and Parliament of Great Britain to raise the Sepoy army to a million of men, and to send it in hordes wherever a keel can plow. That something of this sort has not occurred already only shows the good sense of the great nation which holds such a power latent. But drive that nation to extremities, and let it be guided, as now, by an imaginative adventurer of singular influence, and the world may yet see Rohillas and Rajpoots helping to dictate peace in Europe, and possibly to influence debates in London.

In short, to return to Lord Beaconsfield, I am disposed to consider him a man of real ability and honest audacity, all the more likely to do remarkable things because of his passion for the spectacular in statesmanship, and because of the fervid imagination which lies at the bottom of this passion.

— Having a desire to read Victor Hugo's History of a Crime, and at the same time doubting whether I should care to preserve the book, I bought the ten-cent edition of the Franklin Square Library. Since thus committing myself as an accessary after the fact in the "shabby piracy" attacked by a writer in the Contributors' Club for November last, I have turned back to The Atlantic of that date, to consider again the nature and enormity of my crime. The "New York literary tramp" who publishes the Riverside Library is accused of inflicting great wrong on four parties: the English author, whose work he steals; the American author, who cannot afford to sell his wares at a price which is remunerative to a man dealing in stolen property; the American publisher, who pays copyright to English authors; and the general reader, who has eyes to be ruined by a poor-faced, fine type set in unleaded columns. The first charge is not a very serious one, after all, in the absence of any international copyright, and in view of the almost unvarying custom of American and English publishers to issue such reprints as they please, with little or no regard to the foreign author. The second charge derives all its force from the third, which has none to spare because many American publishers do not pay copyright to English authors, — though they are proportionally more numerous than English publishers who pay American authors. There is absolutely nothing to be said, however, in extenuation of the outrageously small type, poor paper, and discreditable press-work of the library named by the writer in the Contributors' Club. But there are now four of the cheap libraries of standard fiction in the field, all of which — except the one just referred to — are printed from fair-sized type, in a reasonably clear, careful manner (one of them having just been forced to a wholesome reformation by the action of Messrs. Harper and Brothers),

and two of them on paper of quite satisfactory quality and appearance.

To be sure, they are in quarto form, three columns to the page, and are not likely to prove very durable; but one must not expect all the refinements of the art preservative for ten cents. They present many of the masterpieces of English literature, and good translations from the French and German, at such prices that anybody can buy them, and in such shape that they can be safely and easily read. They come into no competition with bound books: the persons who buy them certainly would not buy cloth editions. The most notable and pleasing fact in connection with them is that they are so largely bought by former habitual readers of the Texas Jack stripe of dime novel. The newsdealer who sold me the History of a Crime made one very suggestive remark. "The oddest thing about the whole business," said he, "is the number of calls I have for the best novels, in this shape, from men whom I used to think of as wanting only the worst class of publications I had on my counters." Such men — women and children, too — can be won from the degrading reading to which they are accustomed only by the substitution for it of good literature, equally attractive and equally cheap. Public and circulating libraries accomplish a little; only a little. Bound books, or even the ordinary paper novels at fifty cents or seventy-five cents a copy, are absolutely beyond the means of these readers. Whatever is done at present must be done by such cheap agencies as the Franklin Square Library. The wide extent of their influence it is easy to see. Scarcely a news-stand or periodical store can be found which does not carry a large stock of them, and the numbers sold are enormous. On the other hand, the dime novels of a dozen years ago, and all the kindred novelettes, are now comparatively rare; the circulation of the weekly story papers, like the New York Weekly, too, is said to be much smaller.

To be sure, there is still an appalling amount of vicious reading matter sold at these same news-stands and periodical stores, — but Rome was not built in a day. I am disposed to rejoice over one rift in the clouds, rather than to lament because there are not two. In that millennial future when Philanthropy shall become a book publisher, doubtless there will be no need of such agencies as these cheap pamphlets; but in the present era of only half-enlightened selfishness, they are almost a *sine qua non*.

— Have you ever seen a negro hymn-book? I have had in my hands two such collections; no travesties, mind you, but the simon pure spiritual pabulum which ministers to the needs of many thousands of American citizens. Both bear abundant internal evidence of having been taken down from the lips of traditional depositaries, as Sir Walter Scott preserved the rough-riding metrical chronicles of the border. One is by a Rev. Somebody or other, whether black or white I know not. But no clew is given to the author of any of the pieces, nor is it likely that the compilers are wiser on that point than ourselves.

These real "negro minstrels" are as fond of refrains as any poet of the modern mediæval school, and even more ingenious in their misapplication. For instance, how would it be possible to show a loftier indifference to the logical connection of ideas than is found in that first poem of collection No. 1: —

"A mighty war in heaven,
Don't you grieve after me;
A mighty war in heaven,
Don't you grieve after me;
I don't want you to grieve after me.

"St. Michael and the dragon,
Don't you grieve after me;
St. Michael and the dragon,
Don't you grieve after me;
I don't want you to grieve after me.

"He put him in a dungeon,
Don't you grieve after me;
He put him in a dungeon,
Don't you grieve after me;
I don't want you to grieve after me."

So it goes on, alternating a kind of recitative of the archangelic conflict, with personal appeals to the dear ones left behind. Perhaps a credulous metaphysician may find some relationship between the dissimilar sets of ideas above

indicated; but I think the explanation is simply this: the refrain, expressing a real touching human thought, is first evolved or composed, and it then becomes necessary to have material for filling up the body of the song or chant. This some Biblical narrative or tradition founded thereon most readily supplies, and, as the negroes have some natural notion of rhythm, the poem becomes complete.

They are mightily fond of these recitatives, and will run on for the hour about Joseph and his brethren, or Abraham and the ram in the bushes, or the adventures of Daniel, with the incongruous refrain chiming in not unmelodiously after every line or so. And to say the truth you lose all sense of the ludicrous yourself as (for instance) you lie back in the shadow of the sail and listen lazily, with half-shut eyes, to the lulling sounds that sweep over you out on the ripples of the Chesapeake. And all the while the jolly, half-chanting, half-crooning darkey, all bronze and tatters, keeps time with head and hands and feet on the summit of a great pile of grain bags, or listens with a roguish, bird-like slant of the head to the burden taken up by his unseen comrades below.

Then, I say, it is music and poetry. But in a book it is — well! You are told, with a terrible disregard of rhyme and all other conventionalities, how Jonah went to sea, and the storm began to blow so that they had to shut de do'. It seems that Jonah (suspiciously like a gentleman of color trying to steal a passage on a Bay steamboat) hid himself in the hold and pretended to be asleep. But the captain was too sharp for that. He takes him roughly by the shoulder, policeman fashion, and remarks, —

> "Say, Jonah, you 's de man
> What was bound for Nineveh land."

So Jonah has to go to the whale, and his further adventures are given with all the realism of a darkey who has taken ipecac in his time.

There is another which has an odd refrain. I wish I could remember it. No matter; the first two couplets of the poem proper are treasures in themselves, and they stick by me: —

> "I hear a rumbling under the ground,
> It must be Satan turning round.
>
> "I hear a rumbling up in the sky,
> It must be Jesus passing by."

The familiarity with which they speak of Christ is apt to produce an unpleasant sensation on first reading. Sometimes the lines look blasphemous. For instance, —

> "You can't fool dis child;
> Go along, Jesus."

It requires some careful study to discover that the first line is addressed to Satan, and the other is merely a refrain, which would please them just as well at the end of a line of auctioneer's catalogue as anywhere else.

Sometimes the compilers spell in accordance with English, sometimes in accordance with negro usage.

But the hymn which seems to have taken the greatest hold on their imaginations is known as The Gospel Train. It contains some thirty odd stanzas, describing the passengers as consisting of all the "loved ones gone before," while the Saviour is engineer and brakeman, their ticket is faith, and their sole hope rests in getting on board in time. One of the quaint suggestions is that the engine will have to stop to "wood up" on the line, which will give everybody a chance. But this is absent from some versions.

In fact, like all traditional songs, these religious melodies are continually undergoing alteration to suit the varying taste of reciters; and by far the greater portion of them pass out of memory soon after they are first improvised.

The negroes have also certain games, in which home-made verses play an important part. One of these is the squirrel game. Four play it. Of these, two stand upright like posts, and the remaining pair peep at one another over their shoulders, while all sing: —

> "Peep, squirrel, peep,
> Peep at your brother;
> Why should n't one fool
> Peep at another?"

Then the two peepers leave their shelter

and begin slowly trotting around the other two, who sing, —

"Trot, squirrel, trot!
Trot, squirrel, trot!
Trot, or the dog will catch you!
Trot, trot, trot!"

Then the pace grows faster and the song more excited: —

"Run, squirrel, run!
Run, squirrel, run!
Run, or the dog will catch you!
Run, run, run!"

The *finale* I do not know.

Many negroes have a ludicrous habit of interjecting superfluous syllables between those of ordinary words, so as completely to change their meaning. In this way it came to pass that a negro coachman driving me up from a landing, and wishing to entertain me on the way, pointed out the residence of a gentleman near by, with the information that he had "done gone inves*tigat*ed all his money in land." The same man on another occasion complained that the cows were "rom*anc*ing all over de branch," branch being the Eastern Shore term both for a small stream and the woods along its borders. Another in the same household, whose duty it was to sell the surplus dairy products, declared that he "had n't no use for Mr. So-and-so; did n't like him no way. He was always a tryin' to *lo*cate de butter." It turned out that he meant to "beat down" the price, to make it *low*.

— My friend Miriam Havisham's Ballad of Bricabrac I transcribe in full: —

I SLEEP, I wake, yet ceaselessly
Tormenting shapes before me dance,
Grimmer than mediæval fiends,
Or griffins of the Renaissance, —
The ghosts of many a baffled plan,
And cherished hope dissolved in air;
And there is one to thank whose heart
Is harder than an Eastlake chair.

A noseless teapot (Staffordshire,
Two shillings only) I had set,
Together with a pewter mug,
In my keramic cabinet.
But oh, that jealous Julia Jones
Outstripped me, and at glory's goal
Arrived by getting for a dime
A brass ring and a broken bowl.

When to embroidery I turned,
And far and wide the fact was noised,
The crowds came thronging in to view
My peacock on a bulrush poised.

But louder still was their applause
Before my rival's odious screen,
Whose crimson cabbage, five feet high,
Sprawled on a sky of deepest green.

She owned that she with hardest toil
Was able only to burlesque
My ginger jar, besprinkled o'er
With cranes and centipedes grotesque.
But soon the public eye became
Bewitched by her unhallowed spells;
She for her choicest chromo made
A charming frame of oyster shells.

Out-****ing **** for glowing breadth,
I did a charcoal rock and tree;
Obscure enough to suit the most
Æsthetic taste, it seemed to me.
But her Impression of a Cow
Delighted more our cultured town;
So masterly that it produced
Its best effect when upside down.

But why this tale of woe prolong,
When pharmacy is powerless
To heal my wounds, and dearest friends
Are skeptics as to my distress?
The smile is but conventional
That on my face by day appears,
For ah, at midnight's hour, my eyes
Brim o'er with realistic tears!

— When Mark Twain wants another topic somewhat in the line of his Magnanimous-Incident Literature, I would suggest the illustration of a class of cases which come daily under the observation of every man in active life, but to which, I believe, no writer has yet given a categorical title.

A young man named Brown, let us say, having employed his half-holidays in college in reading the biographies of self-made men, sets out on his career with the brave resolve not to despise the day of small things; and accordingly, having applied in vain for various positions of trust in moneyed corporations, condescends at last to take the lowest place in a counting-room, carrying the mails, sweeping out the office o' mornings, and running of errands, for the sake of getting a footing in the business and a chance to "work up" as his merit shall entitle him to promotion. In the mean time he is content to earn the meagre salary of five dollars a week, to be at his post early and late, and to live at an uncommonly cheap boarding-house.

Brown's classmate Jones, who passed his half-holidays driving a fast livery horse about the country, has no such romantic notions. He is unwilling to stoop

to tasks so menial, or to work at all for less pay than twenty dollars a week. So the unhappy youth is compelled to dwell in his father's elegant mansion, and do nothing but dress himself, ride horseback in the park, read the newspapers, and go to the theatre.

Look on that picture and then on this, and finally witness the sequel.

A vacancy occurs in a twenty-dollar post in the counting-room, and the heads of the firm hold a consultation on the subject. An ingenuous partner urges the advancement of Brown, as a reward for his admirable conduct of the department now under his charge. But a worldly partner demurs, saying: "Not so. It is not every day that we can get so scholarly and well-bred a person to act as errand boy and man-of-all-work at five dollars a week; let us therefore enjoy the luxury as long as we may. Now, I know a young man, quite as well educated and even more prepossessing, who, while he would despise five dollars, can easily be got for twenty. Let us send for him." Yielding to the worldly partner in this, as is their wont in all matters where hard, practical sense comes in conflict with pretty theory, the other members of the firm send for Jones. His faultless attire and white hands win him favor in their eyes, and he is promptly installed in the vacant place, where, for many years to come, he exercises that authority over Brown which his superior rank entitles him to.

Methinks employers may find food for reflection in this little tale; and moralists may learn from it to temper the severity of their reflections on the multitude of unemployed young men in our large cities, whose seeming disposition to idleness is possibly, after all, but worldly wisdom in disguise.

— Since the appearance of that powerfully depressing picture of the Second Empire, set forth in Daudet's Nabob, I have looked in vain over many of the reviews and comments upon the characters therein to see if some one else was impressed as I was by the author's treatment of Felicia Ruys, the woman artist. But whether they express it or not, I think few women can read the same without a sense of being personally somewhat cheapened and aggrieved. Not, however, that any thinking reader can long nurse a grievance of this sort against the author. If there were a shade of petty malice, a vestige of flippant verbiage, discernible, one might suspect he held the poor, fettered, stormy soul of Felicia upon the point of his pen for the display of his own literary legerdemain, but the respectful pity, the Gothic earnestness, with which he follows his subject leaves no doubt of its truth, nor of the weight of its impression upon him.

The glimpse, or rather full view, he gives of the suspicions which ever dog the steps of Felicia, because she was nurtured amidst all the freedom of her father's studio, seems strangely inconsistent with that reverence for the art career which most of us are wont to believe flourishes everywhere outside of our own country, — more especially in such a cradle of art as is France.

We do not wonder at the double-distilled hypocrite Jenkins, nor at the hawk-eyed man of the world De Mora, but even the virtuous young Paul de Géry, while talking with Felicia, checks himself lest he should desecrate the name of the girl he loves by mentioning it within that studio. Surely some of our own hard-headed Philistines, who think a woman is reaching the last round of degradation when she essays to sketch from the living model, can carry their blind prejudices no further than do some of the people Daudet introduces us to in art-loving Paris.

— A "truthful record" of a literary experience, in the Contributors' Club for August, induces me to tell my story.

I arrived in New York from the —— just eight years ago. I was forty-two, and without any literary experience. When I was twenty-five I had, in a *dilettante* way, written some two or three stories, which had appeared in ——. In 1870, with a family of four, without a penny in my pocket, utterly unknown in New York, I had to work with my pen, or starve. My very first article was accepted by the leading magazine in the

country. I felt no elation, for I was wise enough to attribute this more to luck than merit. I became a subaltern on the staff of a leading New York daily. I accepted the worst and most badly paid drudgery. I snapped, jackal-like, at anything and everything that was thrown me. Some of the business of that paper required my walking through the streets, winter and summer, for ten hours every day, and writing six hours more. I shivered under thin clothing in winter, having no overcoat. This work I kept up incessantly for eleven months. With all this labor, my board bill was frequently in arrears. I often had no stockings, and my shoes were badly broken. Overwork, scanty food, and exposure brought on a terrible illness, a complication of diseases. I had brain fever, jaundice, and came within an ace of losing my leg. I hobbled on crutches. I went to work when convalescent, and had a relapse. My doctor advised no brain work, but that would have turned my wife and children into the street. When in mental agony, when children were ill (I had a babe born just then), when there was no money to buy medicine, when my wife took my place beside the poor little sufferers' beds, I had to write, as a relief for my mind; otherwise I might have gone mad. The history of my first successful story is worth recording. I had just lost a child, and to forget my sorrows I wrote. I was so poor that I could not buy paper. One of my boys had copy-books supplied by the common schools, one side of the leaf only having been written on. I used the blank pages. When my story was completed, I could barely spare the ten cents necessary for the purchase of fair paper on which to copy it. I sent my story to ——. I received very promptly a letter from the editor, requesting me to call upon him. The story might suit, only it was too long for them. Would I curtail it? It might be then considered, the editor said. I took the story home, rewrote it, offered it, and it was declined. I was not a bit dismayed. I felt that my story was better than it had been. I took it in person to ——. I remember an amusing talk with the editor, when I presented my story. I dare say I was very untidy. Was my story good, — really good? the editor of —— asked, as he examined a broken shoe and the fringed bottoms of my trousers. That editor seemed skeptical as to whether such a shabby-looking man could write anything *good*. The story was returned, I am inclined to think, unread. I honestly confess that I have a little dodge of my own, which always informs me whether any copy I may have sent in has been read. My only revenge on this editor now is that though he prints a good deal I never read him. I sent my story to ——, and it was accepted. I felt a little triumph now, as I had reached a higher literary medium than had the other magazines taken it. But it was two years before the story was published, and then without my name. More work was given me on my newspaper. I believe I originated a new kind of article, which was in demand. Still, my work only half supported me. I started a trade journal, without capital. I was editor, publisher, advertising agent, clerk, office boy, and all. It was a fair venture, for after I had carried it alone for a year there was no loss. But my time was too precious, and I had to give it up. I could not wait for results. With a hundred dollars at my disposal it would have become a valuable property. Somebody else followed out my idea, and today makes a handsome living out of it. For three years I was looking out for a steady place, and at last I found one; a weekly, just starting, wanted a drudge. The salary I asked for my services was so modest that I was taken on trial. I rapidly mastered all the details, and soon became assistant editor. I studied hard to acquire a certain branch of natural history which was requisite for the paper, and I succeeded. As almost every person on the paper was constantly intoxicated, I sometimes wrote that weekly up from beginning to end. I lost my position on the daily paper, though I contributed to it as an outsider

whenever the chance permitted. In any interval of time I wrote magazine stories. I always offered them first to the leading magazine in New York, where they were invariably declined, to be accepted by some other magazine. I occasionally made five dollars by writing puffs. I differed with the tipsy editor of the weekly, and left it, after a year of very severe work. I regained my position on the daily. Shortly after this there was a change in the weekly I had helped to start, and I was recalled. I wanted two strings to my bow, and now I had them. To-day I have all the work I can get through. I rise at five, and devote fifteen hours to my literary labors. Every month I have to read all the American and English magazines, the lights and the heavies. Besides this, I read professionally some fifteen English books, with some half dozen French ones, during the month. Occasionally I read manuscripts for publishers. I earn some $2700 a year. The time I spend in the cars, going and coming from my office, must be devoted to reading. I am very tired and jaded at night, but as I sleep soundly I rise fairly fresh next morning. If I had more time I would write more stories; perhaps attempt a novel. Of course I have written my play, which I have not offered. Irrespective of magazines, what I send them now is always accepted. I am fortunate in not having an unsold manuscript in my drawer. I am fifty; am temperate, in one sense, not taking a glass of wine once a month, but am an intemperate smoker. I have not had a real holiday for four years. For five years I have not read six books for my own pleasure. I have no Sabbaths. If I did not work on Sunday I should have to sit up one whole night during the week to make up for lost time. I long for a day of rest. A great deal of work, I am afraid, has taken away my zest for play. If I have not a book in my hand, I am unhappy. I have, thank God, made for myself and family a modest position. The only regret I feel is that I did not begin a literary career sooner; then I might have been something. I am satisfied that story or novel writing alone leads to starvation, unless you are illustrious. A literary man must have the fixed weekly wage which comes from drudgery. This is the *nécessaire;* story-writing is the *superflue.* The first gives the bread; the last the caviare. It is very fine to chisel statues and chase caskets, but to cut flagging or stamp out ten-penny nails is a much surer trade. In my experience I have found the judgment of magazine editors to be invariably correct. If my contributions have been declined by one magazine, and accepted by another, I have always fancied that there were good reasons.

To conclude: it is my business now to become weary over much trash and twaddle sent me to read. Yet I never throw aside a stupid crudity without a pang. I have known how life almost depended on the acceptance of a manuscript of mine, which would have brought me three dollars.

I have no fault to find with my profession. If at forty-two I had taken a clerkship, it is doubtful whether in eight years I should have had a better position than the one I now occupy; for notwithstanding my work, which I think is fairly heavy, I am my own master.

— A correspondent in the June Atlantic asks for an explanation of the reason why English and American printers use the circumflex accent in the word *chalet.* It arises from ignorance on the part of the compositor, who reasons that if the accent is required in the same syllable of the word *château,* of course it should be retained in *chalet;* and the proof-reader fails to note the error. The same offending accent is at times found surreptitiously introduced into the first syllable of Chateaubriand. But a far less excusable error is the following, which, while rarer on this side of the Atlantic, is almost universal among English writers, namely, the use of the grave accent in *a priori* and *a posteriori,* as though they were of French instead of Latin derivation. Nine out of ten among English authors, including the most learned and scientific, continually make this mistake.

RECENT LITERATURE.

We doubt if Mr. Warner's humor has ever appeared more winningly than in his little book about the Adirondack wilderness.[1] It plays round the gross and palpable body of Adirondack fable with a lambent flame that illumines rather than burns, and must amuse even the inventors of the marvels that it burlesques. But it does not cling very strictly to that centre; it would scarcely have been worth while to mock those adventures deliberately; they serve chiefly to give the desultory volume a sort of unity; at the most you can say it is all about the Adirondacks. How I killed a Bear, and A Fight with a Trout, are pure pieces of delicious fun which it would be hard to match. We think the latter, as a satire, the better of the two: there is something really unspeakable in such a touch as the author's landing half a mile below the rapids, "with whitened hair, and a boat half-full of water. . . . *The guide was upset, and boat, contents, and men were strewn along the shore.*" This is the very spirit of the undaunted man of letters when meeting with adventures after the fact; the final great struggle with the fish, its ferocity, and its murderous leaps and flights through the air are depicted with a graphic audacity that might well raise the envy of former trout-fighters, who would of course have been incapable of such a stroke as the closing statement that the monster when "got in" weighed three quarters of a pound.

But the charm of the best humor is that something better than humor goes with it; mere drollery at last makes you sorry and ashamed; and the humorist of the highest type instinctively remembers this. There is a fine and faithful feeling for the beauty and nobleness of the place in which the scene of the lightest of these burlesques is laid; and there is honest wood-craft and fresh, keen observation. Two essays in the book are of more serious purport: the study of the woodsman Phelps, and the very touching and beautiful lesson in humanity called A-Hunting of the Deer. In the latter is a pathetic irony that seems to us quite unequaled in its way; and the thing is not to be read without rage and heart-burning at the brutal sport which it satirizes. It should be in every school-book, — not alone for the beauty of its literature, which is classically fine, and its sympathy for nature, which expresses itself in an exquisite picturesqueness, but for the mercy it teaches. Of all Mr. Warner's writing, we think it in the highest way the best.

Without some closer observation than the casual reader gives to his reading, the admirable qualities of A Character Study will hardly be realized. It is very subtle art that sets before us a character like that of Phelps with such quiet perfection that we get the whole nature of the man, — a nature by less skillful hands only to be presented in caricature. But here Phelps is not caricatured; you make the acquaintance of a veritable type, quite as if you met him in person; and a whole order of American thinking and feeling is insinuated in the process of the delineation.

— Dr. Clarke's book,[2] rightly considered, will be found to convey a valuable lesson. To enable us to appreciate its full significance, the peculiar conditions under which it was written should be understood. "When its author," says Dr. Holmes, in his introduction to the book, "had read his death sentence, and knew that the malignant disease of which he was the subject would be slow in its work and involve great suffering, he felt that he must have something to occupy his mind and turn it away in some measure from dwelling only on the tortures of his body. He therefore took up the study of a question in which he had long been interested, and made it his daily occupation to write upon it. So long as his strength lasted sufficiently he wrote with his own hand. After this he employed another to write at his dictation." The volume now before us is the result of the labor which the late Dr. Clarke thus imposed upon himself, as part of the course of treatment devised for the alleviation of his sufferings. Debarred from the further continuance of his professional work, in which his interest

[1] *In the Wilderness.* By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

[2] *Visions: A Study of False Sight* (*Pseudopia*). By Edward H. Clarke, M. D. With an Introduction and Memorial Sketch by Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.; The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1878.

had been so deep and his success so gratifying; knowing that many months must probably elapse before that respite which death alone could bring, with the calm judgment of a wise and experienced physician he recognized the necessity of creating for himself some absorbing task, which should serve to interrupt the ceaseless *tête-à-tête* with pain which would otherwise have been his lot. He had the rare fortitude to carry out to the end this heroic plan of self-treatment. That it was successful no one who reads this book can doubt. It is clear that whatever of vitality is apparent in these thoughtful pages was so much additional life lived by one whose days seemed to have ended when, disappearing from the busy world, he retired to await death in a sick-room. Whatever of thought, of reading, of study, shows itself in this elaborate analysis of an obscure and complex subject represents so much the less attention accorded to a painful and relentless disease.

In the course so resolutely adopted and followed out by Dr. Clarke, there is a lesson which none who read his book should fail to meditate. Therein is clearly shown the value of intellectual exercise as a distraction from the acutest physical and mental suffering; and, *a fortiori*, its usefulness as a refuge from the lesser degrees of unhappiness, discontent, or *ennui*, which find so many passive, unresisting victims among those even to whom Fortune has been most prodigal of her favors. However trite subjects the dangers of idleness and the general need of occupation may seem, we believe that few people except physicians have any idea how much chronic unhappiness and consequent ill-health are the direct results of idleness. Few individuals are gifted with such bovine natures that their highest faculties can successfully be stupefied into absolute inertia. Sooner or later, when amusement-seeking has been the chief business of life, these unoccupied faculties put in claims for attention, and make themselves heard. Just as they may, by due cultivation and exercise, be made to yield the noblest, most elevating and inspiriting joys that life can afford, so, when neglected and forgotten, they fail not to become the sources of the direst self-torture. Ennui, fastening like the vulture upon the vitals of its victim, brings self-dissatisfaction, remorse, and despair, and a well-nigh incurable condition of listless, dreamy apathy is finally engendered, in which mind and body alike suffer.

So little is the general prevalence of this morbific agency suspected that many persons, who are really suffering from chronic mental and physical depression resulting from idleness, finally imagine, and succeed in persuading others, that their troubles are really caused by overwork. Dr. Samuel Wilks,[1] however, in answer to the question whether people suffer from overwork, says, "I for one should have no hesitation in saying, No; but, on the contrary, if both sexes be taken, I should say that the opposite is nearer the truth, and that more persons are suffering from idleness than from excessive work." Even among those who do not professedly lead idle lives of amusement-seeking, among professional men and men of business, it is not uncommon to meet with patients who are suffering from underwork, owing to the fact that their natural faculties and energies are inadequately occupied. "I make it a custom," says Dr. Wilks, "to ask young men what their second occupation is, — what pursuit they have beside their bread-earning employment. They are the happiest who possess some object of interest." We Americans are particularly fond of expatiating upon the "high pressure" at which we live, and cases of "overwork" are complacently supposed to be very common among us. Few physicians, however, will deny that idleness, absolute or relative, and ill-regulated work, into which the element of worry is unwisely allowed to enter too largely, are the agencies which are really responsible for the greater part of the injury to body and mind so commonly attributed to overwork. Provided one's work, however laborious it may be, is done with serenity, it can but be beneficial. In proportion as worry and excitement enter into it will wear and tear result, and health become deteriorated.

Dr. Clarke's book deals with a subject which is likely to interest many readers in this country, where the belief in supernatural apparitions is by no means confined to the grossly ignorant classes. It will, however, not prove altogether satisfactory to those whose beliefs, based upon their preference for mystery and for sensation as a relief from the monotony of every-day life, are in favor of the supernatural. These can truly say, *Credo, quia absurdum.* With them, attempts to reason and to prove can but be wasted. Dr. Clarke, in his disserta-

[1] See the London Lancet, June 26, 1875, page 886.

tion, clearly demonstrates that the seeing of visions is a purely subjective illusion, and that the phenomena involved in the process are in perfect accordance with the natural functions of the human brain, as it is now known to us. Our senses may, and often do, deceive us; when it is not our senses which deceive us, we are perhaps deceiving ourselves; and when neither our senses nor ourselves are the deceivers, then some one else is deceiving us, knowingly or unknowingly. Such are the possible and infinitely probable explanations which should suggest themselves when any very extraordinary or apparently supernatural event presents itself to our notice.

The author makes a long and elaborate analysis of the physiological phenomena involved in sight, both objective and subjective. The reader is instructed in the gross and minute anatomy of the organs concerned, with all their complex apparatus of nerve fibres and cells; and he is taught to follow the visual stimulus from the retina, through the optic nerve, to the tubercula quadrigemina, and thence to the angular gyri, and, finally, to the gray matter of the convolutions. We cannot but think, however, that many readers, who will have carefully followed out and mastered all the successive details of vision, as explained by Dr. Clarke, will be somewhat disappointed at finding themselves but little the wiser for all the knowledge so gained. The natural desire and expectation of the reader is that the functions of the eye, or of the brain, should be made as clear to him as the operations of a clock or of the phonograph. But there is this difficulty in the case of the functions of the nervous system: that we have to do with phenomena of which our senses are incapable of taking cognizance, except in the way of consciousness. An example will perhaps make more clear what is meant. Electricity is vaguely familiar to all as a mighty, omnipresent power, which in one form or another is everywhere and at all times exerting great influence and producing immense effects. Yet it rarely comes under our direct observation; until modern times its existence, even, was hardly suspected. Men have lived in the midst of it, surrounded and pervaded by its subtle influence, yet seeing it, feeling it, hearing it not, except when a stroke of lightning, smiting eye and ear, would bring the hidden power within the limited scope of their senses. Electricity eludes our recognition so long as it remains electricity. We detect its presence only when, by a transformation of forces, it is changed into some other force, such as heat, light, sound, or motion, of which we can take cognizance through the channel of one of our senses. This is the reason why our knowledge of electricity has been of such slow growth that it is only within the present century that man has learned to use this mighty, unseen force, to direct it here and there, and make it do his work. But, although our mastery over it, as exemplified, for instance, in its latest and most striking application, the telephone, is so wonderful, we still remain in utter ignorance of electricity *per se*. We only know it when transmuted into a force which we have senses to perceive. Thus in the telephone the mysterious invisible force which traverses the conducting wire, when transformed by an ingenious device into sound, becomes appreciable to our ear. Such is also, in a measure, the case with the operations of the nervous system. Here, besides our five senses with which to investigate the phenomena, we have one additional sense, so to speak, namely, consciousness, which is the source of by far the greater part of what we know concerning our senses themselves and the operations of the mind. But, except in so far as the phenomena in question are subject to consciousness, or are amenable to investigation by sight, hearing, touch, taste, or smell, we are, and must ever remain, ignorant of them. With regard to sight, in particular, we know that the first step in the process is the impact of rays of light focused upon the retina, and that the last step is consciousness of vision. We know what organs, some composed of fibres, others of cells, are traversed by the subtle influence, or stimulus, originated in the retina by the rays of light. But what it is that is so transmitted through the nerve fibres and cells, and finally begets consciousness of vision in the gray matter of the convolutions, we do not know, and never shall know, whatever further progress may be achieved in histology and in biological chemistry. The stimulus is something that we can neither see, nor hear, nor feel, nor taste, nor smell. Just as when electricity travels along a wire we are unaware of its presence, till, assuming another shape not its own, it betrays itself by a visible spark, or by the audible and visible motion of a lever, so we are unable by any device to become cognizant of the stimulus proceeding along a sentient nerve

toward the brain, until, on reaching its destination, the stimulus is transmuted into a motor impulse whereby a visible muscular contraction is excited, or into the inscrutable phenomenon known to us as consciousness. To our senses and to consciousness we owe all the knowledge that we possess, both of the inner and of the outer world, of the ego and of the non-ego. Such knowledge as we are capable of obtaining is strictly limited to what Claude Bernard calls the *determinism* of phenomena; that is to say, we can know only under what determining conditions events capable of recognition through our senses or through consciousness take place. With regard to the subjective phenomena called visions, Dr. Clarke has shown that visual delusions may occur under certain conditions, as the results of disturbed action of the cerebral functions, and that they constitute phenomena which are in no wise inconsistent with the natural operations of the brain as now understood by science. Such being the case, it is clearly unnecessary and superfluous to invoke supernatural agencies as their source.

— Dr. Clarke's Memorial and Biographical Sketches[1] have to do mainly with his neighbors; they are, besides, the work of a parson, but a parson writing about his neighbors does not at once suggest provincialism in literature. As a parson he ought properly to see his subject in its broadest relations, and his neighbors may be men and women of more than local name; there has been a parson in the neighborhood of every eminent man, though the parson may not have known his neighbor save in a professional sense. The merit of this unpretending book lies in the honesty and catholicity of the author's judgment of the men and women whom he has known. His affectionate regard for worthy people gave him entrance into their lives; his love of truth and his candor save him from merely partial estimates of their characters, and his habits of mind lead him to look chiefly for the enduring elements. His sketches are not biographies; only in one or two instances does he intend to trace the course of a life and measure its several forces. He sketches from life, taking those views which have appeared to him personally; so that throughout the book he carelessly discloses himself, and is not at pains to remove those direct and individual references which were natural to the first form of the several papers, as sermons, addresses, and personal reminiscences.

If this limitation is regarded, and the reader does not go to this book for rounded lives of the several persons included in it, he will find interesting and suggestive memorabilia, and oblique lights will sometimes be thrown upon the portraits which will discover new points of value. For instance, Governor Andrew was a man whose national fame is sure to grow steadily in historical perspective; but he was one of Dr. Clarke's parishioners, and the parson sets him before us in a new and very delightful aspect. James Freeman was a man intimately connected with a religious and theological movement in Massachusetts that will always have an interest for students, and his grandson here supplies us with some of those touches of familiar life which help to make history real. His familiar intercourse, too, with persons having no extended renown, but strong personal characteristics, has enabled him to sketch agreeable pictures of life, as in what he has to tell us of George Keats, of Dr. Gannett, and Walter Channing. Throughout the book one never escapes the reminder that character rules life. This is partly incidental to the occasion of many of the papers, but principally to the habits of mind of the writer, who is what we may term a parson without a parish. That is, as there are preachers whom we never identify only with the pulpit from which they preach, so there are parsons who may have a very distinct local care of souls, yet owe their reputation rather to the unlimited character of their personal charge. Dr. Clarke in this book seems to us such a parson. He had a governor for a parishioner, and that was not wholly accidental; but he would inevitably have adopted the governor into his universal parish, as he has adopted Jean Jacques Rousseau and Washington and Theodore Parker. These and all the characters treated in the book pass under the eye of a man who is not thinking of literature or in the first place of history, but of personal character and personal influence. There are petty parsons and catholic parsons, and we think Dr. Clarke, by the breadth of his sympathy and the courage of his speech, belongs to the latter class.

— Mr. Holly, as a matter of business perhaps, has considered it worth his while to open his portfolio to the inspection of the public, and to give us the best fruits of his

[1] *Memorial and Biographical Sketches.* By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

practice as an architect in the work entitled Modern Dwellings in Town and Country.[1] It is with the rural branch of the art that this book is chiefly concerned, for the single exception on page 139 does not suffice to justify the promise of its title in respect to city architecture. Our press has in late years given us abundant evidence, more or less empirical, of a desire to illustrate, if not to inaugurate, "the American style of architecture," but the vulgar appetite for this most doubtful of the fruits of civilization has not been yet appeased. When a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects makes his appearance upon the field with his contribution to the swelling literature of the subject, he is entitled, *prima facie*, to a more respectful consideration than most of his competitors. Mr. Holly would perhaps be one of the first to tell us that the only proper function of the architect is to illustrate, not to invent, a style. For probably we already have as distinctive an American style as we are ever likely to have. Tradition and practice, the peculiar necessities of material and climate, the condition of mechanic arts relating to building processes, and the restrictions of economy in the art of living, as compelled by our national and natural conditions, — all these influences have concurred to give us a distinct architectural expression, especially in our country houses, where we are less constrained by conventionalities and have larger scope for the development of architectural forms than in the city. Ever since Downing first taught our young intelligence how to develop a national art in the building of country houses, and we began to emerge from the stately and spacious comfort contained in the foursquare colonial mansions, and from the pretentious formality and stiffness of the Greek temples, which in the early part of the century were strangely translated into the vernacular for our domestic use, the architectural mind has applied itself to the task of constructing out of wood a system of forms better adapted to our many-sided needs.

We have thus formulated by experience a characteristic art of house-building; and now that the profession of architecture has become better instructed and more thoroughly trained, it is interesting to note how and in what direction it is working upon this theme. The only European precedents which are capable of affording any direct hints for our use in wooden construction are from Switzerland, and these seem to have been long since exhausted. Neither to France nor to Germany have the architects been indebted, apparently, for any prevailing influence, but the gradual developments of English fashions in domestic architecture for the last twenty-five or thirty years, as copiously illustrated in the professional journals, have been promptly echoed on this side of the ocean. Thus the various features of the Gothic revival in the old country have found a corresponding expression here, although subject to modifications suggested by our different habits of living, different climate, and different materials; so that, save in a few very exceptional cases, our rural architecture has been kept consistent with itself and with our needs, and, in the main, free from affectations.

The latest change in English forms witnessed within the last three or four years has been by no means the least remarkable; this is the revival of the so-called Queen Anne or early Georgian style, including, in fact, a certain free treatment of classic forms prevalent in the domestic architecture of England from 1650 to 1750, belonging mostly to constructions in brick and stone, but transferred bodily into wood in this country for the use of the colonial aristocracy. The pages of our contemporary, The American Architect, show with how different a spirit the revival of the style has been received in this country, and Mr. Holly's book is mainly occupied with studies indicating how he would adapt the style to our modern American wants. In undergoing this process, however, the style loses its most distinctive and quaintest features; but Mr. Holly is to be commended for avoiding the temptation of giving us imitations of the stepped and broken gables, the great consoles, the high-peaked, pedimented windows, the brick details, and the other interesting characteristics of the style, which, however, are inconsistent with wooden materials and wooden methods of construction. But why he does not give us a rendering of the style in our native brick, which would have been hospitable to these characteristics, does not appear. Mr. Holly is also to be commended for not sacrificing to this new fashion the broad American veranda, which

[1] *Modern Dwellings in Town and Country.* Adapted to American Wants and Climate. With a Treatise on Furniture and Decoration. By H. Hudson Holly. With One Hundred Original Designs. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1878.

is unknown in the damp, foggy climate of England, and which has therefore never had the benefit of an interpretation by the architects of the time of James II., William III., Queen Anne, or George I., who have given us stately terraces instead. Mr. Holly has contented himself with using out of this English style certain balustered posts, balustrades, big chimneys, tiled or shingled wall surfaces, a few coned cornices, and a certain painted, or carved, or incised decoration, — the conventional sunflower growing stiffly in a pot, — which, after his modern English brethren, he considers essential to insert in his panels in order to give to his design the old-fashioned *twang*, without which, perhaps, his conformity to the style could hardly be recognized. Indeed, an Englishman would find it difficult to recall the image of the historic period in the presence of these works. There is, in fact, much more of the very respectable Americanized neo-Gothic than of this neo-classic in them, and much more of the pure American than of either. In frame and substance they are native carpenter's American architecture, enriched with certain adventitious devices borrowed from the old country and refined by technical study. They are certainly not of Queen Anne, nor yet are they "old colonial;" but they are none the worse for that.

Mr. Holly's designs have a basis of common sense not uninformed with ingenuity and skill, and his plans are excellent. But among the twenty-three architectural designs which make up the bulk of interest in this volume, we do not detect any marked contrasts of treatment; they are all variations on one theme, and we see certain tricks or characteristics of design reappearing with slight changes throughout the series. His masses, however, are well managed; his roofs are interesting, and in some cases bold; and his favorite hooded balconies and corner windows and staircase bays are introduced with a persistence which is never wearisome and rarely unreasonable.

The first part of the book, which is illustrated by these designs, contains also a series of sensible discussions on such subjects as Site, Plans, Materials, Architects' Duties and Charges, Plumbers' Blunders, Heating and Ventilation. But the second part, treating of Furniture and Decoration, is made interesting principally by the illustrations which are borrowed from authorities, recognized, indeed, frequently in the text, but never noticed in the titles, and forming part of the "One Hundred Original Designs" which are conspicuously trumpeted in the title-page; and the text of this part of the work is, for the most part, apparently the work of an amateur rather than of the architect, *the ruler of the building*, the man of knowledge, convictions, and principles, whose ideas are based upon reason and distinguished for breadth of view and largeness of scope. There is no exposition of the philosophical principles of decoration, but there is an abundance of the commonplaces of the literary folk, who of late have devoted themselves to this subject; plenty of detached rules and notions, which are well enough for professional decorators and upholsterers, but which, as it seems to us, are hardly worthy to form the stock-in-trade of a professional architect. If, as Mr. Holly intimates, it is important for the architect to justify his claims as the only proper person to finish his building with interior embellishments of color and design, it is not by such writings as this that such an object is to be accomplished.

— In his Chronicles of the St. Lawrence[1] Mr. Le Moyne has done for the region adjoining the lower part of that river, and for some coasts of the maritime provinces, what he had already so pleasantly done for Quebec in his Maple Leaves, and his Quebec Past and Present. In those books or collections of essays he preserved a body of tradition and anecdote nowhere else accessible to the traveling reader, or indeed to the stationary general reader. History, too, whenever it could lend interest to localities mentioned, was intelligently and skillfully adduced, and there was a vein of agreeable and sympathetic comment running through the work. The present volume has the same characteristics, and the same desultory form. It is the record of three excursions from Quebec, — one reaching as far as Halifax, — and including the Saguenay and all other tributary regions of interest. Whoever has traveled in French Canada — the real Canada — has had provoked at every turn a curiosity which this book is admirably adapted to satisfy; and it is charming to find that every picturesque and romantic spot, which looks as if it ought to have its legend, really has it. The sportsman, also, who resorts to Canadian waters, will be glad of what Mr. Le Moyne has to tell him; and we can honestly commend the book to people who cannot visit

[1] *The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence.* By J. M. Le Moyne. Montreal and Quebec: Dawson & Co. Rouse's Point, N. Y.: John W. Lovell. 1878.

the region of which it treats, as a treasury of curious reminiscence and tradition, very interesting to turn over. The chapter on leprosy at Tracadie is especially remarkable.

— Two smaller books on pottery follow the number of elegantly gotten-up volumes (Jacquemart, Prime, Elliott) with which we have recently been favored. They will possibly close, for a time, the procession. They correspond somewhat in size to Mr. Beckwith's Majolica and Fayence, with which it was opened. A great deal has been told, but, as we had occasion to say in speaking of the others, not all, as yet, in the most perfect manner. It is not because there are no conspicuously open interstices into which they might aptly fit that these two minor publications can be found fault with. Mr. Lockwood's [1] professes to be published because the commonest information on the subject is the kind that is most often needed and very seldom at hand, and the valuable books already issued are for the most part too costly for the greater number of readers. This is an admissible object. It is only a question of how it is carried out. There are two ways of reducing a mass of material to a reasonable compass: one is by expressing the essence, the other by presenting fragments. It is needless to say that the former is what is wanted. There must be a knowledge of what constitutes essence, and a capacity for distributing the matter with the space at disposal in view. It is not fair to ask ten dollars' worth of ceramic information in a dollar book. If it could be had it would probably be hardly more useful than the result of the labors of those ingenious persons who transcribe the Declaration of Independence on a three-cent piece. But what is just is that we should have the whole document, if only in short-hand. Mr. Lockwood seems to have a mention of everything, including the familiar opening of how man, from the moment when he first observed his foot-print in the moist clay and the hardening of the earth under his camp-fire, was induced to reflect, and the existence of pottery was assured, and the familiar inspiring incidents of Palissy and Wedgwood. There are other anecdotes not so common, like the view of Dr. Samuel Johnson experimenting at Chelsea, with the idea that he could improve the manufacture, and finding, with a disgust it is amusing to imagine, how his specimens came out in ruins every time, while those of the company remained imperturbably perfect. A wide range of reading is indicated in the quotations, and the explanations of things are lucid. Still the presentation of the subject, while well enough, cannot be called vivid. It was the more necessary that it should have a certain vividness because there are no illustrations. Those persons having an interest which an encyclopædia article could not content will probably not stop here, but be led on to the further expense of one of the fuller volumes.

The other small book [2] brings together a number of important matters related chiefly to the technique of the art. There is no historical sketch, but a brief statement, without dates or periods, of the development of pottery in the order of excellence. The most primitive is the soft, unglazed earthenware. This is improved by the use of various glazes: first a vitreous lustre, then a lead varnish, both transparent; and finally a tin enamel, which is opaque, covers the original color, and opens a great scope for fanciful treatment. The second division and advance is in the materials, the invention of a finer paste, constituting faience and stoneware, — the last the very delicate paste of porcelain. A quotation from the report of Mr. Arnoux, of the English Minton Manufactory, in the appendix, explains how pottery is made, the components that enter into it, and the "throwing" on the potter's wheel, the pressing, and casting in plaster molds by which it comes to its various shapes. In the matter of painting, the make-up of palettes, etc., Mr. Nichols's directions are a little fuller in some departments, but not quite so straightforward, on the whole, as Miss McLaughlin's, of Cincinnati. His suggestions for decoration, in the plates, are taken from Japanese sources. They seem "skimpy" and trivial, being mainly comic frogs and birds among a scattering of thin blades of grass, and do not do this large resource justice. One of the more novel portions is that which calls attention, after Charles Blanc, to the laws of proportion in pottery. It is generated, it appears, from a few simple forms, — the cylinder, the cone, the sphere, and the egg; and some of its most delicate curves, in the best examples, are the product of conic sections.

[1] *Hand-Book of Ceramic Art.* By M. S. Lockwood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

[2] *Pottery: How it is Made.* By George Ward Nichols, author of Art Education applied to Industry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

Here, as well as in most other constructions the sense of grace and the best utilitarian policy unite. For instance, the base of a wine-glass spread out to a diameter equal to that of the top not only gratifies the eye, but best preserves the requisite equilibrium.

The section to which one turns with as much interest as any is that described in the table of contents as "Advantages favorable to the manufacture of pottery in the United States." These are the existence, as shown by the reports of numerous state geologists, of valuable beds of kaolins and all the clays, and cheap fuel. A very notable beginning has already been made. Trenton, New Jersey, alone has ninety kilns in operation, with an annual production of two millions of dollars. But the particular basis for a brilliant future in this line, on which the author rather chimerically insists, is that we may be able to secure the secrets of Oriental workmanship, which have defied the scrutiny of Europeans, owing to our closer proximity to the Asiatic shores. He hopes that the Chinese immigrants can be induced to go into ceramic industries as they have into shoemaking and washing. We are inclined to think that something pretty abject in the way of a "hoodlum" apology would be a necessary preliminary to this. Still there is very good ground for a cheerful feeling about our pottery apart from the Chinese. The addition of the artistic element to our substantial plain work of the present is all that it needs to make a large reduction in the table of imports. A race of skilled decorators cannot be created in a moment, but they can be in part imported and in part trained. The improved public taste must be now every day manifesting to manufacturers the necessity of this final step on their part.

— We are so accustomed to taking Mr. Ruskin's titles as riddles to be guessed that we are surprised to find The Ethics of the Dust[1] to be as exact and descriptive a title as could be desired. The topic of his lectures actually is crystals, he does deliver them to little housewives, and we have both audience and lecturer in the book; and as for ethics, the reader may be assured that the dust is not only the occasion for ethics, but is itself highly ethical. We are told of crystal virtues, crystal quarrels, crystal caprice, crystal sorrows, and the crystal rest; and so far are these from being merely allegorical that the children who listen to the lectures express the reader's bewilderment as to whether the lecturer really believes the crystals to be alive, and the lecturer answers that he is himself puzzled to say whether they are or not.

It will easily be understood that Mr. Ruskin finds no difficulty, then, in bringing his lectures home to his hearers. He even proposes to transform them into crystals, for the better illustration of his subject; and once having marshaled and deployed them in representation of crystal activity, he is able to apply the crystal lessons with as much directness as Æsop himself, when he drew from human weakness to enforce lessons in animal life. We are not certain that any one would learn a great deal about crystals from this book, and he would no doubt be sorely mystified by some of the erudite playfulness; but he will get, in a fragmentary way, at a good many of Mr. Ruskin's favorite beliefs and favorite antipathies. It can hardly be called a successful book, in a literary sense; the young housewives do not succeed in giving the lightness at which the dialogue aims, but like all of Mr. Ruskin's later works it is the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Repent ye, for the kingdom of Satan is all around you.

[1] *The Ethics of the Dust.* Ten Lectures to Little Housewives on the Element of Crystallization. By John Ruskin, LL. D. Second edition, with new preface and added note. New York: John Wiley and Sons. 1878.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S

LITERARY BULLETIN

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

*** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price, by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., *Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on the fourth page.*

"Fortune of the Republic." — Under this title Mr. Emerson has just published in a booklet the noteworthy lecture he recently delivered in the "Old South Meeting-House" of Boston. Though of very small bulk, it is a great book, — great in the ideal it holds up of what the republic may and should be, great in its comprehension of the opportunity and duty our government and country present, great in its recognition of whatever is worthy in our history and in its merciless exposure of what is mean and frivolous in our past and present politics, great in its insistence upon justice and integrity as the law of nations, and great in its hope of the future prosperity and majestic virtue of the republic. Mr. Emerson has written nothing of more immediate and permanent value to the American people than this, if only it is carefully heeded. It combines the wisdom of the sage with the keen perception of the critic and the noble optimism of the far-sighted patriot. Those who are to nominate candidates for Congress ought to read it very earnestly, and those who are nominated can find nowhere a better chart for their guidance, or a clearer electric light thrown on the meanness of the politics of to-day. All lovers of the republic, all lovers of noble thought, and all lovers of that style which Mr. Emerson has made classic, will find this little book exceedingly engaging.

A Religious Biography. — We are more used to look to France for fashions than for religious models; we think of it as devising new and tasteful methods for extracting all the comfort and pleasure this world affords, rather than as devoting itself to pious modes of life to win the felicity of the future world. This of course is superficial. France is really rich in religious biography. The country of Fénelon, Bossuet, and Madame Guyon, surely is not wanting in saints. The "Life of Madame de la Rochefoucauld," the Duchess of Doudeauville, and founder of the Society of Nazareth, which has been translated from the French, and will shortly be published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., possesses no little interest. It describes sufficiently the society of Paris during the latter part of the eighteenth century; it touches upon the excitement and horrors of the French Revolution; but the prime object of the book is to depict the life and the character of Madame de la Rochefoucauld, whose seriousness of mind was conspicuous from her earliest youth, and whose devotion to religion was of that type which Catholic writers delight to celebrate. Thoughtful readers of all denominations will find much to admire in the sincere earnestness and the positively religious influence of her life.

The Family Library of English Poetry, selected and edited by Mr. James T. Fields and Mr. E. P. Whipple, is nearly ready for publication. Great care has been taken to make the work a collection of the best and the most truly representative poetry written by English poets from Chaucer to Swinburne. The remarkable knowledge of English poetry possessed by Mr. Fields and Mr. Whipple, and their eminent qualifications for making the best possible selection, are ample guarantees of the sterling value of this work. The Introduction and Contents are given in following pages of this month's ATLANTIC.

A Primer of American Literature has been prepared for Houghton, Osgood & Co., by Mr. Charles F. Richardson. It is a concise account of American writers and their works, from early colonial days to the present time. Although necessarily brief and condensed, it is not a mere skeleton but a symmetrical presentation of the important facts and elements in American letters, and as such will be of great value to the general reader who wishes a comprehensive sketch of our literature and authors. It will also be exceedingly serviceable in all schools in which our literature is studied, and is specially commended to the notice of intelligent teachers.

Asiatic Poetry. — Three new volumes have just been added to Mr. Longfellow's "Poems of Places," comprising all the poetry written about localities in the Holy Land, Syria, Persia, India, and other countries in Asia except Siberia, which was included in the volume devoted to Russia. These volumes will specially commend themselves to lovers of sacred and oriental poetry.

"**Hammersmith,**" the new Harvard story, has gained general recognition as on the whole a very faithful description of college life, and withal a story of decided interest.

The Boston *Transcript* says: —

It includes so much which we have all seen or experienced, that it has the charm and flavor of a veritable existence. . . . . There is adventure enough to make the record piquant, and love enough to make it fascinating, and the reader is irresistibly drawn on to the end by a magnetic sympathy.

The Hartford *Courant* pronounces it "on the whole the best of the college novels." The St. Louis *Evening Post* terms it "a high-toned, pure, well-written story, very charming and entertaining."

The Boston *Courier* observes: —

This is a breezy, hearty book, and whatever its faults may be it cannot in any sense be called dull. It enchains the attention in the opening chapter, and with rare intervals retains it until the concluding one. As a story it seems to us one of the most interesting, if not the best, of the novels that purport to paint American college life. . . . . It will be a delightful companion during the summer vacation.

Bret Harte's New Book. — "Drift from Two Shores" leads the Boston *Courier* to remark on the kind of criticism to which the author has been subjected, and the easy refutation which each successive book of his offered to the theories of his critics. It continues: —

He has written a centennial novel ["Thankful Blossom"] which shows that he can enter into the spirit of the Revolutionary time as well at least as Winthrop, and he has published good stories of Eastern life and Eastern character, and a book in which the national capital was fairly described; but still the East persists in regarding him as a transplanted flower whose root may be nipped at any minute by the chilling frost, just when its owner thinks his greatness is ripening. His new book, "Drift from Two Shores," contains stories of both Eastern and Western life, and a candid reader can hardly avoid seeing that they are equally good, and that the difference in the treatment of local characteristics is imperceptible. In neither is there too much for sectional or denominational prejudices, and in both is the same gift for poetical expression, and the same knack for embodying a local weakness in one sharp phrase. The whole book deserves as much praise as his earlier works.

The *Commercial Bulletin* calls them "sharp, incisive, and bright sketches," and adds that it is "just the volume to take to the sea-shore and mountains."

"**A very Delightful Summer Book,**" the Boston *Journal* calls Mr. Warner's "In the Wilderness," "fascinating by virtue of its out-door breeziness." It adds that "Mr. Warner's humor has a delightful flavor quite its own, and the present volume is among his most characteristic."

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: —

It is as fresh and fragrant of the woods as anything that Thoreau ever wrote, having in it also a spicy flavor of humor that was but slightly possessed by that forest philosopher. It is a capital book for summer reading.

This last remark is very true and just now is the time to profit by it.

"**Greek Vignettes**" by Professor James A. Harrison, is pronounced by the Boston *Courier* "a jolly, pleasant little book of travels, interesting and valuable." The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: —

There has been no such pleasant book on modern Greece by an American as "Greek Vignettes." . . . If an intelligent American wants to know something about Greece, its ruins, its scenery, its government, people and institutions, as they are under King George, or if he wants to inform himself a little before visiting the classic land, he ought to possess himself of this delicious little volume.

Dr. Clarke's "Visions" attracts a peculiar degree and kind of attention. The circumstances of its composition, as well as the engaging character of the book, invest it with remarkable interest. The New York *Christian Intelligencer* says: —

The work is written in a very interesting, popular style, and yet with such professional accuracy that it will long be regarded as a most valuable monograph upon one of the most fascinating subjects of physiological research.

The *Christian Register* remarks: —

The passage in which Dr. Clarke treats of the "visions of the dying," and of the provisions of nature whereby dying itself is generally rendered as painless as falling asleep, is destined to be widely quoted, and would of itself give the author a place among the benefactors of the race.

Two Books for the Times. — Any book that discusses temperately, thoughtfully, and constructively, the fundamental questions of money, production, exchange, and labor is very timely just now. There is no occasion for vituperation and partisan diatribes; still less do the times call for communistic ravings; but there is need of judicious, broad, wise discussion of some of the simplest principles of political economy, and of the nature and legitimate functions of money and legislation relating to money. Judge Howe has written two books on these important subjects, one of which is briefly described as "Political Economy in the Use of Money," the other treats of "Monetary and Industrial Fallacies." The former is an elaborate discussion of the nature of money, with special reference to banking, and to the facilitation of production and exchange. The history of Great Britain, France, and the United States furnishes illustrations of both true and false principles and practices, and the book challenges the studious attention of political economists, members of Congress, editors, and all who have either a theoretical or a practical interest in the subjects it treats. The second book reviews labor and money questions in a dialogue, in which the speakers are a skilled laborer out of employment, a banker of the old school of opinion in regard to banking and currency, a writer of the same school, a writer on political economy who agrees with the skilled laborer in thinking that what the country needs is more

money, and a banker who expresses Judge Howe's views. Both of these books may do good service by throwing light on the bewildering realm of political economy, which to many seems

"A mighty maze without a plan."

Choice Autobiography. — Very few books have been so cordially welcomed by the press as the volumes published in the series of "Choice Autobiography." The "Memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth," sister of Frederick the Great; of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and the Quaker Thomas Elwood, Milton's friend; of Alfieri, Goldoni, Gibbon, and Marmontel, aside from their personal relations, present so faithful and interesting pictures of life and social and political customs in different countries and times, that it is no wonder they are accounted "the most delightful kind of literature." Of the last issued, on "Marmontel," the St. Louis *Evening Post* says: "Whoever enjoys reading 'The Vicar of Wakefield' will enjoy the delightful little volumes." What is said, justly, by the Boston *Journal* of this work, might, with equal justice be said of the others in the series: —

His Memoir has more than a limited and personal interest; it is filled with pictures of the life and morals of the times, and gives us interior glimpses of a society which requires just such contemporary sketches to make itself rightly understood.

The *Examiner and Chronicle* of New York, says: —

Mr. Howells is rendering a great service to the reading public by reproducing, in this neat and attractive form, these choice autobiographies. They are pleasant reading, and at the same time profitable reading.

The service done by Mr. Howells to the public is, fortunately, not limited to reproducing these autobiographies. To each of them he has prefixed a critical and biographical essay, supplementing what the original work required of explanation or completion. These essays are not merely full of information, but are exceedingly interesting.

Portrait of Mr. Bryant. — The ATLANTIC portrait of Mr. Bryant, which is regarded as an admirable likeness by those who knew him, and as an admirable work of art by all, has now a peculiar value. The "good gray head which all men knew" is portrayed so adequately, and the whole expression so well answers to one's conception of the author of "Thanatopsis," that it cannot fail to be sought and prized by those who appreciate either Bryant the eminent poet or Bryant the illustrious citizen. This portrait, life-size, on paper 24 x 30, can be procured by subscribers to the ATLANTIC, on payment of one dollar in addition to the regular subscription price of the magazine; by others, for $2.00. It is carefully rolled so as to be sent securely by mail.

Riverside British Poets. — Dryden's Poetical Works, in two volumes, Prior's in one, and Milton's and Marvell's together in two, are the latest additions to this comprehensive and best library edition of the British poets.

The *Providence Journal* justly says: —

The series of British Poets, in its present form, cannot fail to win the favor of book-lovers. It is admirably adapted for the library.

These volumes, however, present far higher claims to attention than those derived from mere mechanical excellence. They are a complete collection of the poems of the best English poets, from Spenser to Wordsworth, and their value is greatly increased by biographical, historical, and critical notices. No other collection equals them in the number of poets presented, or exceeds them in the careful editorship bestowed upon the work. This series is worthy of a place in those elegant libraries where sumptuous editions of some of its most famous numbers adorn the shelves, protected by glass doors from profane hands. For these books are invaluable for reference, and none too good for every-day use; indeed, they contain a "well of English undefiled," charming flights of fancy, an embodiment of the highest cultivation and refinement the world has ever known, and a presentation of those pure and patriotic sentiments that enlarge and ennoble the soul, in the attractive form of poesy, so that if one's studies were confined to these volumes of British Poets, the foundation would be laid for a liberal education.

Thoreau. — It is said that the site of Thoreau's hut on the shore of Walden Pond is now marked by a cairn begun several years ago by a Western lady. So many pilgrims have added stones to the pile that it has grown very large. The fame of Thoreau seems to grow rather than diminish with each passing year. Especially in the summer, when everybody is out of doors or wishes to be, the thought of Thoreau, who was a prince of out-doors, seems equally inevitable and stimulating. Mr. George William Curtis said of him recently: —

Thoreau's true life was in the observation and the suggestion of nature, and of these his books are the record. His distinction among observers is that while he had the eye of the naturalist, he had the mind of the poet. He had a healthy and refreshing delight in every detail of the spectacle of nature, and no less an exquisite perception of its infinite symbolism and correspondence. His eye and his ear were simultaneously busy. There is no such comprehensive observation as his recorded in literature, united with a style so racy, so incisive, and so pictorial.

Pascal. — The excellent little book just added by Principal Tulloch to the "Foreign Classics for English Readers" very effectively and pleasantly recalls attention to the great qualities of Pascal as an author and as a man.

The following sentence from the Introduction will have the hearty assent of all who appreciate and enjoy his "Thoughts" and "Provincial Letters:" —

There are few names which have become more classical in modern literature than that of Blaise Pascal. There is hardly any name more famous at once in literature, science, and religion. Cut off at the early age of thirty-nine — the fatal age of genius — he had long before attained preëminent distinction as a geometer and discoverer in physical science; while the rumor of his genius as the author of the "Provincial Letters," and as one of the chiefs of a notable school of religious thought, had spread far and wide. His writings continue to be studied for the perfection of their style and

the vitality of their substance. As a writer, he belongs to no school, and is admired simply for his greatness by Encyclopedist and Romanticist, by Catholic and Protestant, alike.

Principal Tulloch's admirable little book cannot fail to create fresh interest in the writings of this remarkable man. These are comprised in two volumes, edited by Mr. O. W. Wight, and containing in addition to Pascal's works several excellent essays on his character and genius. This Riverside edition of Pascal is peculiarly entitled to a place of honor in every well-selected public or private library.

A German Tribute to Dr. Thompson. Dr. Edward Engel, writing in the Berlin *Börsen Zeitung*, in review of the literary work of the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, enthusiastically praises the worth and the work of this well-known New York clergyman, who has made a home for himself in the German capital. He says of Dr. Thompson's "Church and State in the United States:" —

The first fruit of his leisure upon German soil is an eminent work upon the relations between church and state in America — to the full extent that one may consider them in a country where Cavour's cherished plan of a free church in a free state has been carried out in a model and thoroughly tried form. Dr. Thompson's work, "Church and State in the United States," was called forth through the discussion of the German perplexities in political church government.

Of "The United States as a Nation" Dr. Engel says: —

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INTRODUCTION.

In this "Family Library of British Poetry" the Editors have kept steadily in view the idea of the family, — the best and happiest result of civilization. They have tried to exclude everything which might not be read with profit and delight by the fireside, and, at the same time, to enlarge the scope of fireside conversation and enjoyment. They have endeavored to present a view of English poetry from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century which would afford pleasure in itself, and also kindle the desire, in appreciative readers, to explore for themselves the treasures which now lie almost buried in a thousand volumes. The chronological arrangement has been adopted, because that arrangement best enables the reader to survey English poetry in connection with English history. The passions of human nature, as of English nature, are ever the same in essence. Still, the poetic expression of them varies, in different periods, with the habits, manners, and ideals of each period. Even so universal a passion as love is wonderfully varied in expression by poets of different times and countries, who celebrate the passion under widely different circumstances of race, climate, and conventional fashions. A lover, of the age of Chaucer, of Spenser, of Shakespeare, of Carew, of Dryden, of Pope, of Thomson, expresses what he calls his "flame" in a very different way from the lover who, in the nineteenth century, told the story of "Genevieve," or celebrated "The Phantom of Delight," or drew the character of Haidee, or made a curiously intellectual generation thrill to the description of such a simple maiden as Maud. As to other passions, such as hatred, revenge, envy, malignity, ambition, avarice, and the rest, though true to their original roots in human nature, they still alter their expression, as they alter their objects, with the general spirit predominating in any particular age. In respect to thought there will be found to be a variation similar to that which has been observed in the phenomena of passion. If one wishes to know what were the thoughts caught up by the poets of any special period, he will find that they vary with the intellectual characteristics of the time. Then it will be discovered that opinions are modified by circumstances, and that it is only in great poets who grasp the universal while depicting and representing their own particular age, that an advance is made in poetic thinking as well as in poetic feeling. From Chaucer to Wordsworth we have in English literature five great original poets, namely, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth. The second-rate and third-rate poets, even the fourth-rate, are worthy of attention; but these five are commonly recognized to be, on the whole, the greatest. The only question is whether Wordsworth, in the marked revival of English poetry during the present century, should yield the position of leader to Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, or Scott, — all of whom were poets of striking individuality and splendid genius. The question of precedence among these eminent men we will not now discuss.

The first consideration which presses on the editors of such a work as the present is the absolute worth of the highest poetry as a means of mental, moral, and religious culture. Among the testimonies to its value in these respects, we pass over the eloquent "Defence" of Sidney, the memorable lines of George Wither, the touching tribute of Coleridge, the ecstatic passages scattered through the works of Milton and Emerson, in order to fasten attention on the deliberate opinion of a consecrated poet, who made poetry his vocation, and who listened to the utterances of the Muse

with the rapt and solemn attention with which other holy men have listened to the still, small voice heard in the inmost recesses of their souls, indicating their transient communion with the Holy Spirit of God. From his own thrilling experience of mysteries in nature which science is incompetent to explain, Wordsworth, in 1807, was impelled to say: "It is an awful truth that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine love of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world"; in other words, that the secret of the loftiest poetry is hidden from confirmed worldlings, though they may themselves be competent to write brilliant and telling verses. But the point of the remark is discerned in the next sentence: "This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be *without love of human nature and reverence for God.*" Now men and women are of little worth unless they possess these two sentiments, reverence for God and love of man. Still, they may have these sentiments without adopting Wordsworth's exclusive dogma, — a dogma prompted, we may suppose, by the general neglect, at the time it was announced, of his own poems and of those of his friends Coleridge and Southey; but still the opinion thus solemnly stated as an "awful truth" is worthy the attention of all educators of the young. Plant in the growing mind this seed of the highest poetry, make the boy and girl thoroughly enthusiastic for grand sentiments and ideas as expressed through the imaginations of creative spirits, and a large portion of the work of education is done; for a passion for what is true and beautiful and good comes to the aid of formal ethics, and enforces what morality merely teaches.

Still, Wordsworth's definition of poetry is too limited. It will be found, in the present volume, that the light and playful as well as the deep and serious elements of humanity are included in the scope of English, Scottish, and Irish poetry, and that there is hardly an actual or possible mood of the human mind which is not embodied in these pages. We have quoted over four hundred poets, writing under various conditions of birth, individuality, genius, and external circumstances, who have recorded their experiences of life and nature. From the loftiest flights of impassioned imagination to the quaint play of wit and fancy on scores of trivial themes, we feel assured that the readers of this book will acknowledge the comprehensiveness of its plan, and find poems answering to every transient as well as to every permanent mood of their minds. It may not be unreasonable to hope that the specimens we have given of the immense richness and variety of English poetry, from Chaucer to Swinburne, will stimulate thousands of readers to go over the whole field in detail, and find in the work constant instruction, inspiration, and delight. While deeply appreciating Wordsworth's lofty idea of the function of poetry, and allowing the great poets the amplest space for the expression of their genius, we have still made this deference to the preponderating claims of the superior poets compatible with a breadth of representation which includes all wits and humorists who have written in verse, and all minor rhymers who, after groping about for a lifetime, versifying the commonplaces of their age, have at last lighted upon one sentiment or idea, and put it into melodious verse, which hit the public taste, and made a few stanzas or couplets almost as immortal as the grander efforts of the noblest poets. It is to be noted that most of these "occasional" poems refer to domestic or religious subjects. They are commonly deficient in the great qualities of poetry; the fancy, the imagination, the passion, may be comparatively feeble; but they have taken hold of the public mind, and will not submit to the death which their essential inferiority in respect to thought and imagination would, from a critical point of view, seem to doom them. Many of the most popular short poems in the language, poems which are stereotyped in the memory of ordinary Englishmen and Americans, are merely accidental "hits" of generally mediocre rhymers. We have rescued some novel examples of this class of poems from the undeserved oblivion which sometimes follows great popularity. But while such pieces are included in this collection, because readers in general would demand their appearance in it, the Editors take satisfaction in the prominence they have given to such poets as Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Milton,

Dryden, Marvell, Herbert, Pope, Akenside, Young, Thomson, Goldsmith, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Campbell, Byron, Southey, and Tennyson.

In every case where a poet of the first rank has been cited, care has been taken to consult the best editions within our reach. Our general reliance has been upon the American reprint of the Aldine poets, published by Pickering in London, and edited in this country by Professor Francis J. Child. As to the "occasional" poems, found in all collections, we have endeavored to get at the true text, but may sometimes have failed. It is said, for example, that a poem so familiar as "The Burial of Sir John Moore" has never been correctly printed in the United States except in Cheever's small volume of selections, published nearly half a century ago; "Auld Robin Gray," the most pathetic and popular of songs, was so altered, first by the authoress, and afterwards by collectors of songs, that even Palgrave seemed to have been ignorant of the lyric as it was originally written, when he printed it in his excellent "Golden Treasury." It would appear that Burns's lines on Bannockburn could not be misprinted, yet there are two versions of it, and the poorer version is that which is often accepted. The list might be extended to a great length. The songs in the plays of the dramatists of the Elizabethan period are often strangely perverted in collections of English lyrics. We have generally followed the text of the volume in which Robert Bell has collected them, and are quite sure, from frequent reference to the originals, that he is right. But there are many popular poems where it is almost impossible to be certain that one has the pure text. If we have made mistakes in such cases, it has not been for want of industry, but from the intrinsic difficulties we have encountered. The compilers of hymn-books used in our churches have taken the strangest liberties in altering the style, and sometimes the meaning, of the religious poets from whose works they have made their selections. A lawyer who had strict views regarding the guilt of transposing or omitting words in a written document duly signed, and of substituting different words from those which the signer used, could hardly enter a church in the land without having a strange sensation, compounded of the horrible and the comical, in listening to choirs devoutly chanting or singing verses with forged names appended to them in the hymn-book he holds in his hands.

It would be presumption to assert that among the hundreds of poems to be found in this volume, some mistakes, as we have said, may not be detected; but where the poet is eminent, or where, if not eminent, he can boast of a good editor, it will be found that the text is pure. There are, for instance, many poems of Andrew Marvell, which deservedly appear in all collections of English poetry; but they are taken from a splendid though wretchedly edited quarto edition of his works, published in the last century. The chief fault in this edition is wrong punctuation; in Professor Child's edition, published in the Boston reprint of the British poets, this fault, which makes nonsense of some of Marvell's best passages, is corrected; and there are also numerous emendations of the text, in which the word that Marvell really wrote is substituted for the word which Marvell's first editor should have known he was incapable of writing. It is the same with numerous editions of Southwell, Crashaw, Herrick, Herbert, and Vaughan, — especially of Herrick.

In the extracts from Chaucer we have discarded Tyrwhitt, and followed the text as given in the "Clarendon Series"; in the numerous citations from Spenser we have relied on the best edition in existence, that of Professor Child, containing, as it does, the finest results of the labors of previous editors, with many precious additions of his own; and Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Collins, Thomson, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Campbell, Southey, Coleridge, Byron, Browning, Tennyson, not to mention others, are represented in this volume by selections taken from the best and latest editions of their works. It will also be observed that we have, in a number of instances, extracted many long poems, which have obtained a deserved celebrity, without retrenchment. While quoting liberally from the other works of Pope, we have given the most exquisite mock-heroic poem in the English, or perhaps in any language, "The Rape of the Lock," in full. While selecting from Thomson's "Seasons" the passages which have taken the strongest hold on the popular imagi-

nation, the best of his poems, "The Castle of Indolence," appears in this volume as "one entire and perfect chrysolite." The Odes of Gray and Collins, indeed, almost all the pieces they wrote worthy of remembrance, are here reproduced. Many persons may be unable to purchase the complete works of Goldsmith and Johnson; but in this volume they will find "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village," "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes." The first book of "The Minstrel" of Beattie, and the larger portion of the second book, occupy what may by some be considered a disproportionate space, because "The Minstrel" has, for more than a hundred years, exercised a peculiar fascination over the hearts and imaginations of the young. The whole of "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats, has been included in the collection, because that poem, beautiful in itself, is perhaps the most striking example of what the genius of the author might have accomplished, had he lived long enough to show his capacity to combine the full flow of a genuine poetic inspiration with the regulating principles of an almost perfect poetic art. In the extracts from Wordsworth, the lovers of that great poet will perceive that care has been taken to represent fairly every aspect of his genius; and certainly no admirer of Byron or Scott can complain of scant justice done to whatever was individual in the products of their inspired moods. The Editors feel confident that, in their selections from the eminent and the minor poets of five centuries, they have not erred from any intellectual narrowness, excluding this or that poet because he did not fulfil the rigid requirements of any exclusive system of poetic art; that, in the wide sweep of their selections from poets of various kinds and degrees of power, they have admitted nothing in the volume which is not admissible in a family circle; and that, though repudiating Wordsworth's somewhat exclusive system of poetic criticism, which would seem to reject the light and graceful fancies which spring spontaneously from moods in which the poet abandons himself to merry and jovial extravagances in contemplating the ludicrous side of life, the mission of this volume will be, on the whole, like that of the pure stream of the Duddon, immortalized in his sonnets; that is, its effect will be

"To heal and cleanse, not madden or pollute."

The Editors intended to give here a general sketch of British poetry; but as a companion volume, "The Family Library of British Prose," is soon to accompany the present work, they have concluded to reserve for that volume a general view of the literature of Britain, including its prose as well as poetical writers. It will be seen that this method has the advantage of enabling the Editors to give a more symmetrical view of the different periods of British literature. The age of Elizabeth requires Hooker and Bacon as much as Spenser, and nearly as much as Shakespeare; in the age of Charles II. (leaving out Milton,) the two great imaginative minds are Bunyan and Jeremy Taylor; in the period between 1740 and 1790 no poet, in respect to imperial and prodigal genius, can be compared with Burke; and among the poets of the present century, the large majority are eminent as prose-writers as well as poets. The examples of Scott, Coleridge, Southey, and Moore will at once recur to every mind. The Editors for these reasons have decided to postpone their general sketch of the literature of Britain, and present it in the forthcoming "Family Library of British Prose."

From Milton to Swinburne modern orthography has generally been followed, and in such words as "preserved" the last e has been retained, in accordance with present usage, though without indicating the addition of a syllable.

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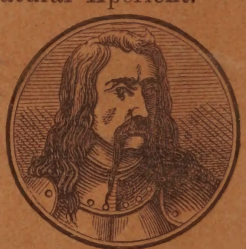

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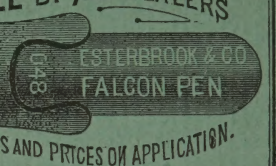

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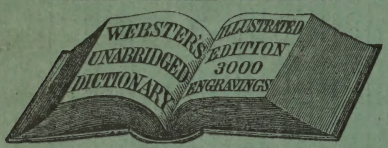

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. XLII.—OCTOBER, 1878.—No. CCLII.

CERTAIN DANGEROUS TENDENCIES IN AMERICAN LIFE.

THE character of our nation is highly complex. It includes many elements, influences, and tendencies, of different degrees of strength and importance. In any real survey of the life and thought of the country the chief of these qualities and forces must be noted and compared with each other, and some estimate made of their relative significance. Some of the influences are wholesome and vital, and tend to national prosperity. Others are of the nature of disease, and depress the national strength, tending, so far as they are effective, to disorder and the decay of society. An exact measurement of intellectual and moral elements is of course impossible, but there can be no just estimate of our national character and tendencies as a whole which is not based upon some such careful study and comparison of the separate factors, some real knowledge of the principal influences which, reinforcing or opposing each other, are all included and summed up in the life and thought of the people. Such an examination has not yet been attempted, I believe, though it would be difficult to overestimate the value of the undertaking if it should be successful; that is, if one who has observed widely and truly could report accurately and plainly what he has seen.

Since the civil war we have had new elements and conditions in our national life, and there have been important changes in the relative strength of certain of the old forces. We have been confronted by problems and dangers which we had thought could never arise in the path of a nation with institutions like ours. Not only had we come to regard our system of government as superior to all others, but we trusted still more to that wonderful perfection and vitality of character which we believed ourselves, as a people, to possess, and which, as we boasted, enabled us to receive from all other countries the most incongruous and unfavorable materials, and assimilate and transmute them all into the texture and substance of a noble national life. We had not, before the war, been prepared in any way for the tasks or difficulties which we have since encountered. We had little practical knowledge of pauperism or the labor question. Our politicians had but slight knowledge of political economy, and generally thought the study of such subjects unnecessary in our country. They knew little of financial theories or methods, or of the principles which the long experience of the civilized world had established in connection with the relation of government to the money and industries of the people. Indeed, the politicians of those days cannot be said to

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have studied anything very deeply besides party politics, except the slavery question; and they were fond of repeating that history had no lessons for us, and that the experience of other nations was not in any way valuable for our guidance. We rejoiced in our exemption from the ills and dangers of European society.

The intensity of interest which the slavery question at last aroused, and the peculiar direction which it gave to the thought of our people, left no time or vitality for matters pertaining to the science of government. That agitation unavoidably exaggerated the sentimental character which already marked our politics, and gave them an impulse toward humanitarian and intuitive methods which has not yet spent its force. The war destroyed hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property, and the government was compelled to borrow some two thousand millions of dollars to enable it to continue the struggle and maintain the existence of the nation. These two facts are, for any study of our present national life and conditions, the significant features and results of that contest. The more dramatic accompaniments, the emancipation of the slaves and the management of the revolted States after the war, have had far less influence upon the life and thought of our people. With our national wealth or productive property so terribly reduced, and with the new, strange burden of an enormous debt, there was but one course of wisdom and safety, — that of the most rigid economy. But by a remarkable delusion our people came to regard the paper money, every note of which was a certificate and reminder of indebtedness and loss of property, as a real and boundless addition to our wealth, which not only made good our material losses, but made us far richer than we had been before the war. Under the influence of this astounding error the people and the government plunged at once into reckless extravagance of expenditure, thus greatly increasing the loss which the nation had suffered by the war. The heroic sacrifice and endurance of the people during the war should have passed afterward into the form of self-denial and renunciation of luxury till our debts were paid. But there was very little effort to pay what we owed. On the contrary, the indebtedness of the nation, and of the States, cities, and towns of the country, was prodigiously increased. Most people lost their heads, and acted as if debts were never to be paid, and as if wealth without limit could be created at will by acts of Congress authorizing the issue of paper promises to pay. A still farther reduction, of enormous extent, of the wealth of the nation was caused by the general purchase and construction of things which were not needed by the people — articles of luxury and display — at a cost out of all proportion to the wealth or income of the owners. My neighbor, who was the possessor of fifty thousand dollars, bought a piece of land for eight thousand, and built on it a house which cost him nearly all his remaining fortune. He seemed to think that the money he had changed into stone walls, fine carvings, and costly furniture would still be productive, would yield him an income. When he had thus improved the property, as he phrased it, he claimed that it was worth at least sixty thousand dollars; that is, he had spent most of his money and thought he was worth much more than when he began. He has some high-priced European paintings, but he cannot eat them, and as he has nothing but his house and grounds he has had to stint his children in their education, and even in their clothes and food. He wishes to sell his property, but thinks it still worth fifty thousand dollars, though it would not sell for one third of that amount. This is a pretty good representation of the course of multitudes of business men. The result is that the country is vastly poorer than the people are willing to admit; that is, they value their property at vastly more than it is really worth. Much of our wealth consists of houses, furniture, mills, machinery, and railroads which produce nothing, and which cannot be sold. This is not real wealth.

Much of the money invested in such things is irretrievably lost, and it would be better for us to face the disagreeable truth at once.

This extravagance and the delusion which fostered it had some important results in the domain of morals. Manual labor came to be regarded as in great measure unnecessary, and to be despised as a badge of inferiority by many who had always been engaged in it. Multitudes of men who had until then honestly earned or produced their living by the work of their hands now began to live by their wits, by starting and controlling business enterprises for the investment of other people's money, and by taking government contracts and corporation jobs. The abounding dishonesty which has since then been our curse, the repudiation of the debts of States, towns, and cities, with the alarming development of the disposition to steal trust funds, — these and other unfavorable elements in the life of the time had their source and main impulse in the delusion about the nature and powers of paper money, in the uncertainty of its value, and in the extravagance engendered by the war. A passionate greed for riches was developed among our people. Men had no longer any vision for realities, but built upon illusions and impossibilities as if they were the solid facts and laws of nature. The leading clergymen and writers of the nation encouraged and defended this enormous and reckless acquisitiveness, and talked, in philosophical phrases, about the aspirations of the masses for improved conditions, leisure for culture, and a higher civilization. The pulpit gave to luxury the sanction of religion, and the press urged the people onward in their career of extravagance in the name of patriotism, and declared the national debt a national blessing. It was not to be expected that the workingmen should be wiser than their teachers. The increase of wages for all kinds of manual labor was very great, but comparatively few of the workingmen saved anything. They imitated the profusion of their employers and guides. Economy was deemed unnecessary, stupid, and mean. New wants were invented, prudence and simplicity of life went out of fashion, and habits were formed and sentiments adopted which have wrought most important changes in the character and aims of the workingmen of this country. The sheer wastefulness of that period, if it could be adequately portrayed, would appear incredible to all who did not witness it. A curious feature of the time was the fact that for so many men all foresight seemed to have become impossible. They were intoxicated by their fancied prosperity, and were confident that it would last forever. Into these conditions was suddenly plunged a population which had no sufficient moral safeguards whatever. The transition to dishonesty had been prepared for among all classes, and was already partly accomplished.

This leads me to consider the religious and moral character and equipment which our people possessed fifteen years ago, and the effect of the new conditions upon these factors of our national life. The nominal faith or religion of the country was what is called evangelical Protestantism. Its early creeds and symbols were still unchanged; but the real religion of the people was already, to a great extent, a decorous worldliness. The formal observances of religion depended largely upon habit; that is, the religious activities of our people had long been chiefly the momentum remaining from old impulses, from influxes or evolutions of moral or spiritual force which had inspired men in former times, and had then produced an earnestness and self-denial of which even the tradition was mostly lost. The force which remained was constantly diminishing. The moral impulse received long before had mostly passed into structure, had produced very nearly its full effect upon the character of men and the forms of life in society; and by a well-known law, which appears in the working of all forces of whatever nature, the power that had thus been embodied could not be used again in the same form. There was no longer any considerable influx or

evolution of new religious power or vitality. Many ministers and multitudes of the more intelligent members of the churches had become skeptical in regard to some of the cardinal doctrines of the popular Christianity. These doctrines were, in the preaching of the time, habitually so softened and accommodated to the growing doubt that nearly all their original meaning was explained away. A vague feeling of alarm and uncertainty had for some time pervaded the more earnest portion of the church, — a distrust of tendencies which yet seemed necessary and irresistible. Preaching became more and more speculative and rationalistic. Everywhere it almost ceased to deal with morals or duty. It lost all edge, all directness of application to the real questions and interests of human life in this world. It was no longer addressed to the conscience, but to the taste, to the æsthetic judgment. The sweep of the new time carried us out of the region and conditions in which it had been the function of the pulpit to rebuke the sins of men, to quicken and reinforce their consciences by faithful teaching of the moral requirements of Christianity. The effect of the new hunger for wealth and display extended to religion and its organic activities. The new tide of worldliness rose everywhere, and submerged to a great extent a church which it found open and without defense against the flood. The conditions of life, the temptations and enticements, were new. The allurements to greed and dishonesty were appallingly strong. The religious people of the country in general had no adequate training or moral discipline to prepare them to face the new foes. The church failed to meet the needs of the time. She did vastly better than those who did nothing, than many of her critics. But that was not enough.

The disintegration of religion has proceeded rapidly. There are now several features of our national religious life and thought which must be noted in any real study of our present condition. No one statement or affirmation can be made to include all the truth. The religion of our country cannot be studied adequately or successfully in the churches of the large cities alone. What of the people in the smaller towns, the villages, and country neighborhoods? What is their religion? The church is now, for the most part, a depository of social rather than of religious influences. Its chief force or vitality is no longer religious. There are still, of course, many truly religious people in the churches, who sincerely believe the old doctrines embodied in all the creeds. But these are everywhere a small minority, and they are mournfully conscious that the old religious life and power have departed from the church. They distrust the methods of the modern revivalism, and do not feel at home among the younger members of the church, with their advanced views and fashionable, thoroughgoing worldliness. They are alarmed to find the atmosphere and tone of the church becoming more and more secular and business-like. These people, who thus represent the better elements of a former state of things, are the real strength of the evangelical Protestant churches, so far as religion is concerned, and their character is one of the most wholesome and truly conservative forces of our national life. They are not liberal in their views, but they are sincere. They live pure and good lives. They speak the truth, a rare virtue now, and they can be trusted with anybody's money. They will do what they believe to be right, though all men deride or oppose, and at any cost to themselves in business or worldly interests. But they are too few to regenerate the American church, though their influence is highly valuable in resisting some of the evil tendencies of the age. Most of them are old, and they have few successors among the younger people. They have already done most of their work, and their number and strength diminish from year to year.

For a very large class of which we may next speak the church furnishes opportunity for a pleasant social life, which is in no way different from the social life of amiable, intelligent people out of the church; that is, there is noth-

ing distinctively religious about it. For this class all the barriers and distinctions between the church and the world have been removed. Church work is for them, in all its forms, a kind of sacred amusement. Public worship, with its pulpit oratory and modern church music, is an æsthetic entertainment. They have developed a religion which is not religious. They have learned how to be Christians, according to their meaning, without self-denial, or any abridgment of the pleasures, pursuits, or ambitions of people who acknowledge no religious obligations. They are the most intelligent members of the popular churches of this country. They are decorously moral, conforming to the easy, worldly criterion of people of like social position. They are nearly all able to live comfortably, possessing the necessaries of life and a few of its luxuries. They are not usually scrupulously truthful or conscientious, and do not believe it possible to maintain a very high standard of justice or honesty in business life. They regard the golden rule as impracticable, and with more or less sincerity deplore the existence of insurmountable obstacles in the way of obeying it. They do not believe the creeds which they subscribe when they join the church, and generally make no secret afterward of their doubt or disbelief respecting various fundamental doctrines of Christianity. But they have a horror of all dissent which takes a man out of the popular church, and show no respect for the plea of conscience in such cases. They are all optimists, believing that things are sure to come out right. They distrust personal earnestness in religious matters, but are capable of self-sacrifice or action for the public good in ways approved by their class, while they are without the qualities or temper enabling a man to serve an unpopular principle or cause. They give largely for all kinds of charities. In them the religion popularly professed has spent its force, and they can contribute little to aid in the moral regeneration of the country. They are almost destitute of moral insight, and have little confidence in principles, trusting entirely to management, to policy, and to present success.

Their ministers are men of intelligence and of considerable culture. They believe even less than their people of the doctrines of their creeds. They generally avoid doctrinal subjects in preaching, and have for some years based their teaching mostly upon utilitarian grounds. They have for themselves accepted rationalistic beliefs far in advance of what they teach, and consider themselves engaged in a most necessary and useful work, — that of leading the people gradually onward in thought and knowledge by carefully giving them the truth as they are able to bear it. Their caution is extreme, and they thus sacrifice whatever strength may belong to courage and outspoken sincerity. Their teaching is far less advanced and rationalistic than the habitual thought of their hearers. They do not understand the real tendencies of the time, lacking the insight and the synthetic judgment which result from independent search for truth, and from heartiness of conviction. They greatly overrate the success of their system of repression, — of keeping back most of what they themselves believe. It fosters skepticism, and spreads distrust of all moral and religious verity, as the people are aware that their ministers practice the concealment of their real beliefs. Their preaching is usually far more intellectual than formerly, but is not based on the creeds, nor on any announced or coherent philosophy, fragments of hostile systems of thought often appearing in amiable proximity, if not in any real relation, to each other. There is nobody to criticise the preaching of these clergymen. Their teaching is often curiously remote from all the practical concerns and conditions of life in our time and country, and is almost entirely destitute of moral authority and power They regard the general engagement of their people in the work of charity organizations as evidence of the triumphant vitality of Christianity in our age; which is much as if the officers of an army should boast that all their soldiers able for duty are in the hospitals caring

for their sick comrades, and that all the able-bodied men at home must soon be conscripted for the same service. They do not see that Christianity, to be successful, must learn how to dry up, in great measure, the sources of the rising currents of pauperism, vice, and crime, nor understand that their own methods are largely responsible for the magnitude of the burdens, rapidly becoming intolerable, of the charities which are their pride.

In the more prosperous American churches in the regions to which modern styles of dress and living have extended there are now but few poor people, and these feel more and more each year that the church is no home for them. There is for them, usually, no fraternal association with their more fortunate neighbors in the church; no wholesome, natural, cordial relation between them as human beings or brethren. And there is a very large class who are not extremely poor, but who are obliged to dress plainly and to practice rigid economy in order to obtain the necessaries of life. In favorable times they may be said to rise to conditions of comfort, but for the most part they are familiar with the pressure of hardship, and their life is a struggle for the means to live. They of course cannot aspire to what is now considered good social position, as that usually depends upon the style of dress and house-furnishing more than upon character. This is a very important portion of our population. Most of them are industrious and honest, and many of them are advancing in intelligence. Some of them have a strong desire for knowledge, and read the best books they can obtain. There is good material among them for a more rational and practical culture than is yet possessed by their neighbors who are in better circumstances. This class also is rapidly passing out of the church. The movement is largely the result of impulses from the more prosperous people in the churches, and is not caused so much by the growth of irreligion among these men and their families as by the development of an unfraternal spirit, — a class-feeling, — among those more successful in acquiring this world's goods. Many who are thus separating themselves from the churches are injured by the change. They enjoy their greater freedom from restraint, and often sink to a life of less strenuous effort at self-direction. They do not feel bound to resist temptation, or deny appetite its gratifications. But most of this class are still, in the main, moral and wholesome in character and personal influence, chiefly from the power of habit and family traditions of rectitude. Many of them are gradually becoming hostile and bitter toward the church and all specifically religious activities, and their children usually receive at home no religious instruction whatever, being free to go to church or not, as they please. The effect of this parental indifference upon the culture and morals of the young people is not favorable. Among the more intelligent of this class there has been, within the last fifteen years, a rapid development of what is called infidelity; that is, of opinions which involve the rejection of evangelical Christianity. Up to this time the great mass of plain people in this country, of those who work with their hands, know nothing of any religion besides evangelical Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. The people who reject the popular religious creeds, both among the poor and among the more prosperous and cultivated, with some exceptions to be noted farther on, are generally giving up religion entirely. No new system or form of religious belief or life is taking the place of the old faith which has lost its power. But these people are still accessible to any vital improving influences not specifically ecclesiastical in form. Their morals are commonly as good as those of the most prominent church-members, and they are probably more truthful, conscientious, and just than most people in the church. But they are not religious; that is, they have no ideas, principles, or beliefs in regard to human responsibility which exercise any considerable power of restraint upon their conduct when interest or appetite is involved. They

feel no impulse to association with their neighbors for any kind of moral or religious culture. A few are inclined to propagate their negative notions and hostility to religion; the greater number are simply indifferent. Many of them have read the newspaper and magazine dilutions of the writings of Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer, and have thus been strengthened in their opposition to the old beliefs. Most of them are sensible, practical, capable people, not given to sentiment or illusions of any kind; often somewhat narrow and hard, but with valuable intellectual and moral qualities. Their greatest defect seems to be that they feel too little responsibility for the moral culture of their children and those of their neighbors. They have too little aspiration and national feeling, and are giving themselves entirely to material interests. It cannot be said that they are as a class doing much for themselves, and nobody else is doing anything for them as to culture or morals. Their future course depends upon that of the cultivated classes. If there is within a few years a marked expansion of national culture and increase of its dynamic vitality, these people will do much to strengthen the better tendencies of the nation's life. They are capable of important changes.

Below these as to intellectual character and equipment there is a larger class, in whom prehistoric or savage thought still survives with very slight modifications from science or any other modern influence. Our fellow-citizens of this class believe in luck, omens, dreams, signs of many kinds (that is, in supernatural indications or foreshadowings of future events), and in the presence and influence of the spirits of the dead, whom they habitually or occasionally consult in various ways. These have not all rejected evangelical Protestantism, as great numbers of them are members of the popular churches. Many of them have wealth and social position. The women of this class constitute the larger portion of the great army of readers of worthless books of fiction and serials in the story-newspapers. Perhaps a majority of the members of the evangelical Protestant churches in this country have at some time consulted the spirits of dead people, by the help of some professional ghost-seer or medium. But outside of the church the believers in spirits, spells, possessions, omens, visions, warnings, and the other features of prehistoric supernaturalism are usually hostile to Christianity. They think the inspirations and revelations of many trance-speakers and mediums in this country superior in value to those recorded in the Bible. They have usually a scorn of history, and of the past as a teacher, and are especially hostile to belief in any authority except that of the individual soul. They mostly regard society as a great oppressor, and believe that priests (they call all ministers priests) have been the authors and are now the chief supporters of nearly all the evils which afflict mankind. They are all sentimentalists; that is, they attach little value to facts, and do not think it important to study them. Their contempt for scientific methods of investigation is nearly equal to their scorn for history. They depend chiefly upon intuition and the great instincts of humanity for their guidance, and for the determination of all problems. They would like to see the existing organization and institutions of society displaced, and think it would be a great gain to stop trying to patch up the old systems of religion and law, and begin anew. They see no great difficulty in the attempt to establish an entirely new organization of society, with all necessary institutions, machinery, and activities, and believe that it could be done at once, with immense advantage to the people, if only the priests and the money power were put down. They have a kind of rage against churches and all the organized activities of Christianity. They have not yet any religion of their own, in the modern sense of the word, as they do not worship or revere anything as higher or better than themselves. Their nearest approach to adoration is their belief in the omnipotence of a free

platform; that is, of a mass-meeting of believers in the sovereignty of the individual, with absolutely no restrictions as to the direction or extent of the discussions. They have a stronger impulse to propagate their sentiments than is manifested by any other class in our country at present, and have more enthusiasm and self-sacrifice for their cause and objects than the people who hold better doctrines. (This stirring of powerful impulses among the more ignorant and undeveloped, while the cultured classes, the leaders of society, are bewildered and indisposed to action, is one of the most significant features of our age.) They have not wholly escaped injury to their morals in thus casting off the restraints of the old beliefs. There has been a serious and general lowering of moral tone and quality among them during the last fifteen years, and this deterioration is still going on. But this has not yet resulted in any great increase of concrete immorality, except the immorality of worthless talk, incessant, universal, and interminable. There has been some sexual vice among them, but it has been mostly of a cold-blooded kind, the effort of theorists making experiments and ostentatiously trying to be wicked, rather than the wild play of ungoverned impulse and passion. There is not yet a large growth of licentiousness in American society. It increases only as the criminal classes increase, and especially as thieves become more numerous. Thieves of all grades, burglars and pickpockets, habitually resort to houses of ill-fame. It is the common method of spending money dishonestly obtained. But there is not yet any considerable spread of licentiousness upward through society, and life is probably cleaner and better in this respect in our time than ever before. In other ways the immoral effects produced by the ideas and sentiments of the large class which I am now describing are extensive and important. They have seriously weakened respect for law in all parts of our country, and have profoundly influenced public sentiment in opposition to the punishment of criminals. They have to a great extent abjured the doctrine of individual responsibility for wrong-doing, and their ideas have pervaded the atmosphere of the age, and have so benumbed the conscience of the nation that the unwillingness of good people to have the laws enforced, and their sympathy for criminals, are among the most threatening evils of our society. Their worst immorality is their teaching; especially the character of their addresses, lectures, and discussions, in which there is almost everywhere a wild vehemence of attack upon all the principles of religion, morality, and social order, which is unrestrained by any regard for truth, decency, or justice. The orators are absolutely irresponsible, as they recognize no authority but their own wills. They have a fluency of extempore utterance, with ability to talk for any length of time, which inspires great admiration among the people; for the masses in our country have a boundless delight in what they call eloquence, meaning usually a great flow of words and a confident manner, with many sounding phrases about the progress of humanity, the grandeur of free thought, and the resistless uprising of the people. No other class is at present so successfully educating the people of this country. They are positive and aggressive, and have a certain power of enthusiasm or afflatus which no other class now possesses. They have many organized societies, traveling lecturers, and missionaries, and a score or two of newspapers, besides an enormous literature of their own, if one may apply the word literature to their productions. It is a great and successful movement for the propagation of uneducated thought, the spectacle of the untaught classes and disorganizing forces of the time taking possession of the printing-press, of the rostrum, and of the ballot, and attacking modern society with its own weapons. It is a wide-spread revolt against civilization.

There can be no doubt, after any real investigation of the matter, that this class in whom the methods and tendencies of prehistoric thought are still dom-

inant and almost unmodified by modern culture — the class believing in omens, visions, spirit communications, impressions, and intuitions, and in the sovereignty of the individual's impulses — includes several millions of our countrymen. They incline to think nearly all labor unnecessary, and generally regard employers as oppressors who defraud the workingmen of the larger part of the fruits of their toil. They are met and reinforced upon this ground by a great number of the working-class, who have no theories or ideas of progress, but who have done little honest work since the great inflation of prices a few years ago. That inflation had a most disastrous effect on the conscience and sense of honor of multitudes of workingmen. They have ever since acted on the plan of getting all they possibly can out of their employers, and giving as little as possible in return. They regard the capitalist, that is, whoever has money, as their natural enemy and prey. The theorists who wish to reconstruct society outright, and govern it afterward by mass-meetings in continuous session, encourage the discontent and indolence of the men who believe they ought to be paid high wages for very light work. The prostration of business and industry extending over the whole country during the last few years has given all these people unprecedented opportunity, and has greatly stimulated the sentiments and tendencies which they represent. They have the immense advantage and sanction which their attack upon the existing order of things derives from the extreme hardship and real suffering now for some time endured by many of the working people in different parts of our country.

The political objects and plans of this large class of our citizens are much more fully defined and articulate than is yet believed by those who regard them with contempt or indifference. Of course they do not themselves know what their own part may be in later stages of the enterprise which they are undertaking. But some of their aims are clear. They believe that the interests of the laborer, of the people, as they say, will be advanced by crippling and injuring capital in every possible way; and this they intend to do. They will influence legislation in this direction wherever they have the power. They do not regard the capitalist as one of the people, but as a criminal and enemy who has no rights that the people should respect. Those who possess property and who live in comfort and refinement are more and more regarded as the foes of the workingmen. Intellectual labor is not respected. Professional men, scholars, teachers, and cultivated people are none of them acknowledged as laborers, or as having any just title to labor's rewards. The relations between the people who have property and culture, on the one hand, and the workingmen, on the other, are regarded by the latter more and more as a state of war; so that any advantage gained or injury inflicted by the laborers is to be regarded as justifiable and right. We are in the earlier stages of a war upon property, and upon everything that satisfies what are called the higher wants of civilized life. The workingmen are taught to regard works of art and instruments of high culture, with all the possessions and surroundings of people of wealth and refinement, as causes and symbols of the laborer's poverty and degradation, and therefore as things to be hated. The movement has already in many places attacked and crippled the higher departments of our public-school education, and its leaders assail all endowments and appropriations for scientific research. The strongest tendencies and influences now operating among these people are leading them to a region and condition in which regard for the higher elements of the life of civilized man, for art, literature, and culture, is impossible. They do not value science more than art or religion, except in those applications of it which have an immediate commercial value. The war against all these things will be prosecuted with desperate energy and persistence unless something is speedily done to counteract and change some of the chief tendencies of the age;

unless there is an evolution or application of forces adequate to create a new series of circumstances. The instincts of destruction are already very strong in multitudes of men in this country. They are becoming fiercely hostile to everything that does not belong to the material life of man, or which is not required to satisfy his bodily wants.

The greatest danger is not that of armed violence or riotous destruction of property. The chief point of attack, naturally, and as arranged by the leaders of the movement, is to be for some time to come the money or currency of the country. They have for some years endeavored to bring the whole subject of the currency, its character, basis, and amount, under the direct and immediate control of the people in mass-meeting assembled, so that all questions of the issue and circulation of money shall be brought before the country, voted upon, and decided anew at every election. At present the leaders favor a series of feints, that is, strenuous advocacy of some measure that cannot be adopted; and, when it is defeated, the attempt, without attracting attention or exciting opposition, to obtain in another form as nearly as possible the same legislation. Unless there is more effective effort to prevent such a result, our experience of a vast inflation of the currency, with the slow and painful climbing up again to specie payments, is likely to be repeated. There never was much purpose or coöperation among people of this class in our country until very recently, but they are now awaking to a sense of their power. Their idea of government is to place less emphasis upon constitutional provisions, to disregard or set them aside when necessary, and to depend more and more upon congressional legislation; to make the judiciary and all other offices elective, to increase as much as may be the power of Congress, or rather of the House of Representatives, and to place, as nearly as possible, the entire administration of the government directly in the hands of the people, to be conducted by means of the political canvass or campaign. The aim is to destroy, little by little, the constitutional and representative character of the government, in order to enable the people to decide everything anew, if they wish to do so, at each annual election. There is to be an agitation or series of efforts for the reduction of all terms of office to the shortest possible time. Our fellow-citizens of this class hold that representatives of the people should always obey instructions from their constituents, or should immediately resign. They do not trust each other very far, and the workingmen especially believe that if one of their own number is elected to a place in a state legislature, or in Congress, he can be bribed or "bought up" by the money power, and that for a very paltry sum. They never before had any competent directors; but while they still quarrel among themselves over details, a vast number are for the first time in substantial agreement in their purpose to seek the ends which I have described, and to advance toward them persistently, and by any methods that promise partial success. They hold that it is the function of government to "make good times" for the people, that is, for the workingmen; and that there is already sufficient wealth in existence in our country to give the working people good times, if it were only rightly distributed.

This, after many years of observation, extending to most of the States of our country, I believe to be a just estimate of our present condition and tendencies. We have a great increase and development of unfavorable and disorganizing forces within our national life, and no corresponding increase of wholesome or vital activities. The influence of the church and of religion upon the morals and conduct of men has greatly declined, and is still declining. There is yet, as I have said, a large amount of moral force and healthful life in the church. Religion is not extinct. But the really significant fact here is that it is constantly losing ground. The empire of religion over human conduct, its power as a conservative moral and social force, is so far lost that some things which

are indispensable to the existence of society can no longer be supplied from this source without a great increase of vitality in religion itself. The morality based upon the religion popularly professed has, to a fatal extent, broken down. Multitudes of men who are religious are not honest or trustworthy. They declare themselves fit for heaven, but they will not tell the truth, nor deal justly with their neighbors. The money of widows and orphans placed under their control is not safer than in the hands of highwaymen. There is no article of food, medicine, or traffic which can be profitably adulterated or injuriously manipulated that is not, in most of the great centres of trade, thus corrupted and sold by prominent members of Christian churches. I have made all these statements as colorless as possible, desiring to present a coldly accurate report of the more important facts and tendencies of the life and thought of our country as I have observed them. The evils mentioned are highly complex in character, and are parts of a system over which individuals, as such, have little power. We must take account of them as a wise captain acquaints himself with the position and numbers of a hostile force.

Our situation is the more unfavorable because of the inevitable decline of patriotism among us immediately after the war, — a lowering of national vitality which still affects us seriously. This was largely caused by the utter exhaustion of the faculties of the people; an incapacity of their powers of brain, nerve, and mind for continued action in the same directions after the fearful tension maintained during the struggle. As all our intellectual and moral activities are correlated with physical forces, this exhaustion was unavoidable, and any great moral effort on the part of the people at the close of the war was next to impossible. This has most probably had something to do with the great indifference in regard to the violation of the laws displayed by local communities. The leading citizens in many places habitually transgress some laws, finding it convenient or profitable to disregard them. In one of the best towns of an Eastern State the principal property holders and public-spirited citizens met from time to time for some months, last year, to devise measures to repress crime and immorality, and to promote the order and welfare of the community. The relation of society to pauperism, the sources of vice, the province of legislation, and the duty of good men in relation to such subjects were freely discussed. Two or three gentlemen urged the adoption of some expression, by these chief men of the place, of their sense of the importance of strict obedience to the laws on the part of all good citizens; but it was impossible to obtain anything of the kind. I have learned that the same thing has occurred in several other places. Some of this evil may be due to over-legislation; but, whatever may be the causes, we are becoming a nation of law-breakers. The laws relating to streets, sidewalks, and domestic animals, for instance, and various other minor statutes, are habitually violated in country places by some of the best people. The great number of people from other countries now living in nearly all our towns and villages, and the frequent removals to other places on the part of many citizens, are hindrances to the speedy attainment of a real unity or homogeneous character by the population of our local communities. People will not love their country unless they love the place where they live and endeavor to promote its interests.

It is said that our system of popular education provides sufficient safeguards against the dangers here pointed out. But even if its work were henceforth to be perfect, its operation would necessarily be too slow for some things which our present situation requires. Our school system as it now exists cannot be depended on to remedy or avert the evils which threaten us. Most of the class whose use of prehistoric methods of thought leads them to rely upon instinct and intuition, rather than upon any results of human experience, have enjoyed the opportunities of our schools,

and have received, in an average degree, the benefits which our system of education now confers. The people from whom these dangers arise are not stupid or ignorant, nor are their minds inactive. They have been through our schools; they edit newspapers, make our political speeches in all the country places, and represent us in Congress. They are not so much uneducated as miseducated; their faculties are active, particularly of late years, but they are undisciplined and misdirected, and the result of their thinking is largely erroneous. For these difficulties our public-school system furnishes no adequate remedy. Two things are especially to be noted in our popular school education: it usually leads to no interest in literature or acquaintance with it, nor to any sense of the value of history for modern men, — a very serious defect; and its most characteristic and general result is a distaste for manual labor. We have some good schools, of course; but great numbers of teachers and principals of our high schools in country places have for several years explicitly taught their pupils, and urged upon parents, the sentiment that in this country education should raise all who obtain it above the necessity of drudgery; that there are better ways of making a living than manual labor "at so much for a day's work," and that these higher ways will be open to those who "get an education." All this has resulted in a dainty, effeminate, and false view of the world as a place where only uneducated and inferior people need work hard, or engage in toilsome or unattractive employments.

There are two or three small bodies of dissenters from the popular religions whose work is one of the factors of the life of the nation. They have prepared some excellent material for a better state of things. A few cultivated men among them have given the nation the best of its literature. The work of most of the ministers among these dissenters is at present, indeed, rather more literary in its character than is desirable. They do not so much preach as write literary essays. Their position is, however, in large measure, a necessity, and the character of their work up to the present time has been the inevitable product of the most important intellectual and religious movement of the century. But a vital advance ought also now to be inevitable for them. Some of them see the gravity of our national situation and prospects, and are doing all in their power to prepare the people about them for wise and wholesome action and life in the service of the country. Others cherish an urbane philosophical optimism, and smile at the idea of any serious danger to American institutions, political or religious. But these live curiously remote from the common people, or meet them only in the peculiar relations which charity involves. They often know more about other times and lands than our own. Most of them are, like the best men in the pulpits of all the churches, loyally devoted to truth, and eager to be helpful to mankind, but they have to contend at every step against the spirit of the age. The people of this country are — to apply a phrase from M. Raoul Pictet — "prone to value none but paying facts." They know what kind of preaching they want, and they intend to have it. If one minister does not supply it, they employ another. It is expected that ministers will preach on national interests or morals on Thanksgiving Day and on the Fourth of July; but as things are now few congregations would listen, without serious dissatisfaction, to any thorough or adequate treatment of the subjects which are most important and vital for us as a nation. After a few such discourses there would be an imperative demand for sermons of the usual type. The good people in the churches are weary and careworn when Sunday comes, and wish to be comforted, soothed, and entertained by the preaching. And in this commercial age they will not "pay" for preaching which does not suit them. So there are many men whose religious teaching is of the wisest who have much difficulty to live, and who are entirely unable to equip themselves as they should for their work. If there is any new de-

velopment of moral forces or increase of religious vitality in our time, these small companies of dissenters from the popular religion will have a close and vital connection with it, though not in sectarian ways.

As to that numerous class of people who insist that Christianity is itself exhausted and outgrown, and that we have already reached something better, they have not developed anything that can help us in our present needs. They do something in opposing the superstitions and absurdities of some church people, but thus far their criticism has been narrow, sectarian, and unpractical. The priests of the Roman Catholic church occupy a position of great importance in relation to the new conditions and tendencies of our national life. Although many of them are rather churchmen than American citizens, their influence is likely to be, on the whole, rather helpful than otherwise. They do a vast deal of good work upon very difficult material. Their course should be critically observed, but they deserve far more sympathy and recognition than they receive. Their teaching forbids consultation of the spirits of the dead, and membership in secret societies. This last requirement will keep many voters out of the movement for the inflation and debasement of the national currency, as the leaders of that enterprise make great use of the machinery of secret societies.

What then can be done? Is our condition hopeless? By no means. Are we to wait, as some people urge, until these errors and delusions have spent their force? They do not tend to exhaust themselves. They belong naturally to human beings in the stages of development to which those who are affected by them have attained. They have no self-limiting quality, but have abundant power to reproduce and extend themselves. Are we to depend chiefly upon force, as employed in the repression and punishment of riotous proceedings and crimes against property, as the best means for the protection of society and the maintenance of civilization? No. It is true that all positive law rests upon force in the last analysis, and it is often conservative and merciful to enforce obedience to law at whatever cost. But the value and permanence of property, and the vitality of other elements of civilization, depend upon settled, orderly, and peaceful conditions of society. If the evil tendencies I have described are not checked, if we are to live in a state of constant apprehension of riots and conflagrations, or if we rely chiefly upon armed force to prevent such outbreaks, our legislation will necessarily be unwholesomely affected to such an extent, and the business and industries of our country so disturbed and depressed, that our national condition would have to be regarded as little better than the real failure of our institutions. Other dangers than that of the pillage and destruction of our cities by armed mobs may be serious enough to tax the vital resources of the nation to the utmost. We must somehow eliminate and transmute a large proportion of this dangerous and inflammable material, and we must greatly increase the healthful forces in the life of the nation.

The evil of false and foolish teaching can be adequately resisted only by true teaching and wise action. It is said that persons who hold the sentiments and cherish the aims here depicted are beyond the reach of argument or reason. That is true of many, probably of all, the teachers and leaders of this class. But it is not true, as yet, of the multitude from whom this class is being constantly recruited. It is not yet true of the young people who are coming up, year by year, to take their places in those ranks. The ideas and impulses which tend to disorder and disintegration, when they have taken possession of the minds of men, do indeed constitute a craze, an epidemic hallucination or contagion of unreason and folly. This conception has been well developed, and it gives us one of the most acute and discriminating notions of our time. It is the key to many things otherwise inexplicable in history. But the circumstances, influ-

ences, and conditions which predispose or prepare men for the reception and development of the germs of this contagion have not been sufficiently considered. Here is a fact of great interest for us. The number of those who cannot be influenced by argument or any direct intellectual appeal is increasing from month to month, and it is recruited from classes who are still accessible, who could be guided if there were anybody to guide them; who could be taught and enlightened if the right means were used; who might be confirmed and established in their now wavering allegiance to truth, justice, and sound reason. There is a vast field and opportunity for successful work in this direction. It waits only the awakening of the cultured classes to the perils, needs, and duties of the hour.

But the people who cannot be influenced by argument are by no means in a state so hopeless as most of our teachers believe. The truth is that comparatively few men are controlled or guided so much by argument and reason as by the earnestness, the convictions, and the confident activity of those who have made up their minds, and are heartily interested in a definite object. And especially are men influenced and attracted by the volume and mass of the teaching and movements around them. They are swayed and decided by the continuity of attack, by the cumulative force of the constant iteration of the same idea in varying forms. These things depend upon natural laws, and the apostles of disorder are working in accordance with these laws, which are always potent in the propagation of feelings, opinions, and convictions. These laws are not partial to falsehood and folly. They lend themselves as readily and efficiently to the dissemination of truth and good sense.

But there is a kind of fetich worship of the power of ideas which prevails among our cultivated people, which leads them to think that when they have demonstrated the excellence and superiority of certain principles, by means of a paper in a review, or an essay at a meeting of ministers, their work is done, and that the conquest of the world by their opinions is only a matter of time; and so they turn away, serenely triumphant, to await the happy consummation. But ideas have little practical efficiency until they are incarnated, so to speak, — made alive and personal in men and women; until a few people, at least, care a great deal about them, and feel a resistless impulse to their propagation. This impulse is precisely what our cultivated people do not feel in regard to any ideas whatever. Propagandism of any kind repels them. This is the weakness of our nation to-day, and the source of its greatest danger. The people who believe in civilization are giving away the victory to their wild antagonists by their own inaction, a delusion of their culture which makes them disdain to learn the use of new weapons and methods. Culture itself is not yet in this country vital or dynamic. It lacks the impulse and virility necessary for its own propagation. It is too dainty for a land like ours, and is inclined to be discouraged about the masses, or else to trust everything to "the resistless operation of the laws of progress." Now that is a phrase merely. Many persons feel soothed and strengthened when they hear it, but it does not mean much. If anything is done for the improvement of life and its conditions in this country we must begin, and must be prepared for a large and persistent expenditure of time, of thought, and of personal effort; with the usual accompaniments of partial failure, of the incompetence of some of the agents, and of much unrecognized and unhonored toil. Direct endeavor for the elevation of any class is less repulsive after we have heartily engaged in it. However distasteful it may be, it is the condition of our success, and cannot be safely postponed to a more favorable time. Such work is not so hopeless as some would have us believe. Two fluids may be kept permanently apart by a thin membrane if both are at rest; but if one is set in motion the other will pass through the intervening wall and join in the movement. When there is a vital advance on the part of our cultivated

people new motions will be set up and new centres of force developed in the life of the nation at large. The working people will exert themselves for their own improvement if we begin; they are not likely to do so otherwise.

We shall wholly fail if we think we can improve society, or any portion of it, by any plan which does not require improvement on the part of the more fortunate and cultivated classes. Much of their culture is superficial and unpractical, consisting rather of unrelated fragments of thought, and vague impressions concerning what is supposed to be known, than of real knowledge resulting from the ordered activity of a disciplined intelligence. We need a better culture for our teachers and leaders; not merely more of the same kind they now possess, but culture of a higher order. It will not do to confine our interest or efforts to the lower strata. We must learn how to solve such problems as pauperism, or poor-relief, and prison management; but woe to our nation if we expend all our vitality upon them. We must do this and have strength for higher interests and more constructive work. The lower classes are now educating us. A necessary tendency and peril of democracy, of a universal suffrage arrangement of society, is a general mediocrity, the adoption of low standards, a halting of the army of civilization while we wait for the camp-followers to come up. Let us distribute rations among these if that is best. But their place is not in front, and the head of the column must move on. We must open the way ahead, and not merely fortify the rear of our position.

The people who believe in culture, in property, and in order, that is in civilization, must establish the necessary agencies for the diffusion of a new culture. Capital must protect itself by organized activities for a new object, — the education of the people. Those who possess property, and those who value it as one of the great forces and supports of civilization, will be obliged to learn that legislation, even if the laws are properly enforced, is not an adequate means for the protection of property and the repression of the disorderly and destructive elements in our society. Legislation itself is fast becoming a weapon in the hands of the hostile forces; and even if it were always the work of wise men it is only one factor of civilization, and would not give us security without a great advance in the culture and character of the people. Our present conditions cannot be permanent. If they are not improved they will soon grow worse. The evils which threaten us must be studied and understood, and then dealt with rationally, and some of their sources must be cut off.

The present slovenly and miserably inefficient procedure in dealing with tramps, vagrants, and people destitute of food and employment must be changed by taking some unit of territory, a township, ward, or county, and then confining all who need relief to the district in which they belong or may be found. Labor which will yield them food, not wages, should be provided, and all persons supplied with food should be compelled to work. As it is now, a vast army marches around the land, refusing all work, and receiving far more food and money than would be necessary to maintain it if the business were organized on business principles. Our country roads are unsafe for women, and our cities swarm with stalwart beggars who threaten when their demands are not satisfied.

A friend of mine, a missionary in one of our largest cities, last winter preached in a large hall on Sunday evenings, and spent some hours each Saturday night in the streets and alleys of that vicinity. To all who asked for money to procure something to eat or a place to sleep he gave food (when they would take it; many would accept nothing but money), and secured for them a comfortable lodging. Then, giving each applicant a card, with time and place of services for the next evening, he invited him to attend the meeting, and promised him supper and lodging for Sunday night also. More than a hundred men were thus kindly treated, but not one of them ever

came to the Sunday evening meeting. My friend said that of the whole number there was but one who seemed to be really hungry.

But there are more types than one, and we must not estimate the situation by one such report alone. During the last few years I have myself seen the wives and children of workingmen in country towns die of inanition, after having long subsisted on a little Indian meal. Discovery came too late. These people met their fate silently. They were known to be poor and out of work, and "they would not beg." Many persons have died in some regions of our country, during the last three years, from disease induced by insufficient nourishment, and many invalids among the poor have succumbed to the effects of scant and unsuitable food. A young girl, whose wages as a servant had procured a bare subsistence for her mother and three small children, lost her place recently by the death of her mistress. Unable to find employment, and distracted by the hunger of the children, she applied to a friend of mine for advice. Said she, "Mrs. ——, what is the right way for people to live when they can get nothing to eat?" On behalf of her inarticulate class I repeat her question. As teachers of the poor we should be prepared to offer them a philosophy of life suited to their circumstances. We say truly that some of their theories are wild, and their aims fatal to their own interests. But we must give voice to the plea which they ought to make, and ourselves champion the aims which would be wise and right for them. Again the question, What are they? If we should have for several years a succession of abundant crops, the pressure and urgency of some of our dangers would be lessened. If, on the other hand, we have unfavorable seasons and continued industrial depression, these difficulties would be aggravated. It is not wise to depend for safety upon chances which are in no degree under our control.

I am aware that my arraignment of the inadequacy of the means now being used requires some suggestion of more vigorous methods of action for our national regeneration, or for a decided increase of healthful activities in the intellectual and moral life of our country. A society with a plan or method of work resembling that of the New England Loyal Publication Society, which did so much to reinforce the national sentiment during our civil war, could now render quite as efficient service. Few people, except newspaper men, know to what extent most newspapers out of the cities are made up, or supplied with matter, by the mere accident of proximity, or readiness to the editor's scissors, of articles of suitable length, already printed, so that they can be rapidly glanced over and conveniently transferred to his paper. I would have a society or arrangement of some kind for printing and sending to the country newspapers everywhere a series of broadsides or sheets filled with short articles, plainly written, direct and spirited in style, without eloquence or bookishness, and with few figures of speech; setting forth and repeating in ever-varying forms the few great simple truths and facts which explain our present national condition, especially in connection with such subjects as debt, paper money, resumption of specie payments, and the relation of individual habits and expenditures to national welfare.

We need also the publication of a small, low-priced newspaper, for circulation in all parts of the country; to be printed in the best style, giving a good digest of the most important news; to be dedicated to the propagation and definite teaching of strict honesty, wise economy, fraternal self-denial and a religious devotion to our country, and the interests of a nobler civilization than we have yet attained; a paper for the people, which shall have for its aim the development of a national spirit and temper, of a practical, capable, and wholesome nature, leading men away from empty theories of millennial progress and attainments to manly self-reliance and intelligent recognition of the real conditions of human life in this world; a paper, in short, which shall represent and propa-

gate principles, sentiments, and activities in accord with the central ideas of this article.

We need some small books on subjects connected with political economy, which shall teach what is known, however little that may prove to be, and not merely perplex the brains of workingmen by reporting the speculations of all the schools. We need a great deal of elementary teaching, and should have books written for plain people, by authors who can drive straight at the mark and stop when they have done.

The persuasive power of public speaking, lecturing, and preaching is of course indispensable. It should be employed in the education of the people as fast as honest men who have a real grasp upon these principles can be found to speak clearly and usefully. People everywhere who perceive these needs should meet, confer with each other, and begin to work.

The central or fundamental philosophical truth which underlies the mental and moral culture which the age requires is the truth of the moral order of the universe. Human life belongs to an actual order, — a cosmos, not a chaos; and this order is a moral order, and tends to and prefers truth, justice, and righteousness. The opposite error, which has misled a large portion of American society, is the opinion that the moral order to which man's life belongs is subjective only; that nothing is true or right in itself, but only as it seems so to us; that there is no real standard of human conduct, only a conventional one; and that if men would generally agree to it the relations and nature of right and wrong might be reversed. This is what is really fatal in unbelief in our time, — not the rejection of the creed of my church or yours, but the loss of the perception and assurance of the truth that the laws of nature and the inevitable working of the forces of the universe are hostile to falsehood and injustice; that extreme individualism is now abnormal and self-destructive; and that fraternal or social justice is provided for and required by the constitution of things, by the laws of an order which man did not make and cannot change. There is a great deal to be said on the other side. If there were not, we should have no difficulties or problems, and no such arduous task before us here in the education of the people and their emancipation from error and folly.

We must insist on the necessity of sincerity and of knowledge on the part of religious teachers. We need the development of a religion for this world, for the needs and duties of life here. Strictly speaking we have no knowledge of another world or a future life. We may believe profoundly, but we do not know. Belief, trust, and faith are also, as truly as knowledge, great dynamic forces in human life, and have a value of their own. We must have a religion and moral philosophy which will inspire patriotism, and hold us strenuously to the work of making this country a clean, orderly, and wholesome dwelling-place, school, and home for human beings. The religious people and the scientific people are alike foolish and blind when they do not see their equal need of each other as allies against the assault of forces which are equally hostile to both. All who will work for the health of the nation must be welcomed and encouraged. What is good and effective in the church and its teaching will disentangle itself somewhat from that which is lifeless and worldly, if there is anywhere a distinct forward movement. The secular press should criticise frankly the preaching of the day, in so far as it concerns morality and national interests, and we must all expect the most rigid scrutiny of what we teach. We must hasten the introduction into religious speech (varying a little Professor Clarke Maxwell's expression) "of words and phrases consistent with true ideas about nature, instead of others implying false ideas."

The people who believe that the utilitarian doctrines provide a sufficient basis for morality should feel an imperative requirement, in the circumstances of our country, for the development of those doctrines. So far as they are capable of becoming a religious inspiration and

motive for men, they should be made available to the utmost possible extent. They do not yet constitute a religion, except perhaps to a few persons, who represent in a rare degree what is best and highest in American civilization. We need work, just here, by a master's hand, in setting forth the character, meaning, scope, and practical requirements of the utilitarian doctrines in relation to the circumstances and conditions of life in this country to-day. What does utilitarianism teach, and why should men regard and obey it?

A change in the reading of the people is necessary, if we are to improve the national life. Men who could really teach English literature, and show people how to read and understand it, so as to receive culture from it, would be among the most valuable missionaries of the new order of things. If there are such men it would be profitable to employ them.

Men of property or wealth, capitalists, and people of culture who understand the value of property in civilization must accept a great and direct responsibility in regard to all matters pertaining to the moral education of the people. Their course will decide what our national condition shall be for some time to come. We have been too much inclined to hold a few half-starved clergymen chiefly responsible for the moral culture of the masses. There is no good reason for making self-sacrifice and unrecompensed labor for such objects the business of ministers exclusively.

People will say, All this will require a great deal of money. True; but it will save much more. If the future of this country is to be evolved from the elements and tendencies of the present, then, unless something like what is here outlined is undertaken and carried forward, the loss of property (not to speak of moral losses) will be greater than the amount of money that would be required for an educational enterprise on a larger scale than any the past has known. We ought to expend a million of dollars in this work during the next three years, as a beginning. It would be a most profitable business enterprise, — considered merely as an investment of money, — on account of the pecuniary losses which it would prevent.

I observe much complaint lately of the difficulties involved in universal suffrage. They are doubtless great. If the world were wholly different we might do fine things. But we must have methods that can be used as things are, — to begin with, at least. The age is probably the most unteachable since the Revival of Learning. But we can work to-day only where we are. We are shut up to this universal suffrage organization of society, and must find out how to make it serve the ends for which society exists. The franchise is not likely to be narrowed greatly in our time. If America were a jungle of human tigers, still it is our country and the country of our children, and its people, however undeveloped and intractable, are our neighbors, brethren, and fellow-citizens. We must live in some relations with them, and to make these relations orderly, beneficent, and just is worth all it can cost. The union of the States is geographical, official, and mechanical; the unity of the people must be vital, organic, and spiritual. Such unity is not yet actual, only potential.

QUATRAINS.

If ever echo answered bulbul song,
No doubt it stammered back a feeble tune;
And thus I answer Omar Khayyam's rune, —
A much-belated echo, far from strong.

Where are the visions of my infant nights,
And where the dreamy hopes of yester-morn?
Have I done anything since I was born
But watch, with eyelids closed, unreal sights?

I sometimes think of labors gone before,
And say, "To-morrow morning I resume."
The treasured flask retains the old perfume, —
Alas, the treasured flask retains no more!

Because she looked upon the land with me,
Because she looked upon it with *her* eyes,
It seemed to me a land of sweetest guise,
From savage mountain top to savage sea.

An artless artist, I could paint her hair
Of gold, her azure eyes, her glowing face,
Yea, every bloom and glory of her grace, —
Could paint them all, upon the empty air.

I met the child of her who once was dear,
And seemed to love as in the former days:
But she recoiled a little from my gaze,
And said, "That graybeard is the man I fear."

An archer shot an arrow in the dark,
And laughed, "'T is but an arrow thrown away;"
But when he sported forth at dawn of day,
He found his brother lying stiff and stark.

We totter groaning through a cursèd land
Which bears but ashen fruit and poison flowers;
When suddenly it turns to Eden bowers,
Because some passing seraph lifts his hand.

Unless the sun of Austerlitz arise,
In vain the chieftain's head, the hero's heart;
Unless the tricksy wind of fortune start,
We cannot reach one earthly paradise.

O wizard juice of all the vines of time, —
Of all the vines that Noah sent us down!

I mind me sitting in a Tuscan town
Beside a flask which turned the world to rhyme.

A bubble swam upon the flagon's brim,
And, therein drinking, I beheld myself.
I quaffed the very substance of the elf;
I drank destruction, — was it but to *him?*

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,"
And sighed to see the spectres thronging through;
But they replied, "You are the captive, — you;
We have been free as air for centuries."

While in the Pantheon I knelt to pray,
With thoughts of Jove and Jesus much perplext,
A broken Hermes scoffed, "What credence next?"
And haloed saints lamented, "Who can say!"

Here throned the Cæsar; here beneath his feet
The gladiator bowed his pale farewell;
But, standing there, I think of heaven and hell,
And worlds dismissed to triumph or defeat.

J. W. DeForest.

THE EUROPEANS.

X.

The first Sunday that followed Robert Acton's return from Newport witnessed a change in the brilliant weather that had long prevailed. The rain began to fall, and the day was cold and dreary. Mr. Wentworth and his daughters put on overshoes and went to church, and Felix Young, without overshoes, went also, holding an umbrella over Gertrude. It is to be feared that, in the whole observance, this was the privilege he most highly valued. The baroness remained at home; she was in neither a cheerful nor a devotional mood. She had, however, never been, during her residence in the United States, what is called a regular attendant at divine service; and on this particular Sunday morning of which I began with speaking she stood at the window of her little drawing-room, watching the long arm of a rose-tree that was attached to her piazza, but a portion of which had disengaged itself, sway to and fro, shake and gesticulate, against the dusky drizzle of the sky. Every now and then, in a gust of wind, the rose-tree scattered a shower of water-drops against the window-pane; it appeared to have a kind of human movement, — a menacing, warning intention. The room was very cold; Madame Münster put on a shawl and walked about. Then she determined to have some fire; and summoning her ancient negress, the contrast of whose polished ebony and whose crimson turban had been at first a source of satisfaction to her, she made arrangements for the production of a crackling flame. This old woman's name was Azarina. The

baroness had begun by thinking that there would be a savory wildness in her talk, and, for amusement, she had encouraged her to chatter. But Azarina was dry and prim; her conversation was anything but African; she reminded Eugenia of the tiresome old ladies she met in society. She knew, however, how to make a fire; so that after she had laid the logs Eugenia, who was terribly bored, found a quarter of an hour's entertainment in sitting and watching them blaze and sputter. She had thought it very likely Robert Acton would come and see her; she had not met him since that infelicitous evening. But the morning waned without his coming; several times she thought she heard his step on the piazza, but it was only a window-shutter shaking in a rain-gust. The baroness, since the beginning of that episode in her career of which a slight sketch has been attempted in these pages, had had many moments of irritation. But to-day her irritation had a peculiar keenness; it appeared to feed upon itself. It urged her to do something; but it suggested no particularly profitable line of action. If she could have done something at the moment, on the spot, she would have stepped upon a European steamer and turned her back, with a kind of rapture, upon that profoundly mortifying failure, her visit to her American relations. It is not exactly apparent why she should have termed this enterprise a failure, inasmuch as she had been treated with the highest distinction for which allowance had been made in American institutions. Her irritation came, at bottom, from the sense, which, always present, had suddenly grown acute, that the social soil on this big, vague continent was somehow not adapted for growing those plants whose fragrance she especially inclined to inhale, and by which she liked to see herself surrounded, — a species of vegetation for which she carried a collection of seedlings, as we may say, in her pocket. She found her chief happiness in the sense of exerting a certain power and making a certain impression; and now she felt the annoyance of a rather wearied swimmer who, on nearing shore, to land, finds a smooth, straight wall of rock when he had counted upon a clean, firm beach. Her power, in the American air, seemed to have lost its prehensile attributes; the smooth wall of rock was insurmountable. "Surely, *je n'en suis pas là*," she said to herself, "that I let it make me uncomfortable that a Mr. Robert Acton should n't honor me with a visit!" Yet she was vexed that he had not come; and she was vexed at her vexation.

Her brother, at least, came in, stamping in the hall, and shaking the wet from his coat. In a moment he entered the room, with a glow in his cheek and half a dozen rain-drops glistening on his mustache. "Ah, you have a fire," he said.

"Les beaux jours sont passés," replied the baroness.

"Never, never! They have only begun," Felix declared, planting himself before the hearth. He turned his back to the fire, placed his hands behind him, extended his legs, and looked away through the window with an expression of face which seemed to denote the perception of rose-color even in the tints of a wet Sunday.

His sister, from her chair, looked up at him, watching him; and what she saw in his face was not grateful to her present mood. She was not puzzled by many things, but her brother's disposition was a frequent source of wonder to her. I say frequent, and not constant, for there were long periods during which she gave her attention to other problems. Sometimes she had said to herself that his happy temper, his eternal gayety, was an affectation, a *pose;* but she was vaguely conscious that during the present summer he had been a highly successful comedian. They had never yet had an explanation; she had not known the need of one. Felix was presumably following the bent of his disinterested genius, and she felt that she had no advice to give him that he would understand. With this, there was always a certain element of comfort about Felix, — the assurance that he would not interfere. He was very delicate, this pure-

minded Felix; in effect, he was her brother, and Madame Münster felt that there was a great propriety, every way, in that. It is true that Felix was delicate; he was not fond of explanations with his sister; this was one of the very few things in the world about which he was uncomfortable. But now he was not thinking of anything uncomfortable.

"Dear brother," said Eugenia at last, "do stop making *les yeux doux* at the rain."

"With pleasure. I will make them at you!" answered Felix.

"How much longer," asked Eugenia, in a moment, "do you propose to remain in this lonely spot?"

Felix stared. "Do you want to go away — already?"

"'Already' is delicious. I am not so happy as you."

Felix dropped into a chair, looking at the fire. "The fact is I *am* happy," he said, in his light, clear tone.

"And do you propose to spend your life in making love to Gertrude Wentworth?"

"Yes!" said Felix, smiling sidewise at his sister.

The baroness returned his glance, much more gravely; and then, "Do you like her?" she asked.

"Don't you?" Felix demanded.

The baroness was silent a moment. "I will answer you in the words of the gentleman who was asked if he liked music: 'Je ne la crains pas!'"

"She admires you immensely," said Felix.

"I don't care for that. Other women should n't admire one."

"They should dislike you?"

Again Madame Münster hesitated. "They should hate me! It 's a measure of the time I have been losing here that they don't."

"No time is lost in which one has been happy!" said Felix, with a bright sententiousness which may well have been a little irritating.

"And in which," rejoined his sister, with a harsher laugh, "one has secured the affections of a young lady with a fortune!"

Felix explained, very candidly and seriously. "I have secured Gertrude's affection, but I am by no means sure that I have secured her fortune. That may come, — or it may not."

"Ah, well, it *may!* That 's the great point."

"It depends upon her father. He does n't smile upon our union. You know he wants her to marry Mr. Brand."

"I know nothing about it!" cried the baroness. "Please to put on a log." Felix complied with her request, and sat watching the quickening of the flame. Presently his sister added, "And you propose to elope with mademoiselle?"

"By no means. I don't wish to do anything that 's disagreeable to Mr. Wentworth. He has been far too kind to us."

"But you must choose between pleasing yourself and pleasing him."

"I want to please every one!" exclaimed Felix, joyously. "I have a good conscience. I made up my mind at the outset that it was not my place to make love to Gertrude."

"So, to simplify matters, she made love to you?"

Felix looked at his sister with sudden gravity. "You say you are not afraid of her," he said. "But perhaps you ought to be — a little. She 's a very clever person."

"I begin to see it!" cried the baroness. Her brother, making no rejoinder, leaned back in his chair, and there was a long silence. At last, with an altered accent, Madame Münster put another question: "You expect, at any rate, to marry?"

"I shall be greatly disappointed if we don't."

"A disappointment or two will do you good!" the baroness declared. "And, afterwards, do you mean to turn American?"

"It seems to me I am a very good American already. But we shall go to Europe. Gertrude wants extremely to see the world."

"Ah, like me, when I came here!" said the baroness with a little laugh.

"No, not like you," Felix rejoined,

looking at his sister with a certain gentle seriousness. While he looked at her she rose from her chair, and he also got up. "Gertrude is not at all like you," he went on; "but in her own way she is almost as clever." He paused a moment; his soul was full of a sweet feeling and of a lively disposition to express it. His sister, to his spiritual vision, was always like the lunar disk when only a part of it is lighted. The shadow on this bright surface seemed to him to expand and to contract; but whatever its proportions, he always appreciated the moonlight. He looked at the baroness, and then he kissed her. "I am very much in love with Gertrude," he said. Eugenia turned away and walked about the room, and Felix continued. "She is very interesting, and very different from what she seems. She has never had a chance. She is very brilliant. We will go to Europe and amuse ourselves."

The baroness had gone to the window, where she stood looking out. The day was drearier than ever; the rain was doggedly falling. "Yes, to amuse yourselves," she said at last, "you had decidedly better go to Europe!" Then she turned round, looking at her brother. A chair stood near her; she leaned her hands upon the back of it. "Don't you think it is very good of me," she asked, "to come all this way with you simply to see you properly married, — if properly it is?"

"Oh, it will be properly!" cried Felix, with light eagerness.

The baroness gave a little laugh. "You are thinking only of yourself, and you don't answer my question. While you are amusing yourself — with the brilliant Gertrude — what shall I be doing?"

"Vous serez de la partie!" cried Felix.

"Thank you; I should spoil it." The baroness dropped her eyes for some moments. "Do you propose, however, to leave me here?" she inquired.

Felix smiled at her. "My dearest sister, where you are concerned I never propose. I execute your commands."

"I believe," said Eugenia, slowly, "that you are the most heartless person living. Don't you see that I am in trouble?"

"I saw that you were not cheerful, and I gave you some good news."

"Well, let me give you some news," said the baroness. "You probably will not have discovered it for yourself. Robert Acton wants to marry me."

"No, I had not discovered that. But I quite understand it. Why does it make you unhappy?"

"Because I can't decide."

"Accept him, accept him!" cried Felix, joyously. "He is the best fellow in the world."

"He is immensely in love with me," said the baroness.

"And he has a large fortune. Permit me in turn to remind you of that."

"Oh, I am perfectly aware of it," said Eugenia. "That 's a great item in his favor. I am terribly candid." And she left her place and came nearer her brother, looking at him hard. He was turning over several things; she was wondering in what manner he really understood her.

There were several ways of understanding her: there was what she said, and there was what she meant, and there was something, between the two, that was neither. It is probable that, in the last analysis, what she meant was that Felix should spare her the necessity of stating the case more exactly, and should hold himself commissioned to assist her by all honorable means to marry the best fellow in the world. But in all this it was never discovered what Felix understood.

"Once you have your liberty, what are your objections?" he asked.

"Well, I don't particularly like him."

"Oh, try a little."

"I am trying now," said Eugenia. "I should succeed better if he did n't live here. I could never live here."

"Make him go to Europe," Felix suggested.

"Ah, there you speak of happiness based upon violent effort," the baroness rejoined. "That is not what I am look-

ing for. He would never live in Europe."

"He would live anywhere, with you!" said Felix, gallantly.

His sister looked at him still, with a ray of penetration in her charming eyes; then she turned away again. "You see, at all events," she presently went on, "that if it had been said of me that I had come over here to seek my fortune it would have to be added that I have found it!"

"Don't leave it lying!" urged Felix, with smiling solemnity.

"I am much obliged to you for your interest," his sister declared, after a moment. "But promise me one thing: *pas de zèle!* If Mr. Acton should ask you to plead his cause, excuse yourself."

"I shall certainly have the excuse," said Felix, "that I have a cause of my own to plead."

"If he should talk of me — favorably," Eugenia continued, "warn him against dangerous illusions. I detest importunities; I want to decide at my leisure, with my eyes open."

"I shall be discreet," said Felix, "except to you. To you I will say, Accept him outright."

She had advanced to the open doorway, and she stood looking at him. "I will go and dress and think of it," she said; and he heard her moving slowly to her apartments.

Late in the afternoon the rain stopped, and just afterwards there was a great flaming, flickering, trickling sunset. Felix sat in his painting-room and did some work; but at last, as the light, which had not been brilliant, began to fade, he laid down his brushes and came out to the little piazza of the cottage. Here he walked up and down for some time, looking at the splendid blaze of the western sky, and saying, as he had often said before, that this was certainly the country of sunsets; there was something in these glorious deeps of fire that quickened his imagination; he always found images and promises in the western sky. He thought of a good many things, — of roaming about the world with Gertrude Wentworth; he seemed to see their possible adventures, in a glowing frieze, between the cloud-bars; then of what Eugenia had just been telling him. He wished very much that Madame Münster would make a comfortable and honorable marriage. Presently, as the sunset expanded and deepened, the fancy took him of making a note of so magnificent a piece of coloring. He returned to his studio and fetched out a small panel, with his palette and brushes, and, placing the panel against a window-sill, he began to daub with great gusto. While he was so occupied he saw Mr. Brand, in the distance, slowly come down from Mr. Wentworth's house, nursing a large, folded umbrella. He walked with a joyless, meditative tread, and his eyes were bent upon the ground. Felix poised his brush for a moment, watching him; then, by a sudden impulse, as he drew nearer, advanced to the garden gate and signaled to him, — the palette and bunch of brushes contributing to this effect.

Mr. Brand stopped and stared; then he appeared to decide to accept Felix's invitation. He came out of Mr. Wentworth's gate and passed along the road; after which he entered the little garden of the cottage. Felix had gone back to his sunset; but he made his visitor welcome while he rapidly brushed it in.

"I wanted so much to speak to you that I thought I would call you," he said, in the friendliest tone. "All the more that you have been to see me so little. You have come to see my sister; I know that. But you have n't come to see me, — the celebrated artist. Artists are very sensitive, you know; they notice those things." And Felix turned round, smiling, with a brush in his mouth.

Mr. Brand stood there with a certain blank, candid majesty, pulling together the large flaps of his umbrella. "Why should I come to see you?" he asked. "I know nothing of art."

"It would sound very conceited, I suppose," said Felix, "if I were to say that it would be a good little chance for

you to learn something. You would ask me why you should learn; and I should have no answer to that. I suppose a minister has no need for art, eh?"

"He has need for good temper, sir," said Mr. Brand, with decision.

Felix jumped up, with his palette on his thumb and a movement of the liveliest deprecation. "That 's because I keep you standing there while I splash my red paint! I beg a thousand pardons! You see what bad manners art gives a man; and how right you are to let it alone. I did n't mean you should stand, either. The piazza, as you see, is ornamented with rustic chairs; though indeed I ought to warn you that they have nails in the wrong places. I was just making a note of that sunset. I never saw such a blaze of different reds. It looks as if the Celestial City were in flames, eh? If that were really the case I suppose it would be the business of you theologians to put out the fire. Fancy me — an ungodly artist — quietly sitting down to paint it!"

Mr. Brand had always credited Felix Young with a certain impudence, but it appeared to him that on this occasion his impudence was so great as to make a special explanation — or even an apology — necessary. And the impression, it must be added, was sufficiently natural. Felix had at all times a brilliant assurance of manner which was simply the vehicle of his good spirits and his good will; but at present he had a special design, and as he would have admitted that the design was audacious, so he was conscious of having summoned all the arts of conversation to his aid. But he was so far from desiring to offend his visitor that he was rapidly asking himself what personal compliment he could pay the young clergyman that would gratify him most. If he could think of it, he was prepared to pay it down. "Have you been preaching one of your beautiful sermons to-day?" he suddenly asked, laying down his palette. This was not what Felix had been trying to think of, but it was a tolerable stop-gap.

Mr. Brand frowned, — as much as a man can frown who has very fair, soft eyebrows, and, beneath them, very gentle, tranquil eyes. "No, I have not preached any sermon to-day. Did you bring me over here for the purpose of making that inquiry?"

Felix saw that he was irritated, and he regretted it immensely; but he had no fear of not being, in the end, agreeable to Mr. Brand. He looked at him, smiling and laying his hand on his arm. "No, no, not for that, — not for that. I wanted to ask you something; I wanted to tell you something. I am sure it will interest you very much. Only — as it is something rather private — we had better come into my little studio. I have a western window; we can still see the sunset. *Andiamo!*" And he gave a little pat to his companion's arm.

He led the way in; Mr. Brand stiffly and softly followed. The twilight had thickened in the little studio; but the wall opposite the western window was covered with a deep pink flush. There were a great many sketches and half-finished canvases suspended in this rosy glow, and the corners of the room were vague and dusky. Felix begged Mr. Brand to sit down; then, glancing round him, "By Jove, how pretty it looks!" he cried. But Mr. Brand would not sit down; he went and leaned against the window; he wondered what Felix wanted of him. In the shadow, on the darker parts of the wall, he saw the gleam of three or four pictures that looked fantastic and surprising. They seemed to represent naked figures. Felix stood there, with his head a little bent and his eyes fixed upon his visitor, smiling intensely, pulling his mustache. Mr. Brand felt vaguely uneasy. "It is very delicate — what I want to say," Felix began. "But I have been thinking of it for some time."

"Please to say it as quickly as possible," said Mr. Brand.

"It 's because you 're a clergyman, you know," Felix went on. "I don't think I should venture to say it to a common man."

Mr. Brand was silent a moment. "If

it is a question of yielding to a weakness, of resenting an injury, I am afraid I am a very common man."

"My dearest friend," cried Felix, "this is not an injury; it 's a benefit, — a great service! You will like it extremely. Only it 's so delicate!" And, in the dim light, he continued to smile intensely. "You know I take a great interest in my cousins, — in Charlotte and Gertrude Wentworth. That 's very evident from my having journeyed some five thousand miles to see them." Mr. Brand said nothing, and Felix proceeded. "Coming into their society as a perfect stranger I received, of course, a great many new impressions, and my impressions had a great freshness, a great keenness. Do you know what I mean?"

"I am not sure that I do; but I should like you to continue."

"I think my impressions have always a good deal of freshness," said Mr. Brand's entertainer; "but on this occasion it was perhaps particularly natural that — coming in, as I say, from outside — I should be struck with things that passed unnoticed among yourselves. And then I had my sister to help me; and she is simply the most observant woman in the world."

"I am not surprised," said Mr. Brand, "that in our little circle two intelligent persons should have found food for observation. I am sure that, of late, I have found it myself!"

"Ah, but I shall surprise you yet!" cried Felix, laughing. "Both my sister and I took a great fancy to my cousin Charlotte."

"Your cousin Charlotte?" repeated Mr. Brand.

"We fell in love with her from the first!"

"You fell in love with Charlotte?" Mr. Brand murmured.

"*Dame!*" exclaimed Felix, "she 's a very charming person; and Eugenia was especially smitten." Mr. Brand stood staring, and he pursued: "Affection, you know, opens one's eyes, and we noticed something. Charlotte is not happy! Charlotte 's in love." And Felix, drawing nearer, laid his hand again upon his companion's arm.

There was something akin to the influence of fascination in the way Mr. Brand looked at him; but the young clergyman retained, as yet, quite enough self-possession to be able to say, with a good deal of solemnity, "She is not in love with you."

Felix gave a light laugh, and rejoined with the alacrity of a maritime adventurer who feels a puff of wind in his sail. "Ah, no; if she were in love with me I should know it! I am not so blind as you."

"As I?"

"My dear sir, you are stone blind. Poor Charlotte is dead in love with *you!*"

Mr. Brand said nothing for a moment; he breathed a little heavily. "Is that what you wanted to say to me?" he asked.

"I have wanted to say it these three weeks. Because of late she has been worse. I told you," added Felix, "it was very delicate."

"Well, sir" — Mr. Brand began; "well, sir" —

"I was sure you did n't know it," Felix continued. "But don't you see — as soon as I mention it — how everything is explained?" Mr. Brand answered nothing; he looked about him for a chair, and softly sat down. Felix could see that he was blushing; he had looked straight at his host hitherto, but now he looked away. The foremost effect of what he had heard had been a sort of irritation of his modesty. "Of course," said Felix, "I suggest nothing; it would be very presumptuous in me to advise you. But I think there is no doubt about the fact."

Mr. Brand looked hard at the floor for some moments; he was oppressed with a mixture of sensations. Felix, standing there, was very sure that one of them was profound surprise. The innocent young man had been completely unsuspicious of poor Charlotte's hidden flame. This gave Felix great hope; he was sure that Mr. Brand would be flattered. Felix thought him very transpar-

ent, and indeed he was so; he could neither simulate nor dissimulate. "I scarcely know what to make of this," he said at last, without looking up; and Felix was struck with the fact that he offered no protest or contradiction. Evidently, Felix had kindled a train of memories, — a retrospective illumination. It was making, to Mr. Brand's astonished eyes, a very pretty blaze; his second emotion had been a gratification of vanity.

"Thank me for telling you," Felix rejoined. "It's a good thing to know."

"I am not sure of that," said Mr. Brand.

"Ah, don't let her languish!" Felix murmured, lightly and softly.

"You *do* advise me, then?" And Mr. Brand looked up.

"I congratulate you!" said Felix, smiling. He had thought at first his visitor was simply appealing; but he saw he was a little ironical.

"It is in your interest; you have interfered with me," the young clergyman went on.

Felix still stood and smiled. The little room had grown darker, and the crimson glow had faded; but Mr. Brand could see the brilliant expression of his face. "I won't pretend not to know what you mean," said Felix at last. "But I have not really interfered with you. Of what you had to lose — with another person — you have lost nothing. And think what you have gained!"

"It seems to me I am the proper judge, on each side," Mr. Brand declared. He got up, holding the brim of his hat against his mouth, and staring at Felix through the dusk.

"You have lost an illusion!" said Felix.

"What do you call an illusion?"

"The belief that you really know — that you have ever really known — Gertrude Wentworth. Depend upon that," pursued Felix. "I don't know her yet; but I have no illusions; I don't pretend to."

Mr. Brand kept gazing, over his hat. "She has always been a lucid, limpid nature," he said, solemnly.

"She has always been a dormant nature. She was waiting for a touchstone. But now she is beginning to awaken."

"Don't praise her to me!" said Mr. Brand, with a little quaver in his voice. "If you have the advantage of me, that is not generous."

"My dear sir, I am melting with generosity!" exclaimed Felix. "And I am not praising my cousin. I am simply attempting a scientific definition of her. She does n't care for abstractions. Now I think the contrary is what you have always fancied, — is the basis on which you have been building. She is extremely preoccupied with the concrete. I care for the concrete, too. But Gertrude is stronger than I; she whirls me along!"

Mr. Brand looked for a moment into the crown of his hat. "It 's a most interesting nature."

"So it is," said Felix. "But it pulls — it pulls — like a runaway horse. Now I like the feeling of a runaway horse; and if I am thrown out of the vehicle it is no great matter. But if *you* should be thrown, Mr. Brand," — and Felix paused a moment, — "another person also would suffer from the accident."

"What other person?"

"Charlotte Wentworth!"

Mr. Brand looked at Felix for a moment sidewise, mistrustfully; then his eyes slowly wandered over the ceiling. Felix was sure he was secretly struck with the romance of the situation. "I think this is none of our business," the young minister murmured.

"None of mine, perhaps; but surely yours!"

Mr. Brand lingered still, looking at the ceiling; there was evidently something he wanted to say. "What do you mean by Miss Gertrude being strong?" he asked, abruptly.

"Well," said Felix meditatively, "I mean that she has had a great deal of self-possession. She was waiting, — for years; even when she seemed, perhaps, to be living in the present. She knew how to wait; she had a purpose. That 's what I mean by her being strong."

"But what do you mean by her purpose?"

"Well, — the purpose to see the world!"

Mr. Brand eyed his strange informant askance again; but he said nothing. At last he turned away, as if to take leave. He seemed bewildered, however; for instead of going to the door he moved toward the opposite corner of the room. Felix stood and watched him for a moment, — almost groping about in the dusk; then he led him to the door, with a tender, almost fraternal movement. "Is that all you have to say?" asked Mr. Brand.

"Yes, it's all, — but it will bear a good deal of thinking of."

Felix went with him to the garden gate, and watched him slowly walk away into the thickening twilight with a relaxed rigidity that tried to rectify itself. "He is offended, excited, bewildered, perplexed, and enchanted!" Felix said to himself. "That's a capital mixture."

XI.

Since that visit paid by the Baroness Münster to Mrs. Acton, of which some account was given at an earlier stage of this narrative, the intercourse between these two ladies had been neither frequent nor intimate. It was not that Mrs. Acton had failed to appreciate Madame Münster's charms; on the contrary, her perception of the graces of manner and conversation of her brilliant visitor had been only too acute. Mrs. Acton was, as they said in Boston, very "intense," and her impressions were apt to be too many for her. The state of her health required the restriction of emotion; and this is why, receiving, as she sat in her eternal arm-chair, very few visitors, even of the soberest local type, she had been obliged to limit the number of her interviews with a lady whose costume and manner recalled to her imagination — Mrs. Acton's imagination was a marvel — all that she had ever read of the most stirring historical periods. But she had sent the baroness a great many quaintly-worded messages and a great many nosegays from her garden, and baskets of beautiful fruit. Felix had eaten the fruit, and the baroness had arranged the flowers and returned the baskets and the messages. On the day that followed that rainy Sunday of which mention has been made, Eugenia determined to go and pay the beneficent invalid a "*visite d'adieux;*" so it was that, to herself, she qualified her enterprise. It may be noted that neither on the Sunday evening nor on the Monday morning had she received that expected visit from Robert Acton. To his own consciousness, evidently, he was "keeping away;" and as the baroness, on her side, was keeping away from her uncle's, whither, for several days, Felix had been the unembarrassed bearer of apologies and regrets for absence, chance had not taken the cards from the hands of design. Mr. Wentworth and his daughters had respected Eugenia's seclusion; certain intervals of mysterious retirement appeared to them, vaguely, a natural part of the graceful, rhythmic movement of so remarkable a life. Gertrude especially held these periods in honor; she wondered what Madame Münster did at such times, but she would not have permitted herself to inquire too curiously.

The long rain had freshened the air, and twelve hours' brilliant sunshine had dried the roads; so that the baroness, in the late afternoon, proposing to walk to Mrs. Acton's, exposed herself to no great discomfort. As with her charming undulating step she moved along the clean, grassy margin of the road, beneath the thickly hanging boughs of the orchards, through the quiet of the hour and place and the rich maturity of the summer, she was even conscious of a sort of luxurious melancholy. The baroness had the amiable weakness of attaching herself to places, — even when she had begun with a little aversion; and now, with the prospect of departure, she felt tenderly toward this well-wooded corner of the Western world, where the sunsets were so beautiful and one's ambitions were so pure. Mrs. Acton

was able to receive her; but on entering this lady's large, freshly-scented room the baroness saw that she was looking very ill. She was wonderfully white and transparent, and, in her flowered arm-chair, she made no attempt to move. But she flushed a little, — like a young girl, the baroness thought, — and she rested her clear, smiling eyes upon those of her visitor. Her voice was low and monotonous, like a voice that had never expressed any human passions.

"I have come to bid you good-by," said Eugenia. "I shall soon be going away."

"When are you going away?"

"Very soon, — any day."

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Acton. "I hoped you would stay — always."

"Always?" Eugenia demanded.

"Well, I mean a long time," said Mrs. Acton, in her sweet, feeble tone. "They tell me you are so comfortable, — that you have got such a beautiful little house."

Eugenia stared, — that is, she smiled; she thought of her poor little *chalet*, and she wondered whether her hostess were jesting. "Yes, my house is exquisite," she said; "though not to be compared to yours."

"And my son is so fond of going to see you," Mrs. Acton added. "I am afraid my son will miss you."

"Ah, dear madam," said Eugenia, with a little laugh, "I can't stay in America for your son!"

"Don't you like America?"

The baroness looked at the front of her dress. "If I liked it — that would not be staying for your son!"

Mrs. Acton gazed at her with her grave, tender eyes, as if she had not quite understood. The baroness at last found something irritating in the sweet, soft stare of her hostess; and if one were not bound to be merciful to great invalids she would almost have taken the liberty of pronouncing her, mentally, a fool. "I am afraid, then, I shall never see you again," said Mrs. Acton. "You know I am dying."

"Ah, dear madam," murmured Eugenia.

"I want to leave my children cheerful and happy. My daughter will probably marry her cousin."

"Two such interesting young people," said the baroness vaguely. She was not thinking of Clifford Wentworth.

"I feel so tranquil about my end," Mrs. Acton went on. "It is coming so easily, so surely." And she paused, with her mild gaze always on Eugenia's.

The baroness hated to be reminded of death; but even in its imminence, so far as Mrs. Acton was concerned, she preserved her good manners. "Ah, madam, you are too charming an invalid," she rejoined.

But the delicacy of this rejoinder was apparently lost upon her hostess, who went on in her low, reasonable voice. "I want to leave my children bright and comfortable. You seem to me all so happy here, — just as you are. So I wish you could stay. It would be so pleasant for Robert."

Eugenia wondered what she meant by its being pleasant for Robert; but she felt that she would never know what such a woman as that meant. She got up; she was afraid Mrs. Acton would tell her again that she was dying. "Good-by, dear madam," she said. "I must remember that your strength is precious."

Mrs. Acton took her hand and held it a moment. "Well, you *have* been happy here, haven't you? And you like us all, don't you? I wish you would stay," she added, "in your beautiful little house."

She had told Eugenia that her waiting-woman would be in the hall, to show her down-stairs; but the large landing outside her door was empty, and Eugenia stood there looking about. She felt irritated; the dying lady had not "*la main heureuse.*" She passed slowly down-stairs, still looking about. The broad staircase made a great bend, and in the angle was a high window, looking westward, with a deep bench, covered with a row of flowering plants in curious old pots of blue China-ware. The yellow afternoon light came in through the flowers and flickered a little on the white

wainscots. Eugenia paused a moment; the house was perfectly still, save for the ticking, somewhere, of a great clock. The lower hall stretched away at the foot of the stairs, half covered over with a large Oriental rug. Eugenia lingered a little, noticing a great many things. "Comme c'est bien!" she said to herself; such a large, solid, irreproachable basis of existence the place seemed to her to indicate. And then she reflected that Mrs. Acton was soon to withdraw from it. This reflection accompanied her the rest of the way down-stairs, where she paused again, making more observations. The hall was extremely broad, and on either side of the front door was a wide, deeply-set window, which threw the shadows of everything back into the house. There were high-backed chairs along the wall and big Eastern vases upon tables, and, on either side, a large cabinet with a glass front and little curiosities within, dimly gleaming. The doors were open, — into the darkened parlor, the library, the dining-room. All these rooms seemed empty. Eugenia passed along, and stopped a moment on the threshold of each. "Comme c'est bien!" she murmured again; she had thought of just such a house as this when she decided to come to America. She opened the front door for herself, — her light tread had summoned none of the servants, — and on the threshold she gave a last look. Outside, she was still in the humor for curious contemplation; so instead of going directly down the little drive, to the gate, she wandered away toward the garden, which lay to the right of the house. She had not gone many yards over the grass before she paused quickly; she perceived a gentleman stretched upon the level verdure, beneath a tree. He had not heard her coming, and he lay motionless, flat on his back, with his hands clasped under his head, staring up at the sky; so that the baroness was able to reflect, at her leisure, upon the question of his identity. It was that of a person who had lately been much in her thoughts; but her first impulse, nevertheless, was to turn away; the last thing she desired was to have the air of coming in quest of Robert Acton. The gentleman on the grass, however, gave her no time to decide; he could not long remain unconscious of so agreeable a presence. He rolled back his eyes, stared, gave an exclamation, and then jumped up. He stood an instant, looking at her.

"Excuse my ridiculous position," he said.

"I have just now no sense of the ridiculous. But, in case *you* have, don't imagine I came to see you."

"Take care," rejoined Acton, "how you put it into my head! I was thinking of you."

"The occupation of extreme leisure!" said the baroness. "To think of a woman when you are in that position is no compliment."

"I did n't say I was thinking well!" Acton affirmed, smiling.

She looked at him, and then she turned away. "Though I did n't come to see you," she said, "remember at least that I am within your gates."

"I am delighted, — I am honored! Won't you come into the house?"

"I have just come out of it. I have been calling upon your mother. I have been bidding her farewell."

"Farewell?" Acton demanded.

"I am going away," said the baroness. And she turned away again, as if to illustrate her meaning.

"When are you going?" asked Acton, standing a moment in his place. But the baroness made no answer, and he followed her.

"I came this way to look at your garden," she said, walking back to the gate, over the grass. "But I must go."

"Let me at least go with you." He went with her, and they said nothing till they reached the gate. It was open, and they looked down the road, which was darkened over with long bosky shadows. "Must you go straight home?" Acton asked.

But she made no answer. She said, after a moment, "Why have you not been to see me?" He said nothing, and then she went on, "Why don't you answer me?"

"I am trying to invent an answer," Acton confessed.

"Have you not one ready?"

"None that I can tell you," he said. "But let me walk with you now."

"You may do as you like."

She moved slowly along the road, and Acton went with her. Presently he said, "If I had done as I liked I would have come to see you several times."

"Is that invented?" asked Eugenia.

"No, that is natural. I stayed away because" —

"Ah, here comes the reason, then!"

"Because I wanted to think about you."

"Because you wanted to lie down!" said the baroness. "I have seen you lie down — almost — in my drawing-room."

Acton stopped in the road, with a movement which seemed to beg her to linger a little. She paused, and he looked at her a while; he thought her very charming. "You are jesting," he said; "but if you are really going away it is very serious."

"If I stay," and she gave a little laugh, "it is more serious still!"

"When shall you go?"

"As soon as possible."

"And why?"

"Why should I stay?"

"Because we all admire you so."

"That is not a reason. I am admired also in Europe." And she began to walk homeward again.

"What could I say to keep you?" asked Acton. He wanted to keep her, and it was a fact that he had been thinking of her for a week. He was in love with her now; he was conscious of that, or he thought he was; and the only question with him was whether he could trust her.

"What you can say to keep me?" she repeated. "As I want very much to go, it is not in my interest to tell you. Besides, I can't imagine."

He went on with her in silence; he was much more affected by what she had told him than appeared. Ever since that evening of his return from Newport her image had had a terrible power to trouble him. What Clifford Wentworth had told him, — that had affected him, too, in an adverse sense; but it had not liberated him from the discomfort of a charm of which his intelligence was impatient. "She is not honest, she is not honest," he kept murmuring to himself. That is what he had been saying to the summer sky, ten minutes before. Unfortunately, he was unable to say it finally, definitively; and now that he was near her it seemed to matter wonderfully little. "She is a woman who will lie," he had said to himself. Now, as he went along, he reminded himself of this observation; but it failed to frighten him as it had done before. He almost wished he could make her lie and then convict her of it, so that he might see how he should like that. He kept thinking of this as he walked by her side, while she moved forward with her light, graceful dignity. He had sat with her before; he had driven with her; but he had never walked with her.

"By George! how *comme il faut* she is!" he said, as he observed her sidewise. When they reached the cottage in the orchard she passed into the gate without asking him to follow; but she turned round, as he stood there, to bid him goodnight.

"I asked you a question the other night which you never answered," he said. "Have you sent off that document, — liberating yourself?"

She hesitated for a single moment, — very naturally. Then, "Yes," she said, simply.

He turned away; he wondered whether that would do for his lie. But he saw her again that evening, for the baroness reappeared at her uncle's. He had little talk with her, however; two gentlemen had driven out from Boston, in a buggy, to call upon Mr. Wentworth and his daughters, and Madame Münster was an object of absorbing interest to both of the visitors. One of them, indeed, said nothing to her; he only sat and watched her with intense gravity, and leaned forward solemnly, presenting his ear (a very large one), as if he were deaf, whenever she dropped an observation. He had evidently been impressed with the idea of her misfortunes and reverses; he never smiled. His companion adopted a light-

er, easier attitude; sat as near as possible to Madame Münster; attempted to draw her out, and proposed every few moments a new topic of conversation. Eugenia was less vividly responsive than usual, and had less to say than, from her brilliant reputation, her interlocutor expected, upon the relative merits of European and American institutions; but she was inaccessible to Robert Acton, who roamed about the piazza with his hands in his pockets, listening for the grating sound of the buggy from Boston, as it should be brought round to the side door. But he listened in vain, and at last he lost patience. His sister came to him and begged him to take her home, and he presently went off with her. Eugenia observed him leaving the house with Lizzie; in her present mood the fact seemed a contribution to her irritated conviction that he had several precious qualities. "Even that *mal-élevée* little girl," she reflected, "makes him do what she wishes."

She had been sitting just within one of the long windows that opened upon the piazza; but very soon after Acton had gone away she got up abruptly, just when the talkative gentleman from Boston was asking her what she thought of the "moral tone" of that city. On the piazza she encountered Clifford Wentworth, coming round from the other side of the house. She stopped him; she told him she wished to speak to him.

"Why did n't you go home with your cousin?" she asked.

Clifford stared. "Why, Robert has taken her," he said.

"Exactly so. But you don't usually leave that to him."

"Oh," said Clifford, "I want to see those fellows start off. They don't know how to drive."

"It is not, then, that you have quarreled with your cousin?"

Clifford reflected a moment, and then with a simplicity which had, for the baroness, a singularly baffling quality, "Oh, no; we have made up!" he said.

She looked at him for some moments; but Clifford had begun to be afraid of the baroness's looks, and he endeavored, now, to shift himself out of their range. "Why do you never come to see me any more?" she asked. "Have I displeased you?"

"Displeased me? Well, I guess not!" said Clifford, with a laugh.

"Why have n't you come, then?"

"Well, because I am afraid of getting shut up in that back room."

Eugenia kept looking at him. "I should think you would like that."

"Like it!" cried Clifford.

"I should, if I were a young man calling upon a charming woman."

"A charming woman is n't much use to me when I am shut up in that back room!"

"I am afraid I am not of much use to you anywhere!" said Madame Münster. "And yet you know how I have offered to be."

"Well," observed Clifford, by way of response, "there comes the buggy."

"Never mind the buggy. Do you know I am going away?"

"Do you mean now?"

"I mean in a few days. I leave this place."

"You are going back to Europe?"

"To Europe, where you are to come and see me."

"Oh, yes, I 'll come out there," said Clifford.

"But before that," Eugenia declared, "you must come and see me here."

"Well, I shall keep clear of that back room!" rejoined her simple young kinsman.

The baroness was silent a moment. "Yes, you must come frankly, — boldly. That will be very much better. I see that now."

"I see it!" said Clifford. And then, in an instant, "What 's the matter with that buggy?" His practiced ear had apparently detected an unnatural creak in the wheels of the light vehicle which had been brought to the side door of the house, and he hurried away to investigate so grave an anomaly.

The baroness walked homeward, alone, in the starlight, asking herself a question: Was she to have gained nothing? was she to have gained nothing?

Gertrude Wentworth had held a silent place in the little circle gathered about the two gentlemen from Boston. She was not interested in the visitors; she was watching Madame Münster, as she constantly watched her. She knew that Eugenia also was not interested, — that she was bored; and Gertrude was absorbed in study of the problem how, in spite of her indifference and her absent attention, she managed to have such a charming manner. That was the manner Gertrude would have liked to have; she determined to cultivate it, and she wished that — to give her the charm — she might in future very often be bored. While she was engaged in these researches, Felix Young was looking for Charlotte, to whom he had something to say. For some time, now, he had had something to say to Charlotte, and this evening his sense of the propriety of holding some special conversation with her had reached the motive-point, — resolved itself into acute and delightful desire. He wandered through the empty rooms on the large ground-floor of the house, and found her at last in a small apartment denominated, for reasons not immediately apparent, Mr. Wentworth's "office:" an extremely neat and well-dusted room, with an array of law-books, in time-darkened sheep-skin, on one of the walls; a large map of the United States on the other, flanked on either side by an old steel engraving of one of Raphael's Madonnas; and on the third several glass cases containing specimens of butterflies and beetles. Charlotte was sitting by a lamp, embroidering a slipper. Felix did not ask for whom the slipper was destined; he saw it was very large.

He moved a chair toward her and sat down, smiling as usual, but, at first, not speaking. She watched him, with her needle poised, and with a certain shy, fluttered look which she always wore when he approached her. There was something in Felix's manner that quickened her modesty, her self-consciousness; if absolute choice had been given her she would have preferred never to find herself alone with him; and, in fact, though she thought him a most brilliant, distinguished, and well-meaning person, she had exercised a much larger amount of tremulous tact than he ever suspected, to circumvent the accident of a *tête-à-tête*. Poor Charlotte could have given no account of the matter that would not have seemed unjust both to herself and to her foreign kinsman; she could only have said — or rather, she would never have said it — that she did not like so much gentlemen's society at once. She was not reassured, accordingly, when he began, emphasizing his words with a kind of admiring radiance, "My dear cousin, I am enchanted at finding you alone."

"I am very often alone," Charlotte observed. Then she quickly added, "I don't mean I'm lonely!"

"So clever a woman as you is never lonely," said Felix. "You have company in your beautiful work." And he glanced at the big slipper.

"I like to work," declared Charlotte, simply.

"So do I!" said her companion. "And I like to idle, too. But it is not to idle that I have come in search of you. I want to tell you something very particular."

"Well," murmured Charlotte; "of course, if you must" —

"My dear cousin," said Felix, "it 's nothing that a young lady may not listen to. At least I suppose it is n't. But *voyons;* you shall judge. I am terribly in love."

"Well, Felix," began Miss Wentworth, gravely. But her very gravity appeared to check the development of her phrase.

"I am in love with your sister; but in love, Charlotte, — in love!" the young man pursued. Charlotte had laid her work in her lap; her hands were tightly folded on top of it; she was staring at the carpet. "In short, I 'm in love, dear lady," said Felix. "Now I want you to help me."

"To help you?" asked Charlotte, with a tremor.

"I don't mean with Gertrude; she and I have a perfect understanding; and

oh, how well she understands one! I mean with your father, and with the world in general, including Mr. Brand."

"Poor Mr. Brand!" said Charlotte, slowly, but with a simplicity which made it evident to Felix that the young minister had not repeated to Miss Wentworth the talk that had lately occurred between them.

"Ah, now, don't say 'poor' Mr. Brand! I don't pity Mr. Brand at all. But I pity your father a little, and I don't want to displease him. Therefore, you see, I want you to plead for me. You don't think me very shabby, eh?"

"Shabby?" exclaimed Charlotte softly, for whom Felix represented the most polished and iridescent qualities of mankind.

"I don't mean in my appearance," rejoined Felix, laughing; for Charlotte was looking at his boots. "I mean in my conduct. You don't think it 's an abuse of hospitality?"

"To — to care for Gertrude?" asked Charlotte.

"To have really expressed one's self. Because I *have* expressed myself, Charlotte; I must tell you the whole truth, — I have! Of course I want to marry her, — and here is the difficulty. I held off as long as I could; but she is such a terribly fascinating person! She 's a strange creature, Charlotte; I don't believe you really know her." Charlotte took up her tapestry again, and again she laid it down. "I know your father has had higher views," Felix continued; "and I think you have shared them. You have wanted to marry her to Mr. Brand."

"Oh, no," said Charlotte, very earnestly. "Mr. Brand has always admired her. But we did not want anything of that kind."

Felix stared. "Surely, marriage was what you proposed."

"Yes; but we did n't wish to force her."

"A la bonne heure! That 's very unsafe, you know. With these arranged marriages there is often the deuce to pay."

"Oh, Felix," said Charlotte, "we did n't want to 'arrange.'"

"I am delighted to hear that. Because in such cases — even when the woman is a thoroughly good creature — she can't help looking for a compensation. A charming fellow comes along, — and *voilà!*" Charlotte sat mutely staring at the floor, and Felix presently added, "Do go on with your slipper. I like so to see you work."

Charlotte took up her variegated canvas, and began to draw vague blue stitches in a big round rose. "If Gertrude is so — so strange," she said, "why do you want to marry her?"

"Ah, that 's it, dear Charlotte! I like strange women; I always have liked them. Ask Eugenia! And Gertrude is wonderful; she says the most beautiful things!"

Charlotte looked at him, almost for the first time, as if her meaning required to be severely pointed. "You have a great influence over her."

"Yes — and no!" said Felix. "I had at first, I think; but now it is six of one and half a dozen of the other; it 's reciprocal. She affects me strongly, — for she *is* so strong. I don't believe you know her; it 's a beautiful nature."

"Oh, yes, Felix; I have always thought Gertrude's nature beautiful."

"Well, if you think so now," cried the young man, "wait and see! She 's a folded flower. Let me pluck her from the parent tree and you will see her expand. I 'm sure you will enjoy it."

"I don't understand you," murmured Charlotte. "I *can't*, Felix."

"Well, you can understand this, — that I beg you to say a good word for me to your father. He regards me, I naturally believe, as a very light fellow, a Bohemian, an irregular character. Tell him I am not all this; if I ever was, I have forgotten it. I am fond of pleasure, — yes; but of innocent pleasure. Pain is all one; but in pleasure, you know, there are tremendous distinctions. Say to him that Gertrude is a folded flower, and that I am a serious man!"

Charlotte got up from her chair, slow-

ly rolling up her work. "We know you are very kind to every one, Felix," she said. "But we are extremely sorry for Mr. Brand."

"Of course you are, — you especially! Because," added Felix hastily, "you are a woman. But I don't pity him. It ought to be enough for any man that you take an interest in him."

"It's not enough for Mr. Brand," said Charlotte, simply. And she stood there a moment, as if waiting, conscientiously, for anything more that Felix might have to say.

"Mr. Brand is not so keen about his marriage as he was," he presently said. "He 's afraid of your sister. He begins to think she is wicked."

Charlotte looked at him now with beautiful, appealing eyes, — eyes into which he saw the tears rising. "Oh, Felix, Felix," she cried, "what have you done to her?"

"I think she was asleep; I have waked her up!"

But Charlotte, apparently, was really crying; she walked straight out of the room. And Felix, standing there and meditating, had the apparent brutality to take satisfaction in her tears.

Late that night Gertrude, silent and serious, came to him in the garden; it was a kind of appointment. Gertrude seemed to like appointments. She plucked a handful of heliotrope and stuck it into the front of her dress, but she said nothing. They walked together along one of the paths, and Felix looked at the great, square, hospitable house, massing itself vaguely in the starlight, with all its windows darkened.

"I have a little of a bad conscience," he said. "I ought n't to meet you this way till I have got your father's consent."

Gertrude looked at him for some time. "I don't understand you."

"You very often say that," he said. "Considering how little we understand each other, it is a wonder how well we get on!"

"We have done nothing but meet since you came here, — but meet alone. The first time I ever saw you we were alone," Gertrude went on. "What is the difference now? Is it because it is at night?"

"The difference, Gertrude," said Felix, stopping in the path, "the difference is that I love you more — more than before!" And then they stood there, talking, in the warm stillness and in front of the closed, dark house. "I have been talking to Charlotte, — been trying to bespeak her interest with your father. She has a kind of sublime perversity; was ever a woman so bent upon cutting off her own head?"

"You are too careful," said Gertrude; "you are too diplomatic."

"Well," cried the young man, "I did n't come here to make any one unhappy!"

Gertrude looked round her a while in the odorous darkness. "I will do anything you please," she said.

"For instance?" asked Felix, smiling.

"I will go away. I will do anything you please."

Felix looked at her in solemn admiration. "Yes, we will go away," he said. "But we will make peace first."

Gertrude looked about her again, and then she broke out, passionately, "Why do they try to make one feel guilty? Why do they make it so difficult? Why can't they understand?"

"I will make them understand!" said Felix. He drew her hand into his arm, and they wandered about in the garden, talking, for an hour.

XII.

Felix allowed Charlotte time to plead his cause; and then, on the third day, he sought an interview with his uncle. It was in the morning; Mr. Wentworth was in his office; and, on going in, Felix found that Charlotte was at that moment in conference with her father. She had, in fact, been constantly near him since her interview with Felix; she had made up her mind that it was her duty to repeat very literally her cousin's passionate plea. She had accordingly fol-

lowed Mr. Wentworth about like a shadow, in order to find him at hand when she should have mustered sufficient composure to speak. For poor Charlotte, in this matter, naturally lacked composure; especially when she meditated upon some of Felix's intimations. It was not cheerful work, at the best, to keep giving small hammer-taps to the coffin in which one had laid away, for burial, the poor little unacknowledged offspring of one's own misbehaving heart; and the occupation was not rendered more agreeable by the fact that the ghost of one's stifled dream had been summoned from the shades by the strange, bold words of a talkative young foreigner. What had Felix meant by saying that Mr. Brand was not so keen? To herself her sister's justly depressed suitor had shown no sign of faltering. Charlotte trembled all over when she allowed herself to believe for an instant, now and then, that privately Mr. Brand might have faltered; and as it seemed to give more force to Felix's words to repeat them to her father she was waiting until she should have taught herself to be very calm. But she had now begun to tell Mr. Wentworth that she was extremely anxious. She was proceeding to develop this idea, to enumerate the objects of her anxiety, when Felix came in.

Mr. Wentworth sat there, with his legs crossed, lifting his dry, pure countenance from the Boston Advertiser. Felix entered smiling, as if he had something particular to say, and his uncle looked at him as if he both expected and deprecated this event. Felix vividly expressing himself had come to be a formidable figure to his uncle, who had not yet arrived at definite views as to a proper tone. For the first time in his life, as I have said, Mr. Wentworth shirked a responsibility; he earnestly desired that it might not be laid upon him to determine how his nephew's lighter propositions should be treated. He lived under an apprehension that Felix might yet beguile him into assent to doubtful inductions, and his conscience instructed him that the best form of vigilance was the avoidance of discussion. He hoped that the pleasant episode of his nephew's visit would pass away without a lapse of consistency.

Felix looked at Charlotte with an air of understanding, and then at Mr. Wentworth, and then at Charlotte again. Mr. Wentworth bent his refined eyebrows upon his nephew and stroked down the first page of the Advertiser. "I ought to have brought a bouquet," said Felix, laughing. "In France they always do."

"We are not in France," observed Mr. Wentworth, gravely, while Charlotte earnestly gazed at him.

"No, luckily, we are not in France, where I am afraid I should have a harder time of it. My dear Charlotte, have you rendered me that delightful service?" And Felix bent toward her as if some one had been presenting him.

Charlotte looked at him with almost frightened eyes; and Mr. Wentworth thought this might be the beginning of a discussion. "What is the bouquet for?" he inquired, by way of turning it off.

Felix gazed at him, smiling. "Pour la demande!" And then, drawing up a chair, he seated himself, hat in hand, with a kind of conscious solemnity. Presently he turned to Charlotte again.

"My good Charlotte, my admirable Charlotte," he murmured, "you have not played me false, — you have not sided against me?"

Charlotte got up, trembling extremely, though imperceptibly. "You must speak to my father yourself," she said. "I think you are clever enough."

But Felix, rising too, begged her to remain. "I can speak better to an audience!" he declared.

"I hope it is nothing disagreeable," said Mr. Wentworth.

"It 's something delightful, for me!" And Felix, laying down his hat, clasped his hands a little between his knees. "My dear uncle," he said, "I desire, very earnestly, to marry your daughter Gertrude." Charlotte sank slowly into her chair again, and Mr. Wentworth sat staring, with a light in his face that

might have been flashed back from an iceberg. He stared and stared; he said nothing. Felix fell back, with his hands still clasped. "Ah — you don't like it. I was afraid!" He blushed deeply, and Charlotte noticed it, and remarked to herself that it was the first time she had ever seen him blush. She began to blush herself, and to reflect that he might be much in love.

"This is very abrupt," said Mr. Wentworth at last.

"Have you never suspected it, dear uncle?" Felix inquired. "Well, that proves how discreet I have been. Yes, I thought you would n't like it."

"It is very serious, Felix," said Mr. Wentworth.

"You think it 's an abuse of hospitality!" exclaimed Felix, smiling again.

"Of hospitality? — an abuse?" his uncle repeated very slowly.

"That is what Felix said to me," said Charlotte, conscientiously.

"Of course you think so; don't defend yourself!" Felix pursued. "It *is* an abuse, obviously; the most I can claim is that it is perhaps a pardonable one. I simply fell head over heels in love; one can hardly help that. Though you are Gertrude's progenitor I don't believe you know how attractive she is. Dear uncle, she contains the elements of a singularly — I may say a strangely — charming woman!"

"She has always been to me an object of extreme concern," said Mr. Wentworth. "We have always desired her happiness."

"Well, here it is!" Felix declared. "I will make her happy. She believes it, too. Now, had n't you noticed that?"

"I had noticed that she was much changed," Mr. Wentworth declared, in a tone whose unexpressive, unimpassioned quality appeared to Felix to reveal a profundity of opposition. "It may be that she is only becoming what you call a charming woman."

"Gertrude at heart is so earnest, so true," said Charlotte very softly, fastening her eyes upon her father.

"I delight to hear you praise her!" cried Felix.

"She has a very peculiar temperament," said Mr. Wentworth.

"Eh, even that is praise!" Felix rejoined. "I know I am not the man you might have looked for. I have no position and no fortune; I can give Gertrude no place in the world. A place in the world, — that 's what she ought to have; that would bring her out."

"A place to do her duty!" remarked Mr. Wentworth.

"Ah, how charmingly she does it, — her duty!" Felix exclaimed, with a radiant face. "What an exquisite conception she has of it! But she comes honestly by that, dear uncle." Mr. Wentworth and Charlotte both looked at him as if they were watching a greyhound doubling. "Of course with me she will hide her light under a bushel," he continued; "I being the bushel! Now I know you like me, — you have certainly proved it. But you think I am frivolous and penniless and shabby! Granted, — granted, — a thousand times granted. I have been a loose fish, — a fiddler, a painter, an actor. But there is this to be said: In the first place, I fancy you exaggerate; you lend me qualities I have n't had. I have been a Bohemian, — yes; but in Bohemia I always passed for a gentleman. I wish you could see some of my old *camarades*, — they would tell you! It was the liberty I liked, but not the opportunities! My sins were all peccadilloes; I always respected my neighbor's property, — my neighbor's right. Do you see, dear uncle?" Mr. Wentworth ought to have seen; his cold blue eyes were intently fixed. "And then, *c'est fini!* It 's all over. *Je me range.* I have settled down to a jog-trot. I find I can earn my living — a very fair one — by going about the world and painting bad portraits. It 's not a glorious profession, but it is a perfectly respectable one. You won't deny that, eh? Going about the world, I say; I must not deny that, for that I am afraid I shall always do, — in quest of agreeable sitters. When I say agreeable, I mean susceptible of delicate flattery and prompt of payment. Gertrude declares she is willing to share my wan-

derings and help to pose my models. She even thinks it will be charming; and that brings me to my third point. Gertrude likes me. Encourage her a little and she will tell you so."

Felix's tongue obviously moved much faster than the imagination of his auditors; his eloquence, like the rocking of a boat in a deep, smooth lake, made long eddies of silence. And he seemed to be pleading and chattering still, with his brightly eager smile, his uplifted eyebrows, his expressive mouth, after he had ceased speaking, and while, with his glance quickly turning from the father to the daughter, he sat waiting for the effect of his appeal. "It is not your want of means," said Mr. Wentworth, after a period of severe reticence.

"Now it's delightful of you to say that! Only don't say it's my want of character. Because I have a character, — I assure you I have; a small one, a little slip of a thing, but still something tangible."

"Ought you not to tell Felix that it is Mr. Brand, father?" Charlotte asked, with infinite mildness.

"It is not only Mr. Brand," Mr. Wentworth solemnly declared. And he looked at his knee for a long time. "It is difficult to explain," he said. He wished, evidently, to be very just. "It rests on moral grounds, as Mr. Brand says. It is the question whether it is the best thing for Gertrude."

"What is better, — what is better, dear uncle?" Felix rejoined urgently, rising in his urgency and standing before Mr. Wentworth. His uncle had been looking at his knee; but when Felix moved he transferred his gaze to the handle of the door which faced him. "It is usually a fairly good thing for a girl to marry the man she loves!" cried Felix.

While he spoke, Mr. Wentworth saw the handle of the door begin to turn; the door opened and remained slightly ajar, until Felix had delivered himself of the cheerful axiom just quoted. Then it opened altogether, and Gertrude stood there. She looked excited; there was a spark in her sweet, dull eyes. She came in slowly, but with an air of resolution, and, closing the door softly, looked round at the three persons present. Felix went to her with an air of tender gallantry, holding out his hand, and Charlotte made a place for her on the sofa. But Gertrude put her hands behind her, and made no motion to sit down.

"We are talking of you!" said Felix.

"I know it," she answered. "That 's why I came." And she fastened her eyes on her father. He returned her gaze very fixedly; but in his own cold blue eyes there was a kind of pleading, reasoning light.

"It is better you should be present," said Mr. Wentworth. "We are discussing your future."

"Why discuss it?" asked Gertrude. "Leave it to me."

"That is, to me!" cried Felix.

"I leave it, in the last resort, to a greater wisdom than ours," said the old man.

Felix rubbed his forehead gently. "But *en attendant* the last resort, your father lacks confidence," he said to Gertrude.

"Have n't you confidence in Felix?" Gertrude was frowning. There was something about her that her father and Charlotte had never seen. Charlotte got up and came to her, as if to put her arm round her; but, suddenly, she seemed afraid to touch her.

Mr. Wentworth, however, was not afraid. "I have had more confidence in Felix than in you," he said.

"Yes, you have never had confidence in me, — never, never! I don't know why."

"Oh, sister, sister!" murmured Charlotte.

"You have always needed advice," Mr. Wentworth declared. "You have had a very difficult temperament."

"Why do you call it difficult? It might have been easy, if you had allowed it. You would n't let me be natural. I don't know what you wanted to make of me. Mr. Brand was the worst."

Charlotte at last took hold of her sister. She laid her two hands upon Ger-

trude's arm. "He cares so much for you," she almost whispered.

Gertrude looked at her intently an instant; then kissed her. "No, he does not," she said.

"I have never seen you so passionate," observed Mr. Wentworth, with an air of irritation mitigated by high principles.

"I am sorry if I offend you," said Gertrude.

"You offend me, but I don't think you are sorry."

"Yes, father, she is sorry," said Charlotte.

"I would even go further, dear uncle," Felix interposed. "I would question whether she really offends you. How can she offend you?"

To this Mr. Wentworth made no immediate answer. Then, in a moment, "She has not profited as we hoped."

"Profited? Ah, *voilà!*" Felix exclaimed.

Gertrude was very pale. She stood looking down. "I have told Felix I would go away with him," she presently said.

"Ah, you have said some admirable things!" cried the young man.

"Go away, sister?" asked Charlotte.

"Away, — away; to some strange country."

"That is to frighten you," said Felix, smiling at Charlotte.

"To — what do you call it?" asked Gertrude, turning an instant to Felix. "To Bohemia."

"Do you propose to dispense with preliminaries?" asked Mr. Wentworth, getting up.

"Dear uncle, *vous plaisantez!*" cried Felix. "It seems to me that these are preliminaries."

Gertrude turned to her father. "I *have* profited," she said. "You wanted to form my character. Well, my character is formed, — for my age. I know what I want; I have chosen. I am determined to marry this gentleman."

"You had better consent, sir," said Felix, very gently.

"Yes, sir, you had better consent," added a very different voice.

Charlotte gave a little jump, and the others turned to the direction from which it had come. It was the voice of Mr. Brand, who had stepped through the long window which stood open to the piazza. He stood patting his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief; he was very much flushed; his face wore a singular expression.

"Yes, sir, you had better consent," Mr. Brand repeated, coming forward. "I know what Miss Gertrude means."

"My dear friend!" murmured Felix, laying his hand caressingly on the young minister's arm.

Mr. Brand looked at him; then at Mr. Wentworth; lastly at Gertrude. He did not look at Charlotte. But Charlotte's earnest eyes were fastened to his own countenance; they were asking an immense question of it. The answer to this question could not come all at once; but some of the elements of it were there. It was one of the elements of it that Mr. Brand was very red, that he held his head very high, that he had a bright, excited eye and an air of embarrassed boldness, — the air of a man who has taken a resolve, in the execution of which he apprehends the failure, not of his moral, but of his personal resources. Charlotte thought he looked very grand; and it is incontestable that Mr. Brand felt very grand. This, in fact, was the grandest moment of his life; and it was natural that such a moment should contain opportunities of awkwardness for a large, stout, modest young man.

"Come in, sir," said Mr. Wentworth, with an angular wave of his hand. "It is very proper that you should be present."

"I know what you are talking about," Mr. Brand rejoined. "I heard what your nephew said."

"And he heard what you said!" exclaimed Felix, patting him again on the arm.

"I am not sure that I understood," said Mr. Wentworth, who had angularity in his voice as well as in his gestures.

Gertrude had been looking hard at her former suitor. She had been puzzled,

like her sister. But her imagination moved more quickly than Charlotte's. "Mr. Brand asked you to let Felix take me away," she said to her father.

The young minister gave her a strange look. "It is not because I don't want to see you any more," he declared, in a tone intended, as it were, for publicity.

"I should n't think you would want to see me any more," Gertrude answered, gently.

Mr. Wentworth stood staring. "Is n't this rather a change, sir?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir." And Mr. Brand looked everywhere; only still not at Charlotte. "Yes, sir," he repeated. And he held his handkerchief a few moments to his lips.

"Where are our moral grounds?" demanded Mr. Wentworth, who had always thought Mr. Brand would be just the thing for a younger daughter with a peculiar temperament.

"It is sometimes very moral to change, you know," said Felix.

Charlotte had softly left her sister's side. She had edged gently toward her father, and now her hand found its way into his arm. Mr. Wentworth had folded up the Advertiser into a surprisingly small compass, and, holding the roll with one hand, he earnestly clasped it with the other. Mr. Brand was looking at him; and yet, though Charlotte was so near, his eyes failed to meet her own. Gertrude watched her sister.

"It is better not to speak of change," said Mr. Brand. "In one sense there is no change. There was something I desired, — something I asked of you; I desire something still, — I ask it of you." And he paused a moment. Mr. Wentworth looked bewildered. "I should like, in my ministerial capacity, to unite this young couple."

Gertrude, watching her sister, saw Charlotte flushing intensely, and Mr. Wentworth felt her pressing upon his arm. "Heavenly Powers!" murmured Mr. Wentworth. And it was the nearest approach to profanity he had ever made.

"That is very nice; that is very handsome!" Felix exclaimed.

"I don't understand," said Mr. Wentworth; though it was plain that every one else did.

"That is very beautiful, Mr. Brand," said Gertrude, emulating Felix.

"I should like to marry you. It will give me great pleasure."

"As Gertrude says, it 's a beautiful idea," said Felix.

Felix was smiling, but Mr. Brand was not even trying to. He himself treated his proposition very seriously. "I have thought of it, and I should like to do it," he affirmed.

Charlotte, meanwhile, was staring, with expanded eyes. Her imagination, as I have said, was not so rapid as her sister's, but now it had taken several little jumps. "Father," she murmured, "consent!"

Mr. Brand heard her. He looked away. Mr. Wentworth, evidently, had no imagination at all. "I have always thought," he began, slowly, "that Gertrude's character required a special line of development."

"Father," repeated Charlotte, "consent."

Then, at last, Mr. Brand looked at her. Her father felt her leaning more heavily upon his folded arm than she had ever done before; and this, with a certain sweet faintness in her voice, made him wonder what was the matter. He looked down at her, and saw the encounter of her gaze with the young theologian's; but even this told him nothing, and he continued to be bewildered. Nevertheless, "I consent," he said at last, "since Mr. Brand recommends it."

"I should like to perform the ceremony very soon," observed Mr. Brand, with a sort of solemn simplicity.

"Come, come, that 's charming!" cried Felix, piquantly.

Mr. Wentworth sank into his chair. "Doubtless, when you understand it," he said, with a certain judicial asperity.

Gertrude went to her sister and led her away, and Felix having passed his arm into Mr. Brand's, and stepped out of the long window with him, the old man was left sitting there in unillumined perplexity.

Felix did no work that day. In the afternoon, with Gertrude, he got into one of the boats, and floated about with idly-dipping oars. They talked a good deal of Mr. Brand, — though not exclusively.

"That was a fine stroke," said Felix. "It was really heroic."

Gertrude sat musing, with her eyes upon the ripples. "That was what he wanted to be; he wanted to do something fine."

"He won't be comfortable till he has married us," said Felix. "So much the better."

"He wanted to be magnanimous; he wanted to have a fine moral pleasure. I know him so well," Gertrude went on. Felix looked at her; she spoke slowly, gazing at the clear water. "He thought of it a great deal, night and day. He thought it would be beautiful. At last he made up his mind that it was his duty, his duty to do just that, — nothing less than that. He felt exalted; he felt sublime. That 's how he likes to feel. It is better for him than if I had listened to him."

"It 's better for me," smiled Felix. "But do you know, as regards the sacrifice, that I don't believe he admired you when this decision was taken quite so much as he had done a fortnight before?"

"He never admired me. He admires Charlotte; he pitied me. I know him so well."

"Well, then, he did n't pity you so much."

Gertrude looked at Felix a little, smiling. "You should n't permit yourself," she said, "to diminish the splendor of his action. He admires Charlotte," she repeated.

"That 's capital!" said Felix laughingly, and dipping his oars. I cannot say exactly to which member of Gertrude's phrase he alluded; but he dipped his oars again, and they kept floating about.

Neither Felix nor his sister, on that day, was present at Mr. Wentworth's at the evening repast. The two occupants of the chalet dined together, and the young man informed his companion that his marriage was now an assured fact. Eugenia congratulated him, and replied that if he were as reasonable a husband as he had been, on the whole, a brother, his wife would have nothing to complain of.

Felix looked at her a moment, smiling. "I hope," he said, "not to be thrown back on my reason."

"It is very true," Eugenia rejoined, "that one's reason is dismally flat. It's a bed with the mattress removed."

But the brother and sister, later in the evening, crossed over to the larger house, the baroness desiring to compliment her prospective sister-in-law. They found the usual circle upon the piazza, with the exception of Clifford Wentworth and Lizzie Acton; and as every one stood up, as usual, to welcome the baroness Eugenia had an admiring audience for her compliment to Gertrude.

Robert Acton stood on the edge of the piazza, leaning against one of the white columns, so that he found himself next to Eugenia while she acquitted herself of a neat little discourse of congratulation.

"I shall be so glad to know you better," she said; "I have seen so much less of you than I should have liked. Naturally; now I see the reason why! You will love me a little, won't you? I think I may say I gain on being known." And terminating these observations with the softest cadence of her voice, the baroness imprinted a sort of grand, official kiss upon Gertrude's forehead.

Increased familiarity had not, to Gertrude's imagination, diminished the mysterious impressiveness of Eugenia's personality, and she felt flattered and transported by this little ceremony. Robert Acton also seemed to admire it, as he admired so many of the gracious manifestations of Madame Münster's wit.

They had the privilege of making him restless, and on this occasion he walked away, suddenly, with his hands in his pockets, and then came back and leaned against his column. Eugenia was now complimenting her uncle upon his daughter's engagement, and Mr. Wentworth

was listening with his usual plain yet refined politeness. It is to be supposed that by this time his perception of the mutual relations of the young people who surrounded him had become more acute; but he still took the matter very seriously, and he was not at all exhilarated.

"Felix will make her a good husband," said Eugenia. "He will be a charming companion; he has a great quality, — indestructible gayety."

"You think that 's a great quality?" asked the old man.

Eugenia meditated, with her eyes upon his. "You think one gets tired of it, eh?"

"I don't know that I am prepared to say that," said Mr. Wentworth.

"Well, we will say, then, that it is tiresome for others, but delightful for one's self. A woman's husband, you know, is supposed to be her second self; so that, for Felix and Gertrude, gayety will be a common property."

"Gertrude was always very gay," said Mr. Wentworth. He was trying to follow this argument.

Robert Acton took his hands out of his pockets and came a little nearer to the baroness. "You say you gain by being known," he said. "One certainly gains by knowing you."

"What have *you* gained?" asked Eugenia.

"An immense amount of wisdom."

"That 's a questionable advantage for a man who was already so wise!"

Acton shook his head. "No, I was a great fool before I knew you!"

"And being a fool you made my acquaintance? You are very complimentary."

"Let me keep it up," said Acton, laughing. "I hope, for our pleasure, that your brother's marriage will detain you."

"Why should I stop for my brother's marriage when I would n't stop for my own?" asked the baroness.

"Why should n't you stop in either case, now that, as you say, you have dissolved that mechanical tie that bound you to Europe?"

The baroness looked at him a moment. "As I say? You look as if you doubted it."

"Ah," said Acton, returning her glance, "that is a remnant of my old folly! We have other attractions," he added. "We are to have another marriage."

But she seemed not to hear him; she was looking at him still. "My word was never doubted before," she said.

"We are to have another marriage," Acton repeated, smiling.

Then she appeared to understand. "Another marriage?" And she looked at the others. Felix was chattering to Gertrude; Charlotte, at a distance, was watching them; and Mr. Brand, in quite another quarter, was turning his back to them, and with his hands under his coat-tails and his large head on one side was looking at the small, tender crescent of a young moon. "It ought to be Mr. Brand and Charlotte," said Eugenia, "but it does n't look like it."

"There," Acton answered, "you must judge, just now, by contraries. There is more than there looks to be. I expect that combination one of these days; but that is not what I meant."

"Well," said the baroness, "I can never guess my own lovers; so I can't guess other people's."

Acton gave a little laugh, and he was about to add a rejoinder, when Mr. Wentworth approached his niece. "You will be interested to hear," the old man said, with a momentary aspiration toward jocosity, "of another matrimonial venture in our little circle."

"I was just telling the baroness," Acton observed.

"Mr. Acton was apparently about to announce his own engagement," said Eugenia.

Mr. Wentworth's jocosity increased. "It 's not exactly that; but it is in the family. Clifford, hearing this morning that Mr. Brand had expressed a desire to tie the nuptial knot for his sister, took it into his head to arrange that, while his hand was in, our good friend should perform a like ceremony for himself and Lizzie Acton."

The baroness threw back her head and smiled at her uncle; then turning, with an intenser radiance, to Robert Acton, "I am certainly very stupid not to have thought of that," she said. Acton looked down at his boots, as if he thought he had perhaps reached the limits of legitimate experimentation, and for a moment Eugenia said nothing more. It had been, in fact, a sharp knock, and she needed to recover herself. This was done, however, promptly enough. "Where are the young people?" she asked.

"They are spending the evening with my mother."

"Is not the thing very sudden?"

Acton looked up. "Extremely sudden. There had been a tacit understanding; but within a day or two Clifford appears to have received some mysterious impulse to precipitate the affair."

"The impulse," said the baroness, "was the charms of your very pretty sister."

"But my sister's charms were an old story; he had always known her." Acton had begun to experiment again.

Here, however, it was evident the baroness would not help him. "Ah, one can't say! Clifford is very young; but he is a nice boy."

"He 's a likeable sort of boy, and he will be a rich man." This was Acton's last experiment; Madame Münster turned away.

She made but a short visit, and Felix took her home. In her little drawing-room she went almost straight to the mirror over the chimney-piece, and, with a candle uplifted, stood looking into it. "I shall not wait for your marriage," she said to her brother. "To-morrow my maid shall pack up."

"My dear sister," Felix exclaimed, "we are to be married immediately! Mr. Brand is too uncomfortable."

But Eugenia, turning and still holding her candle aloft, only looked about the little sitting-room at her gimcracks and curtains and cushions. "My maid shall pack up," she repeated. "*Bonté divine*, what rubbish! I feel like a strolling actress; these are my 'properties.'"

"Is the play over, Eugenia?" asked Felix.

She gave him a sharp glance. "I have spoken my part."

"With great applause!" said her brother.

"Oh, applause — applause!" she murmured. And she gathered up two or three of her dispersed draperies. She glanced at the beautiful brocade, and then, "I don't see how I can have endured it!" she said.

"Endure it a little longer. Come to my wedding."

"Thank you; that 's your affair. My affairs are elsewhere."

"Where are you going?"

"To Germany, — by the first ship."

"You have decided not to marry Mr. Acton?"

"I have refused him," said Eugenia.

Her brother looked at her in silence. "I am sorry," he rejoined at last. "But I was very discreet, as you asked me to be. I said nothing."

"Please continue, then, not to allude to the matter," said Eugenia.

Felix inclined himself gravely. "You shall be obeyed. But your position in Germany?" he pursued.

"Please to make no observations upon it."

"I was only going to say that I supposed it was altered."

"You are mistaken."

"But I thought you had signed" —

"I have not signed!" said the baroness.

Felix urged her no further, and it was arranged that he should immediately assist her to embark.

Mr. Brand was indeed, it appeared, very impatient to consummate his sacrifice, and deliver the nuptial benediction which would set it off so handsomely; but Eugenia's impatience to withdraw from a country in which she had not found the fortune she had come to seek was even less to be mistaken. It is true she had not made any great variety of exertion; but she appeared to feel justified in generalizing, — in deciding that the conditions of action on this provincial continent were not favorable to really

superior women. The elder world was after all their natural field. The unembarrassed directness with which she proceeded to apply these intelligent conclusions appeared to the little circle of spectators who have figured in our narrative but the supreme exhibition of a character to which the experience of life had imparted an inimitable pliancy. It had a distinct effect upon Robert Acton, who, for the two days preceding her departure, was a very restless and irritated mortal. She passed her last evening at her uncle's, where she had never been more charming; and in parting with Clifford Wentworth's affianced bride she drew from her own finger a curious old ring, and presented it to her with the prettiest speech and kiss. Gertrude, who as an affianced bride was also indebted to her gracious bounty, admired this little incident extremely, and Robert Acton almost wondered whether it did not give him the right, as Lizzie's brother and guardian, to offer in return a handsome present to the baroness. It would have made him extremely happy to be able to offer a handsome present to the baroness; but he abstained from this expression of his sentiments, and they were, in consequence, at the very last, by so much less comfortable. It was almost at the very last that he saw her, — late the night before she went to Boston to embark.

"For myself, I wish you might have stayed," he said. "But not for your own sake."

"I don't make so many differences," said the baroness. "I am simply sorry to be going."

"That 's a much deeper difference than mine," Acton declared; "for you mean you are simply glad!"

Felix parted with her on the deck of the ship. "We shall often meet over there," he said.

"I don't know," she answered. "Europe seems to me much larger than America."

Mr. Brand, of course, in the days that immediately followed, was not the only impatient spirit; but it may be said that of all the young spirits interested in the event none rose more eagerly to the level of the occasion. Gertrude left her father's house with Felix Young; they were imperturbably happy and they went far away. Clifford and his young wife sought their felicity in a narrower circle, and the latter's influence upon her husband was such as to justify, strikingly, the theory of the elevating effect of easy intercourse with clever women which Felix had propounded to Mr. Wentworth. Gertrude was for a good while a distant figure, but she came back when Charlotte married Mr. Brand. She was present at the wedding feast, where Felix's gayety confessed to no change. Then she disappeared, and the echo of a gayety of her own, mingled with that of her husband, often came back to the home of her earlier years. Mr. Wentworth at last found himself listening for it; and Robert Acton, after his mother's death, married a particularly nice young girl.

Henry James, Jr.

SUMMER NOON.

EARTH spirit, thou dost love a windless sky,
And the deep silence of the heated noon,
When little breezes scarce go wandering by,
And summer's spell has charmed the robin's tune.

Great potency of nature now has thrilled
Into the fibres of thy languid frame;
Mandragora and poppy, twice distilled,
Rise like a vapor to thy drowsy brain.

When tired mowers seek a friendly shade
Oft to the tumbled meadows thou dost hie;
On clover pillows leans thy heavy head,
And perfumes steal from where the windrows lie.

A burning haze has veiled the grassy land;
The sun's remorseless tides are pouring down;
A naked blade whirled in a mighty hand
Flashes the jewels of thy queenly crown.

The laden bee drones in thy heedless ear;
The cicada sings, loving well the heat;
The priestly cricket, though none heed or hear,
His *benedictus* chants amid the wheat.

No leaflet trembles on the tangled hedge,
The fern droops hidden in its mossy nook;
A dragon's breath has scorched the plumy sedge,
And e'en the wild rose faints beside the brook.

Now shadows gather on broad-breasted hills,
Where the dim pines and feathered larches lean;
And dewy evening freshness soft distills
From hidden depths, and from the noiseless stream.

Arise, earth spirit, and shake off thy swoon,
Drunk with the sunshine as with fervid wine;
Arise, and free thee from the heated noon,
And in thy locks bind rose and eglantine!

See where she moves across the meadow plain,
With waving robe that freshens all the flowers!
A sense of dew, a breath of tender rain,
Brings thoughts of sea-wind and of dropping showers.

About her steps the little breezes curl,
And fledgelings try their new, untutored wings;
In airy dance the swallows skim and whirl,
And the shy evening songster sweetly sings.

Augusta Larned.

POGANUC PEOPLE, AND OTHER NOVELS.

THE early crop of native American novels for 1878 is of rather more than usual interest. The first fact to be noted about them, and the most unusual, is that many of them have a distinctness of character which almost amounts to individuality. In place of careful and refined but timid and insignificant studies in Old World styles, we have several unquestionably bold attempts, and more or less piquant and animating failures.

Mrs. Champney's Bourbon Lilies[1] is not a failure in any sense. It is a particularly graceful and finished little story, showing much tenderness of feeling and liveliness of mind; but the scenery and characters are almost exclusively French, and its proper place is with the interesting studies of Miss Peard and Mr. Hamerton, — not among American books at all. We have also a somewhat mysterious and awful history, entitled Seola,[2] purporting to be derived from the oldest manuscript in the world, and to record, for our instruction, the coquetries of the wife and daughter of Japhet with Lucifer and the lesser rebel angels, who are supposed to have relieved the restlessness from which they suffered before they became thoroughly wonted to Tophet by disturbing the peace of human families. They did, in fact, according to our author, accomplish a good deal of mischief; but the flood proved a heroic remedy, — a sort of water-cure, — and set all straight again; and he goes into minute and not very savory details of that exceedingly moist and unpleasant occasion. Those who have an active theological interest in the Noachian deluge will, no doubt, read this anonymous volume with serious attention, but the average reader will be apt to prefer something more modern and realistic.

[1] *Bourbon Lilies: A Story of Artist Life.* By LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. 1878.

[2] *Seola.* Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1878.

With these two exceptions, the themes of the new books are all American, the mode of treatment unconventional, and the experiments in construction and freaks of phraseology of a sort for which our European tutors in fiction, whom we have hitherto feared so much, and whose excellence in their own line it really seems so hopeless for us to try to emulate, will cheerfully disclaim all responsibility. Perhaps it is better so; we have been pottering at copies a good while. It may be time for us to break wholly away from the models which we shall hardly approach much nearer than now, and set our native and moderately developed wits at work on the undeniably raw material which lies all about us. For the finest copy can have but a trifling intrinsic value, while an original design may be even ludicrously faulty, and yet promise excellent things.

And it so happens that among the novelists of the new year we find three, at least, who have already proved themselves, in a remarkable degree, original and national. If Hawthorne's peerless name could be substituted for the least familiar of these three, we might safely say our three most original. Mrs. Stowe gives us Poganuc People;[3] Bret Harte, The Story of a Mine; and William M. Baker, the eccentric and almost forgotten author of A New Timothy, published a decade or more ago in Harper's Magazine, comes briskly to the front with a racy and wonderfully ill-written tale entitled A Year Worth Living, and relating to a place and people of which, as he justly reminds us on his title-page, we can ill afford, and particularly at present, to remain ignorant.

The tale of Poganuc is thin and quiet, the slow trickling of a stream which flowed abundantly and, properly speak-

[3] *Poganuc People: Their Loves and Lives.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulburt. 1878.

ing, exhausted itself in Oldtown Folks; a series of sober and unromantic, though sometimes mildly affecting reminiscences, which Mrs. Stowe's long literary experience enables her to relate pleasantly and without effort. These are authentic reminiscences, and have a historical, quite distinct from their literary, value. The old New England rural life can hardly be too fully and minutely illustrated for those who came too late to behold it, for the significance of that life in the fast-culminating story of this nation is inestimable. Mrs. Stowe knew it thoroughly, and has fathomed its philosophy and felt its dumb, dark poetry as few others ever have. In the austere courts of that "prison of Puritanism" whose futile outer walls it makes Mr. Matthew Arnold so ill to look upon, there grew up and blossomed between the flags a few sweet and pallid flowers, of which the very species is likely to be trampled out of existence under the tread of vulgar feet, now that those courts are wide open both for ingress and egress. The first Unitarians, who broke jail three quarters of a century ago, kept reverently enough the seeds of these wan flowers, but were not always successful in their culture upon open ground. And so, not to insist too long upon our metaphor, we are fain to depend for the knowledge which we crave upon pressed and dried specimens like Mrs. Stowe's, and to be thankful even for the Poganuc sketches, which are but the last, uncolored leavings of a large and loving collection.

Whether the dialect supposed to have been spoken by the rude forefathers of the New England hamlets be as worthy of preservation in books as their manners and customs and spiritual experiences is a more doubtful matter. So far as it was a genuine dialect, and a reservoir of old English forms and words, — as to some extent it certainly was, — it is interesting. So far as it consisted merely, and still consists among the unrefined, of a wanton distortion of sounds and a hardy disobedience to grammar, it is wholly base, and the sooner it passes out of both ear and mind the better. Ruskin was nearer the truth than usual when he said, long ago, "Provincial dialect is not vulgar; but cockney dialect, the corruption by blunted sense of a finer language continually heard, is so, in a deep degree." Now if Mrs. Stowe is right in supposing the difference to have been as wide, one hundred years ago, as she represents, between the speech of the professional and that of the agricultural classes in a considerable country place, then there was unquestionably, as Ruskin says, a deep vulgarity in the talk of the farmers; for they mingled freely with their betters in that primitive society, and had constant opportunities of hearing a purer language. And in truth the effect of the close juxtaposition of these two styles, in the pages of this or any novel, is actually one of vulgarity; while any fun there may once have been in it is long since worn out.

But perhaps Mrs. Stowe is wrong, and mistakes late knowledge for early recollection, as people are rather apt to do. We should be more inclined to think so, were it not that the sincere and reflective author of Gemini,[1] the latest of the No Name novels, gives exactly the same account of the difference at present existing between the talk of these two kinds of people in a remote district of New Hampshire, where the mode of living is to all intents and purposes from fifty to a hundred years behind that of the sea-board. And this is perhaps the best place in which to give a word of hearty praise to Gemini, — an extremely simple and sorrowful little story, evidently by a new author, but bearing a stamp of quiet veracity which is allied more nearly than we sometimes think to the highest art. It is the humblest of tragedies, and has nothing to do with "terror," and little with passion; but it does purify the heart by "pity," as we read. The style reveals, on every page, that deep and ample but hardly conscious culture, still oftenest attained in solitary places by those who go much to books for their own sake only, and not because

[1] *No Name Series. Gemini.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

the demands of conversation or the customs of a social clique require it.

Mr. Bret Harte's Story of a Mine[1] is one more advertisement of his wasted powers. One perfect and extremely brilliant gift he had: the eye to see, the hand to portray picturesquely and dramatically, the immensely entertaining and improper life of the Pacific States. It was surely his evil genius which lured him away from a field where he was winning a unique fame, and induced him to try his hand at social and political satire. So long as he remained among semi-barbarians, his own reaction was towards civilization, and he stood just far enough aloof from his grotesque subjects to give his humor free play. Planted in a sophisticated community, he frets and sickens for the piquant criminality of the mines, and can produce nothing better than a bad imitation of Dickens at his worst. The Story of a Mine is so sharply and evenly divided between his two styles that it might as well be two books, or even much better. The first or Californian part has all the author's old fascination, and flashes merrily with his peculiar wit in short, sharp dialogues like the following: —

"'Had we not better wait for the inquest, and swear out a warrant?' said the secretary cautiously. [The body of a murdered man had been found near the entrance to the mine.]

"'How many men have we?'

"'Five.'

"'Then,' said the president, summing up the revised statutes of the State of California in one strong sentence, 'we don't want no d—d warrant!'"

But when the scene of this lively and not too improbable tale shifts to Washington, it drops into a chasm of inanity. There is a foolish and spiritless attempt at satire of evils so grave that they sternly demand at least a manly treatment. Great ignorance of civic affairs is shown, combined with a languid and indiscriminating spite against those who administer them. The caricature of Charles Sumner is in the worst taste, — recognizable, and therefore unpardonable. The echo of the wordy and futile tirades of Dickens against chancery and the circumlocution office is distressingly exact, and all the final working out of the odd story, which began so brightly, is low; and what is worse, in the sense in which a blunder is worse than a crime, it is not amusing.

But Bret Harte in his own province — be it repeated — is yet masterly; and the author of A Year Worth Living[2] has a province too, into which he dashes with lusty good-will, if not always with the highest literary wisdom. On the whole, there is perhaps nothing of which it more imports us here at the North to improve our understanding than the native type and prevailing dispositions of our Southern countrymen, and the state of society — slavery quite apart — which climate and situation tend to induce among them. Slavery apart, because slavery, while it lasted, was so fruitful a source of fanatical intolerance and partisan passion; because it has actually been long enough eliminated for society at the South to have fairly begun to shape itself to its absence; and because, while we do not care to be too much intimidated by the rather stentorian order of our Southern brethren to let bygones be bygones, we honestly think that the best thing both they and we can do is to forget the peculiar institution as early and completely as possible, and try to comprehend one another as we are. And Mr. Baker has some very special qualifications for assisting such a mutual understanding. He appears to have known the South intimately and affectionately up to the time of the war, and to possess that sort of easy conscience about the abstract morality of slavery which seems to be the inalienable right of those who have grown up in its presence. His story is that of a young clergyman of Southern birth, who was educated at the North, but returned to take charge of a Presbyterian parish in one of the larger

[1] *The Story of a Mine.* By BRET HARTE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

[2] *A Year Worth Living.* A Story of a Place and of a People one cannot afford not to know. By WILLIAM M. BAKER. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1878.

Gulf cities, apparently Galveston. The "year worth living" was crowded with rich and quaint experiences, and culminated in a frightful epidemic of yellow fever, during which the complacent young divine, whose early blunders are rehearsed with the sort of good-humored indulgence which a man is apt to bestow upon his own, is put upon his real mettle and shows himself a hero. The time of action is before the war, but slavery, as we have said, is mentioned only incidentally and indifferently. The author lays his greatest stress on the fundamental effect upon character of the Southern conditions of soil and climate, — on the strong passions, the rank eccentricities, the *insouciant* temper, the lavish charity, the fervors of piety, and the transports of crime which belong of right to a semi-tropical community; and he depicts their workings with no little force. He has a keen eye for human oddities, and impresses into his often laughable pages a good many who have no proper connection with the story. There is plenty of love in the book, and Mr. Baker gives us in the two sisters, Irene and Zenobia Buttolph, two types of Southern womanhood which a little more delicacy of execution would have made admirable studies. Zenobia is meant to be such a one as almost all who have seen much of well-born Southern ladies must have known: quiet and queenly, with a noble moral sense, an evenly-diffused intelligence rendering her peerless in all the every-day sovereignties and probable contingencies of life, and the courage of high breeding at great crises, — a lovely, powerful, and worshipful nature. Irene, her sister, is the reverse of all this: handsome, hasty, giddy, shallow, capable of no patience and much cruelty; of the true fire-eating type, in short, which naturally expresses animosity by spitting on its foe. Irene is naïvely and respectfully described by the author as a "brilliant woman," and she is evidently his sincere ideal of the type. He quotes her wit, which is the merest pertness; her learning, which is but a flourish of ignorance which any grammar-school girl at the North could confute. Her strangely defective education she shares, however, with all the men in the story, gentlemen and others, except the clergyman, and this is possibly one of the most truthful strokes in the whole effective picture. Zenobia belongs to that class of elect ladies who are above education; and there are a few such women, while there are no such men, this being one intellectual difference between the sexes. It is apparently lack of mental training in the author himself which, more than anything else, mars the effect of his really striking book. There is a coarseness and carelessness of workmanship, an utter lawlessness of arrangement or non-arrangement, which contrast strangely with its virile originality. One would hardly believe, without seeing, that a writer who could describe, as Mr. Baker does, the scenes on the sugar plantation, the night on the bayou-boat, the slowly deepening horror of the fever, could calmly perpetrate such English as follows: "The colder the one was, so much the warmer the other." "The only hope left him was a steady purpose not to stay a fool *if God would show him how*" (which suggests a truly satanic spirit of rebellion). "There was a sort of physical magnetism which drew the two together; a supply and demand, *each of what he did not himself possess in the other.*" "Mr. Fanthorp *had possession now of and was laughing with* Irene at the piano." "An unopened bottle stood beside him, and *to* one side of him was an artificial mound of stones," etc. As an offset to these little enormities, we would gladly quote the droll scene in which Mr. Fanthorp, the lawyer, amiably discusses with Mr. Venable, the minister, the best means of getting satisfaction of the latter for having given him the lie; and the highly histrionic one in the same chapter, where Irene insults her father's mistress, the beautiful slave girl Iphigenia. But we have not space for these things, and they deserve to be sought in their place.

On the whole, Mr. Baker's book is fully as well worth reading as his hero's year was worth living, and we insist on it the more because the tale has a steady

Presbyterian squint, which is likely to render it specially invisible to the wall-eyed radicalism of Boston. But another new book lies before us which is still better worth reading. It is a novel of American army life, by Frederic Whittaker, the biographer of the unfortunate General Custer. We almost blush to say that the name of this fresh and animated romance is The Cadet Button.[1] Why so charming a tale should have received so pitiable a title, or why it need have been so coarsely printed and so tawdrily bound by Sheldon & Co., the former publishers of The Galaxy, are mysteries. The title seems especially obnoxious and unfair to the book, and yet the button plays a most essential part in a story which is compactly and ingeniously constructed, — the best made American novel, as we think, of this or many seasons. It would seem as if the superb West Point training, which the author has apparently enjoyed, although he does not write himself U. S. A., had assisted him in shunning the incoherence of plan and diffuseness of style which spoil for permanent significance the work of so many of our cleverest writers. This tale is so full of romantic and varied action that no room is left in it for dreamy philosophy or morbid analysis. The characters are numerous and sustained with great spirit; not subtly studied, to be sure, but clearly and vigorously outlined, if also with a certain military rapidity and roughness. Mr. Whittaker's classification of womankind is almost as broad and artless as Mr. Baker's. Like a true knight of the plains, he divides all women, old and young, fair and plain, gentle and simple, into those who do behave well in hardship and danger, and those who do not. On the whole, it is not an unwholesome division; quite as good, at all events, as the one, more approved among ourselves, into women who do and do not paint sphinxes and study Greek.

But the chief value and timeliness of Mr. Whittaker's book lie in the fine and just picture which it presents of the *esprit de corps* of the American regular army; of the strict honor, simple bravery, patience under poverty and exile, and somewhat scornful superiority to sordid conditions which have characterized its officers as a class. We have had no other school, North or South, which so regularly and effectually as West Point has made its pupils *gentlemen* in the plainest, soundest, and proudest sense of that term; and it is very well worth while to have our memories refreshed about this matter now that the army and the nursery of the army are being made the object of insidious attack by unscrupulous civilians. In connection with the strange story of the Indian half-breed, MacDearmid, Mr. Whittaker also gives us a few grave and dispassionate considerations upon the Indian problem. He by no means displays the sanguinary impatience of the red man's existence so often attributed to army men, and sometimes, it must be acknowledged, rather ostentatiously professed by them; but he displays a thorough and practical knowledge of what the Indian really is, and of how barbarism and so-called civilization have conspired to embrute him. It seems a pity, by the way, that Mr. Whittaker should have confessed, in his preface, that MacDearmid is a real character. If he had not felt bound to do this, he might have finished his story after some fashion; while, at present, the unexplained fate of the half-breed and his victim, Juliet Brinton, constitute the greatest flaw in the art of an otherwise well-rounded romance.

We come finally to the two earliest of Harper's new series of American novels,[2] and shall speak first of number two, because we happen to have something more to say of number one than the mere ability of it would demand. Justine's Lovers opens rather flatly and feebly, but it is none the less an exceedingly clever novelette. The first page is much the worst; the last — wonder of won-

[1] *The Cadet Button.* A Novel of American Army Life. By FREDERIC WHITTAKER. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1878.

[2] *Harper's Library of American Fiction.* No. 1. *Esther Pennefather.* By ALICE PERRY. No. 2 *Justine's Lovers.* A Novel. New York. 1878.

ders in these fiction-deluged days!— gracefully conveys a slight but genuine surprise. Of all the books which we have enumerated, this, which is in some respects the least ambitious, contains the cleverest characterization, the keenest insight into human motives, and the most delicate discrimination of human varieties. Mrs. Vane, Mr. Barty, the Starkenburghs, father and son, are drawn admirably, with full comprehension, and yet a most lady-like refinement of touch. It is, in fact, a noticeably well-bred book. We tremble when the scene is shifted to Washington, but even the seemingly compulsory search for a place under government cannot make Justine vulgar. We respect the author so unfeignedly that we feel as if it would be almost impertinent to hint that she is telling her own experience; but we may at least affirm that she has contrived to inform her tale with an intense reality, and that it fixes our attention and absorbs our sympathies very much as the true story of an extremely engaging young woman would be apt to do, if heard from her own lips. We detect ourselves in applying this earnest and ingenuous narrative to the present administration, and wondering how Secretary Sherman will like it, before we remember that there is really nothing to fix the date of its incidents, and that it may not be photography which we are considering, but only very life-like free-hand drawing. There are several indications of reserved power in these open pages, and the possibility of a certain kind of poetic excellence in the scraps of poetry, principally paraphrases from the Psalms, which are sparingly introduced in the brief passages of more intimate confession. We give a very free versification of the Thirteenth Psalm:—

"How long wilt thou forget me,
O Lord? Forever?
How long shall woes beset me,
And spare me never?

"Alas, thy face is hidden,
O King immortal!
I stand and knock, forbidden
To pass thy portal.

"My soul is clothed in sadness,
I perish daily;
My foes are crowned with gladness,
And jeer me gayly.

"Behold my footsteps totter,
Without foundation;
I walk like one on water,
Nor find salvation.

"Consider now and hear me,
O father! Cherish
My fainting life, and cheer me
Lest I should perish.

"O gracious one, my Saviour,
I will not quiver,
Nor swerve, nor change behavior,
But serve thee ever."

If, as all the newspapers say, Esther Pennefather has power, let us hope that it is of the powers destined soon to pass away. Here is a story so unnatural and unwholesome that any word, even of censure, which might arrest it for an instant on its way to oblivion ought possibly to be withheld. Unfortunately it cannot be wholly overlooked, because it has a weird sort of ability, and because the preposterous *motif* of it arises logically enough out of the acceptance of certain theories which are curiously popular for the moment, and ardently urged by writers of established reputation. What sort of a world this might possibly become if women had their own way in it altogether, and men generally were reduced to the ranks, the reader is invited to observe in the pages of this malarious and suffocating tale. The pleasing plot of it is as follows: A woman of divine beauty, uncertain age, and immeasurable "magnetism" has a girls' school, and all the sub-teachers and prominent pupils are madly in love with this phenomenal preceptress, and cruelly jealous of one another. Their agonies are in fact depicted with no little effect. The lady principal's name is Miriam Snow. She is without heart herself, but finds an amiable pleasure in alternately flattering and torturing her victims, and playing them off against one another. One of the pupils, Emily Wise, dies of love for her teacher, complicated with phthisis. The heroine, Esther Pennefather, distinguishes herself yet more. She encounters a low fellow who informs her that he has a secret which, if divulged, would be distressing

and dishonorable to Miss Snow. It relates to a forgery committed many years before by a mythical brother of that fiendish enchantress, and the cad coolly requests Esther to marry him out of hand as the sole condition of his continuing to keep the secret. Esther, we are emphatically informed, had "the blood of an honorable old family in her veins," though it is not quite easy to reconcile this statement with the fact that neither she, nor Miss Snow, nor Miss Wise, nor any of the other lunatics of the first half of the story appear to have had fathers, mothers, guardians, or family ties. However, being of this mysterious but aristocratic extraction, Esther revolts a little from the thought of such a union, but consents to it rather than that her idol should be annoyed, and is married after a fortnight's engagement. Miss Snow, who is also "high-born," cuts Esther's acquaintance directly, for having married beneath her; and the bride is conveyed to the frouzy house of her father-in-law, in the low quarter of a distant town, where we are pathetically told how her fastidious soul was revolted by the coarse manners of her new connections. She is nevertheless upheld by the reflection that she has sacrificed herself for what she blasphemously calls "love" (love for the school-mistress, be it understood!), and after a few years of angelic endurance of an ungrammatical family circle and an inartistic domicile, barely to mention a husband whom her scorn and aversion drove quite naturally into the worst dissipations, this extraordinary heroine is made perfect by suffering, and departs, by a conventional apotheosis, to a heaven where no rude man shall enter evermore. An appropriate pendant to this ingenious narrative is the story of Elsie Doepfner, — an exceptionally saintly sister of Esther's vulgar husband, — who also, in her tender years, becomes violently enamored of another girl, much superior to her in station, named Rachel. Rachel has a proud and pious mother, and a proud, beautiful, and vicious sister. The sister offends the mother, and the mother shuts her up in one of the chambers of their stately mansion and keeps her a prisoner there for years. Rachel resolves to be even with her mother for this outrage, and as soon as she comes of age displays her filial indignation and secures revenge by eloping with a relative of the family who is also a married man. Elsie thereupon forsakes *her* home and family, and devotes herself to the task of discovering and "saving" her early friend; and she is said to have accomplished her mission, although we are not informed from what she saved her. One would say that the mischief in Rachel's case came near being irremediable. On the whole, however, there is something refreshing about the positive criminality of Rachel. It is not entirely aimless, abnormal, and imbecile, like the raptures and the torments which the other women of the book undergo for the impassioned love of one another.

To do the author of Esther Pennefather justice, she seems to be too young or too really unsophisticated to have any adequate idea of the deep infamy involved in a girl's marrying, or rather prostituting herself, from any such motive as she ascribes to her heroine. The book certainly shows unusual literary aptitude. There is a remarkable affluence of incident, a dramatic power in certain scenes and a feverish intensity of feeling in others, which help to tide the reader over the sickliness of the theme, and carry him on to the melodramatic end. But the feeling is like the strong recoil of affections forcibly turned back from their natural and righteous channels, and the mental acumen is of the one-sided and somewhat hysterical order, too apt to flourish in that modern substitute for the nunnery, the female college.

We have a strong suspicion that the name which appears on the queer cover of Esther Pennefather is but the literary disguise of some *artium magistra* late come with first honors from one of the institutions aforesaid; one who, having cherished an unrequited affection for some professor in "reform" costume, has beguiled the *ennui* of her first post-graduate year by this not quite harm-

less production. If it be so, we would recommend, in all good faith and good feeling, as an alterative for her morbid imagination, a faithful course of morning housework and evening "hops," and a second literary experiment ten years hence, when she shall have made acquaintance with the actual world.

SILVER BUTTONS.

When I was half asleep, and wholly dreaming,
Out in the maple grove the other day,
A woman on a swift horse passed me, riding
Far down the hill-side in a splendid way.

Oh, there was something very bright about her;
She went so swiftly that I do not know
What all that brightness was, but stars and sunshine
Gleamed down the shady road I saw her go.

She was no angel riding down from heaven,
For she had on a very mundane dress,
And all adown it two long rows of buttons
Threw back the light of heaven like worldliness.

All of the scene that I can well remember
Is the swift grace with which she dashed along,
And the two twinkling rows of starry buttons.
What matter, then, is this to make a song?

But it has done it. As the vision vanished
My heart set up a song. Oh, how it sings
Of stars and brightness! and her dashing motion
Gave me the time in which the music rings.

Those buttons! oh, those buttons! Why she wore them
I cannot think. Were they for use or show?
And why should I persist in thinking of them?
These all are mysteries I cannot know.

. . . . . .

Those buttons! oh, 't was vanity to wear them.
I 've learned she sat up late to sew them strong,
Then slept to dream of me, and slyly saw me
The while she rode so loftily along.

'T was folly I beheld, and now I know it,
I long the more to see the sight again.
She thought of me while setting all those buttons, —
Of me alone in this great world of men.

Elizabeth H. Fenn.

A HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT.

VI.

THE words which Alden Holcroft had said to Ruth Hanway might be thought sufficiently general, yet something of the unarticulated passion which impelled them followed the words as they lay in the mind of the young girl. They were so few, and were so distinctly uttered, that she easily retained them in her memory, and in the quiet which was so abundant in her life she turned them over and over, and tried, with her confined experience, to discover the full force which they had for him who had spoken them. "It is a selfish life, after all. One may be selfish when he fancies he has very high ideals." As spoken, she perceived these words were meant by him for himself, yet she found it easier to apply them to her own condition. She knew little of what shape Holcroft's ideals partook. "He is trying," she said to herself, "to achieve in solitude what we have in our community. It is by escaping from the world into the wilderness that he hopes to lead the angelic life. But he has no one to help him. Yet father may help him."

Although these words were not spoken, she started at the sound of her own thought, and sitting down buried her face in her hands, while her whole frame shook with suppressed sobs. It was the first time for many weeks that the name "father" had escaped from the dark recess into which she had crowded it. She did not call Elder Isaiah father. She had been taught to ignore the relationship, yet if any had watched narrowly they would have seen that neither did she call him Elder Isaiah. She accosted him in the manner of others, and spoke of him only when his name was not needed. But in secret she cherished the name, and once, in the fields, when she was out of hearing, she had uttered it aloud. She clung to it instinctively, and as instinctively held it for her own secret. He never used the word "daughter" to her, but in the silent place where she kept his name she kept also the tones with which he spoke to her when he unconsciously used a father's voice.

The Shaker life recognizes a constant conflict with the powers of evil and a sure victory of tranquillity. For herself, she was aware that she sometimes looked up from the inclosure in which she dwelt to a blue heaven above; the rapture of her countenance, the spring of her step, in the rhythmic procession, which had so appealed to Holcroft, were real signs of a spiritual exaltation. It was her aim to make such occasional moods permanent, and she was dismayed that she should pass from them to states of hopelessness and dreariness. These she felt to be expressions of her lower nature, and she knew no other way to extirpate them than by a relentless warfare. She expended in the struggle all the energy of a resolute will not wont to manifest itself externally by any violence. For a long time past she had been dissatisfied with her progress. What stood in the way of her peace she knew not; but one day, after listening to a discourse from Elder Isaiah upon the necessity of sacrifice if one would get the victory, in which he quoted the words, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me," a chill struck through her frame as it was suddenly borne in upon her that the one thing to which she clung most tenaciously was that name of father, and that if she could bury it past resurrection her triumphant peace was assured. She came out from the little meeting-house into the bright sunshine, cold and pale. The elder joined her presently, and said a word to her; his own nature, at that moment, kindled by his theme, was animated by a new warmth, and recalling at the sight of her the sacrifice which he long ago had made, and — simple man that he was — supposed made forever,

he was moved to speak with a certain tenderness. Ruth answered in a low tone that was the stifling of her cry for affection, and fearing to betray herself hurried from him. As she left him she caught sight of the face of one of the sisters passing by, Eldress Charlotte, the oldest in the family, and suddenly, as if by an impish suggestion, remembered a rumor that the eldress had cherished a more than sisterly love for a Shaker in her youth, and that the man had been sent away, in consequence, to the neighboring settlement of Salem. Now her face looked like nothing so much as the Indian pipe, which grows in ghostly erectness in the swamp.

The girl had shut the door upon her father's name, had barred and bolted it, as she thought, and for weeks had resolutely refused her one secret pleasure. In the same spirit she had refused to join in the idle talk of the others respecting the silent, melancholy-looking man who had taken his place in the neighborhood, with so different a bearing from the other neighbors. It was only this day, while alone in the field, that she had suffered herself to fancy that the entire rest for which she had longed was near at hand. She knew that she had not cared to look at the house where Holcroft lived, or to join in the whispered talk of the girls beside her; that she had heard her own father spoken of without feeling the quick response which once was sure to come. Yes, she felt that she was growing still and patient; that she was getting not to care, as she said. All at once the stranger had spoken to her; he had mentioned her father, then he had gone; as they passed his house she had a sudden rush of curiosity, and caught a glimpse of the interior of the lonely house in which he lived; and now, turning over his words in her mind, and perplexed by them, she had suddenly been betrayed into the old feeling, which was nothing less than of running to her father with her doubts. All her self-conquest seemed shattered by a single blow, — and that a blow of light. No wonder that she looked at the ruin of her many weeks' work with a cruel sense of failure and agitated discomfiture. The paleness which her composure had been painting upon her face was gone, and deep color rushed over her cheeks and turned to sombre tints about her eyes.

It was at that moment that Eldress Charlotte entered her room, and stood surprised at the face of the girl.

"Crying, Ruth? What has troubled you? Has Miranda been unkind? I heard your name from her as I passed just now. Come; Elder Isaiah is asking for you."

Ruth had changed her face in the effort to repress her tears, but as these words came out her tears broke forth, — tears of bitter self-reproach, of anger, of disappointment. It was as if the ice which she had been suffering to form had suddenly broken away, and the pent-up stream flowed forth with new energy. Eldress Charlotte was unmoved.

"Wash your face, Ruth," she said, in cold, measured tones, "and come with me." Ruth obeyed, and presently showed a placid countenance, which but for its color might have been matched with the elder woman's for quiet. "It is ill to give way thus," said Eldress Charlotte, as they left the room. "Learn to control yourself." Elder Isaiah was waiting below, and held a letter in his hand.

"I have had a letter from Maria," said he. "You may read it. You will see that she asks you to visit her again." Maria was her mother's sister whom once as a young girl she had visited in the city. Ruth was silent a moment.

"Nay," said she, "I will not read it. I do not wish to go." She put out her hands with a gesture as if to push it all away from her.

"You may do as you please," said the elder, looking with pride at the girl, who appeared by this act to express her entire renunciation of the world and her unhesitating acceptance of the Shaker life when they were momentarily placed in contrast. To Ruth, at that instant, it seemed only desirable to escape even from the world of Shakerism, so insufferable was all companionship and so oppressive her own solitude. She went

about her trivial tasks with a sense of having been rudely invaded in her most private life, and there came, moreover, a sense of shame at she scarcely knew what revelation of herself. All sorts of thoughts and recollections went tumultuously through her brain, usually so orderly, and she seemed unable to drive back the unwarrantable ones. She thought of Eldress Charlotte, and caught herself wondering whether she had ever subdued wholly the unrequited love which she had expended on the now dead Elder Abraham; she thought of Elder Isaiah himself, and father, father, father sounded in her ears, as if it were an unholy temptation; she thought of the glimpse she had caught of Holcroft's house, and found herself in fancy going up the broad staircase, or looking at the pictures which she had dimly descried on the walls; Holcroft appeared again to her, and she renewed the recollection of his grave face bent upon her in the field; and then, bewildered by all these gathering images, the girl, as if chased by the hunters and fleeing to a refuge, cried out in her heart for her mother, whom she could not recall. "Oh, if I might but have a mother! Why have I no mother?"

VII.

The house in which Ruth Hanway lived, with other of the girls of the community, was looked upon with some special regard, because, as one of the oldest in the settlement, it had once sheltered Mother Ann, the Virgin Mary, if one may call her so, of this peculiar people. Denying the special mother, they allowed their reverence and affection to go out toward one who bore to the whole people a relation of divine motherhood, and the more thoughtful and pious among them brought to their half-worship of this woman all that remained of their instinctive love for their own mothers. In the new heavens and new earth which they believed themselves to be forming, they did not ignore the great dividing line of the sex, but fancied that they removed from the two hemispheres of human life those individual properties and functions which perpetuated differences instead of allowing them gradually to disappear. When they exalted Ann to the place of a leader and gave her the name of mother, they recognized in her a maternity which was typical of the entire feminine element of the universe, exclusive only of that which pertains to perishable attributes. Call no woman mother after the flesh, they would say; yet they thought to retain the idea of a spiritual mother, freed from the substructure of an earthly antitype.

The very room which Ruth Hanway occupied had once been the chamber of Mother Ann, and often had Ruth believed herself half visited by visions of that saint. Always was she anticipating that sublimity of her own nature which would open her eyes to a more perfect apprehension of the great mother whom she was taught to venerate. So now, when the cry burst forth from her heart, she was half frightened at the measure of infidelity which it seemed to denote, half expectant that Mother Ann would graciously answer her unbreathed prayer and descend to solace her. It was at dusk, and no one else was in the room. Suddenly she heard a sound in the remote part of the room, and turned her eyes, wondering and agitated, thither. She saw nothing, yet her ears assured her of some movement there. There was a window opening into another chamber, in the direction whence the sound came. All at once, a light flashed across it. "Is she coming, then, in vengeance?" asked the half-terrified girl. She fell on her knees instinctively and gazed at the opening. The sound increased, and with it the light which now grew stronger. The whole window was illuminated, and with the tongues of flame came bursts of smoke. She started to her feet. At that moment she heard cries without, and then her own name was called. She flew to the door, and opening it was met by a gust of smoke. She closed it hastily, and went to a window on the outer wall. The building

was not a high one, and throwing up the window she saw a hurrying crowd of men, boys, women, and girls. A ladder was instantly brought, and she descended to the ground, to find herself in the midst of crying women who assailed her with questions, and of bustling men who were making haste to fight the flames. It was the hour when the people of the family were met in one of the other houses for their evening worship, and Ruth alone, forgetful of the hour, had been absent. She could tell nothing of the beginning of the fire, and indeed that must needs be left for another time, since the whole energy of the settlement was bent now on putting it out and saving the neighboring buildings. This society of Shakers was for convenience distributed among three groups of families, called, for distinction, the East, the West, and the Church families. It was in the East family that Ruth lived, while Elder Isaiah was a resident of the Church or central family, and was the head of the whole society, to whom all looked in emergencies. The three families were half a mile apart, but the news of the burning house spread quickly through the neighborhood, and almost the entire settlement was gathered at the East family.

It was a strange sight under the illumination of the flames to see the moving figures of these staid men, their broad-brimmed hats making them look like dwarfs in the half light. Some were saving articles of furniture or clothing, and all were working assiduously; the contrast between the sad garments and the fiery splendor was lost upon them. Conspicuous among them was Elder Isaiah, who gave his orders temperately, yet with a quickened sense which showed that he not only had his presence of mind, but could drive his thoughts down this narrow channel of exigency as surely as he could force his arguments along the road which led most directly to the desired conclusion. As he stood, a little remote from the others, he was tapped on the shoulder, and turning saw the stranger from Holcroft's Tavern.

"This is very sudden, Elder Isaiah. I but just saw the flames as I came down the road. I am on my way to the station, and must take the late train, to be at my post to-morrow. Your people are houseless; let me offer you my house for them. I shall not be back for a week, and by that time you can make new arrangements. This is the key, and hanging on a nail in the hall you will find a key to the barn. Use both house and barn. I can trust you, and I am glad to be of some service to you."

"You have spoken generously," said Elder Isaiah. "Friend Holcroft, you will not repent this kindness. Give, and it shall be given to thee."

Alden hurried away. His act had been an impulsive one, but it is not certain that he would have so quickly broken in upon the sanctity of his house if he had not, with the quickness of a lover's inspiration, considered that one of the homeless was the girl Ruth Hanway. He scanned the groups as he passed for a sight of her, but he did not see her. Then, as he went down the road toward the Church family, the light from the burning house making the road a shining one, he perceived her standing by a round stone trough which was by the roadside, — a vast drinking-bowl which some patient Shaker had long since slowly chiseled, within and without, from a great rock. She had by her a little Jersey cow, which was drinking contentedly from the bowl. He stepped to the rock. A great public affair makes even strangers suddenly cordial, and these two, sheltered by the publicity of the fire, spoke freely, while one and another hurried by.

"Ruth Hanway," said he, "you are standing here with this little cow as if you did not know that your house was burning!"

"It is because our house is burning. The cattle are to be carried to one of the other barns. This cow was frightened; but she knew me when I spoke to her, and followed me when I led her away. She stopped here to drink." The little Jersey had finished her draught, and was cropping the sweet grass near the bowl.

"What faith she has in you! Do you

think I could frighten her by telling her that her barn was burning?"

"Nay. She knows she will be taken care of. But I"— Ruth checked herself.

"I have offered to do that. I have given your father the key to my house, and begged him to use it for the East family."

"And you?" she asked, looking up timidly.

"I am on my way now to the city, and must not linger. I shall not be back for a week, perhaps not so soon." He held out his hand. She took it with a shy grace that made him turn away abruptly. His boldness had fled.

"Good-by," he said, without looking back.

"Farewell," said she, gently; and calling her cow she went down the road, while he strode on before, as if in haste to get away from a pleasure.

She found shelter for the Jersey, and as she was providing for it Miranda came calling for her.

"Ruth Hanway! Ruth Hanway!"

"What is it, Miranda? I am here."

"I have been hunting everywhere for you. Only think! we are all to go to Holcroft's Tavern for the night. Elder Isaiah sent me for you. The wagon is ready, and eight of us girls are to go, while Jacob and Isaac are to sleep in the barn. To think of it! Friend Holcroft has lent his house to us. Did you ever hear the like? I am just possessed to see the inside. Eldress Charlotte is to go with us. I 'd rather it had been Sister Abigail." She rattled on eagerly, while Ruth followed her, confused and uncertain. It was not at all plain to her. Something told her it was not well to enter that house; yet her father had bidden her go. And then Holcroft himself had the same as invited her. It would be churlish to refuse. Moreover, she shrank from the sudden intercourse with the other families if she were to be cast among them. Many questions would be asked her, and she wanted to be alone. Perhaps the rest would be so busy in their new quarters that they would not mind her. Yes, she would go, and avoid all that a refusal might bring upon her. Her companion was too eager to notice Ruth's silence, and she could not have seen the self-questioning which the girl's silence covered.

Two wagons carried the party, with such needful things as they could hastily get together. They were forced to drive through the fields, to avoid the sparks which, under a change of wind, were carried from the burning settlement into the road. The old house had fallen in, and two of the neighboring buildings were in flames, which the men were fighting sturdily. The orderly habits of the Shakers stood them in good stead here, and under the direction of Elder Isaiah they were working as quietly and sedately as if fire were one of the customary incidents of their daily life.

"We shall be long rebuilding that," said Brother Jacob, who was driving one of the wagons. "I think perhaps we will put the buildings a little farther apart." The careful man was already arranging the little world over again. "Elder Isaiah will find a text in that for one of his discourses," he added, not without a touch of sarcasm in his voice, for looking, as he did, after the temporal concerns of the family he had a little impatience, which seldom went beyond the tones of his voice, at the elder's other-worldliness.

"Eldress Charlotte could preach one on 'A fire consumeth my members,'" whispered Miranda to Ruth, for the eldress herself was in the wagon.

"Say not such things to me!" said Ruth, indignantly. Her indignation was the more explosive because she was herself at that moment recalling her meeting with Holcroft, and Miranda's words were like the appearance of an accusing angel that foresaw guilt rather than recorded it.

VIII.

Holcroft had turned the key in his door, that evening, after closing his house, and taken it with him, as was his wont, on the way to town; coming suddenly upon the burning settlement, and

seeing Elder Isaiah, he had impulsively given him the key and offered him the house. Hitherto no one save himself had passed a night there, and as he was whirled toward the city he was ready to repent of his generosity; he grew uncomfortable at the thought of its being invaded now by a company of inquisitive strangers. He tried to laugh at the possible comments of the scrupulous Shakers at his mannish housekeeping, and caught himself wondering how all his expenditure of thought and fancy would strike one of the number, if she were indeed to go. He reasoned that it was by no means certain she and her companions would be sent there; perhaps a parcel of boys would occupy it, and touch with horny hands all his delicacies. He tried to recall the several points which would catch her eye if she did go, and suddenly felt his heart beat rapidly at the possibility of her making her way into one room in particular.

In truth, the entire party was possessed of some curiosity, as the key was turned in the lock, the door thrown open, and a lantern held aloft to disclose the interior. The light thrown into the broad hall was turned this way and that, and the Shakers moved cautiously along. The newel post of the staircase held a candelabrum, and that being lighted the hall showed its fine proportions, its pictures, statues, and carvings; but what chiefly took the eye was a cast of Luca della Robbia's Singing Boys inserted in the wall of the chimney, where the figures in high relief appeared marching in procession, with numbers behind, only hinted at, and each fully absorbed in his hymn of praise.

"Do you suppose he made that?" asked Miranda. "See! they all have their mouths open. They are singing and marching. It is something like us, is n't it?"

Brother Jacob had gone out to the barn with his lantern, but finding a candle they lit it, and went curiously about the several rooms, peeping into passages, and keeping close together, for even the older ones were impelled to speak in whispers in this great, strange house.

"I do not think we ought to go peering about so," said Ruth, who had hung back, and felt at every step she took that she was breaking into a sacred privacy.

"We must see if anybody is here," replied Miranda, who had taken upon herself the lead, and was trying one door after another. "Come in here!" opening a door and holding her candle before her.

"Nay, nay," remonstrated Ruth, growing more positive. "We must not go in there. We do not need that room."

"How do you know that?" asked Miranda, pushing forward, and followed by the others, who dared not go far from the light, for they were several turns away from the lighted hall. "See! it is where he paints all the pictures we have seen. Here is a picture part finished."

They all gathered about her, as if they could see the work still going on. Ruth alone remained by the door, refusing to enter.

"Ruth Hanway!" said several voices at once in surprise. They were all gazing at the picture, which stood on an easel, with the palette and brushes near by, where they had been laid by the painter before finishing his work. Startled by the words, which were not a summons, Ruth, by a sudden flash of intelligence, surmised what the picture was and fled from the doorway. The rest had not noticed at first that she was not with them. Then, looking about, they missed her.

"Come here, Ruth!" cried Miranda. "Come here, and see your picture!"

"For shame!" said a voice. It was Eldress Charlotte. "Come away from this room!" said she hotly; and silenced with surprise and confusion the party retreated and made their way to the hall. Ruth stood by the outer door, clutching the handle. Eldress Charlotte alone went to her, the rest remaining by the door through which they had entered the hall. The elder woman stood before Ruth, who hid her face in her hands.

"Come up-stairs," said she in her cold,

hard voice. Ruth followed her, while the rest began to chatter together.

"I saw him talking to her at the stone trough," said one, eagerly. "I passed them as I was going up to the West family. She had the little Jersey with her."

"Poh!" broke in Miranda, "that was not the first time. They met one day a fortnight ago, when we were out in the fields berrying. I came on them."

"I 've seen him watch her in meeting," said a third. "He 'd never take his eyes off her. They say he wants to be a Shaker."

"A Shaker!" scoffed Miranda, "with this house and all these things! I wonder if he would n't paint a picture of me. Hark! There is Eldress Charlotte calling us." The party went up the broad staircase, and were met by the woman at the head.

"There are several rooms here," said she, "but they have not all beds. This room, Miranda, you are to share with Ruth. Go in there, and I will show the rest where they will lie." Miranda entered the room designated and found Ruth there, her eyes swollen and her face pale.

"Never you mind, Ruth," said the girl, good-naturedly. "I never meant to plague you. But how should I know he had made your picture?"

"I did not know it myself," replied Ruth, in a low voice.

"Not know it! How then did he paint it?" Miranda asked, incredulous.

"I do not know. How should I know?"

"Did he not tell you?"

"Tell me! I do not know him."

"But he has talked with you. I saw him with you in the field, and Ann saw him talk with you by the stone trough."

Ruth was silent.

"What did Eldress Charlotte say to you?" pursued Miranda. "My! I was glad I was not in your shoes."

"Eldress Charlotte is a wicked woman," said Ruth suddenly. "She is an unjust woman, too. She would not believe me."

"Will she tell Elder Isaiah, I wonder?" said Miranda, looking at Ruth.

Ruth drew back. "My father is a perfect man. Oh, I wish he were here! He would believe me." She turned away and paced the room. Finally she went up to her companion. "Miranda, do you believe that I knew anything about that — that picture?"

"You did n't want us to go into the room," began Miranda, as if arguing the case. Ruth turned away and would say nothing more. Her companion in vain tried to induce her to talk. The girl refused to answer her questions or to notice her jests, and Miranda, finding it hard to amuse herself with so silent a companion, composed herself for sleep. So also did Ruth, but though she lay still she could not sleep. She heard sounds, and knew that the others were moving. Eldress Charlotte came into the room, and seeing the two quiet and seemingly asleep went away. The sounds ceased, but for an hour and more Ruth lay, with her eyes open, turning over in her mind the strange experience. A sense of injury took possession of her. Her mind recurred to the scene by the trough, and she recalled all the words that were spoken there. "What faith she has in you!" Holcroft had said, as he watched the Jersey; and Ruth, turned against, as she thought herself, by all, clung to the remembrance of her patient little cow that had followed her so confidently. And Holcroft, — he had faith in her, that she felt; not much by anything he had said, but by his perfectly trusting manner. She repelled with indignation the spoken and unspoken words of her companions which pointed him out as a crafty man. "He is a good man," she said to herself. "I know it, if I cannot prove it. He thinks no evil." Then in the darkness she flushed, and her heart beat quickly as she thought of the picture he had painted. How could he have done it? Had he remembered her face? Surely he could not have painted it, unnoticed, in meeting? Could she see it in the morning without attracting the attention of the others? But she shrank at the thought of all those inquisitive eyes turned upon her. Why not see it now? She recollected

that the candle stood near by on a table, and that there were matches by it. She listened. Her companion slept soundly. There was no noise. She rose and meant to take the candle, when she saw that the moon was shining brightly, shut out from their room only by the blind which they had closed. "I can see without the candle," she thought, and opening the door she crept softly down the staircase and passed through the hall. The moon gave her light, and she remembered the few turns which they had taken. Nevertheless, as she crept from door to door, going farther away from the hall, she felt herself shivering with fear, with excitement, and with cold. She had thrown a shawl over her shoulders, and now drew it closer about her as she came to the room which the evening before she had refused to enter. The moon shone full upon the easel, and cast its light strongly upon the picture. She looked at it curiously. Her own face she could recognize; and certainly the likeness must have been strong, both for herself and for her companions to perceive it. The face and the pose of the head were hers, but what had become of the Shaker cap and the close-fitting dress with handkerchief demurely pinned about the neck? In the place of a Shaker maid behold a fair and queenly girl, with wealth of hair lightly snooded, wearing a flowered silk, and having her throat touched by soft lace. The eyes were open with a wondering look, the lips were half parted, and the whole aspect was of one who had waked to find herself in some strange world. The counterpart indeed stood before the picture. Could Alden Holcroft have caught sight of the girl at that moment, he might well have pleased himself with the perfection of the likeness. Her hair had escaped from its confinement and was falling over her shoulders, and her whole countenance was animated by a singular life and intensity, as with almost a smile upon her lips she stood delighted before the picture. She forgot everything else for the moment; she quite forgot that it was her own face which looked back upon her; she only saw a beautiful picture that seemed ready to speak to her. She wished she had brought a candle; that a full, clear light were upon it; that it were daylight and she could see plainly what now she saw a little dimly. It was all very strange and very delightful. The charm of that young girl in her beautiful dress, with that soft lace enveloping her throat, was a revelation to her of a world of beauty of which she had not dreamed; and suddenly the thought that it was she herself who was thus bewitching surprised her, and involuntarily she threw back her hair from her face and looked at the picture as if she were looking into a mirror.

IX.

There was a knock upon the outer door. Ruth started, and drew herself together. Again the knock, louder and more peremptory. She turned and looked timidly about the room. Should she hide herself? Could she ascend the stairs again, and return to her room, without discovery? Already she heard movements above. The door by which she had entered was ajar, and through the opening she perceived more distinctly the sound of steps upon the distant staircase, and saw a light glimmering. She drew near the door and listened. She heard Eldress Charlotte speaking and asking who was there. The reply she could not hear, but it must have been assuring, for she heard the bolt drawn and the outer door opened. A confusion of voices came to her, but in vain she tried to distinguish what was said. Meanwhile, she heard steps gathering from the rooms above. Could they be looking for her? Why had some one come from without? She wondered if she could steal up-stairs and join the other girls without being noticed. She left the room, when she saw a light moving toward her, and Eldress Charlotte was carrying it. Instinctively she retreated again to the room, and looked about for a place of concealment. The door was pushed open, and the woman approached, holding her light before her

and trying the various parts of the room. Ruth, terrified, could not think what to do. She knew she would be discovered, and at that moment she was seen. The elder woman closed the door behind her, placed the light on a stand, and folded her arms. She looked at Ruth, who came forward and stood by the picture, facing the tall woman. A courage seemed to come to her.

"So you are here, Ruth."

"Yea."

"And where is *he?*"

"Eldress Charlotte, you wrong me; you wrong him."

"Where is he?"

"I know not."

"So, you love this man enough to conceal him."

"There is but one man I love," said Ruth, looking steadfastly at the pallid face before her; "it is my father."

"Your father! How much longer will you love him? Wait till he comes between you and the man you love, as he came between me and Nathan Farlow. I hate him, I hate him! He killed Nathan. He sent him away and he killed me." The words followed each other with fierce haste, and the voice rose higher. "Now he is dying, too. Ah, God, if I could only die! Yea, do you hear? Isaiah Hanway is dying! Oh, but he shall know of this before he dies! I 'll tell him, I 'll tell the saint, — I 'll tell him of his saintly daughter." Eldress Charlotte struck at the girl, but Ruth turned aside, and the blow fell upon the picture, which toppled over upon the ground. The woman trampled on it in her rage, and rushed from the room. Ruth followed tumultuously.

"What is it?" she cried.

"Have you not heard? Elder Isaiah has been hurt, and sends for you. Where have you been? We have looked everywhere for you. Simon is below waiting to take you to the Church family." Ruth paid no heed to what was said except to make herself ready with all possible haste. Before she had descended again, she heard the door open and close. She ran down, and looked for Simon. She could not see him. She opened the door and peered out. There was wagon and horse in the road near by, and Simon waiting for her.

"Is that you, Simon?" she asked.

"Yea. I am all ready," and he made room for her beside him. "I thought you had come out a moment since. Some one came out and ran down the road. She looked skeery, and the old mare started when she saw her. I thought at first may be you were frightened." Ruth shuddered. "Nay, it was not you; it was a taller woman. She came out, and just shut the door behind her and ran down the road. The old mare she pricked up her ears and started, but I had the reins. She looked skeery like, and the old mare she was a little skeered. Thinks I, That is n't Ruth. She 's not so tall. Nay, she was a head taller than you. She ran down the road. Perhaps we shall catch up with her yet."

"What is the matter with Elder Isaiah?" asked Ruth. "I did not hear."

"Did you not hear? Why, I thought you knew. He was there at the East family, when Jonas Harker was on a ladder trying to get at the second story of the brick house, you know; Jonas he was well up, when the ladder began to slip. Elder Isaiah he see it and ran forward to stop the ladder. He ran underneath and caught it; but it was too heavy, you see, and it fell on him and hurt him badly. Jonas he got off all right. He says the elder saved him from a bad fall. You see the ladder was up against the wall, and Jonas he was on it trying to reach the second story with some water, when the ladder began to slip; and the elder he was standing by, and he see it, and he runs up and catches the ladder. Yea, but the ladder, you see, was too heavy, and Jonas he was on it; but Jonas got off with only a rub, you see."

"Did they send you for me?" asked Ruth, who dreaded another bald repetition, and dreaded also to know such worse things as might remain untold.

"Yea. Elder Isaiah sent for you. He said he would see Ruth, and some who were standing by spoke to Ruth

Shepard; but when she came, he said, 'Nay, it is my Ruth that I want to see.' So they said, 'It is Ruth Hanway;' and he nodded, and I took the mare and the wagon and started for you. You see, there are two Ruths, but the elder said he wanted to see my Ruth, and so I came for you. Ruth Shepard she came forward, but it was n't her he wanted to see, though she 's a good woman, but it was you. He said he wanted to see my Ruth, and that is you." Ruth did not mind how many times Simon repeated those words, and she sat saying them over to herself as they drove through the dark woods. They passed the thicket where the laurel had grown so luxuriantly a few weeks before, but had now dried and fallen away; they crossed the little brook that came down from the pasture land, and Ruth remembered the pleasant fields above, and the inclosure that was on the height, — the Holy Place, as it was called, — concerning which a sister, years ago, had had a vision; so that the society had leveled and inclosed the top of the hill, planting a foursquare row of cedars and marking the centre with a marble monument. Under the moonlight, now, she could make out the quiet summit, where she had often gone for meditation. The scene, the still night, the rustling trees still wearing their crackling foliage, brought a peace and soothing relief that were inexpressibly grateful to the girl who had been so rudely shocked and cruelly wrenched from her wonted ways and habits.

They passed the East family, where the fire was still smoldering in a sullen way, but there were only one or two at work upon it. It was after the middle of the night, and the members of the little settlement had been distributed between the two other families and Holcroft's Tavern, and were sleeping as only those can who have brought their life into subjection to a regular order not easily to be disturbed. At the Church family there were lights in the nurse-house, and it was in front of that that Simon drew in his mare; a Shaker stood by the door and beckoned to them.

"You are to come in without delay," he said to Ruth, who entered the little building, and throwing off her outer wraps passed into the room where her father lay. Elder Isaiah was himself the surgeon and physician of the settlement, but in so extreme a case as this a professional man from the neighboring village had been called, who was now in attendance. His most obedient and active assistant was Eldress Charlotte, who with firm, set lips, but with a strange light in her eye, was quietly assuming the control of the room. Ruth had been schooled by Shaker ways into self-restraint, and when she entered and saw her father, the eldress, and the others, she was able to show the equanimity which the placid faces about her bore. Elder Isaiah lay upon a bed, his hands extended in the gesture so familiar to all who were wont to hear him speak in the meetings; he seemed indeed, though his eyes were closed, still to be giving his testimony; every now and then his lips moved, and his hands half opened. As Ruth entered and came to his bedside, the movement ceased, his eyes opened, and he appeared desirous of speaking to the girl. So, at any rate, she interpreted the sign, and bending over him placed her face near to his. She heard no word, but the lips moved, and for the first time within her remembrance her father kissed her. Her cheek was toward him; she turned and touched his lips with hers. A smile half formed upon the old man's face.

At that moment Ruth felt an iron grip upon her arm. She was forced to one side, yet so noiselessly that those about only saw Eldress Charlotte hastening to perform some service. The woman bent over the elder, and Ruth by her side could hear her panting breath as she drew close to the dying man.

"Do you remember Nathan?" she hissed in his ear. "Do you know Charlotte? There is your daughter Ruth. She" —

"Come away!" said the stern voice of Elder Joseph, of the Salem settlement, who was standing by. The woman turned upon him.

"Oh, yea!" she cried bitterly. "You saw Nathan die."

"Come away!" he repeated. "The elder is dead."

X.

Holcroft returned to the office with a somewhat surer tread. He had hitherto been a restless fellow. Even while working, and working accurately, he had been unable to resist a tendency to mental vagrancy, and his long strolls through the city, though professedly in search of bricabrac, books, and pictures, were really vain attempts at escaping from his shadow. All his baseless fictions of love, moreover, had failed to supply for him that stability of feeling which he was conscious was requisite for peace and contentment. It was only since the purpose of his love had set slowly but confidently toward the Shaker girl, that he had been able to concentrate his life. Every time that he returned to the city, of late, there had been a marked increase of his steadiness. His "daily walk and conversation," as the quaint phrase goes, grew firmer and more generous. He looked his companions in the eye, and even ventured to speak freely, though he would still be called a silent man. He found, to his amusement rather than to his dismay, that his little tricks for deluding himself into a belief in his own fancies failed somehow to be operative. He took long walks into the country, returning with vigor and freshness of eye and mind; but so far from seeking to be rid of himself, his thoughts were most healthy and agreeable companions. Books he found it difficult to read, unless it were some knotty prose. For the first time in his life he read and re-read, with hearty satisfaction, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, especially the first book. Its historical connection interested him least; he was fascinated by the strong grasp of thought, the sinewy, flexible language, the occasional mighty chords of feeling which make the book one of the masterly books. But undoubtedly his chief pleasure was in orchestral music, especially when Beethoven in his middle period was rendered. He knew by heart every phrase of the great symphonies, so that his mind was always eagerly just ahead of the music, and he seemed to be running before the waves of sound, exhilarated by the quickness of his own movements.

He knew not how soon the Shakers might find it convenient to abandon his house, and indeed he had in a measure abandoned it himself. Transferring his interest to a more living centre, he regarded it simply as a convenient resort, where he might, by such means as he knew, reach after his greater object. Desirous as he was, therefore, of seeing Ruth, he decided to let one Sunday intervene before he should again go to his house of entertainment. He heard nothing from Elder Isaiah; nor had he any right to hear, he argued, for he had not given him his address. His own movements were so silent that no one amongst the Shakers could be expected to know of his whereabouts, when he was not at Holcroft's Tavern.

One evening of the following week he was seated in the concert-hall, waiting for the musicians and for most of the audience. He had come early, from a liking which he had of watching the people, and had brought with him an evening paper. He opened it, and in turning the leaf he found among the older news some account of a prominent leader among the Shakers at Salisbury who had recently died, in consequence of injuries received at a fire which destroyed nearly all the buildings of one of the families. It was Elder Isaiah Hanway. Holcroft read it through to steady himself and give his thoughts time to form themselves clearly. There was mention in the same paragraph of a Shaker woman who was found dead a few days afterward in the grave-yard of the neighboring settlement of Salem. She had disappeared directly after the death of Elder Isaiah, and it was said that the grave where she was found dead was that of a man whom she had loved, and whom Elder Isaiah had caused to be sent away from Salisbury to Salem on that account.

Holcroft closed the paper and left his seat. He went into a corridor and walked up and down. People were flocking in to their seats, and he could hear the tuning of the instruments. He tried to think and to present the whole matter clearly to himself. Ruth's father was dead. How would it affect her? How would it affect him? One thing was plain: he must go to Salisbury as soon as possible. The impulse to see her was stronger than when it first visited him, as he watched her pass his house on the way to the field. If the impulse were scarcely more intelligent, yet it had at least the added element of a wish in some way to help her. It seemed impossible but that he, a strong man, should in some way cast a shelter about the homeless girl, — for homeless he insisted she must be. The whole fabric of the Shaker society seemed, in his mind, to topple over when Elder Isaiah was removed; not that his eldership held it up, but his fatherhood. He connected Ruth with no one else, and instinctively he had resolved the whole frame-work of the association into the relationship of father and daughter. He could not say just what he should do if he now went to Salisbury; that was of less importance than the going, for he certainly could do nothing at all here.

He was not, however, so absorbed in his purpose as to rush out of the house and start on a run for Salisbury. There was no train at this hour, nor until morning, and he was willing to let his mind shape itself under the forming influence of the music. He returned to the hall and took his seat. The orchestra had already begun, and catching the phrase which it sounded as he entered he went on with the piece, the excitement under which he was laboring making the music to be singularly clear and resonant. He sat listening and thinking and seeing nothing individual, when the movement which had been played ceased, and the clapping of hands brought him out of his preoccupied mood. At that moment a door opening upon the gallery not far from where he sat was pushed in, and an usher stood at the entrance holding it open for some one to enter who was lingering without. The delay attracted the attention of Holcroft as of others. The music began again, and he turned back to the stage. The second movement was an exceedingly soft andante, in which the theme of the symphony was repeated again and again with a gentle iteration, each time with some new shade of earnestness, as one or another instrument led; and by some curious association he seemed to hear in it a strain which had often struck him in one of the self-renunciatory hymns of the Shaker brethren. He was interested in the coincidence. It was as if one of their rude harmonies had its companion in the full, complex creation of a master in musical art; as if a common humanity inspired each, the plain people of Salisbury and the richly endowed artist. He dwelt upon the likeness, and again there rose to his view the procession of sober-clad men and women, the chanting circle in the middle, the uplifted palms, the illumined faces, the wavering cloud of witnesses. Again he saw the pure face of Ruth Hanway, as she appeared to him at the first, the perfume of the cloud, the breath of the ascending worship.

It cannot be surprising, then, that though not given to superstitious feeling he should, as he turned away from the stage, have been for a moment bewildered at seeing the face of Ruth Hanway herself in the countenance of the person who had shortly before entered, and who now sat alone a little distance from him. Her lustrous eyes were bent upon the orchestra, and her lips, half parted, wore almost a smile. The sight to him was scarcely more strange than familiar. In recalling her face, as he sat at his easel, he had by some willfulness always seen her thus, though he could not say that he had ever caught sight of the exact expression; but he pleased himself with the fancy, as he recorded the look, that it was thus she would appear were the Shakerism to be by some power stripped from her. Carrying out the fancy he had clad her in the world's garments, and substituted for the white kerchief the old, yellow lace of a gentle-

woman. As he saw her now it was the face only which had in any way fulfilled his pictorial prediction. The Shaker garb was still upon her, and he could not avoid seeing that it was this rather than the intense expression of her face which was causing those about her to turn their glances that way. The movement ceased, and in the rustle and murmur of pleasure which followed the young girl sank back in her seat, as if suddenly awaked. Like Poor Susan, —

> "She *hears*, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade, —
> The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
> The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
> And the colors have all passed away from her eyes."

Holcroft had not had time to wonder how she came to be in the hall. He felt rather than saw that he must needs speak to her now, for her sake, and passing to a vacant seat by her side he said in a low voice, "Ruth." She turned quickly, and discovered her neighbor. The third movement began, and Holcroft, seeing her intense agitation, said in a whisper, "Listen to this music before you try to speak to me."

He half turned away, as if to give her greater freedom, and tried in vain to hear the music, which was now pouring forth in a lively scherzo, capricious, teasing, as though all the seriousness and aspiration of the andante had been but a summer cloud. It had not gone on long before he heard a whisper from the girl. "I cannot bear this. They are all staring at me. Take me away."

"Go out by the door through which you came," he replied, "and I will follow you." They rose, and were presently in the corridor. The usher looked curiously at them. Holcroft motioned Ruth to follow him up the next flight. "There is a gallery above this," said he; "there are very few people there, and we can speak without interruption." She obeyed, and entering again the hall he placed her in a corner free from observation and sat beside her. He said nothing for a moment, for he saw that she was regaining her self-control. Presently she spoke, —

"My father is dead." Holcroft bowed silently. "The house where I had lived was burned. That you knew. It was very hard to live there — there were reasons — things were not as they were — at least," she went on more hurriedly. "I thought it wise to come away for a time. I was once before here in the city. I had an aunt, and she lived at No. 30 Spring Street. I bade the coach take me there. The man stared. Everybody looked at me, and I was frightened. He drove me here. I said, 'This is not my aunt's house.' 'It is 30 Spring Street,' said he. Then people began to gather, and I was frightened. 'Very well, I will go in,' said I. I read that there was music within, and I suddenly thought, — for men and women were going in, — 'I will go in there, for it will be safe among so many people, and then I will ask some kind-faced woman to help me.' I followed the rest until I came to a little gate, and they asked for my ticket; and when I said I had none they sent me to another place, where I bought one and went back. I wanted so much to get inside of the house. But I did not understand at all. They took my ticket and tore off a little bit and gave it back to me, and I thought perhaps I could not get away unless I showed that, so I kept it tight; and as I was standing doubtful a young man asked to see the bit, and then he told me to go up-stairs, and there another young man looked at it and bade me go in and take the seat he would show me. I did not dare disobey, and I did not dare go in, but I could not stand by the door; and then the music began, and I thought I might hear it and nobody would see me, and I could look for some kind woman. But oh, what music! — what music! I forgot everything else; I forgot where I was, I forgot — until it ended and you spoke to me, and then I saw all the people; and when the music began it seemed as if it were laughing at me, and I could not bear it."

As Ruth, with her soft, melodious voice, told off this tale, her hands calmly folded in her lap, Alden both followed the recital and sent his mind on in search

of wisdom. When she ended, he looked at her with a smile, and said, —

"Do not be troubled; I think I can find the way for you. Sit here now, if you will, and listen to the rest of this piece."

There was something in the trust of the girl which moved him strongly. She asked no questions, but seemed to resign herself to his care. When the symphony was ended, he asked her for her aunt's name, and getting such data as he needed he bade her keep her seat until he should return in a few moments. She sat and endeavored to listen, but was perplexed and disturbed. The music chanced to be one of Liszt's wild passages, and she was excited by the rush of windy sound; but she was frightened also. The door behind her opened, and she turned to see Holcroft, but it was a stranger, who gazed hard at her, as had others. She shrank from his glance, and looked at the great audience below her. Never had she imagined such a sight. The lights shone upon gayly dressed women, and everywhere men and women were talking together, bowing, smiling. Groups stood about the doors, fans were fluttering, and a restlessness pervaded the house in such utter contrast to any gathering she had ever seen that she was bewildered with the dazzling effect. To her mind there was a horrible publicity about it all. Then, as the music ceased again, there was a pause, when a singer came forward to sing. She was dressed in white, and was received with hearty applause. Ruth looked, as in a trance, at the beautiful creature, and was seized with a timidity, as if she herself had been suddenly placed on the stage; but when the notes came forth full and free, as from a bird's throat, she forgot all else and tears stood in her eyes. There was a loud tumult of applause. The singer bowed, and Ruth bowed too, unconscious of being the only one thus to respond. Alden returned at that moment, and found Ruth standing in her place looking eagerly toward the departing singer. She turned as he came down the aisle, and showed her radiant, dewy face.

"Oh, did you hear her?" she exclaimed. "Did you hear her? It was like one of the angels."

She spoke so clearly as she stood there, that her voice as well as her attitude began to attract the notice of people, and faces were uplifted from different parts of the house. Holcroft saw it, and spoke hurriedly: "Yes, I heard her, and it was indeed beautiful. But come with me."

"Oh, will she not sing again?" asked Ruth, and looked down upon the stage. Then she caught sight of the faces directed toward her, and a burning blush covered her face. "Take me away," she whispered; "take me away."

Holcroft gave her his hand and led her again into the corridor. The door closed behind them, and they were alone in the passage. She came close to his side in her sudden fright. He still held her hand, and drew her arm beneath his. It was a simple movement, but he could not trust his voice for a moment; never before had any one come thus close to him. For her, who had never before thus been held, there was for that moment no other thought than of security from she knew not what fancied danger. They passed silently down the staircase and out into the street.

"I have your aunt's street and number," said Holcroft, when they were in the air. "This hall has not long been built, and doubtless her house stood here and was removed to make a place for it."

"Yea," said she. "I remember something of this place, and I certainly remember the green yonder. I was but eight years old when I was here before, and then not for long."

"I hope your aunt will not be troubled," said Holcroft, with a vague sense that this new relationship was to remove the girl farther from him than she had been before.

"She does not know that I am coming," said Ruth, simply.

"And do not the Shakers know that you have come away?" he asked, in surprise. He would have recalled the words, if he could, the moment he had spoken them.

"I shall go back again," she said in a moment. They were crossing the green which lay in their way, and had come to a little sheet of water, by which they were passing.

"No," said he, stopping on the edge of the water, "you will not go back. Believe me, you will not go back. You cannot go."

"Cannot go?" she said, faintly.

He dropped her hand and stood before her. "See!" said he, "I do not hold you, and yet — can you go back? Can I take your hand and go back with you? Can you take me into that life?" He stood waiting. "Then will you go with me into my life?" he asked, gently.

She paused a moment. He held out his hand; she took it and followed him.

XI.

The old turnpike grows older and more indistinct each year. The old signs of its passage have entirely disappeared in many places, and the corn tassels are shaken over what was once a portion of the dusty highway. The old house of entertainment, which still goes by the name of Holcroft's Tavern, has little more than the name to live upon. It was long since dismantled, and year by year it is suffered to fall before the gentle hand of nature, that slowly gathers it to herself, until it looks scarcely more human than the trees which creep toward it. Whatever stories its timbers might tell, there is one, the latest, which I have tried to set down here. The inn afforded in its old age but slight entertainment to man or beast. It served indeed as a resting-place for Alden Holcroft for a few years. For one night it held Ruth Hanway; but both of these people found a reality elsewhere which could be ill supplied by the ghostly house. They never returned to it to live. Holcroft sought to recover from it some of the work which he had wrought. He found a painting crushed upon the floor. He smiled as he raised it.

"I will not trouble Ruth with this," he said to himself. "I think I can make her forget the rude shock of her transplanting."

Horace E. Scudder.

DEUS IMMANENS.

I SOMETIMES wonder that the human mind,
In searching for creation's hidden things,
Should miss that high intelligence that springs
From that which is not seen, but is divined.
Does knowing much of nature make us blind
To nature's better self? The Greek could see
A conscious life in every stream and tree, —
Some nymph or god. Our broader faith should find
A life divine, whose fine pulsations roll
In endless surges through the secret veins
Of earth and sky, which hidden still remains
Save to the instinct of the reverent soul;
Should know that everything from lowest sod
To farthest star thrills with the life of God.

T. R. Bacon.

ABUSE OF TAXATION.

At length, after five years of bitter distress, better times appear to be at hand. Yet even now the return of prosperity must be retarded by obstacles which we have put in our own way, and which may and ought to be removed. For many years the United States has been running on the high-pressure system of finance. Not only has the general government been lavish in its expenses, but almost every State, city, and town in the land has been living beyond its income and plunging into debt. This extravagance and these debts have occasioned excessive taxation, — probably more excessive than any other civilized people ever bore in time of peace; for the policy has been to make yearly payments on the principal of these debts, beside paying interest upon them and ordinary expenses. In prosperity the nation might bear this burden, heavy as it is, but the system is not suited to hard times. Not only in these years of distress is the taxpayer forced to meet the actual expenses of government, but he is also taxed to pay the principal of public debts, and that, too, while he is hampered by a barbarous system of assessment and collection. All taxation is an evil, but heavy taxes, indiscriminately levied on everything, in utter disregard of scientific principles and of the lessons of experience, are one of the greatest curses that can afflict a people. Doubtless unavoidable misfortunes have caused much of the discontent which is daily breaking out in riots, in socialism, and in efforts for repudiation; but much is certainly due to the suffering caused by unwise, excessive, and unnecessary taxation. Educated and wealthy men are responsible for the financial legislation of every country, for they alone have the knowledge and the power to shape it rightly. Apart, therefore, from all selfish interest, duty and prudence both seem to urge them to address themselves to this task, lest perchance, should no relief be given, worse may come of it.

No amount of abstract discussion can illustrate this question like an example. Let us take the city of Boston, and examine the system under which we live. The first matter to determine is the amount really paid in taxes; the second, how great a burden this payment is on property. Estimating the revenue raised by the United States by taxation in the year 1877 at $260,778,051, and the population of the United States at 45,000,000, gives a per capita tax of about $5.80. Nor does this represent the real cost to the people, as under the tariff every dollar the government receives costs two to the taxpayer, — but let the figures stand at $5.80. Estimating the state indirect tax for the same year at $4,100,000 (and this is a very low estimate, wherein all revenue not directly raised by taxation is neglected), and the population of Massachusetts, at 1,652,000, gives a per capita tax of about $2.49. Last year the total direct state, county, and city tax for Boston was $8,754,214, the population 341,919, giving a per capita tax of $25.60. The total being: —

United States tax per capita,	$5.80
State indirect " " "	2.49
State and city direct tax per capita,	25.60
	$33.89

Thus every human being in Boston — man, woman, and child — paid, on an average, $33.89 in taxes during the year 1877.

These are startling figures, but they are as nothing to those which show the burden of taxation on property. And here we are met at the outset by an almost insurmountable difficulty. This difficulty is that the assessors act on the absurd system of reckoning debts as wealth. For instance, mortgages are assessed as part of the wealth of Boston. Observe where this leads: ordinary beings would suppose that Boston was the poorer for the great fire. No error could be greater in the eye of the assessor, and for this reason: most real-estate owners lost so much by that calamity that to re-

build they were obliged to mortgage, often to nearly the full value of the property. Hence wealth grew fast, for wherever before the fire there was only a building worth perhaps $100,000, after the fire there was a new building and a mortgage, worth together $150,000, or perhaps even $180,000. Consequently, if every house in the city had been burned our wealth might have been doubled in a single year. The very city debt itself is counted in. Its bonds are reckoned in the valuation of a citizen's estate, and that very burden which is crushing Boston is made to figure as her wealth.

Of course this is preposterous. To duplicate values thus is absurd. Personal property is set by the city assessors at $205,433,386. A deduction of fifty per cent., or one hundred million, to allow for this double valuation, is moderate. This leaves a total, according to the last official figures, of $586,840,586, on which the rate, after deducting the poll-tax, would be $15.40 per thousand dollars. What should be added to this on account of United States and state indirect taxes is a difficult problem. So far as the State is concerned, her taxation, other than that directly assessed, increases the burden little or nothing. Certain property, of which deposits in savings banks form the greater part, is exempt from all other assessment. Probably the tax and the additional property to be included in taxable valuation would about balance each other, and the rate on the whole would remain nearly the same. The United States taxes are, on the contrary, a direct burden. The ratio of the per capita rate between them and municipal taxes is about one to four, which would give in the same proportion a rate of about $3.85. The burden to property, however, is very much greater under the present tariff than these figures indicate, beside which some allowance must be made for the poll-tax, betterments, and other special rates not otherwise reckoned. It seems, on the whole, fair, therefore, to add between four and five dollars to represent the increase of the rate by all taxation other than direct state and municipal. This gives a total of about twenty dollars on the thousand which property pays the government. Or stated differently, and calling six per cent. the rate of interest, it comes to this: that every third dollar which a man's accumulated savings will earn is taken from him by the government. This estimate is not excessive, for the effect of the tariff is to raise prices so high that the cost to the consumer probably very far exceeds the amount which would be raised by a tax at the rate allowed for.

Dealing with crushing burdens in years of adversity, the greatest financiers have made it their policy to lighten taxes even at the risk of a deficit. Their cardinal axiom has been that industry and business of all kinds must be relieved in order to revive. Such, however, is not the high-pressure system in vogue here. Last year the general government paid over thirty millions into the national sinking fund with revenue raised by taxation, at a time when a partial repudiation of the national bonds seemed imminent, and when the country was torn by a most alarming socialistic outbreak.

But let the policy of Congress and of the State pass. The finances of Boston give ample food for reflection. The net debt of Boston is $26,159,000; a heavy load, it is true, but bearable enough if the people are not taxed to pay it off in haste, as well as to pay the interest upon it.

The statute of 1875, c. 209, § 4, requires the city beside paying the interest on its debt, as it accrues, to establish a sinking fund for the redemption of the principal, and to contribute thereto an amount yearly, raised by taxation, sufficient with its accumulation to extinguish the debt at maturity. The amount so paid for the year 1877–78 is stated in the auditor's report, page 68, to have been $672,700, while upon page 8 of the report a further sum of $610,437 is shown to have been paid for the purchase of immature city bonds which were canceled. This latter sum was probably derived from betterment assessments, sales of land, and like sources,

and under the statute of 1875, c. 209, § 8, it might have been paid into the sinking fund for the purpose of reducing the amount to be raised by taxation. In fact, no part of it was so applied. Had the financial authorities chosen so to do, taxation for the debt would have only amounted to the difference between these sums, or $62,263.

Nor is this all; a further item of $70,000 might well have been saved. The following remarks, made in the common council by Mr. Crocker, of ward nine, on March 28, 1878, though relating to the appropriations for the coming year, are equally true, with a very slight change in amounts, of the year now under consideration : —

" As gentlemen who were here last year know, I have had something to say on this subject, and on what seems to me to be the folly of paying more money towards the city debt than the law requires, and more than the due proportion that is needed to enable us to meet our debt at maturity. The statutes require that we should put into the sinking fund enough money each year to provide for paying the debt when it matures. That is all the law requires; and it seems to me that to do much more than that is folly. For the city of Boston to do as it has been doing for years past, and is doing to-day, — taxing the already overtaxed citizens of Boston to put into the sinking funds hundreds of thousands of dollars more than the law requires, — seems to me to be the height of folly. We are straining every nerve, and are unnecessarily grinding the poor taxpayers, who are suffering enough at present, to pay an unreasonable proportion of the city debt, in order that, five or ten years from now, when people find out that the thing has been overdone, and that an unreasonable proportion of the debt has been provided for, future city councils may be extravagant, and run the city into new debts. . . . This year the city financial authorities figure out the amount we have got to pay; and in the first place they base their figures on the supposition that our sinking funds will in the future produce an income of only four per cent. If they had reckoned it on the basis of five per cent. they would have reduced the amount that they have called for on account of the sinking fund by $69,662.80, or from $664,903 to $595,239. They would have made a difference in the amount to be raised by taxation of substantially $70,000. But they have reckoned everything as much as possible against the poor taxpayers. They say it is not safe to reckon more than four per cent.; but as a matter of fact the average interest received last year on all the sinking funds was five and one third per cent., even in these times. I will admit that the money that they invest to-day cannot be loaned at an average of more than four per cent.; but, taking that into account, it must be remembered that the greater part of this money is already invested so as to produce a much larger rate of interest, and, including what is lying on deposit in the banks, our sinking funds have, during the past year, produced on an average five and one third per cent. Now, to reckon upon only an average of four per cent. is reckoning severely against the taxpayers, and putting an unnecessary burden of $70,000 upon them."

Here were nearly $700,000 wrung from the people apparently for no better purpose than to show what the city could do; and of such madness were the financial authorities guilty in the worst year that Boston ever saw.

The futility as well as the impolicy of this system is visible at a glance. What Mr. Crocker says about new extravagance is perfectly just. The city never will be permanently clear of debt; all experience is against it. A century ago Adam Smith wrote: " When national debts have once accumulated to a certain degree there is scarce, I believe, a single instance of their having been fairly or completely paid. The liberation of the public revenue, if it has ever been brought about at all, has always been brought about by a bankruptcy." Judge what chance there is of paying the debt of Boston by this list of new loans authorized within a year: —

Order of May 25, 1877, — English High and Latin school buildings (balance),	$250,000.00
Order of August 9, 1877, — Improved sewerage (balance),	3,540,000.00
Order of December 22, 1877, — Stony Brook improvement,	133,000.00
Order of December 31, 1877, — Widening Commercial Street,	500,000.00
	$4,423,000.00
Order of April 20, 1878, — Additional supply of water,	$600,000.00

The following axiom of finance laid down by Ricardo is recognized everywhere but here, and its truth is self-evident: —

"No sinking fund can be efficient for the purpose of diminishing the debt, if it be not derived from the excess of the public revenue over the public expenditure."

What "excess of revenue" Boston has is no difficult matter to compute from pages 8 and 9 of the auditor's report: —

Loans authorized during the past year,	$5,023,000
Revenue diverted from paying current expenses and devoted to payment of debt during the past year,	1,859,475
Deficit,	$3,163,525

And it is to maintain this wretched juggle that the city is straining every nerve and putting her prosperity in peril.

The auditor thus explains the probable future of the debt: "The question naturally arises, in speaking of the debt of the city, as to the limit of the amount which the city of Boston can increase its indebtedness under the statute law of the commonwealth; and the answering of this question involves the repetition of some points of the law of the State given in preceding reports. The act of 1875, limiting municipal indebtedness, which went into effect June 14th of that year, provides 'that cities and towns indebted to an amount not less than *two per centum* on their valuation *may* increase such indebtedness to the extent of an additional *one per centum* on their valuation, and no more,' exclusive of loans for water-works and sinking funds.

"The debt of the city of Boston at the date said act took effect was more than *two per centum* on its valuation; therefore the city of Boston possessed the right to increase its indebtedness *one per centum* on its valuation of that year, May 1, 1875, which valuation was $793,961,895, — *one per centum* being $7,939,618. The amount of orders for loans which have been authorized by the city council and approved by the mayor for purposes other than for water-works, and partly negotiated since the passage of the act, is $5,789,000; so that the amount remaining which the city of Boston *may* increase, at this date, so far as the city council possesses authority, its indebtedness for other purposes than for water-works is $2,150,618. . . .

"Having exhausted this right, the city of Boston will have to comply with the provisions of the said municipal indebtedness act of the State, which prohibits cities and towns from incurring debts, exclusive of those for water-works, less sinking funds, over an aggregate of *three per centum* on their valuation of taxable property therein, to be ascertained by the last preceding city or town valuation for assessment of taxes. When the right under the *one per centum* clause ceases, the city of Boston, with the continued decrease of taxable values, will be unable to borrow money other than for water-works purposes for some time."

Nothing, humanly speaking, can be more certain than that city governments will borrow as long as and as much as they can. So clear has this fact become that legislatures have been forced to intervene with statutes like that of 1875. What folly it is, then, to buy bonds with one hand and sell them with the other! How much better to submit to what appears to be inevitable, and when the debt has reached the limit stop borrowing and pay cash! To pay the debt only opens the way for more debt. Nothing can be plainer than that Boston now has no more right to lay out parks, to build expensive school-houses, and to broaden streets than a man with a decreasing income and a heavy debt has to buy a yacht, fast horses, and a house at Newport, because all these things would certainly give him pleasure, and might benefit his health. The argument that

prices were low would be as sensible in one case as in the other. Yet so little weight does duty or reason have that it is probable if Boston could be absolutely clear of debt to-morrow, she would be as deep in the mire again within ten years.

But if this high-pressure system is futile, what word can express its impolicy? It is suicidal. Listen to Adam Smith: —

"When, by different taxes upon the necessaries and conveniences of life, the owners and employers of capital stock find that whatever revenue they derive from it will not, in a particular country, purchase the same quantity of those necessaries and conveniences which an equal revenue would in almost any other, they will be disposed to remove to some other. And when, in order to raise those taxes, all or the greater part of merchants and manufacturers, that is, the greater part of the employers of great capital, come to be continually exposed to the mortifying and vexatious visits of the tax-gatherers, this disposition to remove will soon be changed into an actual removal. The industry of the country will necessarily fall with the removal of the capital which supported it, and the ruin of trade and manufactures will follow the declension of agriculture."

This, written a century ago of a nation, is true of Boston to-day. Capital is leaving her. No estimate can be made of the number of million dollars withdrawn from her by tax-dodgers, as they are called at City Hall, but in truth by capitalists who are only obeying the law laid down by Adam Smith. That law is immutable. Your city will not prosper if you take one dollar in three from your citizens, when other places take but one in five or six. England is an example of the splendid success of the system of common sense. No nation has so large a debt; no nation has less burdensome taxation. Industry is not crippled that the debt may be paid, but generally when there is a surplus taxes are reduced. The credit and the wealth of England are the wonder of the world. Nothing like it has ever existed, in spite of their enormous public burdens. Mr. David A. Wells estimates the local tax of London at about $5.85 per capita. Tax London as Boston is taxed, and the term of her great prosperity would close.

It may be that we have not yet suffered enough, that we are still too proud to learn even from misfortune; but the time will come when we shall no longer throw aside the experience and the wisdom of successful nations, like silly children who insist on handling glowing coals to see whether or no they burn.

By scientific management of the debt taxes might be reduced about one fifth. By abstaining from the puerile farce of buying in old bonds, and then selling new ones, about one twelfth of the taxation of last year might have been spared. Yet we go on with houses vacant in every street, with rents falling and ever falling, and with land owners on the brink of ruin.

This is the financial wisdom of Boston, — the wisdom of the man who killed the goose that laid him golden eggs. Boston was taken only as an example, and doubtless she is a fair example, of the state of the country. Is it wonderful that we have riots, that we have socialists, that we have repudiationists? The wonder is not that the people have been restless under this terrible and needless strain, but that the country has not been plunged into a convulsion that would have shaken it to its centre. Nor has the worst yet been told. These taxes, heavy as they are, might be adjusted so as to be borne with comparative ease, but the system of assessment and levy is unjust, unequal, vexatious, and bears most heavily upon the poor. That subject, however, is beside the matter in hand. The purpose now is to show that no industry, no wealth, no enterprise, can bear up permanently under a system which places the citizens of a city, or State, or nation at a disadvantage with others that surround it. If, on the contrary, a rational reduction of taxation is effected wherever opportunity offers, wealth and enterprise are attracted to such an extent that the

revenue raised by low rates soon exceeds the utmost that could have been wrung from the people by the heaviest. By this financial system, in the words of Adam Smith, "Great Britain seems to support with ease a burden which, half a century ago, nobody believed her capable of supporting."

Brooks Adams.

HOME LIFE OF THE BROOK FARM ASSOCIATION.

MUCH interest has been expressed at various times to learn the real home life of the Brook Farm Association, and many of my friends have urged me to tell what I know of it. My experience extends through nearly four years of its existence, and if length of time could insure the ability to delineate all the various motives which brought together and held through so many years its members, bound by no sectarian creed and united solely through inclination, the knowledge which my position gave me might at least serve to satisfy curiosity. Being one of the least known of its members, I enter on this undertaking with much hesitancy. I cannot understand why no one of those who better comprehended all the machinery which kept the wheels going through many trying vicissitudes (though I suspect sometimes the operators themselves felt doubtful how it was done) has ever brought its interior life to view, since a real history of its aims and endeavors after a truer life has been asked for.

What was my object in joining this association is of no consequence; I am not writing my own life, and those who were its leaders were calculated to have much more influence on the world than my insignificant self. No matter if I even thought that the whole nation would be charmed by our simple, unobtrusive life, and that in time it would all resolve itself into associations of which ours should take the lead. I know there were many with us who felt that the world must come to us, and that we should, in a more gentle manner than the chosen people of old, gather unto us the possessions of the Amorites and the Canaanites, and that our laws and government should extend and finally annihilate the existing executive of the country. Perhaps even wilder and bolder visions passed before our eyes ere our final dismemberment. In this paper I shall endeavor to give a concise account of the first movement of the originators of the Association of Brook Farm, and to supply some idea of its internal life, both material and mental.

It was on a bleak November afternoon that I entered Brook Farm as one of its permanent residents. The weather, not bright even in the morning, had gradually grown darker, and a cold drizzling rain sent a chill through you and permeated your inmost being, as well as added to your exterior discomfort. I had some weeks before passed several days with the association, that I might in some degree understand the life that lay before me. I confess that when I was made acquainted with its details, its poetic phase was drowned in the water in which I washed the teacups. The reasons which first induced me to apply for admission as one of its members still existed, and the latent energy of my nature forbade my receding merely because my personal comfort, if not quite destroyed, was at least interfered with beyond what was pleasant. Dreary as was this afternoon, my thoughts were more dreary still, and as I drove from my comfortable home the life I had undertaken rose before me in all its bare and cheerless routine. I knew but little of the motives which had drawn its mem-

bers together and sustained them through all the difficulties of their arduous undertaking. I had not sympathized with the idea for which they lived, indeed had not in the least understood it; and the gloomy evening upon which I entered on my work almost overcame my resolution. Accustomed to the greeting with which worldly usage meets one, I was not prepared for the indifferent looks cast upon me by the dwellers of the Hive as I alighted at its door. This was the building nearest the entrance, and which usually received all comers. No one spoke to me, although I had previously seen some of the members; they kept about their occupations utterly regardless of me. At last a young man appeared whom I had known in the world, and offered to go with me and find Mrs. R——. As I knew the building I was to occupy, I accepted his escort there, and learned from him that my belongings had arrived the day before and I should find all ready for me. This was the only cheerful thing which had met me since I left my home, and with a more buoyant spirit I entered the Cottage, which was to be my abiding place. There was a room called the parlor, which contained only a few chairs, and was appropriated to my use as well as that of the three or four other inmates of this building. There was another parlor, but a lady who had contributed much to the erection of the building was its exclusive occupant. A fire soon burned brightly in the grate, my own rocking-chair was placed near it, and I began to take a more cheerful view of things in general, so that when the horn sounded for supper I entered the dining-room with a less lackadaisical demeanor than I had shown an hour or two before; and the next morning I rose with a spirit more willing to encounter what I still considered the ills of life. No snow had fallen, and the hills were brightly tinged with the coming rays of the sun, which had not yet risen, as I wended my way down to the Hive, the only eating-house of the establishment. The other three dwelling-houses had no kitchens in their interior arrangements. I was not alone, and the shouts and laughter of the young students around me drew me out of myself, and tended much to bring back the natural gayety of my disposition. They were not all strangers to me, and they soon discerned that I should throw no damper on their mirth. I will at once say that during my long stay in this association the good-fellowship which existed between me and this youthful appendage of its graver members was never lessened, and the tie between us still exists, although I am an old woman and they are no longer in their early youth.

As I did not join the Brook Farm Association until about a year and a half or perhaps two years after its first members had entered upon their novel enterprise, I can give but a very vague account of its beginnings. I think there were not more than seven or eight persons who formed its first household, and the only building occupied by them was the original farmhouse which afterwards received the name of the Hive, as most of the domestic occupations were performed there. I cannot now recall who were its first occupants. From causes unknown to me, several had left before my arrival. What I now write is from my own personal knowledge, and I shall endeavor to give as faithful an account as my memory will enable me after the lapse of so many years.

When I first entered Brook Farm the Hive was a common-sized house with two rooms on either side the front door and two others back of them. The front door was but little used, there being a more convenient one between the two rooms, on the side of the drive-way or avenue, by which we always entered, being nearer the refectory, which was the back room on that side of the building. The front room was the common parlor for the dwellers in the house, and was also used for the reception of strangers. The rooms on the other side of the front door were occupied by a lady and her children. She was not an associate, but her sympathies united her with the members and she became a permanent boarder. Back of the dining-room was the kitchen, not large, and connected

with it were the pantry and a room used for a laundry, but rather circumscribed in its proportions. The chambers above were used as sleeping apartments for the inmates of the house, and as there were many residents at the Hive, I need not say no one could have the luxury of a separate room, excepting one scholar who was an invalid. When we began to increase our numbers we had also to increase our accommodations; the Hive received many additions, and the existing interior was much altered. The front and back rooms were thrown into one, making a long and convenient dining-room. The kitchen was much enlarged, and the laundry appointments made suitable to our increased population. More sheds for farming and domestic use were erected, and rooms were built over them, which gave us many more dormitories. The dwellers here were principally those whose domestic avocations were chiefly in that house. After the admission of mechanics to the association, the greater number of them lived at the Hive, especially those with families, the apartments being more convenient for their use. It was the only eating-house on the place, and was of course the only cooking establishment. Our food was very plain, but good; we did not always have fresh meat, but we became accustomed to the privation and really enjoyed whatever was placed before us. Brook Farm brewis has always been a pleasant remembrance to me, and I even yet indulge occasionally in a good breakfast of it. Our head farmer, with his family, resided at the Hive during all my stay at Brook Farm, and was one of its most conspicuously attractive inhabitants. There was a small terraced flower garden near the house which led to the brook that gave the name to the place. A long ridge, crowned with a pleasant grove, looked down upon it, and between it and the house a large elm spread its grateful shade around. It was the only spot on my first arrival which had any appearance of having been cultivated with an eye to adornment, and its natural advantages added much to its beauty.

It was a very busy life that I had come into, one totally different from my accustomed habits and avocations, but still one which the old-fashioned training of my extreme youth had not entirely unfitted me for. I was early taught to clear-starch, as it was called, and this knowledge had always adhered to me, and I was not a little proud of having my laces and muslins uncommonly nice-looking; so in this busy little world I gradually found my place. I entered somewhat into the teaching, and offered to make up the muslins of all on the place who wore them. In the minds of some this might seem a great undertaking, but as many considered such finery useless, and as none were permitted to give me more than two pieces a week, the task was not at all arduous. One little child always called me "lady love," but another, I must own, gave me not so poetical a title, and knew me only as "Miss Muslin." I had other domestic avocations, for occasionally I washed the dishes, and during my stay at Brook Farm I always belonged to the ironing-room. I think Mrs. R—— and myself were amongst its most indefatigable workers, and we have stood side by side for ten hours or even longer at a time, only leaving long enough for our dinner, which did not occupy much time, the number of our courses not being indefinite. As I have already said, my entrance on this life did not open joyfully to me, but as time went on I became much interested in it and very much attached to my co-workers. Their earnestness commanded my respect, and although I did not always fully comprehend the meaning of what they said, I felt the fault was in me, not them, and my dull brain was alone accountable. It was not the days of evolution, but of involution, if not of language, of thought. Our life was really very monotonous, and, looked upon at a distance by one accustomed to the stirring life of a city, would have appeared unbearable; yet it was strange how much variety we contrived to put into it. A casual observer would think us occupied solely with the dull routine of our domestic avocations, which were not lightened by paid

domestics. Such a one could not see how much thought filled the minds of those steady workers. A few bright words, listened to the evening previous, lifted them above their occupations, and you might have heard a great problem discussed even over the wash-tub by one whose brightness shed light on all around.

Brook Farm was an association, not a community. The members were not called upon to divide their worldly possessions among their associates, but all contributed such portion as they thought they could afford towards the support of the institution. There were many who had nothing to give, but no distinction was made amongst the members; all met on an equality, and in reality it was just that it should be so, for worldly advantages were overcome by useful labor. Each on his application for admittance was received on probation. I think three months was the time designated, and then the established members met in council and discussed the merits of the applicants, and whether their admission would be beneficial to the association. A vote was then taken, and if I remember rightly two thirds were necessary for an affirmation. I suppose all had very much the same feelings as myself when they knew they were to go before this awful tribunal; and if any one had told me three months previous that I should have waited in trembling fear for its decision, I could not have believed it of myself. A change had been wrought in me which even now, after the lapse of so many years, seems little less than magical. Naturally exclusive and fastidious, a spell was woven around me which entered into my very heart and led me to nobler and higher thoughts than the world ever gave me. I was not even then in my early youth, but I felt the influence of a vigor and freshness the remembrance of which still clings to me after nearly forty years have passed away.

The most profitable source of our income was that derived from the pupils sent us. Harvard did us the honor to place two or three with us whom it was judged a rustic life might benefit; and I need not say they were a pleasant social element in our life. Several also came to be prepared for a collegiate course. One of these served nobly in our late war, and gave his life on one of its battle-fields. Another, whose name was even more famous in the same cause, was when with us a mere child, and gave but little promise of what he was to be, the gallant hero of many battles, and now a brilliant member of the bar in one of our largest cities. There were many others who were children when with us, and who if less prominent were not less earnest to assist our nation in its greatest need. All honor to them, wherever they are now scattered. Several came to us who never joined us as members, but who enjoyed the freedom of our life from the conventionalities of society. One in particular is before the world as a literary man of eminence, whose noble thoughts and words have always been enlisted on the side of progress. The number, when I first joined the association, was not large, I should think not over forty, and yet when I recall them to my mind it seems to me one would scarcely find forty persons with more strongly marked individuality; not loudly proclaimed and only after much study to be understood, but contributing a peculiar influence to the place, and making Brook Farm a problem in the minds of men.

As Christmas approached it became a question as to how we should celebrate it; after much grave deliberation a fancy party was suggested, and the chiefs were applied to for their consent, which I need not say was easily obtained. We certainly had no idea of extending our invitations beyond the limits of the place, and our ingenuity was exerted to produce the costumes in which to make our appearance. Everything which could furnish even a remote idea of what we wished to represent was called into requisition, and the preparation became a great amusement to us. Our simple ideas, alas! were doomed to fade away before the magnificence of some of our pupils, who even hired costumes from the theatres. I must here remark that

our own manufactured costumes eclipsed, with their simple classic taste, the tawdry finery of the stage. Our little festival becoming known to some of our outside friends, invitations were asked for, and our visitors added much to the brilliancy of our entertainment. Hamlet was well represented in his customary suit of black velvet; Greeks and Circassians figured largely, and even an Indian left his native forests for our amusement. Little Nell and her grandfather moved quietly through the scene, and Spanish bolero dancers performed wonderful evolutions. Altogether it was a success and enjoyed by all immensely. Fancy balls were not as common then as now, and I doubt whether any of us had assisted at one before. Little dances were common amongst us, and very short notice was given when one was to take place. Ball dresses were unknown, and a knot of ribbon was often the only adornment added to our usual dress. Having so many young people under our charge, these little recreations were almost a necessity, and the enjoyment was quite as great as if we had been dressed in the finest Paris robes, and had entered the ball room at ten instead of leaving it at that hour. With our early morning habits, late evening parties, as a general rule, were out of the question, and excepting on the occasion of our fancy ball, I never knew them extended beyond ten o'clock. Our usual social intercourse was principally confined to the Aerie, where Mr. and Mrs. R—— resided, and where every evening were collected those who wished to hear or themselves take a part in the pleasant and often brilliant conversation of many of our associates. Music, too, lent its charm to these reunions, and I need not say that the Aerie was seldom lonely.

The Aerie was the first house built on the place after it became the property of the association. It was placed on a large rock, which formed the cellar and on two sides the foundation walls of the structure. That cellar was an odd-looking place and did justice to the inventive power of the builders of the house. It did not exactly illustrate the text about the durability of such a foundation, for when left to take care of itself the winds and the storms soon demolished the entire building, and it now lies in ruins, if there is a vestige left of it. As it was built on the top of this large, high rock, many steps were needed to reach the terrace in front of the door, on either side of which was a large room, one used as a parlor, the other as a library. Behind these rooms were four small dormitories. Above, I think they were not divided in the same manner, but a greater number of rooms was made of the space, leaving two rather larger than the others. Mr. and Mrs. R—— occupied one of these, and the others were given to the scholars. At first the library was used as a recitation room, and I believe Mr. R—— still continued so to use it even after we had regular school rooms. Mr. R—— occupied himself with some of the farming operations, but there was other work for him to achieve, in exchange for which manual labor must have seemed a recreation. It is needless to say that as the founder of the association he felt himself, if not wholly, yet greatly responsible for its success, and the wear on his mental powers must have been great in his earnest endeavors to secure it. I do not think I realized at the time how arduous his task was; his pleasant wit and jocose manner deceived us as to the weary labor which worked his mind to the extent of its powers. He never failed to greet us with a joke, and his face bore no evidence of the anxiety which almost crushed him. His self-control was wonderful, and through it we were enabled to assist, to our utmost, the efforts which he made to insure our success. We did this without really knowing the danger we were in, and hope lightened our labors and enabled us to be of more use than if we had shared in his sometimes hopeless view of our situation. That this dark feeling was continuous with him could not be; some bright beams will lighten the darkest days and give energy to pursue a nobler course than that prompted by despair. It seems almost superfluous for me to dwell for a moment on the mental culture of Mr. R——, yet many of

the present generation may not be aware of his surpassing scholarship. His classical education was thorough, and as a theologian few surpassed him. The German language, which was not then as generally studied as at present, was well understood by him, and his knowledge of it comprised also the peculiar philosophy of that nation of deep thinkers, and was no doubt one of the agents in his philanthropic attempt at Brook Farm.

Of Mrs. R—— I speak with a tenderness and affection which many long years have never chilled. I had known her before we met at Brook Farm, though not intimately. It was there that a friendship was formed between us which, on my part at least, existed as warmly as at first until her death. It is impossible to give an idea of the life she infused into all around her. To talk with her gave us strength for any effort, for "impossible" seemed a word unknown to her. She never shrank from any task she thought right for her to undertake. But there was one self-imposed task which none but a truly Christian woman would have undertaken; which almost all would have recoiled from, and few but those inured to such duty would have voluntarily performed. Among the pupils sent from abroad was a boy from Manila. He was apparently perfectly well when placed at Brook Farm, and it was not until after some months that a most loathsome disease made its appearance, and it was easily seen why he was sent so long a distance from his home, as a cold climate was deemed the only cure for him. His malady was elephantiasis. Mrs. R—— performed all the duties of a nurse, and cleansed and bound up the leprous spots without ever betraying to him the sickening feeling which more than once nearly overcame her. By her efforts the disease was arrested for a time, and for more than three years he enjoyed his life with us; but, poor fellow, he was not cured, and the malady again made its appearance with more virulence than ever. About this time guano was much talked of as a remedy for all forms of this disorder, and it was tried for him; it did for a time alleviate, but there was no permanent cure for him. Every kindness was shown him by all on the place, for his gentleness and amiability had drawn us towards him, and he remained with us until the final dissolution of the association, when he and a brother who was with him left to return to Manila, which he did not live to reach. Perhaps this digression from my subject may seem unnecessary, but I feel it due to Mrs. R—— that her true nobility of soul and innate goodness should be made known in this slight sketch of her. Of her intellectual capacity it is not requisite to speak, for it is well known, and her brilliant conversational powers were appreciated by all who had the happiness to know her. Mr. C——, of New York, a brilliant lecturer and well-known literary man, whose noble thoughts and words have always enlisted themselves on the side of progress, with his brother also lived in this house for more than a year after my residence on the place. They were not associates, but were drawn towards us by sympathy with the movement, and they left us, as did several others, when our life in a great degree was changed by our new organization. The other residents were, as I have said, scholars.

Most of our pupils had their rooms in the Aerie, and the freedom of their intercourse with their teachers added much to the charm of our social gatherings. Thus the winter passed quickly away; but when the spring opened and farming operations commenced, I observed a shade of anxiety on the brows of those to whom we looked for the knowledge we received of our material success. It was evident that all was not smooth and prosperous, and that our income did not meet our expenses. A more economical system as regarded our table was then suggested, although how we could live upon less was a close question. As is usual on such occasions, butter was first attacked, and the quantity heretofore allowed was much reduced. I cannot enter into all the details of our cutting down operations, but I know coffee was among the victims, or rather we coffee drinkers were. Still all this retrenchment did not relieve us. A few new

pupils were added to our educational department, but not enough to give much assistance. People were shy of us; we were supposed to nourish some very fantastic views which encroached much on the decencies of society. I will not enumerate all the absurd stories which were circulated with regard to us; and although our outside friends, who still continued to feel an interest in us, paid no heed to these ridiculous inventions, there were thousands who looked upon us as little less than heathens who had returned to a state of semi-barbarism. Even many who understood us and our lives felt timid when it was a question of the education of their children; I do not mean it should be understood they were afraid of any influence we might have over them; and although they knew that our teachers were not only highly educated but had made their mark as learned men, they chose rather to give their children inferior teaching than to trust them to the wild theories of Brook Farm. There were some who rose superior to these prejudices, and I have never heard that they regretted it.

We who were living so quietly within ourselves did not realize all this, or understand how much evil was attributed to us. In the mean time, if we were to keep together, we must live, and how to do so became a very serious question. Many plans were thought of, but were not found to be practical. At last it was decided to increase the association by admitting members who should bring an industry with them. It was also agreed that workshops should be erected, and mechanics who had applied for admission, but for whom at the time there had been no place, should be recalled and should thus try to do for us what farming alone had not effected. I have not ventured to speak of the capabilities of the place with respect to cultivation, for being a woman I am not supposed to know much about its working details; but having lived for the greater part of my life in the country I think I know somewhat of the quality of land when I see it, and I do not think much of that possessed by Brook Farm was suited to arable purposes. It is not for me to criticise the knowledge of those so infinitely my superiors, but I cannot say that gravel and sand, interspersed with picturesque rocks, produce very rich grass.

There was much natural beauty surrounding the place. The pine woods adjoining, though not belonging to it, were an endless source of enjoyment to its inmates, and became almost a place of worship to them. I remember we several times held divine service in one of its open glades. Our officiating clergyman was the Rev. W. H. Channing, then for a time making his home with us.

At last our experiment commenced, and we were to decide upon the efficiency of our mechanical labor. I was not one of the financial committe and cannot give the details of its working, and must wait until I have arrived at the proper epoch to state its results. Our new inmates were quite a respectable class of persons, and generally inclined to fulfill their duties; though I suspect you might have picked out one or two who thought they would lead an easier life with us than battling with the world. Among those who joined us at this time was a florist, a Dane by birth, and one who understood his business well. How really lucrative he made it for us I never knew, but he certainly added much to the beauty of the place. Greenhouses were erected for him, and everything which could insure success within reasonable bounds was placed at his command. Before his advent some of us had endeavored to cultivate flowers, but not prosperously, the soil being too sterile to insure their growth; but with the power which was given to him as an experienced person, our small beginnings became a beautiful reality. He was æsthetic in his ideas, and perhaps studied beauty a little more than profit. He felt so superior to the rest of us in the knowledge of his own art that he was impatient of the least control, and not willing to understand the necessity of economy in the exercise of his vocation. His wife and daughter came with him. The latter improved much, both mentally and personally, whilst with us, and be-

came much endeared to her young companions, who sincerely mourned her early death. This did not take place while with us, but not many years after our final dissolution. The father and mother were both extremely fond of dancing, a knowledge of which they had brought from Denmark, but in outward appearance it seemed in them a most solemn affair. The German did not exist in those days. All dances were welcome to us, and no one thought it a bore to join in a square dance. The waltz was not universally known, and when danced was not so affectionate as our young people now make it.

With the spring our hopes revived; our workshops were in operation, and many looked forward to a brilliant future; but there were those who did not take so cheerful a view of our situation, and I am afraid they were those who best understood its real condition; still no one was utterly despondent, and the cheerfulness of the place was not disturbed. Our amusements went on as usual, mingled with our graver avocations, and outsiders generally believed in our prosperity. As the pleasant weather came on, our visitors increased, some drawn towards us merely from curiosity, but, I am happy to say, many more from friendly feelings cherished for us. It was at the time when the Hutchinson family were at the height of their popularity. As they had shown some interest in our undertaking we invited them to visit us, which invitation they accepted, and passed a night with us. One great charm of their singing was the perfect accord of their voices. There was but little of the art of high training, but I think in listening to them you never felt its want.

During the summer months we received as an inmate a songstress of far different type, — Frances or Eliza Ostinelli, perhaps better known to the public as Signora Biscaccianti. She was then quite young, not more than seventeen, or even younger. She was given in charge to us by her father; and it was thought best by those in authority to place her under the immediate care of one of our staid members. She was very pretty, and her musical talent made her doubly fascinating, so that I am afraid some of our pupils were not as attentive to their studies as it was proper for them to be. It was rather an arduous task for her chaperon, and she sometimes had to call assistance in sending to their homes these young admirers at the stipulated hour. It was a rule that all should be in their several houses by ten o'clock. I remember a ludicrous adventure resulting to myself from this rule. A party of us were playing whist at the Cottage; we all belonged there excepting the youngest, who was a pupil, and lived at the Hive. Being interested in our game we had not noticed the hour, when we were startled by the appearance of one whom we always recognized as chief, and on whose countenance we observed a menacing expression. He himself was somewhat disturbed when he saw who were the party at the table, and we could not help smiling at his evident annoyance. Our poor young friend was, however, immediately seized upon and very austerely questioned as to his being at that hour, a quarter past ten, absent from his dwelling place. The young man did not seem in the least discomposed, but answered quietly. We did not interfere, being much amused at the effort with which our worthy chief maintained his gravity. At last he asked, "And how do you expect, sir, to enter the house, when you know the doors are locked at ten?" "Oh," said our undaunted youth, "I always get in at the pantry window." I need not say that bursts of laughter greeted this answer, in which none joined more heartily than the questioner himself. This was all well enough for once, but we thought it better either to limit our whist parties to the residents of the Cottage, or to be more careful about hours, feeling that rules should be observed.

But to return to Biscaccianti. Her music was a great delight to us, although her voice at that time had been little cultivated. It had great power and sweetness combined, and it must have possessed some peculiar quality, for our

friends on Spring Street told us they could distinctly hear her when singing in the open air in the evening, though the distance was at least three quarters of a mile in a straight line. I have since thought this could not have been very beneficial to her voice, but it was very pleasant to us. I think probably the happiest part of her life was whilst with us at Brook Farm, and perhaps it would have been better for her if she had remained longer with us. She was at Brook Farm but a few months, and then went with her father to Europe to complete her musical education. During her stay with us we had a small fancy party in the woods, principally for her gratification. The costumes were confined almost wholly to the younger residents, although the elders lent their countenance to it by their presence. It was a merry scene and ended with sunset. One group represented gypsies, and their encampment was really picturesque; there seemed almost a reality in it, and we could not refrain from holding out our hands to have our fortunes told. It was a bright afternoon, not too warm, and all the children on the place contributed to its gayety.

Among the many visitors of this summer was Margaret Fuller, and as may be supposed, much interest was excited by her visit. She was looked upon by her admirers as the most wonderful woman of the age, and, in many respects, she was so. So many men of acknowledged intellectual power did homage to her mind that every one must grant to her uncommon talent. I never so fully appreciated her as many of my friends did, and when listening to her wonderful conversations, — which, by the way, were limited to one person, herself, — and straining my mind to comprehend her meaning, I must own I have sometimes wished her English was rather plainer. Her sad fate has shrouded her in a romance which perhaps will be remembered longer than the impress of her mind will be felt, for she has left no writings of sufficient weight to insure her the fame she hoped to attain. In connection with her I must here mention a young member of the association. His reverence for her was heartfelt, and he dwelt upon every word from her lips as something sacred. If you had asked him of her personal appearance I am sure his description of her would never have brought her before you as she was. The ideal which was impressed on his mind was all beauty, and he would hardly have understood you if you had dared to assert the contrary. When she left this country for Europe, had it been possible, he would have accompanied her, but his extreme youth made his friends oppose, for the time, such a project. He often talked to me of his great desire to see Europe, and what most fascinated his imagination was the wonderful cathedrals he had read of. After a few years his desire was gratified; he joined Miss Fuller, then the Marchesa d'Ossoli, in Italy. He returned with her in the fated vessel, and ended his life with hers.

In passing the laundry one day, the merry voices of its occupants, mingled with laughter, made me feel it must be a very pleasant place, and I had a strong desire to enter and offer myself as an assistant. They greeted me joyfully, as more assistance was needed, and I immediately began my work. It was something new to me to stand over a washtub, and from its novelty rather exciting, so I worked with all my power and complimented myself upon being so useful. Alas for poor human pride or vanity! I was not destined to long rejoicing, and when most exalted I ignominiously fell on being declared inefficient and of no use. I would not have it supposed this was any harsh decision, for it was both given and received in the pleasantest and merriest manner; and when I left the workers I laughingly told them that the time might come when they would be glad to have me, but I would never come to them again. My threat was doomed to be fulfilled, for not a great while afterwards I was sent for in great need, but I wisely held to my determination, being myself fully convinced of my total incapacity for usefulness in that line.

HISTORY.

The Vision of a Woman comes to me,
As I am walking in the crowded street;
Of more than mortal mold she seems to be,
And bears the dust of empires on her feet!
Gathering below her generations meet,
And Time before her strict tribunal stands.
She sits, impartial, on the judgment seat,
And holds an iron tablet in her hands;
Around her are the scribes who write what she commands.

Back to the dim beginnings of the race,
The far-off, primitive days, she turns her eyes;
She has but to will, and suddenly time and place
Are brought to doom before her. They arise
From unremembered graves, with bitter cries,
Because their evil deeds are known at last,
Their foul abominations, based on lies;
Ashes in vain upon their heads they cast:
We harden our hearts against the unpardonable Past!

Whence came, and when, the families of men
That sparsely peopled earth when she was young?
Who can declare the immeasurable *when*,
The inconceivable, infinite *whence* they sprung?
Much-knowing History answers not, and the tongue
Of her elder sister, Fable, charms no more:
Gone is the high descent to which they clung,
Children of gods whom mortal mothers bore;
They came not after their gods — but thousands of years before!

They left no history, but lived and died
Like the wild animals round them which they slew;
The woods and streams their ravenous wants supplied, —
To hunger and to thirst were all they knew.
The skins of beasts about their loins they drew,
And made themselves rude weapons out of stone,
Sharp arrow-heads and lances, to subdue
Their fellow savages, waylaid alone:
From these beginnings Man and War and Woe have grown!

By slow degrees their dull wits were aware
Of ways less dangerous: they somehow found
They need not track the wild beasts to their lair,
And slay them for their flesh, for in the ground
A power was that brought forth the grains around,
The taste whereof was good: they made them plows
Of flint and bone, which they to hurdles bound
With willow withes, and twigs of forest boughs;
Tame creatures they yoke thereto that break the sods they browse.

Others of these are shepherds, whose live wealth
Whitens the land for leagues, — a watchful band,
Near whom the gaunt wolves, baffled, prowl by stealth;
Their tents of skins, that summer suns have tanned,
Are pitched where rivers fertilize the land;
Young children part the curtains, and look out,
Or, gamboling where their tethered playmates stand,
The petted lambs, or kids, they laugh and shout:
Nomadic tribes are these, whom horsemen put to rout.

Before all these are Shadows, born of fear
And hope, that slowly put on Shapes unknown:
They seem to threaten, and they domineer, —
Huge, uncouth images of wood and stone,
Set up in templed places, groves that none

Dare violate, and few dare penetrate
Save those, austere, who wait on them alone, —
Gray-bearded, reverend men whose words are fate :
In the stead of their gods they judge the people at the gate !

The will of these high gods they all declare ;
What power behind each hideous symbol lies :
Their wrath must be appeased by priestly prayer,
Their mutable favor bought by sacrifice.
Lo ! where the smokes of their burnt offerings rise
Grateful to their craving palates ! — kindle more :
They scrutinize the world with sleepless eyes,
And hearken to the suppliants who implore ;
They punish those who scoff, but they bless those who adore !

If they have might, they do not put it forth
To succor their worshipers, nor heed their tears ;
For still in every corner of the earth
Are swift, dark horsemen, armed with bows and spears,
Whose sudden war-cries ring in the startled ears
Of the shepherds and husbandmen whom they surround,
Harry and pillage, and enslave for years :
Happier are they whose life-blood stains the ground,
Than those they drag away — men, women, children — bound !

To guard against these woeful tribulations
Tribes band themselves together, one by one,
Until the growing multitudes are nations.
Then chiefs they choose, and kings : from sire to son
Their lordly lines in clear succession run.
The rustic tills his pastures as before,
And drives his herds home when the day is done ;
The merchant, bolder, sails from shore to shore :
Protected, they forget the perilous days of yore !

Artificers come, and industries begin :
The potter turns his wheel, and molds his clay ;
Matron and maid at whirring distaffs spin,
Twisting long threads of flax ; and all the day
The weaver plies his shuttle, and whiles away
The peaceful hours with songs of battles past ;
Strong spear-heads and sharp swords, wherewith to slay,
And armor-plates, are hammered out or cast ;
Tents lessen, structures rise, and cities are at last !

If men are plundered when the tribes are small, —
Slaughtered, enslaved, given over to stripes and blows, —
Greater calamities on nations fall,
For hatred in the heart of greatness grows :
All powerful people are begotten foes ;
Their kings suspect each other, but pretend
Credence of what their lying lips disclose ;
Friendly a king may be, but not a friend,
For he seeks by forcible means to gain a peaceable end !

The whirlwind of a thousand battle-storms
Bursts on my sight — interminable cloud
Over all ages, lands, where terrible forms —
Deep Darkness in the darkness — struggle and crowd ;
Furrows below as though mankind were plowed ;
Great armies grappling in the death-embrace,
To whom, unheard, the thunder calls aloud,
Under whom, unfelt, the earthquake rocks the base
Of the imperturbable Earth, which breeds this savage race !

The Vision of a Man — if he were Man —
Who such prodigious armies led to war,
Who Arabia, Libya, India overran,
And, flaming westward, like a baleful star,
Across the Asian table-lands his car
Drove to barbaric Thrace, where graven were his
Tremendous deeds on pillars seen afar :

The proud inscription underneath was this:
"Sesostris, King of Kings, Belovèd of Ammon is!"

Glimpses of conquerors, imperious ghosts,
That once inhabited tenements of clay;
Glimpses of soldiery, in serried hosts,
And of the encompassed cities where they lay;
Of sharp, incessant attacks, day after day;
Of stout resistance, and night-sallies out;
Of those who sullenly bear their dead away,
And hurriedly strip and bury them — Ah! that shout!
A desperate dash at gates — a stubborn rally — a rout!

Tumultuous ages follow, awful waves
Which the sea of time rolls shoreward more and more;
No longer men, but monsters, — soldiers and slaves, —
They labor, and fight, and cruel gods adore:
Deserts are where great cities were of yore;
They camp in sight of their ruins, and know it not:
Other cities elsewhere bear the names they bore:
Forgot are old races, new ones are begot,
But there are mighty names that will not be forgot!

Out of the whirling tempest that overwhelms
Kingdoms and empires, ruinous conquerors glare;
The brows of some are bright with brazen helms,
Dinted with blows; their diadems others wear;
Purple their robes are, and their swords are bare, —
And all drip blood! They menace Man again!
Cambyses, Alexander, Cæsar dare
The world to arms against them; Tamerlane
Comes with his Tartar horde and thousands of captives slain!

And is this all? These surgings to and fro
Of sanguinary forces, — are they all?
Enormous rivers of doom they flow and flow
Luridly, darkened by terrors that appall:
Before their fury nations, races fall,
Swept on to annihilation, till at last
Sheer down the steeps of a mighty mountain wall
They plunge — and are no more! Earth stares aghast!
Are these iniquities, then, the substance of the past?

No! In the Order of the Universe
They are only parts thereof, — the smallest part,
For they have blessed the world they meant to curse,
And have wrested away their sceptres that man's heart
Might govern his lesser brain, and larger art
Than theirs have created, to themselves unknown:
Out of their fertile desolations start
Fresh forms of life that are not overthrown, —
Benignant growths of Peace the hands of War had sown!

The would-be conquerors of the Earth were more
Than they conceived: behind their iron hands,
That smote so blindly at the hearts before,
The inscrutable Creator stood — and stands:
The everlasting Spirit of Good commands,
For lo! the hands are folded that so late
Grappled and mangled the still-bleeding lands
Where Turk and Muscovite in deadly hate
Struggled to defend and to seize the long-sought Golden Gate!

Where battle-pillars were planted cities rose,
And hid the spot where armies were interred;
Above the graves where mouldering kings repose
The hum of busy multitudes is heard;
Sweet thoughts are whispered, happy hearts are stirred,
And hands are joined with holy marriage rites:
Invisible walls of Law the people gird,
Shutting injustice out; and Art invites
All that is divine in man to her diviner heights!

Four Shapes she hath. The first of these
is Sound, —
The melody of voice and lute and lyre,
That makes the feet trip and the spirits
bound;
A sister Shape sits near, but sits up high-
er,
Fulfilled of solemn songs and portents
dire,
With sudden and tragic endings, long
foretold;
Two others, lesser in the sacred quire,
But more esteemed of men, color and
mold
Greatness and glory and grace that die not,
and grow not old!

Slowly but surely in the shock of wars
The ample victories of Peace are wrought;
They bind up new-made wounds, and heal
old scars;
They cherish letters, and encourage
thought:
Old, dusty scrolls are to the daylight
brought,
And copied by pious hands in convent
cells;
Philosophy in learned schools is taught;
Religion summons with sonorous bells,
And up cathedral domes the pealing organ
swells!

All this, and all that was, and is, the eyes
Of the Muse of History at a glance be-
hold;
Unshaken is she, whoever lives or dies,
Calm as a marble statue, and as cold;
Ten thousand plausible lies to her are
told, —
She neither hearkens nor heeds, but
guides the pen
Whereby the truth is written from of
old.
Austere Observer of the ways of men,
What dost thou think of us, and what wilt
thou write — and when?

We stand upon the threshold of great
things;
Shall we cross it, and possess them? Oh,
shall we,
Who have not inherited the curse of kings,
Come under their rule hereafter? Shall
we be
Among the commonwealths that once
were free,
But soon in empires sank? Shall Man
repeat
His old defeats in us? Or History see
One race in whom all resolute virtues
meet,
That will not stand condemned before her
judgment seat?

R. H. Stoddard.

THE PARSON'S HORSE RACE.

"WAL! now this 'ere does beat all! I would n't 'a' thought it o' the deacon."

So spoke Sam Lawson, drooping in a discouraged, contemplative attitude in front of an equally discouraged-looking horse, that had just been brought to him by the widow Simpkins for medical treatment. Among Sam's many accomplishments he was reckoned in the neighborhood an oracle in all matters of this kind, especially by women, whose helplessness in meeting such emergencies found unfailing solace under his compassionate willingness to attend to any business that did not strictly belong to him, and from which no pecuniary return was to be expected.

The widow Simpkins had bought this horse of Deacon Atkins, apparently a fairly well-appointed brute, and capable as he was good-looking. A short, easy drive when the deacon held the reins had shown off his points to advantage, and the widow's small stock of ready savings had come forth freely in payment for what she thought was a bargain. When, soon after coming into possession, she discovered that her horse, if driven with any haste, panted in a fearful manner, and that he appeared to be

growing lame, she waxed wroth, and went to the deacon in anger, to be met only with the smooth reminder that the animal was all right when she took him, — that she had seen him tried herself. The widow was of a nature somewhat spicy, and expressed herself warmly: "It 's a cheat and a shame, and I 'll take the law on ye."

"What law will you take?" said the unmoved deacon. "Was n't it a fair bargain?"

"I 'll take the law of God," said the widow, with impotent indignation, and she departed to pour her cares and trials into the ever ready ear of Sam. Having assumed the care of the animal, he now sat contemplating it in a sort of trance of melancholy reflection.

"Why, boys," he broke out, "why did n't she come to me afore she bought this crittur! Why, I knew all about him! That 'ere crittur was jest ruined a year ago last summer, when Tom, the deacon's boy there, come home from college. Tom driv him over to Sherburn and back that 'ere hot Fourth of July. 'Member it, 'cause I saw the crittur when he come home; I sot up with Tom takin' care of him all night; that 'ere crittur had the thumps all night, and he hain't never been good for nothin' since. I telled the deacon he was a gone hoss then, and would n't never be good for nothin'. The deacon he took off his shoes and let him run to pastur' all summer, and he 's ben a-feedin' and nussin' on him up; and now he 's put him off on the widder. I would n't 'a' thought it o' the deacon. Why, this hoss 'll never be no good to her; that 'ere 's a used-up crittur, any fool may see! He 'll mabbe do for about a quarter of an hour on a smooth road, but come to drive him as a body wants to drive, why, he blows like my bellowsis; and the deacon knew it — must 'a' known it!"

"Why, Sam," we exclaimed, "ain't the deacon a good man?"

"Wal now, there 's where the shoe pinches! In a gin'al way the deacon *is* a good man — he 's consid'able more than middlin' good — gin'ally he adorns his perfession. On most p'ints I don't hev nothin' agin the deacon, and this 'ere ain't a bit like him — but there 't is! Come to hosses, there 's where the unsanctified natur' comes out! Folks will cheat about hosses when they won't about 'most nothin' else." And Sam leaned back on his cold forge, now empty of coal, and seemed to deliver himself to a mournful train of general reflection. "Yes, hosses does seem to be sort o' unregenerate critturs," he broke out, "there 's suthin' about hosses that deceives the very elect; the best o' folks gets tripped up when they come to deal in hosses."

"Why, Sam, is there anything bad in horses?" we interjected, timidly.

"'T ain't the hosses, boys," said Sam with solemnity. "Lordy massy, the hosses is all right enough, — hosses is scriptural animals: Elijah went up to heaven in a chari't with hosses; and then all them lots o' hosses in the Ravelations, black and white and red and all sorts o' colors! That 'ere shows hosses goes to heaven; but it 's more 'n the folks that hev 'em is likely to, ef they don't look out.

"Ministers now," continued Sam, in a soliloquizing vein; "folks allers thinks it 's suthin' sort o' shaky in a minister to hev much to do with hosses, — sure to get 'em into trouble. There was old Parson Williams, of North Billriky, got into a dreffal mess about a hoss. Lordy massy, he warn't to blame, neither, but he got into the dreffulest scrape you ever heard on — come nigh to unsettlin' him."

"Oh, Sam, tell us all about it," we boys shouted, delighted with the prospect of a story.

"Wal, wait now till I get off this crittur's shoes, and we 'll take him up to pastur', and then we can kind o' set by the river and fish. Hepsy wanted a mess o' fish for supper, and I was cal'latin' to git some for her. You boys go and be digging bait and git yer lines."

And so as we were sitting tranquilly beside the Charles River, watching our lines, Sam's narrative began: —

"Ye see, boys, Parson Williams, — he 's dead now, — but when I was a boy he was one of the gret men round here.

He writ books. He writ a tract agin the Armenians, and put 'em down, and he writ a big book on the millennium (I've got that 'ere book now); and he was a smart preacher; folks said he had invitations to settle in Boston, and there ain't no doubt he might 'a' hed a Boston parish ef he 'd 'a' ben a mind ter take it, but he 'd got a good settlement and a handsome farm in North Billriky, and did n't care to move; thought, I s'pose, that 't was better to be number one in a little place than number two in a big un; any way, he carried all before him where he was.

"Parson Williams was a tall, straight, personable man, come of good family — father and grand'ther before him all ministers; he was putty up and down and commandin' in his ways, and things had to go putty much as he said. He was a good deal sot by, Parson Williams was, and his wife was a Derby, one o' them rich Salem Derbys, and brought him a lot o' money, and so they lived putty easy and comfortable so fur as this world's goods goes. Well now, the parson wan't reely what you call worldly-minded, but then he was one o' them folks that *knows what's good* in temporals as well as sperituals, and allers liked to hev the best that there was goin'; and he allers had an eye to a good hoss.

"Now there was Parson Adams and Parson Scranton, and most of the other ministers, they did n't know and did n't care what hoss they hed; jest jogged round with these 'ere poundin', pot-bellied, sleepy critturs that ministers mostly hes, good enough to crawl round to funerals and ministers' meetin's and associations and sich; but Parson Williams he allers would hev a hoss as was a hoss; he looked out for *blood*, and when these 'ere Vermont fellers would come down with a drove, the parson he hed his eyes open and knew what was what. Could n't none of 'em cheat him on hoss flesh; and so one time when Zach Buel was down with a drove, the doctor he bought the best hoss in the lot. Zach said he never see a parson afore that he could n't cheat, but he said the doctor reely knew as much as he did, and got the very one he 'd meant to 'a' kept for himself.

"This 'ere hoss was a peeler, I 'll tell you. They 'd called him Tamerlane, from some heathen feller or other; the boys called him Tam, for short. Tam was a gret character. All the fellers for miles round knew the doctor's Tam, and used to come clear over from the other parishes to see him.

"Wal, this 'ere sot up Cuff's back high, I tell you. Cuff was the doctor's nigger man, and he was nat'lly a dreffal proud crittur! The way he would swell and strut and brag about the doctor and his folks and his things! The doctor used to give Cuff his cast-off clothes, and Cuff would prance round in 'em and seem to think he was a doctor of divinity himself, and had the charge of all natur'.

"Well, Cuff he reely made an idol o' that ere hoss, a reg'lar graven image, and bowed down and worshiped him; he did n't think nothin' was too good for him; he washed and brushed and curried him, and rubbed him down, till he shone like a lady's satin dress; and he took pride in ridin' and drivin' him 'cause it was what the doctor would n't let nobody else do but himself. You see, Tam warn't no lady's hoss. Miss Williams was 'fraid as death of him, and the parson he hed to git her a sort o' low-sperited crittur that she could drive herself, but he liked to drive Tam; and he liked to go round the country on his back, and a fine figure of a man he was on him too. He did n't let nobody else back him or handle the reins but Cuff, and Cuff was dreffal set up about it, and he swelled and bragged about that ar hoss all round the country. Nobody could n't put in a word 'bout any other hoss without Cuff's feathers would be all up, — stiff as a tom turkey's tail, — and that 's how Cuff got the doctor into trouble.

"Ye see, there nat'lly was others that thought they 'd got horses, and did n't want to be crowed over. There was Bill Atkins, out to the west parish, and Ike Sanders, that kep' a stable up to Pequot Holler; they was down a-lookin' at the

parson's hoss and a-bettin' on their'n, and a-darin' Cuff to race with 'em.

"Wal, Cuff he could n't stan' it, and when the doctor's back was turned he 'd be off on the sly and they 'd hev their race; and Tam he beat 'em all. Tam, ye see, boys, was a hoss that could n't and would n't hev a hoss ahead of him — he jest *would n't!* Ef he dropped down dead in his tracks the next minit, he *would* be ahead, and he allers got ahead, and so his name got up; and fellers kep' comin' to try their horses, and Cuff 'd take Tam out to race with fust one and then another till this 'ere got to be a reg'lar thing, and begun to be talked about.

"Folks sort o' wondered if the doctor knew, but Cuff was sly as a weasel and allers had a story ready for every turn; Cuff was one of them fellers that could talk a bird off a bush — master hand he was to slick things over!

"There was folks as said they believed the doctor was knowin' to it, and that he felt a sort o' carnal pride, sech as a minister ought n't fer to hev, and so shet his eyes to what was a-goin' on. Aunt Sally Nickerson said she was sure on 't; 't was all talked over down to old Miss Bummiger's funeral, and Aunt Sally she said the church ought to look into 't. But everybody knew Aunt Sally; she was allers watchin' for folks' haltin's, and settin' on herself up to jedge her neighbors.

"Wal, I never believed nothin' agin Parson Williams; it was all Cuff's contrivances; but the fact was the fellers all got their blood up, and there was hoss racin' in all the parishes; and it got so they 'd even race hosses a Sunday.

"Wal, of course they never got the doctor's hoss out a Sunday. Cuff would n't 'a' durst to do that, Lordy massy, no! He was allers there in church settin' up in the doctor's clothes, rollin' up his eyes and lookin' as pious as ef he never thought o' racin' hosses; he was an awful solemn-lookin' nigger in church, Cuff was.

"But there was a lot o' them fellers up to Pequot Holler — Bill Atkins and Ike Sanders and Tom Peters and them Hokum boys — used to go out arter meetin' Sunday arternoon and race hosses. Ye see, it was jest close to the state line, and if the s'lectmen was to come down on 'em, they could jest whip over the line and they could n't take 'em.

"Wal, it got to be a great scandal; the fellers talked about it up to the tavern, and the deacons and the tithingman they took it up and went to Parson Williams about it; and the parson he told 'em jest to keep still, not let the fellers know that they was bein' watched, and next Sunday he and the tithingman and the constable they 'd ride over and catch 'em in the very act.

"So next Sunday arternoon Parson Williams and Deacon Popkins and Ben Bradley (he was constable that year) they got on to their hosses and rode over to Pequot Holler. The doctor's blood was up and he meant to come down on 'em strong, for that was his way of doin' in his parish; and they was in a sort o' day 'o jedgment frame o' mind, and jogged along solemn as a hearse, till come to rise the hill above the holler they see three or four fellers with their hosses gittin' ready to race; and the parson says he, 'Let 's come on quiet and get behind these bushes, and we 'll see what they 're up to and catch 'em in the act.'

"But the mischief on 't was that Ike Sanders see 'em comin', and he knowed Tam in a minit, — Ike knowed Tam of old, — and he jest tipped the wink to the rest. 'Wait, boys,' says he, 'let 'em git close up, and then I 'll give the word and the doctor's hoss will be racin' ahead like thunder.'

"Wal, so the doctor and his folks they drew up behind the bushes, and stood there innocent as could be, and saw 'em gittin' ready to start. Tam he begun to snuffle and paw, but the doctor never mistrusted what he was up to till Ike sung out, 'Go it, boys!' and the hosses all started, when, sure as you live, boys, Tam give one fly and was over the bushes and in among 'em, goin' it like chain lightnin', ahead of 'em all.

"Deacon Popkins and Ben Bradley jest stood and held their breath to see 'em all goin' it so like thunder; and the

doctor he was took so sudden it was all he could do to jest hold on any way, so away he went, and trees and bushes and fences streaked by him like ribbins; his hat flew off behind him, and his wig arter, and got catched in a barberry bush; but Lordy massy, he could n't stop to think o' them. He jest leaned down and caught Tam round the neck and held on for dear life, till they come to the stopping place.

"Wal, Tam was ahead of them all, sure enough, and was snorting and snuffling as if he 'd got the very old boy in him, and was up to racing some more on the spot.

"That 'ere Ike Sanders was the impudentest feller that ever you see, and he roared and rawhawed at the doctor. 'Good for you, parson!' says he. 'You beat us all holler,' says he; 'takes a parson for that, don't it, boys?' he said. And then he and Ike and Tom and the two Hokum boys they jest roared, and danced round like wild critturs. Wal now, only think on 't, boys, what a situation that 'ere was for a minister, — a man that had come out with the best of motives to put a stop to Sabbath breakin'! There he was all rumpled up and dusty, and his wig hangin' in the bushes, and these 'ere ungodly fellers gettin' the laugh on him, and all acause o' that 'ere hoss. There 's times, boys, when ministers must be tempted to swear, if there ain't preventin' grace, and this was one o' them times to Parson Williams. They say he got red in the face and looked as if he should bust, but he did n't say nothin'; he scorned to answer, — the sons o' Zeruiah was too hard for him, and he let 'em hev their say. But when they 'd got through, and Ben had brought him his hat and wig, and brushed and settled him ag'in, the parson he says, 'Well, boys, ye 've had your say and your laugh, but I warn you now I won't have this thing going on here any more,' says he, 'so mind yourselves.'

"Wal, the boys see that the doctor's blood was up, and they rode off pretty quiet, and I believe they never raced no more in that spot.

"But there ain't no tellin' the talk this 'ere thing made. Folks will talk, you know, and there warn't a house in all Billriky, nor in the south parish nor centre, where it warn't had over and discussed. There was the deacon and Ben Bradley was there to witness and show jest how the thing was, and that the doctor was jest in the way of his duty; but folks said it made a great scandal, that a minister had n't no business to hev that kind o' hoss, and that he 'd give the enemy occasion to speak reproachfully. It reely did seem as if Tam's sins was imputed to the doctor; and folks said he ought to sell Tam right away and get a sober minister's hoss.

"But others said it was Cuff that had got Tam into bad ways, and they do say that Cuff had to catch it pretty lively when the doctor come to settle with him. Cuff thought his time had come sure enough, and was so scairt that he turned blacker 'n ever; he got enough to cure him o' hoss racin' for one while. But Cuff got over it arter a while, and so did the doctor. Lordy massy, there ain't nothin' lasts forever. Wait long enough and 'most everything blows over. So it turned out about the doctor; there was a rumpus and a fuss, and folks talked and talked and advised; everybody had their say, but the doctor kep' right straight on, and kep' his hoss all the same.

"The ministers they took it up in the association, but come to tell the story it sot 'em all a-laughin' so they could n't be very hard on the doctor.

"The doctor felt sort o' streaked at fust when they told the story on him; he did n't jest like it; but he got used to it, and finally, when he was twitted on 't, he 'd sort o' smile, and say, 'Any way, Tam beat 'em; that 's one comfort.'"

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE RELATIONS OF LABOR AND CAPITAL.

PRODUCTION is an essential condition of human existence; for a cessation of production for a period of nine months would induce general famine.

The two great agencies of production, in addition to the forces of nature, are labor and capital. Labor is the primary agent in supplying human wants; even the spontaneous productions of the earth cannot be utilized without it. Indispensable, however, as labor is, it is comparatively powerless to supply the needs of civilized life unaided by capital. To produce effectively, labor must be supplied with materials to work upon, and be aided by shelter, tools, machinery, and other productive appliances. All of these require capital, that is, an accumulation of previous earnings. Hence it is obvious that whilst capital can do nothing without labor, labor could never rise above a state of barbarism without capital.

But notwithstanding their reciprocal dependence, the idea is prevalent that capital oppresses labor and seeks to deprive it of its natural rights. This error has arisen from a misconception of the laws which govern the relations of labor and capital, and of the conditions under which labor and capital coöperate for the greatest good of the greatest number.

Now, presupposing a due regard to be always had to the dictates of humanity and religion, the highest well-being of the race can be realized only by maximum production united with equitable distribution. The solution of this problem is the goal of social and economic science.

Nevertheless, the relations of the problem are so various and complex that its complete solution may never be accomplished, though human progress tends always in that direction.

It is my purpose here to consider this subject in its twofold aspect, beginning with

MAXIMUM PRODUCTION.

As a general truth it is for the advantage of every nation to develop its productive powers to the fullest extent. The more a nation produces, the more its people will have to consume. In a normal condition of business affairs there is, generally speaking, no overproduction; it is only when some unusual or artificial cause disturbs the relations of demand and supply that labor is unemployed, and want exists in the presence of surplus productions. I shall consider this proposition farther on. Fully to develop the productive powers of a people, labor and capital must coöperate in conformity with the social and economic laws which govern productive results. Certain conditions, also, must be fulfilled, namely: —

First, labor must be aided by machinery and other productive appliances, wherever practicable.

Second, labor must be educated.

Third, labor must be organized and wisely directed.

The ultimate limit of invention, and its consequent aid to labor, cannot now be foreseen. Since the dawn of civilization man, in his desire to better his condition, has striven for new methods and appliances to assist him in subduing nature and to increase the efficiency of his labor in supplying human wants. The extent to which these efforts have already aided labor cannot be measured accurately, though it is known to be very great.

The following facts in regard to the productive efficiency of certain inventions, discoveries, and improvements may assist us in forming an approximate estimate of it.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Stirring the soil is an essential condition of successful agriculture. The im-

plements used for this purpose in earlier times were very rude. During the last century the improvements in the plow and the harrow have been such as to enable a given number of men and teams to prepare twice as much land for the seed as they could prepare before these improvements were made; and we can gather some idea of the aggregate extent to which these improvements aid labor from the fact that one hundred and eight million acres [1] were tilled in this country last year.

In the production of corn, the more important implements employed after the plow are the corn planter, the cultivator, and the corn sheller. Before any improvements were made in the direction of a corn planter, planting half an acre was considered a good day's work. Now a man with a two-horse check-rower planter can plant twenty acres in a day. By the modern cultivator the labor of cultivating corn after it is planted is reduced twenty per cent. But it is in shelling the corn that labor is most aided by invention. By the old hand method, a man could shell only five bushels a day, whereas now, two men, with a shelling machine driven by steam or horse power, can shell fifteen hundred bushels a day. To shell by the hand method the thirteen hundred million bushels [2] of corn produced in the United States last year would require over eight hundred and sixty thousand men working three hundred days in a year.

The principal implements or machines employed in the production of wheat, rye, oats, and barley are the seeder, the harvester, and the thresher. In planting grain, the seeder has great advantages over the old mode of broadcast sowing and harrowing. It sows the seed and covers it with soil at one operation; and by distributing the seed more evenly and covering it at a more uniform depth than can be done by the old mode of planting, the crop is rendered more certain and the yield increased from ten to twelve per cent. In harvesting grain, a man with a common sickle can barely reap half an acre in a day, laying the grain in parcels to be bound into sheaves afterwards. With the best harvester a man driving two horses can cut and bind the crop of fifteen acres a day.

Formerly grain was threshed with the flail, and freed from its chaff by a fanning mill operated by hand. The modern thresher, propelled by steam or horse power, performs both of these operations at once. It receives the grain in masses, separates the kernel from its stalk, deposits the chaff and straw in a pile, and delivers the clean grain into sacks ready for the market. Some idea of the extent to which these machines aid labor in the production of grain may be derived from the fact that last year, in this country alone, eight hundred and twenty-two million bushels of wheat, rye, oats, and barley were produced. In cutting and curing hay, the mowing machine, tedder, and horse-rake enable one man to do as much as four can do without them.

TEXTILE MACHINERY.

There are few productions of greater importance to the welfare of the race than cotton. Its extensive use was rendered possible by the invention of the cotton gin. Before Whitney's invention, in 1793, a man could gin only five pounds a day. The best cotton gin now turns out four thousand pounds a day. To gin by hand the current cotton crop of the United States would require the constant labor of twelve hundred thousand men. In the manufacture of cotton the principal processes are carding, spinning, and weaving. The modern carding machine enables one person to card in a given time as many pounds of cotton as sixty can card with hand cards. By the distaff and spindle — which are still in use in India — a good spinner can scarcely complete a skein of yarn a day. By the domestic spinning-wheel from ten to twelve skeins in a day can be spun. In comparison with these results, the efficiency of modern spinning machinery appears marvelous. The spinning frame, with the attendance of one woman and an assistant, will spin forty-seven

[1] Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture.

[2] Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture.

hundred skeins a day; and the spinning mule, attended by a man and a boy, will spin over six thousand skeins a day.

A weaver of plain cloth by the hand loom could throw his shuttle only about ninety times a minute; whereas now one person can attend five, and sometimes six, power looms, each loom throwing its shuttle one hundred and sixty times a minute. In weaving figured cloth, the power loom aids labor to a still greater extent. One woman can weave as much Brussels carpeting by the carpet power loom as ten men assisted by ten boys can weave by the hand loom. To weave by the hand loom the carpeting that is now woven by the carpet power loom in its various applications would require the labor of fourteen thousand more persons than are now employed.

In the manufacture of wool, flax, and silk, modern machinery aids labor nearly to the same extent that it does in the manufacture of cotton. The labor-aiding capacity of the sewing machine is well known.

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURE.

This important industry within the last quarter of a century has undergone a great change. Much of the work that was formerly done by handicraft methods is now accomplished by a series of labor-aiding machines organized under the "factory system." Eighty-five per cent. of the work of making boots and shoes can now be done by machinery.

MINING AND METAL WORK.

Mechanism and the applied sciences largely aid labor in mining and in the working of metals. It has been estimated that in the production of iron one man, aided by all the productive appliances now available, has a productive power of twenty in former times. Within a quarter of a century the cost of steel has been reduced over seventy-five per cent. Modern machine tools for boring, turning, and planing metals greatly aid labor in building other labor-aiding machines, as well as all structures of metal.

PAPER-MAKING MACHINERY AND LETTERPRESS PRINTING.

The diffusion of knowledge is essential to high productive efficiency; and whatever tends to facilitate such diffusion aids labor. The rapidity with which paper is made and printed at the present day is almost incredible. A paper-making machine, attended by one man, makes printing paper six feet, or more, in width, and delivers it upon rolls at the rate of one mile per hour. The power printing press, attended by a man and two boys, receives the paper on rolls, and prints it on both sides at the rate of ten miles an hour; and at the same time cuts the paper into sheets and folds them. The London Times and the leading daily papers in this country are printed at the rate of twelve thousand five hundred copies per hour. By double width presses, in which two papers are printed side by side, twice that number of copies are printed per hour.

In comparison with these means, what could the ancient scribes, with parchment and stylus, do in diffusing knowledge?

MOTORS.

The larger part of the labor-aiding machinery above specified is propelled by the force of water or steam. The Boyden turbine wheel gives an effective force of ninety per cent. of the weight of the water passing through it. The Corliss steam-engine with the steam generated by one ton of coal will impart a motive force equal to ninety horse-power during ten hours.[1] A horse-power is held to be equal to the power of five men; whence it follows that one ton of

[1] Great care has been taken to verify the foregoing facts relating to the productive efficiency of modern machinery. In regard to the steam-engine I am indebted to Mr. George H. Corliss, paper-making machinery to Mr. Samuel D. Warren, the power printing press to Mr. E. F. Waters, cotton machinery to Mr. William A. Burke, and for some of the facts relating to agricultural and other machinery to the statements of Messrs. Coffin, Storrow, and Smith before the committee on patents of the House of Representatives.

coal is capable of producing a motive force equal to the motive force of four hundred and fifty men exerted ten hours. In the Life of James Watt, published in 1874, it is stated that the steam power of Great Britain is equal to the power (physical force) of four hundred millions of men. This prodigious energy, so far as it is employed productively, aids labor.

TRANSPORTATION.

The influence of railroads on production and on the condition and distribution of labor is exerted in so many ways that it can scarcely be estimated. Some idea of it may be gathered from the following facts. The Boston and Albany Railroad in 1876 transported between Boston and Albany, — a distance of two hundred and one miles, — eight hundred and thirty-three thousand tons of through freight and seventeen hundred and eight thousand tons of way freight,[1] being the equivalent of fifteen hundred and eight thousand tons carried over the whole road. To transport the same amount of freight on common roads (upon the basis of a horse of average power being able to move one ton fifteen miles a day, three hundred days in a year) would require (in round numbers) sixty-seven thousand horses, and eleven thousand men to groom and drive them. When we consider what a drain such a number of horses and such an army of men would be upon subsistence, and that the above figures apply only to the freighting on one road, irrespective of the passenger traffic, we at once see how impossible it would be now to carry on the business of the country without railroads. Were all the railroads in the United States to suspend operation only for a short time, actual famine would occur in many parts of this land of abundance. This is well illustrated by the famine in China, where there is sufficient food, but for the lack of transportation sixteen millions of people are in a famishing condition, and sixty millions are suffering more or less distress.[2] Apart from their greater efficiency and the saving in the cost of transportation which they effect, railroads have many economic advantages. By reason of their rapid locomotion perishable commodities are safely transported, less capital is in transit, less capital is kept idle in superfluous stock, less time is spent in traveling, new markets are opened, and in old markets prices are equalized. Mr. Disraeli[3] gives the following curious example of the saving of time and money to the traveler by increased facility of communication.

"Mr. Robert Weale was twelve years employed as an assistant poor-law commissioner, during which time he traveled in the public service 99,607 miles. Sixty-nine thousand of these miles were traveled by the old conveyance, and thirty thousand by railway. By the old mode the cost of traveling was 1s. 6¾d. per mile, and by railway it was only 3¼d.; so that virtually the country saved by the new mode of conveyance five sixths of the cost of traveling. But the saving of time was still more remarkable. If the whole distance had been performed by railway it would have occupied one year, thirty weeks, and six days; if the whole had been performed by the superseded method, it would have occupied four years, thirty-nine weeks, and one day. The result is that three years and nine weeks of Mr. Weale's life would have been saved, while the advantage to the public would have been that the whole cost would only have been £1344, instead of £7735. So that this active public servant would have saved three years and a half of his life, and the country £5390 in his traveling expenses alone."

In the foregoing statement I have brought to view some of the labor-aiding inventions and improvements which come under general observation. There are many others of importance — though less conspicuous — which largely aid labor and augment production. Although,

[1] Poor's Manual of the Railroads of the United States, page 37.

[2] Life of Lord George Bentinck, page 295.

[3] Minister Seward's recent report to the State Department.

as we have seen, the productive result of certain inventions is very large, the aggregate extent to which all of the inventions and productive appliances now available aid labor cannot be formulated, and all statements in regard to it must be more or less conjectural. The real question is as to the extent to which these inventions and productive appliances benefit society in its collective form. Society is the custodian of civilization, and apart from civilization these inventions and appliances could not have been made; nor would their use be possible without social order and societary co-operation. The benefit which they confer, therefore, is not to be measured by their effect on certain industries or classes of laborers, but by the ratio in which they increase the productive power of the nation. In estimating this result we must keep in view the fact that the labor of only a part of the population is directly aided by mechanism; and that many of the important labor-aiding inventions — notably agricultural implements — are used only a small portion of the year.

The productive employments in which labor is chiefly aided by machinery are agriculture and the manufacturing, mechanical, and mining industries. By the United States census for 1870, it appears that in all of these industries but little more than one fifth of the population are employed, and probably less than one half of these are engaged upon the parts of the work to which machinery is applied. Hence the labor of not more than one tenth of the population is aided productively by modern inventions and improvements. Assuming that the labor of this one tenth of the population is thus increased in efficiency in the average ratio of thirty to one, it follows that the productive power of the country is increased thereby threefold. As a general fact, I think it may be said that the people of this country, assisted by labor-aiding inventions and appliances as they now are, have three times the productive power in proportion to numbers that they had a century ago.

I have dwelt long on the extent to which mechanism aids labor, for few realize how large a part of what we daily consume and enjoy we owe to modern inventions. Great as mechanical progress has heretofore been, we are still very far from its ultimate limit. To reap the fullest benefit from the inventions and improvements of the past, as well as to multiply and develop them in the future,

LABOR MUST BE EDUCATED.

Education is the principal means by which the knowledge of one generation is transmitted to and made available by the next. As knowledge increases, successive generations start on a higher and higher plane; hence, education becomes more and more necessary to the continued progress of the race. This is especially true in regard to productive industry. The efficiency of labor, on whatever objects it is exercised, depends not only upon the natural power of the laborer, but also upon his training and general intelligence. As a means, therefore, of high productive efficiency, it should be made possible for every individual to acquire a good general education, directed with a view to invigorate the body, elevate the moral faculties, and strengthen the intellectual powers, or, in other words, to fit the individual for the general duties of life. Thus much should be done without any reference to special pursuits. Practical instruction in the industrial arts and trades, generally speaking, should begin in the workshop, where the learner may be surrounded by all the conditions under which these arts and trades are respectively carried on.

Higher technical instruction is of but little practical value except to those who have decided aptitudes in certain directions, and for such persons every possible means of instruction should be provided; for it is to them or their influence that we are to look mainly for the advancement of civilization. While they plan and direct, the others must execute. The commercial value of education is well set forth in the Journal of the Sta-

tistical Society, in England, by Mr. Chadwick. He states that "he has been at much pains to ascertain from employers the comparative efficiency of educated and uneducated laborers, and that all intelligent witnesses of wide experience and observation unanimously agree that education, even in its present rude and in many respects objectionable condition, is highly remunerative. Masters who have been at the expense of schools on high religious and social grounds concur in saying that success is great on economical grounds. They find the readiness with which a well-educated man comprehends instructions, the willingness and the intelligence with which he makes trial of unaccustomed processes, the quickness with which he notes the facts that come under his observation and the facility with which he reports them, the suggestions for the improvement of his business that he is able to offer, the diminished amount of superintendence that he requires, and the saving of waste from untrustworthiness, from blundering, from misconduct, and from misdirected labor, are advantages which the mercantile mind is not slow to appreciate."

Whatever may be the natural powers or the degree of intelligence that laborers possess, they cannot achieve high results when working separately. To work with the greatest efficiency,

LABOR MUST BE ORGANIZED AND WISELY DIRECTED.

It has been said that the civilization of a nation is measured by the capacity of its people for association. Certain it is that their greatest achievements are the results of associated effort. Common schools, the higher institutions of learning, the church, the state and the several departments of its government, all owe their success to organization. The same is especially true of industrial operations, for in most cases they require the implements of production to be organized as well as the labor employed to operate them. Machinery for the production of an article involving several processes must be organized in departments so co-related as to act in unison. In a cotton mill, for instance, the weaving department must keep pace with the spinning department, and the spinning department with the carding department, so that the several departments, with all their complex mechanism, will coöperate for a common result. However perfectly the machinery of production may be organized, a successful result is unattainable unless the labor which operates it is also properly organized and wisely directed. A skillful sub-agent or overseer must have charge of each of the several departments, and the operatives be assigned to their allotted tasks according to their respective capabilities, while the working of the whole establishment is placed under the watchful care and supervision of an experienced general manager. The number of persons possessing this organizing and administrative faculty is comparatively small; hence a large amount of human effort is wasted by misdirection, and failures are nearly as numerous as successes. The bearing of this fact on the condition of labor will be more fully considered when treating of the other aspect of the subject.

EQUITABLE DISTRIBUTION.

We have seen that maximum production can be achieved only by labor and capital coöperating in conformity with social and economic laws. Distribution, to be equitable, must be governed by similar laws. When, in their efforts to satisfy human wants, all obey these laws under a sense of moral obligation, the problem of uniting equitable distribution with maximum production will be solved; and not otherwise. Equitable distribution consists, not in an equal pro-rata division of the produce of labor and capital, but in allotting to all a share proportionate to the degree in which they have respectively aided production, directly or indirectly. This is just, and is what every one who aids production by mental or manual labor, or by capital, has a right to demand.

Production and distribution are so related to each other that they cannot be treated separately; and any system which may be devised for their accomplishment, to be permanent, must embody the conditions essential to their joint success. The principal systems for this end which have excited discussion are the socialistic or communistic system, which, for convenience, I shall designate communism; the coöperative system; and the competitive system.

COMMUNISM

in theory is in conflict with the laws of our being. Were it put in practice, it would increase rather than diminish the evils of which its advocates complain, and create others of graver import. As compared with the present order of things, it would diminish production and distribute what would be produced unjustly. Says Herbert Spencer, "A desire for property is one of the elements of our nature,"[1] and "The right of private property harmonizes with the human constitution as divinely ordained."[2] By denying this right and holding the produce of labor as common stock, communism takes away one of the strongest motives for human effort. To labor energetically the laborer must be sure of receiving the fruits of his industry in a form which he can appropriate as his own. The communistic idea of equality is also wholly at variance with the principles on which labor, to work effectively, must be organized and directed. It is, moreover, at variance with the principles of equitable distribution. There is nothing more manifest in the constitution and course of nature than the law of diversification. In the animal and vegetable kingdoms there have been found no two organisms exactly alike. Of the millions of human beings, the features of each one are so unlike the features of all the others as to be distinguishable; and observation and experience prove a similar diversity to exist in their mental organization and aptitudes. Now, to assign to the services of every one an equal value, and allot to every one an equal share of the produce of labor, would be manifestly unjust; and, as Herbert Spencer says, "to ascertain the respective amounts of help given by different kinds of mental and bodily laborers towards procuring the general stock of the necessaries of life is an utter impossibility. We have no means of making such a division save that afforded by the law of supply and demand."[3] Communism has no root in the nature of things. It is a parasite on the body politic; and it is for the interest of every citizen, be he laborer or capitalist, to exterminate it.

THE COÖPERATIVE SYSTEM,

although having some features in common with the joint stock corporation system in general use, is essentially different from it. The object of the former system is to organize labor and capital on a basis which gives labor the control and management of affairs. The object of the latter system is to aggregate capital in amounts sufficient to prosecute business to the best advantage, irrespective of the labor element. There is no reason why people should not adopt either one of these systems as their interest may dictate. It is the unquestioned right of laborers to strive by all legitimate means to better their condition, and the duty of society to give them every possible aid in doing so. The question here is as to the extent to which we can reasonably look to the cooperative system as a means of improving the condition of labor. Judging from experience and from the nature of the case, we have to confess, however much we may regret it, that the outlook in that direction is not very encouraging. The system is, in some respects, at variance with social and economic laws, and can never be extensively adopted. Small undertakings are more likely to be successful under it than large ones; and, for obvious reasons, coöpera-

[1] Social Statics, page 151.
[2] Ib., page 152.
[3] Social Statics, page 151.

tive *distribution* may succeed when coöperative *production* would fail.

In a large association of workmen, inexperienced in business affairs, it is impossible to command the organizing and administrative ability necessary to success; nor is it to be expected that the essential unity of policy and action can be secured. Moreover, the relative value of the services of the workmen employed in the different departments of a coöperative establishment must always be a source of jealousy and discontent. On account of the density of her population, and her comparatively settled course of business, England is as favorable a place for testing the merits of the coöperative system as can be found; yet its use there furnishes no proof of its fitness for business generally. Mr. Thomas Brassey, in his excellent lectures on the Labor Question, makes the following statements in regard to societies for coöperative distribution, and for coöperative production. "The number of societies for coöperative distribution in England and Wales is 746; the number of members, 300,587; of whom sixty thousand were admitted, and thirty-two thousand withdrew, in 1872. . . . The management of a coöperative store is a task not without difficulties. The members who withdrew from these societies in 1872 were half as many as those who joined. . . . The most recent report shows that the number of societies for coöperative production may almost be counted on the fingers. Though some of the experiments actually tried have been successful, the failures have been more numerous than the successes. Coöperative societies for production would doubtless have been established far more rapidly, unless there had been formidable difficulties to be surmounted. . . . The most important experiment in coöperative production hitherto attempted in this country [England] is that of the Ouseburn Engine Works. But this company has sustained a severe loss; and, strange to say, there has been a strike for higher wages on the part of the workmen employed in one department of the concern. The occurrence of a strike in a coöperative establishment proves the difficulty, though not the impossibility, of conducting an undertaking on a democratic system, when you have to deal with many classes of workmen, possessing different and unequal qualifications." In other countries the history of coöperative societies is no more encouraging. The general result is that they either fail or, sooner or later, adopt the usual systems and methods of business. In France, several years ago, M. Reybaud, a member of the Institute, in behalf of the Academy of Moral Science, made inquiries in regard to the condition of workmen in the woolen industry. In his report he gives an account of the formation and temporary success of several coöperative societies for spinning worsted in Fourmies in the north of France, and after narrating the steps by which these societies passed from the coöperative to the competitive system in the conduct of their affairs, he makes the following philosophical remarks: "In these ephemeral communities, that which emerges insensibly is a return towards the demand and respect for individual faculties. Among these workmen some absorb, others are absorbed. The rights after trial become fixed according to merits and proportions of interest. The control follows the same progress, so that after a circuit, more or less long, there is a return to society in its collective name, and to the *régime* of wages, that is to say, to the ordinary form of this kind of contracts. Fourmies has given us the last word which we shall seek for in this direction. We see, then, in what manner associations for community of labor commence, and we see how they end. Through artifices and equivocations, other associations of the same kind may continue longer; but their inevitable *dénoûment* is only a question of time. A work of industry can never be anything else than an affair of speculation; disinterestedness slips in only on occasions and by calculation. Sooner or later the nature of things takes its revenge, and shakes or overturns whatever does not conform to it."

THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM

is, in all civilized countries, the principal system which has heretofore regulated, and in the nature of things must continue to regulate, the varied and complex social interests involved in the processes of production and distribution. Its universality is sufficient proof of its being an expression of some natural law; and all experience goes to show that that law is the law of demand and supply.

It is divinely ordained that man, in common with other animate beings, shall struggle for existence. He is by nature a competing animal. In the social state, all are free to act according to their judgment and preferences, provided they do not trench on the rights of others. In competing with each other, the law of demand and supply is the means by which their mutual interests are adjusted. It determines the prices of the things they desire, and allows all to acquire them according to their preferences and ability. If, then, it is divinely ordained that the race shall compete for subsistence, the relations of labor and capital must necessarily conform to the divine scheme. Yet, notwithstanding that competition, under the law of demand and supply, is the inevitable and chief means whereby the natural interests of labor and capital can be equitably adjusted, there is a growing misapprehension and consequent discontent in regard to the existing state of affairs. The alleged grounds of this discontent are various. It is believed by many that the general use of labor-aiding machinery has so augmented production as to cause the present depressed state of business; and tends permanently to prevent the full employment of labor. These views are unsustained by facts. The extent to which labor is unemployed is much less than has been represented. Hon. Carroll D. Wright, chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, says that while it has been reported that there are from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand people out of employment in this State, he has ascertained by a careful investigation, in June last, that the actual number, including both sexes, is less than twenty-nine thousand; and that the estimated number of the unemployed in the United States is seven hundred and fifty thousand instead of three millions as has been reported. This last figure he says has been quoted in papers, works on political economy, speeches in Congress, and political resolutions, till it has come to be believed everywhere. I hardly need say that these exaggerated reports have done much harm. They have misled the public judgment, and given rise to various unsound theories in regard to the condition of labor and the means for its relief. The causes which led to the present depression are of a general nature, affecting all departments of business, some departments more than others, according to their respective conditions. When we consider the enormous shrinkage that has taken place in the value of almost all kinds of property, the number of failures that have occurred, and the consequent general distress, we see no evidence that labor has suffered disproportionately to other interests. Commercial crises or periods of business depression were known anterior to the era of productive mechanism. They are the product, not of labor-aiding machinery, but of financial machinery. Capital is the basis of business, and credit, though not the equivalent of capital, is essential to its complete employment. Whenever the amount of capital employed is in proper proportion to the amount of business done, and the amount of credit employed is in proper proportion to the amount of capital, business affairs assume their normal condition, and, as I have before stated, there is no over-production. In such a state of affairs, the various interests develop in harmony, and whatever labor-aiding machines may exist, they are used only to the extent to which they can be made profitable. It is only when the intricate machinery of credit is run at undue speed that over-production and over-trading ensue, and lay the foundation of the crises which sooner or later inevitably follow. The contrivances by which men strive to ex-

tend their business in disproportion to their capital are various; but whether they work in the direction of a redundancy of greenbacks, an irredeemable currency, long time credits, or "kiteing," the result is the same, namely, excess of credit and consequent disaster. Were the present depression due to labor-aiding machinery, we might expect to find the greatest depression in the departments of business to which such machinery is directly applied; but real estate is as much depressed as manufacturing, and railroading as grain growing.

Five or six years ago, business generally was active, and the demand for labor in some industries was greater than the supply. Is it conceivable that labor-aiding machinery has been so much increased during this interval of time as to displace the laborers now out of employment? No. Anterior events led to their displacement. It was the natural result of the disarrangement of business affairs consequent upon the late war and the subsequent undue extension of railroads. The demand created by the war for hundreds upon hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of commodities was superadded to the normal wants of the people, and had the same stimulating effect on the business interests of the country as though that demand had come from abroad. (Its effect on national wealth is another question.) The consequence was that the productive forces of the country were brought to the highest state of activity. Productive machinery was increased, new factories and work-shops were built, and labor pressed into service to meet this urgent, though temporary, demand. When this demand ceased, as it did largely at the close of the war, these productive agencies were out of harmony with the requirements of peace. Then came the unprecedented and premature extension of railroads, which brought in its train similar consequences. Rolling-mills, locomotive works, car-shops, and shops for the various railroad supplies were built largely in excess of the regular requirements; and now that the building of new railroads has ceased, those works are partially or wholly stopped, and the workmen thus abnormally drawn together are out of employment. Concurrently with the war and the railroad mania, the machinery of credit was in full operation, turning out delusive financial facilities for speculation. The panic of 1873 disclosed the actual state of affairs. It was then seen that the capital and labor of the country had been largely misapplied; that railroads had been built which were not needed; that the machinery of production had been increased beyond the legitimate demand; that the amount of credit employed was largely in disproportion to the amount of capital; that the excessive use of credit had raised the prices of most kinds of property above their actual value; and that, in short, business affairs generally were disarranged and out of joint. Under these circumstances it would have been strange indeed if labor had found continuous employment. The hard times, as they are called, are the result of the violation of natural laws; and under the operation of the same laws — unless unwise legislation is interposed — they will, at no distant day, disappear. When values are brought within the measure of actual capital supplemented by a proper relative amount of credit, and the normal relation between demand and supply is reëstablished, — now gradually taking place, — confidence will return, business will revive, general prosperity will ensue, and labor, as heretofore, will find full employment. No one of the curious theories which have been advanced to account for the present business depression is more unsound and misleading than that which — erroneously, as I have shown — attributes it to the influence of labor-aiding machinery. Its indorsement by the American Social Science Association does not relieve it of its absurdity, nor lessen its mischievous tendencies.

Another source of discontent is the vague impression — now quite prevalent — that capital tyrannizes over labor and deprives it of its just share of their joint produce. Rightly to understand this aspect of the labor question, we must consider it, not in the light of what we could

wish to see realized, but in the light of what it is possible to achieve. Our sympathies would lead us to wish that every human being might enjoy ease and abundance; but it has been otherwise divinely ordained.

It is for the interest of all, as I have before stated, that production should be carried to its maximum; for the more that is produced of the articles necessary to subsistence, the greater will be the supply thereof to be distributed. We have also seen that to obtain this result labor must be aided by labor-aiding machinery; that capital is necessary to provide machinery, shelter, and materials for labor to work upon; and that the machinery as well as the labor to operate it must be duly organized and wisely directed. Fully to appreciate the difficulties to be surmounted in fulfilling these conditions we must take into view the diversity that obtains in the mental endowments and aptitudes of the race.

Mr. Henry Thomas Buckle says that "an immense majority of men must always remain in a middle state, neither very foolish nor very able, neither very virtuous nor very vicious, but slumbering on in a peaceful and decent mediocrity." Upon the same subject Professor Huxley remarks that "the great mass of mankind have neither the liking nor the aptitude for either literary, scientific, or artistic pursuits, nor indeed for excellence of any sort. Their ambition is to go through life with moderate exertion and a fair share of ease, doing common things in a common way." It is equally true that the portion of the human race endowed with organizing and administrative faculties in a marked degree is not very large. To avoid waste of labor by misdirection it is for the interest of laborers as well as of capitalists that the producing and the distributing organizations should be in the hands of those who are best fitted for such responsibilities. Under the laws of competition, capital, generally speaking, naturally falls to those who have the largest business capacity; and as a matter of course such men become the men of business. Nevertheless, the demand for business talent is always greater than the supply. One of the greatest difficulties experienced in forming or in maintaining a business organization is in finding competent persons to take charge of the various departments. In view of these facts, and of the conditions under which the race must struggle for subsistence, the practical inquiry is whether or not human wants can be more fully or more equitably supplied than under the existing order of things.

In all the discussions of the labor question which have taken place, an affirmative answer to this inquiry, sustained by proof, has never been given; nor is it likely that one ever will be given. The existing system is founded in the nature of things. Under it, civilization progresses and the condition of labor is constantly improving. In the history of the world there has been no time when the needs of the people have been so fully met as now. The law of equal freedom removes all just ground of complaint. All are at liberty to compete for position, for capital, and for the produce of labor and capital, according to their preferences and ability. Certain it is that where there is perfect freedom there can be no tyranny.

It is often asserted that in view of the extent to which modern improvements aid labor, laborers do not derive the benefit therefrom to which they are entitled. I have estimated, as we have already seen, that the productive power of the people of this country has been increased by labor-aiding mechanism during the last century threefold. Were it possible to bring to view a clear picture of the manner in which people lived a century ago, and contrast it with the manner in which they live now, I think it would be found that the amenities of life have increased in a greater ratio than the power of production. The results of this increased power of production are better general education, wider diffusion of intelligence, larger charities, and the general elevation of the condition of the whole people. Laborers have not only participated in those benefits, but have derived special ad-

vantages. During the past century the wages of labor have generally advanced over fifty per cent., and in some employments one hundred per cent.; the daily hours of labor have been lessened nearly one third; and the prices of many of the necessaries of life have been largely reduced. The changes in these items which have taken place within the past forty years — years fruitful in labor-aiding inventions — are well exemplified by the cotton mills at Lowell, as the general system of business under which those mills have been run during that period has not been materially changed.

Mr. Burke, who has had official relations with one or another of the manufacturing corporations at Lowell since 1836, states that since 1838 the wages of women paid in the cotton mills at Lowell have been increased forty per cent., and the wages of men thirty per cent.; that the hours of labor for both sexes have been reduced from seventy-six and a half hours to sixty hours per week; and that the prices of cotton goods have been reduced over thirty per cent. The advance in wages which has taken place concurrently with the increasing use of labor-aiding machinery is conclusive proof that such machinery, in the long run, increases rather than diminishes the demand for labor; hence the term "labor-saving" as applied to inventions is a misnomer. In the present abnormal state of business, the facts which obtain in regard to the employment of labor are exceptional, and afford no just criterion of the merits of the general question.

The vast systems for production and distribution which now minister to the wants of the people are among the grandest monuments of civilization. Yet there are many at the present time who, with a strange perversity of judgment, denounce them as the cause of their sufferings, when in fact they are the very means by which they subsist. In this country the social pyramid rises in such just proportions that there is no marked line which separates the laborer from the capitalist. But if we class as laborers those who depend on wages for their principal means of support, we include in that category probably seven eighths of the adult population. Now, as the laboring population and their families constitute the bulk of the consumers, it follows that seven eighths of the results of the great systems of production and distribution go to supply their needs. Therefore, when a laborer, or any combination of laborers, in their hostility to capital attack these systems, they attack their own interests; and, so far as those interests involve the means of subsistence, the consequences of such attacks fall upon laborers to the extent of seven eighths, and upon "bloated capitalists" to the extent of one eighth.

Much confusion of thought in regard to the labor question has resulted from ascribing effects to wrong causes. There is a prevalent feeling that, in the existing relations of labor and capital, there is something *radically* wrong. This is an error. These relations are founded in the nature of things, and are as much controlled by natural laws as is the planetary system. Although, through ignorance and prejudice, they may be temporarily disturbed, no human effort can change their character. Whatever of hardship or injustice comes to laborers is caused by the general course of human affairs, which affects the rights and interests of men in all the relations of life. Bad laws, bad faith, vicious modes of doing business, undue use of credit, and fluctuations of trade affect the whole community, — the interests of labor in common with other interests. The condition of laborers can be improved only by reforming the modes of doing business and elevating the general condition of society, of which they form a part. Much may be done to soften the asperities of life by judicious charity and timely sympathy. The claims of the unfortunate and the needy should be promptly met; but sympathy for labor on account of its existing relations with capital is out of place, and unavailing. If a man carelessly walks off a precipice and breaks a limb, he is entitled to our sympathy, but nothing can be gained by attacking the law of gravity.

There is no agency more detrimental to the interests of labor than the undue use of credit. It is essential to the prosperity of labor that it should have steady employment. Moderate wages which are constant are far better than occasional high wages succeeded by low wages and — as often occurs after a financial crisis — a temporary cessation of employment. People generally adapt their expenses to their *current* income. When a laborer in good times is receiving high wages he adopts a corresponding standard of living, which becomes habitual. Then, when a change of times compels a reduction of his wages, he is disappointed, and if his employment ceases, even temporarily, he is in distress. It is at such times of depression that the discontent of laborers is chiefly manifested, and the labor question most earnestly discussed. It is at such times, also, that political charlatans bring forward their quack remedies for alleged evils, as they have done during the past few years. As I have before stated, in a normal condition of business affairs, that is, when credit is employed to a proper extent relatively to the amount of capital, all departments of business develop in harmony, and labor finds full employment. The loss to labor, the loss to capital, the loss to the country, which an undue use of credit has caused, can scarcely be estimated. It has been reported that "since the panic in 1873 the shrinkage in values has caused failures in this country amounting to ten hundred and fifty million dollars, and has reduced by forty per cent. the money valuation of the aggregate assets of the country."

Although some kinds of property have depreciated forty per cent. and over, it is not probable that the aggregate has depreciated to that extent. The census of 1870 — a year of high inflation — gives the total assessed value of the property of the country, in round numbers, at fourteen thousand million dollars. If we take the low rate of twenty per cent. as the average rate of shrinkage on this vast sum, it follows that the total depreciation amounts to twenty-eight hundred million dollars; or, in other words, the people of this country are not as rich by that sum as they thought they were a few years ago. The consequences of this depreciation are widely distributed. There is scarcely an individual in the country who has not directly or indirectly suffered thereby. Under the stimulus of undue credit enterprises were pushed forward in ten years which should have occupied twelve or fourteen years. By this untimely action a vast amount of labor has been wasted. Had enterprise been limited to actual capital, supplemented by a proper relative amount of credit, the prosperity of the country would have been real instead of being largely fictitious, and the fruits of labor would now be represented by actual wealth. I know of no means whereby the use of credit can be properly limited other than the good sense and prudent judgment of the people. But deliberately to seek to extend the use of credit by an irredeemable currency or any other scheme of inflation is a crime. With the evil consequences of this excessive use of credit fresh before us, it is unaccountable that, just as we are entering upon a career of substantial prosperity, there should be so many among us urging upon government inflation schemes which, if adopted, would inevitably reproduce the evils from which we have been suffering. Capital is the laborer's best friend; excessive credit his worst enemy.

Erastus B. Bigelow.

THE MEANING OF MUSIC.

Some time ago — it is full fifteen years since — I broached a theory in regard to music which none of my fellow-devotees of the art — none at least that I heard of — received with favor. It was that music is entirely without rational significance or moral power; that the creations of this divine art, while they have an exquisite fitness to certain conditions of feeling (in those who have a certain physical constitution), have rarely any definable meaning; and above all that a fine appreciation of even the noblest music is not an indication of mental elevation, or of moral purity, or of delicacy of feeling, or even (except in music) of refinement of taste. That in this the witness of all literature is against me, I know well; and even better do I know that my own feeling is against me while I say that what has been from my earliest memory, and is now, the greatest, keenest pleasure of my life is one that may be shared equally with me by a dunce, a vulgarian, or a villain. But that this is true, I have not the beginning of a doubt. So thoroughly am I convinced of it that not even that subtlest and strongest of all allurements to man's soul, the temptation to believe that some peculiar endowment of his sets him at least in one respect above his fellows, — that intellectual phariseeism which makes us thank God that we are not mentally constituted as other men are, — can win me to believe that the finest musical organization ever sent upon the earth was either a sign or a necessary accompaniment of any mental or moral superiority, or the cause or the occasion of any excellence, except in music itself.

Of this theory, upon which at the time when I first set it forth incidentally and very briefly I insisted as strongly as I do now, I received not long ago a reminder, to speak logically, *e converso*, musically, *al rovescio*. For John Ruskin, in a Fors Clavigera (No. 82), following Plato, asserted just the contrary. To differ from Ruskin on a subject that he understands is almost as perilous as to do the like with Plato; and the Oxford Graduate understands so many more things than what is good painting and good architecture, and the tendency of whatever he writes is so directly toward the elevation of man's whole nature, and so notably toward purity, truth, and justice in all things, that even when he seems to be impracticable in his notions, or even wholly wrong, to maintain the right against him is an ungrateful task. The theory of political economy, if so it must be called, which he promulgates is as impossible of practical application in this workaday world as the reversal of the revolution of the earth upon its axis; but I do not envy the man whose heart does not warm to the visionary prophet as he proclaims that the law of just living is the doing good work, and not the getting of as much money as may be gotten by doing work of any degree of badness that will sell, or, better, by doing no work at all. And as to his hatred of railways (and all manner of steam contrivances for doing the work of man's hands), and of electric telegraphs, the question at least remains to be decided whether without them we might not live a more comfortable and a happier life, as well as a nobler. But, however this may be, as to music it is not strange that he should be wrong; for it is plain that his knowledge of it is very limited, and that even his feeling for it stops short of its higher and finer manifestations. In this he is not at all peculiar among men of letters of the higher class, — of the highest; for among them Plato stands. All literature is full of evidence that mental power, æsthetic intuition, the gift of utterance, fancy, imagination, and, strangest of all, even the gift of rhythm do not necessarily accompany such an enjoyment or even such a comprehension and ap-

prehension of music as may be almost intuitive in a man who could not write a line, and could hardly think two logically connected thoughts.

The examination of a few passages from the writings of authors of high rank who were men of rare personal accomplishment will not only make manifest in them this incapacity, but show them revealing an elementary ignorance of music in the very words which they use for the purpose of illustrating it or of using it as an illustration.

To begin with Ruskin himself. In his eighty-third Fors he says, "I think this passage [from Plato] alone may show that the Greeks knew more of music than modern orchestral fiddlers fancy. For the essential work of Stradivarius in substituting the violin for the lyre and the harp was twofold. Thenceforward instrumental music became the captain instead of the servant of the voice, and skill of instrumental music became impossible in the ordinary education of a gentleman. So that since his time Old King Cole has called for his fiddlers three, and Squire Western sent Sophia to the harpsichord when he was drunk; but of souls won by Orpheus or cities built by Amphion we hear no more." It is true that in these days neither do cities rise to the sound of the lyre nor their walls, when they have them, fall flat at the sound of rams' horns; but as to the winning of souls of women by music, let the tenors on the stage and in society testify, upon their honor. Apart, however, from its last clause, this paragraph contains in its every assertion and implication an error shot off point blank into the eye of truth. So far was Stradivarius from substituting the violin for the lyre and the harp that when he lived and worked the lyre was to all intents and purposes unknown in music, and that since his day the harp has been much more used in both the public and the private performance of the higher music than it was before. So untrue is the assertion that thenceforward instrumental music dominated the voice, that on the contrary all the great vocal music, both solo and choral, has been written since the day of Stradivarius, and that before his time violins were much less used in accompanying the voice than they have been since. And again, for every gentleman who attained skill of instrumental music as a part of his ordinary education before the time of the great Cremonese there have been a hundred or a thousand since, and the number is yearly increasing.

And finally, the admirable old fiddle maker had no influence, direct or indirect, upon King Cole or Squire Western, or their contemporaries of whom they may be accepted as the type. For King Cole lived nearly a century before Stradivarius,[1] and Squire Western's creator, Fielding, was his contemporary. Nor did Stradivarius exercise any influence whatever upon music in his own day or thereafter. Many intelligent persons, including some poets, seem to have a notion that the Stradivarius of whom they hear so much in connection with the violin was an inventor of something, or an introducer of something in music. But he did not even invent anything in the violin, and neither exercised nor sought to exercise any influence upon the instrumental music of his day. He was merely an artisan; a highly intelligent, very skillful, and very conscientious workman with saw and plane and chisel and varnish. His workmanship is excellent, admirable; and he deserves the honor which belongs to all skillful and conscientious handicraftsmen. But even in violin making he did not do anything new. A great array of skillful and now celebrated violin makers had preceded him; and he, so far from being an inventive genius even in his own craft, was an eclectic maker. Sound judgment, good taste, and thorough workmanship as an artisan are his claims to distinction. He united the good qualities of the good makers who had preceded him; he patiently perfected their plans; and in his greatest distinction, his flat sounding board, he merely returned to the model of that great violin maker, Gaspard da Salo, who lived

[1] See King Cole and his Band, Galaxy, August, 1876.

and worked a hundred years before him. To attribute to such a man any influence upon music is much like attributing to Joseph Gillott, the great Birmingham steel-pen maker (one of Stradivarius's greatest admirers), an influence upon literature.

Passing by, for the moment, the reference to the Greeks' knowledge of music, let us consider some other examples of ignorance of music on the part of authors of repute, ignorance which is not so technical in its character as it may seem. Arthur Helps writes of a nervous man, "And when for the sixth time he hears C flat instead of C sharp played in an adjacent house, he is very apt to be distracted from his work, and very much inclined to utter unbecoming language." (Social Pressure, chap. iii.) If Mr. Helps had been content with referring in a general way to the annoyance felt by a nervous person at unskillful performance or practice of music, he would have done well; but in attempting to talk music he merely showed that he knew nothing about it, in a way that raises a smile upon the lips of those who do. It is true, of course, that there is such a note as C flat; but it may be said to be the one which, under that designation, is least often heard. It is also not the note that would be misplayed for C sharp, the mistake for which, as every musical tyro knows, is C natural. But Mr. Helps had heard talk of flat and sharp, and probably, too, of natural, which however had not character enough to attract his attention or to serve his purpose; he had also been annoyed by musical practice; and of this musically nebulous condition of mind we here have the result.

Bulwer has in The Caxtons this comparison, upon which if he did not pride himself he had the misfortune of seeming to do so: "As when, some notable performer not having arrived behind the scenes, or having to change his dress, or not having yet quite recovered [from] an unlucky extra tumbler of exciting fluids — and the green curtain has, therefore, unduly delayed its ascent — you perceive that the thorough bass in the orchestra charitably devotes himself to a prelude of astonishing prolixity, calling in Lodoiska or Der Freyschütz to beguile the time," etc. (Part XI., chap. v.) Already my musical readers have laughed at the "thorough bass *in the orchestra* devoting *himself* to a prelude." Readers non-musical may need to be told that thorough bass is not a big fiddle or a big fiddler, but a way of writing harmony, the name of which is sometimes used for the art itself of writing harmony. But Bulwer, having heard musical people speak of thorough bass, thought that the thoroughest bass as was must be the *contra basso* "in the orchestra." More subtle, but to a truly musical person perhaps even more convincing evidence of ignorance, and ignorance of a more radical and essential nature, is his saying of a young girl, "She has an ear for music, which my mother, who is no bad judge, declares to be exquisite." The application here of "no bad judge" and "exquisite" to an ear for music shows that Bulwer, when he heard people talking about music, did not even know what they meant.

So Lord Beaconsfield, K. G., which being interpreted is Benjamin Disraeli, recently talked about "the diapason of England's diplomacy," which showed that he did not know the difference between the diapason and the key note. The diapason of a diplomacy is nonsense. And in one of the many vulgar scenes in that vulgar book, Lothair (in his pictures of society Mr. Disraeli is very apt to be vulgar), the same distinguished person shows us a family party at a ducal house, where two of the young ladies present "from time to time burst into song." I quote from memory, not having seen the book since the time of its publication, but the absurdity music wise of the expression impressed me so strongly that I am sure I must be essentially right. People who can sing do not burst into song in a promiscuous and headlong way.

On the other hand, when Sterne makes uncle Toby sympathize with Mr. Shandy about a horse, and repeat his brother's words, he illustrates the sympathy by

this comparison: "Poor creature! said my uncle Toby, vibrating the note back again like a string in unison!" This is the real thing; it is written from knowledge, — knowledge which has become so much a part of the writer's mental furniture that he can use it familiarly and with a steady hand. True, the illusion is strictly rather acoustical than musical, but it has the air of coming from an observant violin player; and I believe that Sterne did play the violin. If he did, I do not doubt that he showed in his playing no less sentiment than in his writing, sentiment doubtless somewhat false and morbid, but still sentiment; just like many another foul and shallow-souled creature that had played and written before him, or has played and written since, or will play and write — *secula seculorum.* But violinist or not, and showing here some acquaintance with music, Sterne elsewhere shows that he could not soar to the heights or fathom the depths of music; as we shall see.

To return to Plato and Ruskin. In the Fors preceding the one before referred to (No. 82), the latter, after some consideration of certain æsthetic and ethical theories — it would not do to call them notions — of the former, says, "And understanding thus much, we can now more clearly understand, whether we receive it or not, Plato's distinct assertion that as gymnastic exercise is necessary to keep the body healthy, musical exercise is necessary to keep the soul healthy; and that the proper nourishment of the intellect and passions can no more take place without music, than the proper functions of the stomach and blood can go on without exercise. We may be little disposed, at first, to believe this, because we are unaware, in the first place, how much music, from the nurse's song to the military band and the lover's ballad, does really modify existing civilized life." (Page 317.) Mr. Ruskin afterwards (page 329) refers approvingly to the notion that music is "throughout life to be the safeguard of morality."

One of the great difficulties in the way of intelligent and fruitful discussion, a difficulty so great that by it many of those who are most fitted for this mode of inquiry are entirely deterred from it, is the uncertainty as to the meaning of the terms which must be used. From this cause arises much of the confusion, the prolixity, and the acrimony which attend religious discussion. By religion, one man means one thing, possibly a creed or an external form, and another possibly piety, which has nothing to do with creeds and forms. Two men may both have faith in a God; but one's idea of God is very different from the other's. We encounter this difficulty at once in the consideration of what Plato says, and Mr. Ruskin endeavors to enforce, in regard to music. If music meant the same thing to Plato that it does to us nowadays, and has meant for the last three centuries, the Academic philosopher was on one subject at least clean daft.[1] The very persons whose love and enjoyment of music is deepest, strongest, subtlest, most fervid, most enduring, — whom it enwraps, soul and body, in a delight, an elevated joy that lifts them for the moment out of the material world and at once awakens and expresses emotions for which there is no other voice, no other sign or symbol, — would not, unless their perceptions were limited to this art, accept these dicta of Plato in regard to its functions and its influence. If they observe, if they reflect, they must know — none so well as they — that although in them music may soothe, or stimulate, or even tone that human thing, or condition of human action, which we now call the soul, it has no point of contact with their moral nature; and that although it may awaken passion, good or bad, holy or unholy, as the case may be, it has no nourishment for the intellect, and less than all other arts demands intellect either in its loving devotees or in its executive ministers. Pomfret, who

[1] A piddling critic might "remark" upon this expression because it "savors of the north of the Tweed;" but, as Byron said about "anent," which he uses freely, "it has been made English by the Scotch novels." A fitting answer to such an objector. "*Couvercle digne du chaudron.*"

passed his life in writing pompous platitudes in Pindaric verse for the world of William and Mary's reign, has yet one keen couplet which shows that he had observed and thought upon this subject: —

> "Melania dotes upon the silliest things,
> And yet Melania like an angel sings."

This epigram is the more valuable because it is not in a satire nor even meant satirically. It occurs in Strephon's Love for Delia, and Melania is merely one of a row of "fairs" whom the lover passes in review in search of one superior or equal to his mistress; and the couplet, so far from being "wrote sarcastical," is intended to set forth Melania's attractions in the best light.

It is remarkable that a writer like Pomfret, in all of whose longsome, wearisome works I have not discovered two other lines worth the printing, should have observed and recorded the frequent coexistence of skill in music and silliness in all other things. For poets, with writers of sentiment and æsthetic generally, have taken another view of the question, even when the gods had not made them musical. And indeed very few of them have left evidence that they were capable of the enjoyment of the higher music. Shakespeare was. He showed that he had the soul of music in him. Not in the passage which will occur to most of his readers, but in various others, chiefly in two; first, this beautiful one in the last act of the Merchant of Venice: —

> "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
> Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.
> Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
> There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.
> Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
> With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
> And draw her home with music.

No man could have written so far who had not in his nature the capacity of the greatest enjoyment that music can afford. The passage is pervaded with evidence of the finest musical sensibility; and the thought of sweet touches *piercing* the ear cuts down to the very quick of feeling. After this comes Jessica's reply in that one immortal line, —

> "I am never merry when I hear sweet music,"

which to the lover of true music shadows forth the unutterable, the incomprehensible. For Lorenzo's after-attempt to account for this condition of the music-lover's soul is only a brilliant and ingenious attempt to explain the unexplainable. But of a yet higher value as evidence of Shakespeare's finely receptive musical organization are two passages in Twelfth Night. The first of these is the first speech in the comedy. The love-sick duke says, —

> "If music be the food of love, play on;
> Give me excess of it, that surfeiting
> My appetite may sicken and so die.
> That strain again: — it had a dying fall:
> Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor. Enough — no more!
> 'T is not so sweet now as it was before."

The other is in a subsequent scene, in which there is music. The duke asks Viola how she likes the "tune;" and the poor girl answers with her heart, —

> "It gives a very echo to the seat
> Where Love is thron'd."

Music is inexplicable, and defies all analysis of how and why and wherefore; and thus in like manner it is impossible to explain to those who are not musically organized how it is that these passages show beyond all possibility of doubt or question that Shakespeare was exquisitely sensitive to the finest touches of music; which those who are themselves so organized know without the telling. But the former may perhaps apprehend that the phrase "a dying fall" expresses the cadence or falling close of a tender strain in a way which shows that it had sunk into the very soul of him who uses it, and that the subsequent lines about the wind have, apart from their poetic beauty, and setting aside their charm of rhythm, a descriptive fitness which could have been given by no man who had not felt what he told. And so as to Viola's speech, we know

from it that Shakespeare had loved with sentiment, and had found in music an expression of the sweet, tender sadness that sometimes fills a lover's soul.

These, however, are not the passages that commonly come up as indicative of Shakespeare's feeling for music. That function is performed to the general apprehension by the last few lines of Lorenzo's clever and pretty, but altogether unsatisfactory, attempt to philosophize upon music: —

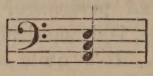
> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night
> And his affections dark as Erebus:
> Let no such man be trusted."

Now this, like very many passages in Shakespeare's plays which have been perverted from their proper function of individual utterances appropriate to time and place and personage, to abstract moral maxims, is dramatically good and ethically bad. It is quite in character for Lorenzo to say it to Jessica as they listen to music together in the light of their honeymoon; but if Shakespeare himself could come before us for a few minutes, only long enough for him to glance his mind's eye along the records of his memory, he would say that as a general truth, a gnomic sentence, it is absolutely untrue. But because of the magic of Shakespeare's name and chiefly because it is not understood, — for nothing more captivates the general man or is more eagerly received than that which has the form of wisdom without the substance, the semblance of truth without the reality, particularly when it seems to declare what men wish to believe, — it has had large acceptance as a law of ethics and æsthetics, and is quoted with unction by lovers of music who wish to believe that there is virtue in pleasure. A good man, one of refined tastes, and a very pleasant writer, the Rev. John Wood Warter, Southey's son-in-law, gives us in The Seaboard and the Down (vol. ii., p. 352) this dilution of Lorenzo's declaration: "He that has no love for soft, sweet sounds is very frequently devoid of tenderness and mercy." This dose of Shakespeare and water may be very safely taken. The assertion is indisputably true; but it is equally true that he that has no love for soft, sweet sounds is frequently six feet high, or has frequently a snub nose, and that he frequently is devoid not only of tenderness and mercy, but of cash and of house and land. But there is no more connection between the two facts that he lacks a love for sweet sounds and also lacks tenderness and mercy, than there is between the former and his stature, or the shape of his nose, or the condition of his pocket. To establish for ourselves any claim to superior consideration on moral grounds, we music-lovers must show that benevolence and justice are always accompanied by a fondness for our beloved art, that brutes and scoundrels are not to be found among singers and fiddlers, that the Neros of the world do not ply the bow while Rome is burning, — in a word, we must show, not that many of us are good, which is undoubtedly true, but that none or very few of us are bad, which is as surely untrue. How impossible these conditions are, no one knows better than an observant musician; and by musicians I mean not only, or chiefly, those whose profession is music, but all real lovers of music, whether performers or not, who love it with understanding as well as with heart. To such persons, if they are observant and thoughtful, the union of all the baser passions, in strong activity, with a fine sensibility to the most exalted beauties of the higher kind of music must have presented itself as one of the strange, inexplicable problems of humanity.

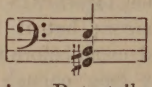
And otherwise than in its moral aspect this subject has been sadly muddled, not only by poets but by fine writers of a metaphysical, or fancied metaphysical, turn of mind. The saying that "architecture is frozen music," which is attributed to Madame de Staël, has done much to continue the confusion which has so generally prevailed upon this subject, and to confirm the exaltation of exalted musicians as to their favorite art. It is only one of those fanciful figures of speech which, not founded upon truth,

are in fact mere silly sayings, absolutely without meaning, and which yet, because of their sententious air and gnomic form, impose upon a world always ready to have its thinking done for it, and to accept what seems to be a general truth embodied in an adage. Because of this readiness and of the demand which it has created, there has been a continuous supply of oracular utterances for centuries, a few of which do put ethical truth in a striking and compact form, but the greater number of which are mere painted word-bladders filled with gas, which, if people would only puncture them with a point of criticism, would collapse suddenly with an evil odor. The demand for this sort of thing has created the sayer of sayings; and really clever people will not be content to tell us what they have to tell simply and directly, but will put it into some fantastic shape, that it may seem Delphic. Among these was that really gifted woman to whom this medley of music and masonry seems to belong.

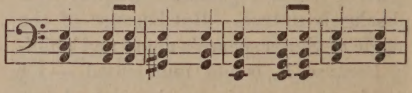
The truth is that between no other two arts is there such absolute, radical unlikeness as there is between music and architecture. And the unlikeness is of such a nature that, although a comparison of them as to æsthetic purpose might find unstable rest upon vague analogy, a comparison of them in form is absurd; it is a comparison in form that is made by likening architecture to frozen music. Now the condition of architectural beauty is stability; it is a fixed conception, and one which even implies no reference to any action or thought that has gone before or that will come after. It is thus even more fixed and single in its purpose than painting, which, though it fixes its subjects at a certain moment of action, implies action that has gone before, and suggests other that must or may follow. I speak, of course, only of the higher order of painting, not of landscape. But in music the only means to the æsthetic end is movement; movement is the very being of its beauty. At any given moment there is actually no æsthetic difference between any one musical composition and any other. Brief reflection will make this clear to any music-lover as to melody. The single note of one melody may be the single note of any other. But it is no less true as to harmony. A single pleasant sound is not music, nor is a combination of single and stationary sounds uttered together — that is, a chord — music. Thus, if we strike the following chord upon the piano-forte, —



it is not music, nor is this chord



by itself music. But strike those very chords in a certain succession, only pass from one to the other thus,



and you have the impressive opening and the germinal thought of one of the most beautiful, marvelous, and mysterious conceptions that ever was born in the brain of Beethoven, fertile in such enchanting fancies.[1] In music it is this movement, whether in melody or in harmony, this

[1] By the way, this movement is one of several that ought to settle a dispute which has unaccountably come up of late years as to the musical meaning of *andantino*, which some musicians of the present day take to mean a little slower than *andante*. Now we know that Beethoven intended at first to mark this movement *andantino*, but finally decided on *allegretto*, — unmistakable evidence that he regarded the times of the two as living next each other, and the former as a little slower than the latter. So in Mozart's Ninth Trio (D-minor) the time of the second movement is indicated by *andantino;* but the composer, to prevent its being taken too slow, added "*tempo di minuetto*," which we all know is (with him and Haydn at least) *allegretto*. We find also in compositions of the same period *andantino quasi allegretto*, but, according to my observation, never *andante molto* qualified with *quasi andantino;* a slow *andante* being indicated by *quasi larghetto*. This shows that *andantino* lay between *allegretto* and *andante*, and *andante* between *andantino* and *larghetto*. The etymological meaning of the word in question — a little andante — is such that it might be used to indicate a movement either a little slower or a little faster than *andante*. Therefore usage is our only guide; and surely the usage of all the great masters down at least as far as Weber (and I believe Schubert and Mendelssohn) is an authoritative decision which is beyond dispute.

passage from one sound, or from one combination of sounds, to another, which gives to a strain whatever beauty it may have. It is this only which gives form to music, that form without which in no art is there beauty. This motion in sound is the very essence of the composer's conception, the very soul of his purpose. Let the movement of his music be arrested, even at a stage of its development when it is most complicated, and its beauty vanishes. Not only so, its very existence is at an end. When a stream is frozen its movement (external) is arrested, yet its course is still continuous and its form remains. But you cannot so, even metaphorically, stop and stiffen a strain of music, every note of which ceases, passes away, and is not, before another can be begun.[1] And even in northern caves and snow-topped mountains, where icy stalagmite and stalactite meet in huge fantastic forms which seem the work of gnomes playing at architecture, there is still the same unlikeness to the ever present, ever vanishing beauty of form in music. Madame Corinne had probably icicles in her mind when she said her saying; and the result was, instead of a strong and living thought, only a cold, brittle conceit, that melts away before the glow of real feeling and shivers at the touch of reason.

Byron seems to have been somewhat impressed by this saying of De Staël's, but with that union of fine poetic instinct and strong common sense characteristic of his mind he shrunk from it as an affected mysticism. He says in his journal (November 17, 1813), "Last night . . . I was trying to recollect a quotation (as *I* think) from some Teutonic sophist about architecture. Architecture, says this Macoronico Tedeschy, reminds me of frozen music. It is somewhere, but where? The demon of perplexity must know and won't tell. I asked Mackintosh, and he said it was not in her [De Staël]; but Puységur said it must be *hers*, it was so *like*." But Byron himself had, I suspect, no love for real music, the higher productions of the art, what the lovers of Händel, Mozart, and Beethoven mean when they say music. His enjoyment was probably confined to music of the very lightest and shallowest sort, — feeble songs and pretty dance tunes; and even in these was largely dependent upon association. In his diary, under the date February 2, 1821, he writes, "Oh, there is an organ playing in the street — a waltz, too! I must leave off to listen. They are playing a waltz which I have heard ten thousand times at the balls in London between 1812 and 1815. Music is a strange thing." This is unmistakably the record of a man who does not know the enjoyment of real music. The cumulative delight expressed in the exclamation, "a waltz, too!" tells that plainly. Byron, like many people not poets, had just enough perception of music to enjoy society ballad singing — Tom Moore's, for example — and the band music which accompanied and stimulated his social enjoyments. His pleasure on this occasion, as theirs in music is so frequently, was merely that of association.

It is quite in keeping with such a very low apprehension and such a limited comprehension of it that the poet should have fine fancies about music. In the Bride of Abydos he says of Zuleika, somewhat incoherently, —

> "The light of love, the purity of grace,
> The mind, the music breathing from her face."

His biographer, Moore, tells us that the second line was "one of the most popular" in the passage in which it occurs. Quite likely; for it is one of that kind which seems to mean something and means nothing. Poetry is not to be censured for extravagance; many of the finest passages that were ever written are merely splendid extravagance. But extravagance must have something substantial to start from; your very comet must have a nucleus. Now by extremity of metaphor mind might be said to breathe from the face of a beautiful and intelligent woman, although that is not exactly the way in which a woman's beauty strikes a man. But "the music breathing from her

[1] I may as well say that I have counterpoint in my mind as I write this. It does not affect the question.

face," what does that mean? Nothing at all. And I do not hesitate to say that Byron himself — brightest of the Georgian constellation — did not know what he meant when he wrote it. I may without presumption say this when he himself has said, —

> "I don't pretend that I quite understand
> My own meaning when I would be *very* fine."
> (Don Juan, iv. 5.)

And there is the story of his reply when asked the meaning of a certain passage, "I suppose I knew what I meant when I wrote it, but I 'll be dashed if I do now." Byron had largely the virtue of candor. And it so happens that we know the struggles through which he passed when he produced this line. The preserved manuscript reveals them. The couplet first stood, —

> "The light of love, the purity of grace,
> Mind on her lip, and music in her face."

But that did not satisfy the poet; "music in her face" was too much even for him. He therefore re-wrote the second line thus, and made it much worse: —

> "The mind of music breathing in her face."

I doubt whether he saw the real absurdity of "the mind of music," and am inclined to think that "breathing *in* her face" displeased him from its ambiguity. However this may have been, he made a third attempt and produced the "popular" line which stands in the poem. But all this fumbling merely showed — not simply because of the re-writing, but because of the manner of it — that Byron's notion of music was the shallow sentimental one. His fancy of music in flesh and blood is of the same kind as Madame De Staël's of music in marble or in bricks and mortar. Milton, who did know what music was, makes his infernal palace "rise like an exhalation," but it is "*with the sound* of dulcet symphonies." True, just in the place of which he was writing (as his conception of it was not like Dante's) music could not very well be frozen; but he was tempted into no extravagance of that sort.

Music is indeed "a strange thing;" but its strangeness is not that which Byron had in mind when he wrote his diary. He thought that it was strange that music should so disturb him, and give him such great enjoyment. But he was not truly enjoying music. If he had been greatly capable of that musical enjoyment, the organ would have provoked one of those strong expletives with which his splendid letters are so profusely garnished. All his excitement and all his pleasure came from mere association, to which is due much the greater part of the enjoyment generally attributed to music. But in its power of calling up the absent and past events, and renewing long faded memories, music is far inferior to odors, good or ill. In this respect, smell, the lowest of all the senses, is superior to hearing; and the odor of a rose or the stench of patchouli surpasses the melody of a song or the march of a symphony.

But my subject has so grown upon my hands, or rather I laid out for myself so much more work than can be got into the number of pages for which I can ask with any semblance of decency, that I must postpone its conclusion until hereafter.

Richard Grant White

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

BEING myself a frequent contributor to periodicals, and the author of several books not entirely unknown, though of unequal and probably not of very great merit (if I am to judge by their small sale in the face of very favorable notices), I was struck by the confessions of a contributor in the August Club, because they afforded fresh proof of the unreasonableness characterizing most members of the literary profession. So far as I can make out, from his account of his experience, editors have taken a somewhat unusual interest in his work, and have made the exception in his case of writing him letters with their own hands, in the hope of softening the blow of rejection, giving him credit for what there was of good in his work, and encouraging him to try again. In this I see nothing very offensive; but my fellow-contributor appears to regard every one of those friendly attempts on the part of editors as so much gratuitous insolence and oppression. Now I have been through a checkered experience as a contributor to magazines, extending over nearly ten years, and have also served as an editor long enough to be thoroughly familiar with both sides of the situation touched upon. I confess that, as a contributor, I used to look upon the considerate explanations of editors very much as your August complainant does. I considered myself one of the most ill-used scribblers who ever put pen to paper. I was very apt to write sarcastic replies to editors who rejected my compositions with a few words of criticism or suggestion. And, indeed, there is no doubt that the mortification which young writers or novices in the art undergo, on finding their work declined, is a source of intense suffering which only time and resolution can abate. But one thing I had the sense to keep in mind, during my early struggles: and that was that, however editors might err in their judgment, I really *was* a beginner and probably had a great deal to learn. Therefore, resentful or not, I always pondered the advice I got, and I owe to it much of my advance towards success (for people assure me I am successful, though I don't seem to be sure of it, myself). Now when I became an editor I was very glad that I had had so much modesty, for my eyes were soon widely opened to the inexhaustible petulance, freakishness, arrogance, and conceit of the class known as contributors, and it was a comfort to know that I, as a contributor, had possessed one saving grace. Whereas, before, I had known only a few persons imbued with the same grievance against magazines that I cherished, I now came into confidential relations with some thousands of similar aspirants; and I was at times very much disgusted with them. So absurdly unreasonable, so inconsiderate, so centred upon the agitations of their own little souls were they, that I often felt as if magazines, by exciting these people to write, were encouraging an alarming growth of insanity, which would neutralize whatever good their publications might be doing. I despised myself for having resembled them. And this, notwithstanding that I had met with treatment from editors far more annoying than any the confessing contributor relates; as I could prove, were I in the habit of publishing confidential correspondence.

The result is that the contributor's stories impress me as pointless, except as showing lack of imagination on his part. He does not seem for a moment to have pictured to himself the position of the editor. For example, what is his ground of complaint against the editor who wanted to take his article but could not, on account of length, and wished to exchange it for another? He italicizes the word *exchange*. Was not that a proper word? I think it expresses the editor's meaning exactly; he wished to bind himself, in a degree, to take

some article from Mr. ——, although he could not print the one then in hand. Again, the editor of an illustrated magazine liked one of ——'s articles, and wished to take it. He asked him to call next day. Editors never do this if they have accepted a paper without reserve; so it is probable that Mr. —— is mistaken in supposing that this editor said unconditionally, "I 'll take it." Next day, the editor (who had some obligations to the proprietors of the magazine, or to his senior, if he was a subordinate) found that, on consultation with the other persons controlling the publication, he would be unable to use the article without illustrations. What should we think of a merchant who published as a crying outrage the fact that he had offered B some goods for sale, and B had thought he would buy them, but on consultation with his partners found it impracticable to buy? The contributor relates with quiet bitterness how, after his receiving back from the Daily —— four articles which he then sold elsewhere, one of said articles was copied into the Sunday edition of the Daily ——. But what does that prove, except that they were not suited to the daily paper? The editor of a Sunday edition often has nothing whatever to do with the week-day issues, and it is not incumbent on those in charge of the week-day issues to turn over MSS. to the manager of the Sunday edition, unless requested by the author to do so. The contributor leaves quite out of account this business aspect of the thing.

His most terrible recital, however, is about a junior editor returning a MS. which the senior editor of the same magazine accepted a year later, on its being sent again. I can give the Club the real history of that affair, and think it is proper and will be instructive to do so. The article was sent to the junior by a "mutual" friend. It was with pure sympathy and interest that the assistant examined it. The article was full of merit; but in reporting upon it to the senior, the subaltern, knowing the crowded state of the magazine and the endless trouble which his chief experienced in squeezing in the monthly contents (which always overran the limit and had to be "cut down"), was obliged to say that he thought the sketch would need some compression in one portion. That was his opinion. "Then," said the senior editor, "I cannot consider it, in the present state of the magazine." That was a good business reason, which the senior was perfectly right in acting upon. I think the junior was wrong in his opinion, if it applied to the sketch solely as a performance; but he was right, in view of the pressure upon the magazine's space. He was hired to give opinions, and did so conscientiously; the senior had some faith in his judgment, and to a certain extent consulted it. If both had had to read every MS. submitted, how much time would have been saved by having an assistant? As to the sequel: the article was sent again, and came at a time when the managing editor did not feel the exigencies of space so keenly as before. When the junior saw it in print he was genuinely delighted. "Mr. —— has got in at last," was his thought, with a thrill of pleasure at the success of a fellow-workman. Having examined nearly two thousand MSS. since reading Mr. ——'s, he remembered only his favorable impression on reading it; the circumstances of the case came back to him on reading the confessions published in the Club eight months later. It is natural that he should feel some pain on seeing how his few hasty words, meant for good advice, had been treasured in the contributor's mind for twenty months as an instance of offensive patronage. Does it not seem to you as if the contributor may have made a mistake, and done some injustice? The junior wrote to him as "to some entire novice." Well, according to his own account of himself he *was* a novice. Moreover, the junior had read previous MSS. from him, which were diffuse and poor, and showed him to be wanting in some of the qualifications of an acceptable author.

The trouble with writers in general is (1) that they cannot understand why

their efforts don't suit every one as well as themselves; (2) that they refuse to consider the business relation of author, editor, and publisher, which may not be ideal, but is very plain and simple; (3) that they are offended when MSS. are returned with a printed form giving no special reasons, and that the necessarily imperfect and hasty attempts of editors to pave the way to success by advice infuriate the would-be contributors more than printed forms or even total and eternal silence would.

It is true that authors are subject to vexatious delays in printing, are sometimes underpaid, and are often virtually borrowed from by the retention of their capital (in the form of MSS.) for a considerable term without payment of interest. But these difficulties are not greater than the obstacles in almost every occupation, which people never dream of writing about. My own experience has been, that in spite of the wearing nature of my employment and all the troubles which beset an author, together with some unusual misfortunes, I have made a better living, and advanced more rapidly, than any one of my age among my acquaintances, during the same period, in other employments; unless they have had extraneous advantages of inherited wealth or opportunity, or extraordinary downright good luck. Since I have practiced editing, I have written for magazines and papers with which I am not connected, sometimes succeeding and sometimes not. Even the magazine on which I have labored as an editor could not always accept my contributions. But knowing, as I now do, the ceaseless and exhausting demands on the strength, time, sympathy, and patience of editors, I am simply amazed at the considerateness which they have in the main shown me, and continue to show whenever I add myself to the thousands of people who are bothering the life out of these much maligned gentlemen.

— I was much interested in those portions of the Contributors' Club for August and September detailing the struggles and reward of two literary workers, and as my experience has had some peculiar points, I send it as an addition to this entertaining series. Being possessed of a moderate salary that insures food, home, and clothing for my family and self, I use a natural inclination for pen work as a means to obtain books, papers, magazines, lecture tickets and pictures, and other articles of a like nature. I began writing for the press in July, 1869, and, when time permitted, have followed it quite steadily ever since. Having a curiosity to know how much my literary work brought in, I have kept a thorough account of my returns, and find that for the nine years ending July 1, 1878, my cash profits were twelve hundred and thirty dollars ($1230), and that I received seven hundred and fifty dollars' ($750) worth of books and other literary emoluments. My highest cash year was 1877, when I received two hundred and sixty-nine dollars ($269); and my lowest, 1870, when fortune gave me but fifteen dollars ($15).

My literary work embraces poetry, stories, letters, and critical essays. Letters have paid me best in cash, stories next, and poetry third, though I find that the last year has brought a marked increase in the market value of my poems. Criticism has brought me the most books.

Of course I have enjoyed the delightful experience of receiving back what I considered very fair work, with the usual "respectfully declined" accompanying. In one instance, a strange circumstance attended the appearance of the poem rejected. I had sent it, with an intimation that, if used, I should expect payment, to a largely circulated and wealthy New York journal; I knew they paid for poetry and thought they might pay for mine, but the poem was quickly returned. I then sent it to another New York paper, which as quickly printed it, and I was considerably surprised to see it reprinted the same week of its appearance by the paper that had refused it a few days previously, — and reprinted shorn of its author's name. Finding that my poems were

growing more popular, I last year sent one that I thought good to a leading monthly. It was returned, and met the same fate in the offices of two other prominent magazines. I then gave it to a leading newspaper, and it appeared simultaneously with the monthlies that had refused it. Having access to a large and varied exchange list, curiosity prompted me to see how my poem compared in merit with those printed in these monthlies, as shown by the number of papers reprinting it, and the number reprinting poems from the magazines. The monthly richest in poetry contained five pieces, and one of these was reprinted by forty-five papers. This was the most popular magazine poem of the month. Four of the papers reprinting this gave the same honor to another of the poems in the same monthly, and one was reprinted twice. Two were not noticed at all. Counting every appearance of a poem as a vote for favor, this monthly had fifty-one. The other two magazines had four poems each, and had forty-three and thirty-six votes, while my poem had fifty-six. This result has been a subject of wonder to me, for I know my poem was not so good as some in the magazines, though I honestly believe it was better than several of them. I have no quarrel with the judgments of editors, though I do not always agree with them, but no two opinions are alike when every-day occurrences are to be judged, and editors are only men. I don't think the true author will call an editor personally to account for disagreeing with his estimate of his work. A strange difference of judgment befell one of my poems not long since. I sent a young friend, who is editing a third-rate literary paper, a poem as a gift, and he returned it as "not up to my usual mark;" I then sent it to a leading monthly, which immediately accepted it, and paid for it handsomely.

Regarding stories I have had a rather curious experience. I am a sailor, and during twenty years of roving about the earth have met with some startling adventures; I often use one of these as the foundation of a story, and, though the incidents are truthful, generally get the story back indorsed, "well-written but improbable," whereas stories that I make as improbable as possible are quickly disposed of.

Though I have not written my play, I have thought of one, and my first novel is snugly enshrined in a camphor-wood chest, standing in the dim, cob-web haunted shadows of the garret. Sometime, if life is long enough, I hope to write a successful sea romance, and, as I am pretty persistent, may succeed. Nine years ago, a copy of verses I sent to a leading magazine was returned, and I then determined to have a poem accepted by that journal; I accomplished the task, but it took seven years to do it.

I have not found the path of literature a thornless one, but I do not think it has more of these doubtful blessings than other callings. To me, beside being a necessity it is a pleasure; and yet I have had much to contend with, for I am that strange anomaly, a self-educated, literary sailor. As for success in literature, my opinion is that it takes, first, brains; second, careful work; third, persistence, to achieve it.

— I give my experience, by way of suggesting a resource which your "confessing" contributors have not thought of.

I began thirteen years ago by writing only what I felt impelled to put on paper, and making that as good as I could. But I soon found that a living was not to be gained in that way, and selected a profession which was more likely to offer a support without dragging a noble art through the mud. By day I was a clerk; but at night I studied law, rigidly excluding poetry and its relations till I could enjoy them freely. This lasted two years.

Then I lost my clerkship and was still some months short of admission to the bar, with urgent need of money. Under this pressure, I began writing to sell, and I wrote with a will. Good luck attended me. That summer I sold some twenty articles, large and small, poems included. Most of these productions are poor affairs enough; and those that have

any merit owe it to the fact that I sometimes forgot my chief object. They sufficed, however, to land me in a city of the far West, with fifty dollars in my pocket.

There were two of us; and before our cash was quite gone we determined to get other employment which would leave us free to wait upon the law on alternate days. We tried the newspapers first, making our round right merrily, and encouraged by everybody with Western good humor. At last one "local," who was going away for a while, offered to put us in his place. I shall never forget the dismay of the managing editor at this invasion by two over-confident tyros; nor his delight next day when he found that, with all our confidence, we had really improved his local page. Poor fellow, he met the fate of many a man along the border. At nine o'clock one morning he passed me with a jest and laugh; at ten I caught him in my arms as he fell with a bullet through his heart.

I certainly did some rough reporting. A prize fight on a sand spit of the Missouri in a driving rain; a stylish ball (no time for delay) in the cowhide boots with which I tramped the red clay of the Bottoms; the scene of an affray where every householder ordered us off as highwaymen or avengers of blood; and one or two tableaux where pistol flashes were too near for comfort, were among the things which I had the pleasure of noting down and writing up. In the evening there were all manner of gatherings: political meetings, balls, lectures, and dramatic entertainments; and I was surprised to find how soon I learned the necessary art of being everywhere at once. Still mistakes would creep in. I had the agent of the Peace Society scouring the neighborhood for me because I called him colonel in print; and the judge of our city court raised a great commotion because I made him talk rather comical Scripture in a prophetic account of a Sunday-school speech. I ordinarily closed the night's work by scribbling, correcting proof, and getting up head lines for telegrams until three A. M. On alternate days I was free to read law and wait for clients. For the above services I never received less than five dollars per week, nor more than ten. Several times I made long trips through the prairies and backwoods of Missouri and Kansas, canvassing and corresponding for the paper. I liked this life, because it gave me an excuse to call on everybody and hear everybody's story. Still it had its hardships. I walked over two hundred miles, with my coat and carpet-bag on a stick over my shoulder; and many miles were traversed in the sun when the thermometer marked very near one hundred in the shade. I had all manner of queer adventures. But I never quite got out of money, health, or heart; and I found opportunities, here and there, to write other things beside the required letters.

After that, I returned to the East, took a clerkship in the Census Office, and went to work writing at night. I wrote two novels, one of which was published by a weekly paper as a serial, some verses which effected a lodgment in a leading New York magazine, and a number of editorial articles under a regular engagement with a daily paper. For a while I was making at the rate of $2500 a year.

When the Census Office ran down, I was of course discharged; and at once opened a law office. But before a month had passed I received what the clergymen style a "call" to write editorials for a daily paper in the Northwest at thirty dollars a week. I accepted, unwisely perhaps, and for some six months duly ground out my column and a half or two columns per diem; but at last the proprietor took umbrage because the leading articles were rightly credited to me instead of himself, and I found myself adrift again.

After various futile efforts to get regular literary or legal employment, and a dip *con amore* with pen and tongue into a passing presidential contest, I set to work in earnest to make a living by writing stories, sketches, verses, and the like; and I failed there too. The immediate need of money made me write hastily. The more I tried to find the

salable level of the weeklies, the surer I was to go under the surface altogether. My (financial) inspiration was like the tin pan tied to a dog's tail. It made me go, certainly, and with energy, but not with much grace.

Just then I received an appointment as examiner's clerk in the Patent Office, on the strength of a half-forgotten examination. Dropping literature, I began at once a zealous study of patent law, office practice, physics, and the useful arts; which resulted in carrying me up two grades within three months, and a third within the next year. During the three years of my Patent Office life and a succeeding year spent in the office of a firm of attorneys, I adhered, with very few exceptions, to my rule against writing anything until firmly established. The last year and a half I have been in practice for myself.

Thanks to this long preparation and subsequent hard work, I have felt for more than six months reasonably sure of a support for myself and family from my profession, without overwork. When I have no time for belles lettres, it is because I am making about three hundred dollars a month; and the months when I make much less I have plenty of leisure. Law and literature act as foils to one another. If my whole time were devoted to the former, I should weary of it at last; while the nervous strain of constant imaginative writing would be far from healthy. The one brings you into contact with practical men, practical business, and *very* practical, hard, logical knocks; the other makes your statements exact and neat, polishes even extemporaneous sentences, and lends a zest to life. I find the effects of my poetry in my arguments, and the effects of my arguments in my poetry; and both are benefited by the exchange.

Best of all, literary work retains for me all the delightful freshness of thirteen years ago. I come from toils which I like to those which I passionately love. One appreciates very keenly the pleasure of his art when he returns from the draft of a specification, a hoarse tournament of logic, or the preparation of an answer in equity, to a quiet home and to the familiar (manuscript) volume of verse, where he may remold the old favorites and add the new fancies unhurried and at will. Now and then I jot down and send to some repository like the Contributors' Club any fugitive critical suggestion or bit of information which seems likely to interest those who share my tastes. For longer articles, I have access to a certain magazine which pays nothing in money, but has never refused to publish what I send. Now and then I mail a poem or some other production to one of the metropolitan magazines; but I do not fret if it is rejected. I am leisurely getting my writings together and polishing them. Before a great many months I intend to have them published, volume after volume, in book form; and whether they win or fail they will have given me great pleasure.

Now my suggestion is not that all literary men should turn lawyers or solicitors of patents. But I think it would be far better for them and for their art if more of them would make their living in some way wholly unconnected with literature. The staff that is steadily leaned on will most likely bend in time; and who would not rather pick berries with our friends the woodland darkies, than write puffs, advertisements, and lampoons for a livelihood, or scramble to be first in at a murder?

— There are some books so very bad that they are good. To be very bad, a book must have originality in badness; when it has that, we can stand reading it, as we look with some interest at the woman who has dressed herself in man's clothes and climbed down a skylight at midnight to rob us, but with none at all at the common thief who, in ordinary daylight, has stolen articles from the garden clothes-line.

Esther Pennefather strikes me as the most utterly ridiculous book of the season. And yet it has originality, a few very fine passages, and, with all its absurdity, a promise, to my mind at least, of better things in the future. Its originality is in its subject, which is that of

the singular power one woman sometimes has over another. All the men may as well now retire, and read their newspapers; since *they* do not believe this. They are perforce retired from this book by the writer herself, since there is not in the whole volume a single man worthy of the name; nothing but a chorus of women, chasing each other madly along, doing the most extraordinary things for the most senseless reasons, from the first page to the last. Practical people may say at once (and end the matter) that there is no such power; but the fact remains that there *is*. Let questions be asked, and it will be discovered that there is scarcely a woman of strong, self-reliant nature who has not at some time or other been followed and besieged, with almost dog-like humility, by some other woman, whose affection she never asked for, whose adoration she did not want. Mothers, surrounded and fenced off by their children, do not excite this worship; wives, not often. It is almost always the women who are not tangled in domestic ties who receive it; it is thrown at them whether they wish it or not. And, generally, they do not wish it; in fact, it almost seems a necessary part of the performance that the worshiped one should remain indifferent, and care nothing for the worshiper.

Esther Pennefather must inevitably excite inextinguishable laughter; I have observed that the critics who have noticed it at all have politely advanced the supposition that the author was very young, and then, hiding their smiles behind their tall hats, have hastily retired. But I want to bring forward one passage on the power of love, one of the few passages that redeem the book, and give, to my mind at least, a promise. "There is no one who has a right to take back love. There is nothing one's friends can do, no meanness, no cruelty, no forsaking, that gives us a right to forsake them. Ah! what would become of us if God loved us as we love our friends? I believe, I believe without doubt, that *love is redemption*. We can love to the very end even those not worthy of love in this world, and we can carry that faithful love at last to the feet of God himself, and lay it down there, and he will give us back our own. No one can sin *forever*, whom *one* heart loves faithfully and purely; in some time that we cannot tell, love will gain its own." Now it seems to me that there is a height of beauty and nobleness in that passage to which many a popular book, in all its sparkling pages, never attains.

To go back to the original subject, namely, a woman's adoration of another woman. There is such a thing. I myself have seen tears of joy, the uttermost faith, and deepest devotion, in mature, well-educated, and cultivated women, for some other woman whom they adored; have seen an absorption for months of every thought. But — but! there is a monotonous certainty that follows on, which arouses to laughter the unregenerate masculine mind and makes it deny the whole (which is a mistake; it *is* there), namely, the certainty that once let loose an agreeable *man* in this atmosphere, and, ten to one, the whole cloud-structure topples over, its battlements dissolve, and the dwellers come out and act like everybody else — only more so. Those to whom I have referred are all married now, and happily married; they no longer care in the least for each other. And yet I know that there come moments when they sit apart and think of that old adoration which was so intense and so pure, so self-sacrificing and so far away.

— I have read and re-read with the greatest interest the paper in the August Atlantic on New England women, by M. E. W. S. Only a New England woman could have written it, and nobody outside of New England can possibly know how true is its description of one type of New England woman. Some of its touches are inimitable; as for instance, —

"She desirous of showing her foot! Perish all such rubbish!"

But all this clever analysis is true of only one type of New England woman. There is another. Widely experienced men of the world know it. It has passed

into almost proverbial mention among United States army men.

It is a woman in whom "vanity, coquetry, or sentiment, call it what you will, which is so much a part of most women's lives," so far from being "left out," is the absorbing passion of her nature, to which she surrenders herself with an abandon of which no other woman in the world would be capable. The Frenchwoman would think it folly; the Southern woman call it bad taste.

Even here, however, the New England woman is intellectual; her very passion has a certain dash of Calvinism in it; her surrender is a step in inevitable logic; where the Southerner or the Frenchwoman vacillates, dallies, bestows some favors and withholds others with a fascinating reticence which seems far more virtuous than it really is, the logical New Englander who has deliberately determined to have a lover or lovers has the whole thing clear in her mind. She sees that self-evident truths are self-evident truths, as well in love as in the first chapter of Euclid. She scorns the bad logic of the pretty Southerner, who slips along without much thinking, merely having a good time as she goes, and always meaning to stop before any harm comes to anybody; and the semi-sentimental semi-philosophy of the Frenchwoman, who is quite capable of choosing a lover as she would choose a gown, with reference to the season and her own complexion, and who would no more think of wearing one than the other after it had become shabby and unsuitable.

"Life is real, life is earnest," to the New England woman, even in her "affairs of the heart;" that expression, by the way, she would never use. She would consider it derogatory, belittling. Her lover is truly her "life." Having accepted him as a lover and the fact of her having a lover as a fact, she sees that nothing now remains, or, consistently, can remain, except love, whole love, nothing but love.

She clings desperately to the ægis of respectability as long as she can. It is unspeakably dear to her; it hurts her pride sorely to be ill spoken of. Till the last minute she makes a courageous and eloquent fight, with Plato at her back; she can talk better and behave worse than any woman alive, the keen-witted, clear-headed New England coquette, and she generally keeps to the end a certain following of people who "believe in" her through thick and thin.

The worst of it is that sooner or later she inevitably gets her heart broken. No man's passion can sustain itself for any length of time at the level of hers. He likes easier and safer love-making better. He feels terror where she feels only exaltation; embarrassment where she only glows with self-sacrifice. Very soon after his first wonder and ecstasy at the succumbing of this grand creature, head and all, to him, there creeps into his mind an uneasy wish, against which he struggles, that she would not be quite so recklessly in love with him. And this is the beginning of the end.

There are some broken-hearted women, dragging out deserted, ruined lives in Europe to-day, who know all this. Some of the direst tragedies this country has ever known have been wrought out by New England women.

The native New England lily (to continue Harrison's gracious and eloquent simile) is by no means always white. On New England's ruggedest hills, in her stoniest pastures, every July sees the glowing chalices of a lily red as the vestments of Romish cardinals, and as deeply stained with spots of fierce dark color as the leopard's skin.

— During the last summer the spelling reform made evident progress, and it has now reached a stage where the public can coöperate with more definiteness than has heretofore been possible. The reform was started by the American Philological Association, and that body at its meeting held at Saratoga in July recommended the immediate adoption of the following new forms, which, it should be said, are in the same line with the changes which have given us frolic and music for the frolicke and musicke of our fathers. The new spellings are: Tho, thru, catalog, wisht, gard, hav, infinit, definit, liv, giv, ar.

The Spelling Reform Association met with the American Institute of Instruction at the White Mountains, and adopted the following rules for immediate observance: I. Use *e* for *ea* when equivalent to short *e;* as helth, welth. II. Omit silent *e* after a short vowel; as hav, giv, liv. III. Use *f* for *ph;* as filosofer, fantom. IV. Omit one letter of a final double; as wil, shal. V. Use *t* instead of *ed* when it represents the sound; as wisht, slasht.

These simple suggestions are not difficult of adoption, and there is reason to believe that they will come into immediate use in the public journals.

— One day of my summer leisure, last year, I looked over a pile of magazines that had, through pressure of occupation, been till then unexamined. Among them was the March Atlantic, in whose Contributors' Club I spent some very pleasant moments. One of the happiest things in the world — of letters, at least — is to come unexpectedly upon some opinion or sentiment that harmonizes with what you yourself have long cherished, and whose want of supporters has long been a matter of secret surprise. I have called a discovery of this kind one of the happiest; let me also add, one of the most provoking. Here is somebody that ventures to *say* what you have only *thought;* instead of being one of many to agree with him, to say "So do I" to his "I think," you might have been he, the one to speak first. Conviction, as if in revenge for long silence, put the matter to me somewhat after the foregoing fashion, but sympathy held out a friendly hand to the unknown champion of A Lost Love. Ten years ago had I read the book, with wonder at its searching power, its terse strokes, its pathos of suggestion rather than word. Is it not surprising that in all my hearing and reading of these years, not a word have I met in its praise, — not one, till now? Despite the private value I had set upon the book, not having the world's or the critic's praise to support mine, I had, when lending it, called it merely a good novel. To say truth, its heroine's first name, Georgy, is very disagreeable to me, and the appositive of the title, A Lost Love, smacked of the sentimental; to display too great partiality for a work with *that* name — where *all* were not lauding it — might suggest the suspicion of some peculiar fitness to my own experience!

After Georgy Sandon has resigned Erskine to the woman whom he has so long loved, but through mischance misunderstood, she marries the man who had long ago loved *her*, but whom she had refused after once accepting, because separation had convinced her that her heart was not his, but devoted to Erskine, whom she met after her engagement. The union with this early lover, whom she respects rather than loves, and marries out of magnanimity, results in a negative kind of happiness; but even this lasts only three years, and Mrs. Anstruther is dead.

The author of this novel has a thorough understanding of lovers' moods, motives, and impulses. When a person who has been apparently in the deep of love, having met with refusal or coldness, turns suddenly to a new object, how often do we hear, "He could n't have cared much for her," or *vice versa*. But there is no truer proof of how much one has loved than the sudden transition of feeling. Ashford Owen takes the abrupt change in the direction of one's affection as the evidence, not of previous shallowness, but of depth. A fine touch of nature is that in which Erskine, turning to leave the room just after his engagement to Georgy, looks, by chance, at a picture bought long ago for its strong resemblance to Constance, his first love. "Now he felt provoked with himself for putting it there. That picture sobered him, and brought the involuntary thought, 'I am not young.' Who *is* young before the recollection of a dead passion?" Here is another home thrust: —

"Constance and Georgy were most inextricably blended together. He had firmly believed that to meet the former would have been to him a matter of the utmost indifference. He had cared for her once, very much, but he had never

thought that he should feel so much at seeing her again. And he looked sadly back to that once, — *then drew closer to the recollection of Georgy.* He was in a state of mental polygamy just then, wherein many an impulsive nature may find itself." But the master stroke is where it should be, — at the end. Constance, whom Erskine had so passionately loved, proved not heartless or unlovely, — as many novelists would have made her, to avenge the misplaced passion and the great sacrifice of Georgy, — but while meeting the demands of *duty*, perhaps, was still so much the world's as to leave a great void, it may be inferred, in the heart of him who must have longed for the possession of a love as large as that he gave. The power of the closing scene lies in the subtile drawing of its characters. Nothing is *said* of incomplete harmony in their lives, but it is felt in eying the *poise* of the figures, in hearing the *tone* of questions and answers. One sentence is full of weight, and makes us think of some cases we have met, and do meet daily: "*It was early, perhaps, for a man still young to be looking forward so directly to his children.*"

But now for the close itself. His little girl shows him what her mother has just given her, "a heart and cross of mossed turquoise. As he bent down to see it, a vision came quickly across him of the room where he had given it, and of a wistful, loving face which looked up at him. It was a sad recollection, and he took the child's hand, and pressed her close to him to dispel it. . . .

"'Constance, where has this come from? Don't give it to Consy.' 'Why? Does a tale hang thereby?' she said, laughing. 'It was amongst the things Mrs. Anstruther left me so strangely.' 'Mrs. Anstruther,' he repeated to himself. 'Do you remember it?' 'Yes; I gave it to her.' 'Ah, James, poor Mrs. Anstruther! I often thought how it would have interested me to have met her again. Poor Georgy! it is not good to have such a nature. . . . And so *you* gave her that. Was it on the day when you picked me up at the station?' 'Yes,' he answered, laying his hand on her shoulder, and looking at her lovingly. She noticed neither the touch nor the look just then. 'Are you coming?' 'No, I cannot.' 'To-night, then?' 'No,' and he wanted to take the cross. 'Now do let Consy have it; her heart is set upon it, unless yours is, especially, too.' Constance and her child went laughing off together, and her husband heard her beautiful voice singing snatches of a song, as she went down the staircase. He still kept the trinket, and his eye fell mechanically upon the church, where the woman who had loved him best was buried. . . . There is a wondrous equality here, if we did but know it. *He* had gained his desire, and *she* had lost hers, — and there was no great difference between them now. The sternest irony of fate may lie in the fulfillment of our wishes.

"We are all revenged some day; and she, if she had ever wished for revenge, had found hers now."

— The conversation between author and publisher, in the Contributors' Club in the August Atlantic, stimulates the attempt to discover and define, if possible, the real secret of literary hits. It is evident from this conversation, and authors and publishers already understood, that it is not literary merit, nor novelty, nor praise of critics, nor advertising, nor even, except in rare instances, the previous reputation and success of an author, that makes a book a success. In my opinion the secret of a literary hit was expressed by a young friend, herself a writer of no mean ability, when she said, "The book that sells is the book that gets talked about."

As the publisher says in the conversation alluded to, "it is always true in regard to a book that sells that it *has* merit of some sort." It meets some precise need; it gives expression to feelings that are, vaguely and dumbly perhaps, growing in many human breasts.

Take, for instance, the books that have been the most decided literary hits of the past ten or twelve years. There is Gates Ajar. It has no special literary merit, and many very offensive blem-

ishes of style, but it gave voice to feelings that were struggling in thousands of hearts in regard to questions of futurity and immortality. People, in the orthodox churches especially, hardly dared then to utter thoughts which, through the influence of the later, wide-spread newspaper and pulpit discussion of the subject, and through modern symposiums, have become common talk in these days. Then came Miss Alcott's books, depicting a new but general phase of thought and emotion as represented in the lives of young girls awaking to a new sense of life and its responsibilities, through the general diffusion of a wider education. Then came Helen's Babies, despised of all those who have no children of their own or who don't like children. Those irrepressible babies! That Toddie, with his "want to shee wheels go wound," was perfectly irresistible to tens of thousands of parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles, who have been tyrannized over by the same kind of invincible persistence in children. Then came That Husband of Mine, a most absurd book to make such a sensation as it did; yet it portrayed a certain phase of experience that is almost universal among families. Not a wife who read the book but laughed over it and remarked that she had experienced just such annoyances as were therein described.

And the wide popularity of these books was altogether owing to the fact that they were talked about. The Sabbath-school teacher or scholar who happened to read Gates Ajar at once began to speak of it to friends. The book that told about "a piano in heaven" forthwith became an object of curiosity; those who heard, being impelled by their own vague wishes for a little pleasanter idea of celestial existence than the old traditional one, all wanted to read about it for themselves. And so the knowledge spread. If any father of a family happened to read Helen's Babies, he at once told his wife about it, or he asked of his neighbor, "Have you read Helen's Babies?" "No." "Well, it 's too natural for anything; you must certainly read about that dreadful boy Toddie; you will say it 's the most comical thing you ever read." So his wife or neighbor remembers and buys a copy of Helen's Babies, perhaps only to read and be completely disgusted with it. Then comes the other kind of talk, the disparaging kind, but equally good for advertising purposes. "I can't think what people see to admire in Helen's Babies; it is the most sickening stuff I ever read; perfectly unnatural, and yet Jack and Susie B—— are in raptures over it." The little incident in That Husband of Mine where the wife tries to spare the cream at tea when a guest is present has done more to sell that book than the whole of the rest of the story. Every woman who reads it says to her neighbor, "You must read That Husband of Mine; there is such a funny incident about" — and here is related the cream-jug episode; and so it goes. Talk, in the case of a book, is like leaven; it starts at a single point, or at many points, but it is propagated from particle to particle till the whole is leavened.

It is one of the most striking proofs of the wide diffusion of the doctrines of modern liberal thinkers that such a book as Mallock's Positivism on an Island, or his New Republic, could have attained such a wide-spread popularity, for it is a sign how many people are talking or thinking liberalism.

The publisher who has the instinct to discern this quality in a book, who has a kind of prescience of latent subjects of interest in the public mind, is the one who will recognize and secure the successful book when it is offered. Here also is the reason why perfectly new authors sometimes make a hit. They are the first to give expression to some particular phase of social interest.

Apropos of critics and book reviewers, I should think that in the interests of authors and publishers there is a great deal of choice among them, so to speak. Some book reviewers in a notice of a book will give such a synopsis of its contents as shall make readers feel perfectly satisfied and without desire to know anything more of the book. It is

like a lecturer having his lecture published in full just preceding his advent. People's curiosity is satisfied, and that is the end of it. On the other hand, some book-reviewers have the art of skillfully stimulating the reader's curiosity. They express an opinion of the book without rudely unmasking the plot or revealing the motive of the story. Such reviewers are certainly the most useful to authors, and probably just as useful to the public.

— May I be permitted a few words in reference to the criticism by a Club contributor in the August number of The Atlantic upon your review of my book, The Antelope and Deer of America, which appeared in your March number? Your contributor is constrained to this criticism because in that review "you help to disseminate a grave error into which" I have "fallen concerning the area of country over which the black-tailed deer is distributed." In the work referred to I have stated that the true black-tailed deer (*Cervus Columbianus*) does not inhabit the Rocky Mountains, but is confined to the Pacific coast. Your contributor tells us that he has hunted through the country, from the Arkansas to the Yellowstone, and found the black-tail throughout that region. Had he examined the book referred to, he would have perceived that I say the mule deer (*Cervus macrotis*) occupies the Rocky Mountains from the British Possessions on the north to Mexico on the south, that its range extends west to the Pacific Ocean, and that in the Rocky Mountain region, where the true black-tailed deer (*Cervus Columbianus*) is not known, it is universally called by the hunters and settlers the *black-tailed* deer. May I be allowed to refer your contributor to page 94 of the work, if he has not time or inclination to look through the rest of it, where he will find the same matter repeatedly and carefully explained? If your contributor means to say that he found the Columbia black-tailed deer in any part of the Rocky Mountains, then indeed he has made an important zoölogical discovery, and he should lose no time in establishing his claim to it by a careful and precise description of the animal, and all will gladly unite in awarding him due honor. If he will produce a single tail from a black-tailed deer from that region which is not white all the way except a black tuft at the end, and which is not naked on the under side, then I will acknowledge my grave error with alacrity. The tail of the Columbia black-tailed deer is black its whole length and all around except about one third to one quarter beneath, and is well clothed with hairs on the under side. It is not flat and lanceolate in form, like the tail of the white-tailed deer (*C. vergemanus*, var. *lucurus*) found in that region, but is round and of very uniform size to quite near the end. Till such a tail is found in the Rocky Mountains I think you must be acquitted of disseminating "a grave error." We are bound to presume that one who writes to correct grave errors on a special subject understands it thoroughly, and that he is perfectly familiar with *Cervi macrotes* and *Cervi Columbiani* and the characteristics which distinguish them, and it is to be regretted exceedingly that he did not state which of these deer it was that he found so abundant in the Rocky Mountains. If it was the former, then you helped to disseminate no error, for I state that they abound throughout that region, where they are called black-tailed deer; if the latter, then your contributor has made a new and important discovery, and I have fallen into a great error in common with many other good observers who are really familiar with both of these species of deer. Will he tell us which it is? — [J. D. Caton, Ottawa, Ill.]

— Mr. Henry James's last volume, French Poets and Novelists, is the most perversely uncertain book of criticism I have ever read. No sooner have you pinned your faith upon some excellent sentences, breathing admiration for one of the French geniuses he discusses, than upon turning the leaf you discover another set of paragraphs concerning the same person, equally excellent, but bristling with censure. He never says one

single admiring word without coming back, sooner or later, to take the life out of it with a thrust as keen as it is skillful. He is so anxiously impartial that, from beginning to end, we are never sure where he stands himself; like the countryman, who, upon hearing of a certain great fortune, fixed his eyes upon a fence and remarked thoughtfully, "Well, if *I* had that amount of money, I wouldn't live *here*. No, by George! — nor anywhere else!" so in this volume Mr. James certainly is n't here; no, nor anywhere else! In spite of his delightful style, therefore, I felt after reading these pages of his as if I would like to have a partisan admirer of each one of those French geniuses enter, take a chair, and talk to me for at least an hour, just to restore my balance.

Emerson defines a partisan as a narrow man who, because he does not see many things, sees some one intensely and becomes inspired by it. Now Mr. James sees so many things, sees so widely, that he loses, I think, the entirety, the plain effect of the whole. And, if we are not careful, he is such a wizard with his words that he will make us lose it too. He will describe to you so accurately and beautifully the ten thousand nerves and muscles, their hues and purposes, that you will forget that your interest should be in the whole, not parts, and that the most perfect colored map known of the nerves and muscles is not, after all, the man. His book therefore, as a whole, is unsatisfactory. Every one can see how slight, insufficient, and hurried are some of these papers; like the one on Mérimée. And as for the one on the Théâtre Français, — what shall we say of a man who, after proposing to bring before us, one by one, the principal members of that perfect company, rings down the curtain and goes home without calling forward the one who to ninety-nine out of a hundred of us is by far the most interesting, namely, Sara Bernhardt? Then he gives us ever so many charming microscopic pages about a departed French lady of whom we have never heard, and only a patched-up account of George Sand! And so on. Finally, he really uses that reporter's word "enjoyable." I am so pleased by this last that I voluntarily acknowledge the delightfulness of such phrases as "her serene volubility," "the earth-scented facts of life," "tragically uncomfortable," and others like them, with which the pages are gemmed; his style certainly is delicious. *Only*, one resents even deliciousness when it is continually presented at the point of the bayonet.

The paper on Tourguéneff is a strong contribution, alas! to the "Tourguéneff literature" of to-day. In it he says, alas! "Nothing in my opinion cultivates the taste more [alas!] than to read him." (The sighs are mine.) Mr. James has let himself out a breadth here. Whether he balances it with something terrible on the next page, as usual, I do not remember; but *I* will balance it with something which *I* consider terrible (although I presume he does not) from his own essay. It was so dreadful that I wrote it down. "He [Tourguéneff] is a story-teller who has taken notes. If we are not mistaken, he writes down an idiosyncrasy of character, a fragment of talk, an attitude, a feature [yes, especially noses], a gesture, and keeps it if need be for twenty years, till just the moment for using it comes, just the spot for placing it." Precisely. That is the way it reads, — a patchwork of facts, attitudes, and features. But where is the beauty? Where is the interest? Where is the passion? Where the continuity? And more than all, where is the happiness?

— Madame Récamier is a woman about whom there is in general a good deal of curiosity, and certainly Chateaubriand's long devotion to her is an interesting chapter of her life. It is known that the great poet first met her at a dinner at Madame de Staël's. May it not have been at the dinner of May 28, 1817, which is recorded by Mr. Ticknor under that date in his Life, Letters, and Journals, vol. i., p. 137? This is what he says: "I dined again to-day at Madame de Staël's. There were few persons there, but she likes to have somebody every day, for society is necessary to her. To-day, however, she was less well, and

saw none of us. At another time I should have regretted this; but to-day I should have been sorry to have left the party for any reason, since beside the Duc de Laval and M. Barante, whom I already knew, there were Chateaubriand and Madame Récamier, two persons whom I was as curious to see as any two persons in France whom I had not yet met. The Duchess de Broglie, with her characteristic good-nature, finding how much I was interested in these new acquaintances, placed me between them at dinner, so that I had an opportunity to know something more of them. Madame Récamier must now be forty or more, though she has not the appearance of so much, and the lustre of that beauty which filled Europe with its fame is certainly faded. I do not mean to say she is not still beautiful, for she certainly is, and very beautiful. Her figure is fine, her mild eyes full of expression, and her arm and hand most beautiful. I was surprised to find her with a fair complexion, . . . and no less surprised to find the general expression of her countenance anything but melancholy, and her conversation gay and full of vivacity, though at the same time, it should be added, always without extravagance.

"Chateaubriand is a short man, with a dark complexion, black hair, black eyes, and altogether a most marked countenance. . . . He is too grave and serious, and gives a grave and serious turn to the conversation in which he engages; and even when the whole table laughed at Barante's wit, Chateaubriand did not even smile, — not, perhaps, because he did not enjoy the wit as much as the rest, but because laughing is too light for the enthusiasm which forms the basis of his character, and would certainly offend against the consistency we always require. It was natural for us to talk about America," and so they talked about it, but "he seemed rather to prefer to talk of Italy and Rome."

This report of the meeting of these famous lovers leaves gaps which the romantic reader can fill at his pleasure. It is but meagre information that Chateaubriand's "general tone was declamatory, though not extravagantly so, and its general effect that of interesting the feelings and attention, without producing conviction or changing opinion," but there is no further light thrown on this event, important as it was in the history of sentiment. Chateaubriand's solemnity at Barante's jokes may have been due to other causes than the desire to live up to himself; he may have hated Barante for the moment. One can only wish that some sharper-eyed person had sat between him and Madame Récamier.

Here is Chateaubriand's account of the dinner, possibly the one described by Mr. Ticknor, at which he met Madame Récamier (Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe, vol. viii., p. 261): "A few days later, Madame de Staël changed her lodging, and invited me to dine with her at the Rue Neuve-des-Mathurins. I went, but she was not in the parlor, nor did she even come down to dinner; but she still did not know how near her end she was. We sat down, and I found I had a place near Madame Récamier. I had not seen her for a dozen years, and then only for a moment. I did not look at her, nor did she look at me; we did not exchange a word. When, towards the end of the dinner, she timidly addressed me with a few words about Madame de Staël's health, I turned my head a little and raised my eyes." Here history ceases and raptures begin. In fact, Chateaubriand had seen Madame Récamier twice before, but only incidentally. The first time, he says, "I hardly dared raise my eyes to a woman surrounded with adorers;" and the next time, a month later, although Madame de Staël was talking, "I hardly answered; my eyes were fastened on Madame Récamier. I had never imagined anything similar, and I was more than ever discouraged; my admiration turned into vexation against myself."

RECENT LITERATURE.

The verification of Troy, at once the most famous and the most mythical of towns, would have satisfied any ordinary archæologist. Dr. Schliemann, in whose career, shaped by his romantic enthusiasm for learning, it is hard to discover anything ordinary, had no sooner effected it than he pressed on to something almost equally important. From the vanquished city and the scene of the immortal ten years' struggle he turned back further to illustrate the story by researches in the country of the victors, and particularly at the capital of the commander-in-chief, our old acquaintance Agamemnon, "king of men." It will be remembered that in finding Troy, the third down in a series of four superposed ruined cities, forming débris fifty feet thick above the surface of the soil on a hill at Hissarlik, Dr. Schliemann overturned two beliefs: that of a number of studious archæologists, who held that it was located at Bunarbaschi and other points, and the more general belief that it never existed at all. In the resulting controversies, which are not yet over, there were even some scientists who had the appearance of holding both beliefs at once. The doctor is not of the *a priori* school. He narrowed down the argument, by digging indefatigably into the locations named and showing the incongruity of their remains with the data afforded by Homer, to the certainty that Troy was at Hissarlik, — where the remains and the data remarkably correspond, — or nowhere. But the coincidences of fact with theory, both there and at Mycenæ, are too strong to admit of reasonable doubt.

We have to thank Dr. Schliemann for greatly abridging the region of myth and adding to that of history. A result of the labors of the late school of archæologists, — of which Dr. Schliemann is so shining a member, — perhaps as important as their actual discoveries, is the stamp of authority they have affixed to the ancient historians. It is by the new rôle of following the ancient descriptions implicitly that they have attained their successes. These proving so unexpectedly correct, a corroboration is given to their remaining contents, though beyond the possibility of a similar test. The good-natured allowance we have been making for Strabo, Pausanias, Herodotus, and the rest, as persons of a literary taste who supplemented the lack of accurate information in a time when facilities for travel were few by a lively fancy, and to whom we ought to be grateful for preserving any account at all, however loose, of an age so different from our own, is succeeded by a thorough-going respect. They are henceforth to be established rather upon the same plane of credibility as the Humes, Prescotts, and Motleys, and to be judged by the same standards.

To the interest of the part of the Homeric events belonging to Mycenæ is added that of one of the strongest of the classic tragedies, treated by the three great Greek dramatists in turn. Mycenæ is the scene of the fury of Orestes, and of the slaying by him of his mother and her paramour who had murdered his father Agamemnon. Distracted by the same cruel grievance as Hamlet, the less complicated nature of the early Greek allowed him to devote himself, with few of those vacillations we note in the strange character of the Dane, to its redress. The new discoveries ought to do something, among their other benefits, to ameliorate the hard lot of the college undergraduate. Those of us who thumbed wearily through the Electra of Sophocles in years gone by would have welcomed the refreshment of this elegant volume, with its wealth of realizing particulars, and perhaps have been inspired by it with an appreciation of the late-discovered interests of the texts which it has not always been too much the result of academic training to arouse.

Schliemann traversed the road through the ancient territory of Argos, pointed out by the friendly servant to Orestes at the beginning of the play, passed the famous temple of Hera in the middle distance, and came like him to "gold-abounding Mycenæ and the sorely afflicted house of the Pelopidæ." He went through the Gate of Lions, after heroic excavations in débris filled with huge bowlders cast down from the walls above more than twenty-three hundred years before, into the Agora, and there unearthed five royal tombs full of indications that the drama was not an idle picture, but stern historic reality. In this expedition he followed Pausanias, who recounts his visit to the ruins of Mycenæ in the year A. D.

170. Others, too, had attempted to follow Pausanias in searching for the tombs, but had erroneously interpreted his text. It was left to the acumen of Schliemann to discover the true meaning. He finds a certain wall within which Pausanias locates the tomb of Agamemnon — and outside of it those of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, as unworthy of closer proximity to their victim — to have been that of the Acropolis, still standing, instead of, as had been supposed, that of the city proper, long since disappeared. He considers the situation of affairs at the time of Pausanias, and rightly infers that he could have spoken only of such walls as he saw, and not of those which he did *not* see. "He saw the huge walls of the citadel, because they were at his time exactly as they are now; but he could not see the wall of the lower city, because it had originally been very thin, and it had been demolished 638 years before his time."

The work is a series of such cogitations, a constant process of logical deductions, comparisons, analyses, balance of probabilities, with the severest penalties of useless toil and expense attending mistakes. The experience of the indefatigable German and the confidence arising from his success at Troy add to his efficiency in the new undertaking. He plans his campaign with masterly foresight, and proceeds with greater expedition. In spite of severe hardships in six months he is in possession of all that Mycenæ can tell him.

"Mrs. Schliemann and I," he writes, "superintend the excavations from morning till dusk, and we suffer severely from the scorching sun and incessant tempest, which blows the dust into our eyes and inflames them; but in spite of these annoyances, nothing more interesting can be imagined than the excavation of a prehistoric city of immortal glory, where nearly every object, even to the fragments of pottery, reveals a new page of history."

There is only now and then one of these personal touches. We wish there were more. The interest in the explorers delving into these strange treasures of antiquity would have been scarcely less than in their work itself. All the details of an experience so unique would have been gladly welcomed. But we are only given to know that there were one hundred and twenty-five men and four horse carts employed in the work, at wages of about forty-two cents a day for the men and one dollar and thirty-six cents for the carts, and occasionally that the Archæological Society of Athens is remiss in some promised coöperation. The author is entirely wrapped up in the multitude of pots, knives, beads, whorls, cones, and fragments he is continually turning up out of the soil and is called upon to contemplate in their relations to each other and the problem as a whole.

The present volume,[1] like its predecessor on Troy, is in the form of a journal of progress. As such it has a certain freshness and spontaneity, but lacks the completeness of structure it would no doubt have possessed had it been offered as a finished retrospect. From so hardy an explorer, so well versed a scholar, and so able a logician it would be unjust to demand more; but if something of a literary character could have been given to it, it would have even greater present favor than it has, and a more permanent existence in its present form. Very full maps and sections elucidate the whole course of the investigation. Its trophies are displayed in a vast number of cuts and colored plates. The illustrations are not a mere luxury in this case, but of prime importance, since the original treasure-trove is in the hands of the Greek government, and therefore not even accessible at any of the leading centres. For all the main purposes of comparison the carefully made illustrations sufficiently supply their place. New York possessors of the volume will be interested to visit, with it in hand, the Cesnola collection at the Metropolitan Museum. There is a very definite resemblance, establishing some relationships not yet fully followed out, between the yield of Dr. Schliemann's shafts at Mycenæ and these late contributions from prehistoric Cyprus.

The valuable preface by Gladstone resumes in a succinct form the various considerations of Schliemann, and in the main coincides with his views. The most important of them, namely, that the tombs in the Agora are really those of the once mythical Agamemnon and his companions, he summarizes as "supported in part by a number of presumptions, but in great part also by the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of offering any other suggestion which could be deemed so much as colorable."

[1] *Mycenæ.* A Narrative of Researches and Discoveries at Mycenæ and Tyrns. By Dr. Henry Schliemann. The Preface by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1878.

— Few plants can be cultivated in modern dwelling-houses with such facility as ferns. They grow luxuriantly under the protection of a few square feet of glass, and give to summer and winter alike a wealth of verdure. In the dry air of our furnace-heated homes, with the impurities caused by the combustion of ordinary coal gas, to say nothing of the escape of a trace of unconsumed gas now and then, all house plants have a desperate struggle for life. Only a few species can sustain the unequal contest, and these are the tough and somewhat ungraceful varieties now in general cultivation. By a careful selection, in the first place, of species like the Cape Pelargoniums, or so-called geraniums, which are very patient under ill usage, and then by more careful weeding out of the poorer sorts, florists have given us a few desirable plants, hardy under the ordinary conditions of window culture. Here and there we may find a lover of flowers who has a charmed hand and can lead a window full of foliage through our long Northern winter and capricious spring. But most of us who care for house plants have surrendered at discretion, and are content with a fern-case in whose shelter we can leave the most delicate varieties to fairly favorable conditions of moisture and good air. When a fernery is well filled and well cared for, it is a glimpse of tropical vegetation worth having; when it is filled carelessly with undesirable and unsuitable varieties, it soon falls into merited neglect and contempt.

Now to aid in the right selection and to assist in the trifling care comes a timely and charming book by Mr. John Robinson.[1] It is the second in a series of popular handbooks now being issued by the enterprising publisher of Professor Eaton's Ferns of North America. There has long been felt a want in this country of clearly written and short treatises upon special topics of natural history, like the many upon English mosses, ferns, grasses, and the like.

Mr. Robinson's hand-book is a most useful guide. It gives in plain language some account of the history of ferns in general, and of the cultivation of special varieties. First he examines ferns in *their* homes, and details with much minuteness the incidents of their earliest life, their development and propagation. Next he looks upon them as inmates of *our* homes, and gives judicious hints respecting a proper choice of species. The trifling points of management are presented in a manner which disarms distrust of one's ability to cultivate the plants; in fact, many who have failed with their fernery will be encouraged to try again. The illustrations are well done, and are mainly for the definite purpose of conveying information, and not to attract purchasers. The pretty photograph, used as a frontispiece, gives us a glance at Mr. Robinson's conservatory. The graceful arrangements of the fronds of the ferns there portrayed will make many of us wish to exchange the modest fern-case for a fern-house, and for the care of the latter we have many a hint from the painstaking author. We have nothing but words of welcome for the volume, and for the projected series. We may suggest that in future editions, which we hope will be many, Mr. Robinson's publisher may add to the title of the book, Ferns in Their Homes and Ours, the following line, By one who has long been at home with them. For it should be known by all who use this little work as their aid in the cultivation of ferns that Mr. Robinson's advice is based upon much experience gained during a long and very pleasant intimacy with these charming plants.

— Carthage, with its great civilization and all its power in the ancient world, has narrowly escaped the fate of many mighty kingdoms in leaving no worthy trace of its grandeur. The Romans did not anticipate the wants of people in the present day when they crushed an enemy, and their vindictiveness wiped out every memorial of any foe that had once withstood them. Even the record of the Punic wars has been incompletely preserved to our time, and we have the testimony of but one side concerning what is nearly the most remarkable event in military history, the success of Hannibal. The deadly struggle between Rome and Carthage has been described by Livy and Polybius, and in every Roman history the events of the war have been set forth, but it has been left for Mr. Bosworth Smith to collect in one volume all that is known concerning Carthage and the Carthaginians,[2] and to add to a full and clear history of the

[1] *Ferns in Their Homes and Ours.* By JOHN ROBINSON, Professor of Botany and Vegetable Physiology to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. Salem, Mass.: S. E. Cassino. 1878.

[2] *Carthage and the Carthaginians.* By R. BOSWORTH SMITH, M. A., Assistant Master in Harrow School, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; author of Mohammed and Mohammedanism. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1878.

wars. He writes with ease, and, what is more important, with a good backing of scholarship. He makes the tantalizingly little that is known of Carthage do good service, yet without exaggeration, and he sets before us without bias the leading characteristics of the two contesting nations. To be sure, he says that if one of the two civilizations had to go, it was better that it should be the Carthaginian that should disappear; but while it would be idle to contradict this, for there is no day-dreaming more extravagant than rewriting imaginary history with everything just as it was not, it may yet be said that almost every one's sympathies are with the beaten side and not with the Romans. A civilization that was built up on commerce might have done more for the world than one that was formed by fighting, to fall by its own corruption. At any rate, it is to that notion, which is what marked the Carthaginians more at least than it did the Romans, that the world is approaching nowadays, and after a good deal of experiment of the other plan.

The whole story of the three wars is well told, and it is impossible for even those most familiar with the events described not to feel renewed admiration for Hannibal's wonderful generalship. The remissness of Carthage in backing him, whatever may have been the cause, contrasts with the energy of Rome; but if this were in any way, as is strongly implied, the consequence of a love of peace, surely that is a commendable fault, and one which in these modern days should be pardoned. But without building up imaginary Carthaginians it is better to look at those who once lived and at what they did, as they are described by Mr. Smith.

The volume is full and entertaining, and, so far as we know, the completest book, in English at least, on the subject. One English officer, whose name we cannot at this moment recall, wrote some years ago about Hannibal's campaigns from a military point of view, and that book might well be read in conjunction with this clear and excellent volume.

— Viewed as a book of travel, Greek Vignettes[1] has no value whatever, as no confidence can be put in the author's statements, some even of those which he goes out of his way expressly to make being the exact opposite of the truth, as, *e. g.*, that the Varvakion (Βαρβάκειον) is a private collection, that the Tsakones (not Tsakoni, as the author writes) live in Arcadia, etc. Here is a young man, a graduate apparently of an American university, with some knowledge of ancient Greek and a smattering of German, French, and Italian, and having been "no inconsiderable traveler," who, "with a portmanteau, an umbrella, a pair of spectacles, a shawl, an overcoat, and a duster," sets out to enjoy an emotional thrill-and-tint debauch in the most frequented parts of Greece. His portmanteau apparently contains a few popular books relating to Greece, such as About's La Grèce Contemporaine, Mahaffy's Rambles (characterized as "a work of scholarship"!), Schliemann's "charming Ithaque, Peloponnèse, Troie," Tuckerman's Greece of To-Day (always referred to by its title in Greek), etc., a Manuel de la Conversation Grec Moderne, probably that of Laas d'Aguen, and a "blood and thunder Italian romance" which the author is "obliged to abandon every moment" to gaze on "enchanting landscapes," one of which is thus described: —

"It is like the finest scenery of Lake Como or Lago Maggiore — the sea one sheet of waveless blue, the atmosphere so limpid that you seem to see, behind the mountains whose crests stand out in it in a thousand bright and illustrated forms, ships becalmed in this Circe-like lake, a flight of tremulous zephyrs hovering about your face and hair all the time, the whole one picture of radiance and voluptuousness. . . . It is the crystal sky of Hellas, the 'surpassing ether' of Euripides, the land of the snowy egret and the crested hoopoe, of light and affability [!] and brilliance. We shall soon be passing down the huge Acroceraunian Mountains [the author is on board an Austrian steamer], in among the islands scattered like a shivered necklace over the sea, . . . islands full of wine and sharp aromatic scents, silver-leaved olives and glowing oleander. . . . There is indescribable refreshment in this light, buoyant air. . . . It is not the attar-of-roses atmosphere of Italy. There is a spice of Greek airiness and lightsomeness in it, just the difference between a winged epigram of Archilochus [!] and an ode of Petrarch."

In excusing the short-comings of his book, the author tells us that it was written "in the fields . . . or sauntering through olive groves with the thermometer at 100° Fahrenheit." We should think a good many things might be excused in a book

[1] *Greek Vignettes.* A Sail in the Greek Seas, Summer of 1877. By James Albert Harrison. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

that had the peculiarity while being written of sauntering through olive groves at any temperature. As to the matter, it is mostly simple gush over "transcendent landscapes," "fairy gulfs," "pale and perpendicular mountains," "soft and sunny shapes," "delightful beauty," etc., — gush in which the different senses are often made to do duty for each other, as for example where the "ruddy tints" of the *Boulé* in Athens "blend harmoniously with the velvet air." One wonders how an eye can be constructed that can see "chess-board bands of red." There is, here and there, a little variety, when the author goes to his meals and gives us a minute account of all that is set before him. It is a pity he was not able to spell or accent the names of Greek eatables; but unfortunately his modern Greek is nearly always written incorrectly, and his accents are thrown on with a pepper-caster. These defects too must not be laid to the charge of the printer, for many of the words occur, twice, *e. g.*, ἀμαξῆ, Ξενοδόχειον, κῆπος τῶν ἀντρόντων Νυμφῶν, δῶ for δυο, etc.

On the whole, as we have said, but for a certain psychological interest, this book is below serious notice. Most of what Mr. Harrison thought he saw in Greece is not there at all, and most of the things that are worth seeing he did not see.

— The author of Shakspere, His Mind and Art, has prepared a little book [1] for the series of Literature Primers that Mr. John Richard Green, author of the well-known Short History of the English People, is now editing, in which he attempts to give in popular form the method and results of the latest criticism of the world's poet. It is briefer than the similar work that Mr. Furnivall has prepared as the introduction of the Leopold Shakspere, but it goes over the same ground, and does not differ from it in the general conclusions arrived at.

In the space of 167 small pages Dr. Dowden crowds seven chapters and an appendix, touching almost every topic that a beginner will need to study. He first describes the England of Shakespeare's day and the condition of the drama. By slight allusions he shows in a clear way how plays were brought out, how the stage properties were managed, and how plays were legitimately published or pirated. Then follows a sketch of the dramatist's life, and an account of the various editions of his works, making plain the allusion to quartos and folios which are met in all extensive books on the subject.

The fourth and fifth chapters present the evidence for the chronology of the plays, the groups into which Dr. Dowden arranges them, and the periods he makes in the author's career. This work is all very similar to that of Mr. Furnivall, upon which we commented at length in a late number of The Atlantic. The four periods in Shakespeare's life are now pretty well established, and it only remains for new commentators that they give them new names. Those of Dr. Dowden are, In the Workshop and In the World, in the sixteenth century, and Out of the Depths and On the Heights, in the seventeenth, the division of the centuries being taken as a rough mark between the two decades of Shakespeare's literary life.

The necessities of most readers demand only that the plays be assigned with some certainty to these general periods of the dramatist's career, and the difference of a year or two in a date is of no consequence to them. There is satisfaction to the methodical man in knowing the order in which an author's works were produced, though he may not read them in that order. We prefer to take the historical sequence as our guide in regard to the plays based upon English history; for, though they may not have grown in the author's mind in that order, he must have intended that they should form a unit of interest. In fact, with the single exception of Henry VIII., they were all produced before 1600, and belong to the earlier years of the author's life.

Dr. Dowden makes twelve subdivisions of the plays, as follows: 1. Pre-Shakespearean Group (touched by Shakespeare): Titus Andronicus and 1 King Henry VI. 2. Early Comedies: Love's Labor's Lost, Comedy of Errors, Two Gentlemen of Verona, and Midsummer Night's Dream. 3. Marlowe-Shakespeare Group (Early History): 2 and 3 King Henry VI. and King Richard III. 4. Early Tragedy: Romeo and Juliet. 5. Middle History: King Richard II. and King John. 6. Middle Comedy: Merchant of Venice. 7. Later History (History and Comedy united): 1 and 2 King Henry IV. and King Henry V. 8. Later Comedy: (*a*) rough and boisterous: Taming of the Shrew and The Merry Wives of Windsor; (*b*) joyous, refined, romantic: Much Ado About Nothing, As You Like It, and Twelfth Night; (*c*) serious, dark, ironical:

[1] *Shakspere.* By EDWARD DOWDEN, LL. D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

All 's Well that Ends Well, Measure for Measure, and Troilus and Cressida. 9. Middle Tragedy: Julius Cæsar and Hamlet. 10. Later Tragedy: Othello, King Lear, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, and Timon of Athens. 11. Romances: Pericles, Cymbeline, Tempest, and Winter's Tale. 12. Fragments: Two Noble Kinsmen and King Henry VIII.

An examination of this schedule by the side of the scheme of Mr. Furnivall will help one to understand both. Most who read this one will be surprised to find Troilus and Cressida among the comedies, and they will probably think Shakespeare's work in the Two Noble Kinsmen so very fragmentary that it has no right on the list. As a general remark, it may be said that the classification is too minute, though Dr. Dowden supports it on the ground that it is well not only to trace the chronology of the whole body of the plays, but also to arrange the three separate lines of comedy, history, and tragedy in the same way.

A few of the expressions used may be excepted to. It offends us to read the point-blank statements, "Malvolio is made an ass of," "Troilus is an enthusiastic young fool," a "noble green goose," at whose "disillusioning" Ulysses assists. There are other such words and phrases, but they are not numerous enough to mar the book materially.

Dr. Dowden shows that though Shakespeare is so remarkable for creating character, he is not distinguished among dramatists for inventing incidents. "Having found a situation which interested his imagination or was successful on the stage, he introduced it again and again with variations." He points out the recurrence of mistaken identity, the frauds practiced on vain self-lovers, which all will recognize as characteristic of the comedies.

The useful little volume closes with a chapter on Shakespeare's popularity from his death to the present time, and a list of books useful to students of his works.

— The circumstances attending the loss of Charles and Mary Lamb's Poetry for Children,[1] as related by Mr. Shepherd in his preface to the recent reprint, modify one's natural surprise. The book was for children, and did not bear the authors' names upon the title-page. One edition only was printed. It was before the time of stereotyping, so that there were no stereotype plates to tempt a publisher, and libraries did not then take such an interest in the humbler classes of literature. Few books go out of actual use so quickly as books for children, and it may be added that the collection as a bulk had not such striking qualities as would serve to keep it alive, especially as a considerable portion of its contents reappeared in school-books published shortly afterward. The two little duodecimo volumes, preserved by some kind fate in a single copy, were found, early in 1877, in South Australia, and furnish the present reprint. It was discovered also that the book had on its first appearance been reissued in America, but there also had died the natural death which befalls most distinctive children's literature.

The reissue now, under circumstances likely to give the book special prominence, is interesting to all who have at heart the best reading for children, since it starts again the question, What is the best poetry for children? and, Are we better off than families in Lamb's time? It is fair to presume that had this little book been placed by Lamb among his acknowledged writings, and so secured an uninterrupted life, it would not have had a general reading at this time. There is nothing in the book which would give it a perennial existence, more than in Mrs. Leicester's School or the Adventures of Ulysses. Each of these books may still be bought, but it is only through Lamb's name that they find buyers. It is because of Lamb's connection with this volume that readers will now be found; but after a literary curiosity has been satisfied, the volume itself will drop out of notice, and the poems will again have such life as they formerly had, in anthologies and class-books.

Meanwhile, we are glad to think that the book has at this time found readers not only amongst those curious of Lamb's genius, but amongst those for whom it was originally intended, children of tender years. We should like to believe that it has become familiar to some, for, in spite of the somewhat prosaic character of many of the pieces, the tone of the book is in hearty sympathy with an unspoiled childhood. The difference between its straightforward, simple, unpretending, kindly spirit and the

[1] *Poetry for Children.* By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. To which are added *Prince Dorus*, and some *Uncollected Poems* by CHARLES LAMB. Edited, prefaced, and annotated by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1878

strained, affected, involved, ambitious poetry for children, so common nowadays, is world-wide. In the older poetry we have a mannerism which is just sufficiently old-fashioned to amuse us a little, without its being strange to an ordinary child, and we have the homely tale, the appeal to honest feeling, the freedom from fine distinctions, which mark the literature for children that sprang up in England contemporaneously with Wordsworth. The ferment in politics, religion, and education worked good in this direction. Children were looked to as worthy of thought and care in literature, almost for the first time; it was part of the eagerness with which men looked to the new world which seemed opening amid the crash of thrones and empires. The criticism which has slowly been spreading over literature has introduced a new and unnatural element into books for children, and with this has also gone a taste for luxury which renders much of the reading intended for the young as hurtful to their minds as highly-seasoned food is to their bodies.

This contrast, which is suggested afresh by the new reading of Lamb's poetry for children, may make us fairly question whether we have not to push forward into a condition of life and literature which will render unpalatable a good share of the literature for children which is now published and bought. Let us hope, as we easily may believe, that large masses of books for children published in 1877 will perish unpreserved; in 1944, removed as far from this last year as that was from the date of the first publication of Poetry for Children, it is possible that some book now enjoying a temporary popularity will be reprinted as a literary curiosity. We will try to think so well of our posterity as to believe that they will not be sobered by the contrast, but only filled with a genuine pity for their ancestors.

— The late Mr. Richard Simpson, one of the learned workers of the New Shakspere Society, left behind him at his death a collection of old plays, with an introduction, which he had prepared for the press, to be published under the title, The School of Shakspere.[1] It is now given to the world by Mr. F. J. Furnivall in two volumes, which are rendered complete by the addition of a glossarial index by Mr. J. M. W. Gibbs, the dramatic critic, who has also enriched the volumes with notes and sketches of the plays. It was the intention of Mr. Simpson to include in his collection all those plays which were acted by the "Lord Chamberlain's Company" of players during Shakespeare's connection with it, and other plays that tradition assigns to him, excepting such as are found in the works of the old dramatists and in accessible miscellaneous collections.

Such a work as is thus described would be valuable in itself as adding to our knowledge of the Elizabethan drama; but if it shows the growth of our poet's mind under the schooling of the public demands upon the pen of one who was called the Johannes Factotum, or presiding genius, of the London stage, it must rise much higher in our estimation. That Shakespeare was the *factotum* of the period we have the well-known assertion of his enemy Greene in his Groatsworth of Wit: —

"There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers that, with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute Johannes-fac-totum, is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in a country."

These words, though the utterance of a profligate literary adventurer, show plainly that, in 1592, when they were written, Shakespeare was rising in public esteem rapidly enough to make less capable and less reputable men envious and malicious. They brought friends to him, one of whom assured the public that the young author was civil in his demeanor, upright in dealing, and of a "facetious grace in writing that approves his art."

It is plain that if Shakespeare was so near to being a monopolist of dramatic production, and was so useful to the players so soon after his arrival in London, he must have done much work of which the reader of the ordinary collections of his plays gets no intimation whatever. It is Mr. Simpson's belief that this preliminary work was his dramatic schooling, and that a study of it will give a new view of his life and character. It is, of course, impossible for critics to agree upon any general identification of the passages which were produced by the young playwright during this period of apprenticeship, and every student must and will balance the evidence which

[1] *The School of Shakspere.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, and an Account of Robert Greene, his Prose Works and his Quarrels with Shakspere, by RICHARD SIMPSON, N. A. Two vols New York: J. W. Bouton. 1878.

Mr. Simpson adduces in favor of his assertions.

The plays here given are, The Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukeley, Nobody and Somebody, Histrio-Mastix, The Prodigal Son, Jack Drum's Entertainment, A Warning for Fair Women, and Faire Em. Mr. Simpson considers rightly that during its palmy days "the English stage was the most important instrument for making opinions heard," and was used by the greatest writers for making their comments upon public doings and persons. This will be readily granted. The rival theatres would be expected to represent opposing views just as rival journals now do, and it is a fact that the two principal companies — the Lord Chamberlain's and the Lord Admiral's — actually did exhibit distinctive traits after 1594. Shakespeare was connected with the former, to which he gave a character noteworthy for the artistic, philosophic, and political unity of the lessons it inculcated, while the other company, directed by Henslowe and Alleyn, catered for present popularity at the expense of consistency. This marked division of the metropolitan stage did not exist before 1594, but even before Greene's attack upon Shakespeare the rising dramatist must have been extraordinarily active in work of a comparatively humble nature, which was preparing him to give to the plays of the Lord Chamberlain Company the traits which they received at his hands. While, therefore, the whole of the Elizabethan drama may properly be called Shakespeare's School, as Mr. Simpson says, the name is eminently appropriate when applied to those plays assigned to him by tradition or acted by his company of players. Many of these plays are already available to the student, and it is the purpose of the book before us to give more of them to him.

Our space will not permit us to present the reasons, more or less conclusive, for connecting each of these plays with the name of Shakespeare, and we must content ourselves with pointing out the nature of the volumes without giving more than a suggestion of the variety of their contents.

French and German.

The Goethe literature has already shown signs of rivaling the vast number of books that have been written about Shakespeare in English and German, and it is especially in his native country that the modern poet has received almost innumerable tokens of the vast interest that he has inspired in enthusiastic students. Yet in foreign parts, although naturally to a much smaller extent, some excellent volumes have been written concerning the life or works of this great man. The book under investigation[1] to-day is deserving of warm praise. It is written by a Frenchman, a young man, one of the new writers who by their scholarship and literary skill do their part so well in maintaining, or, it might be said, in renewing, the palmy days of French letters. Under the empire there was a lull in the production by new hands of books of substantial worth, while the market for light literature was continually open. Taine, Bréal, About, and others had finished their academic education shortly before Napoleon III. began to rule, and they have had no successors until within the last few years. Of course it is easy to see nothing but evil in the empire, and it has become a favorite object of abuse on the part of a good many people who might have praised it if it had lasted till to-day; but this coincidence about the absence of serious literary work is surely worthy of note.

Lichtenberger's book is a serious study of Goethe's lyric poetry. This is certainly a tempting subject, for even those who most wonder at Goethe's fame, who do not admire intensely his plays, excepting Faust, and who cannot read his novels, — and the number is not small, — acknowledge, if they can read German at all, the wonderful and indescribable charm of his shorter poems. Here he was easily master, and we notice no gap between his aim and the execution. It would be extravagant to call him a faultless poet, but it would be hard to find one who had an exacter knowledge of the *technique* of versification, of the melodic and harmonic arrangement of words and sounds; in short, a more delicate perception of form. Yet in his prose writing there is but little of this; indeed, at times it is the opposite fault that is most conspicuous. His Goetz von Berlichingen is a series of detached scenes; the Elective Affinities lacks ease and grace of construction; and the list of faults might be easily extended. This, it will be noticed, is speaking merely of the form in which he wrote, and in no way presumes to criticise the wisdom of so much of Goethe's writing. His poems, then, are a tempting

[1] *Étude sur les Poésies Lyriques de Goethe.* Par Ernest Lichtenberger. Paris: Hachette. 1878.

subject for a writer, because they call only for praise, and their great variety and biographical obscurity keep the commentator busy. The field has been thoroughly gone over by countless German scholars, but Lichtenberger, while he has made full use of the material they have accumulated, has found plenty of dark points on which he has thrown light.

In laying out his task, Lichtenberger divided the poems, according to their form, into songs, odes, ballads, epigrams, and elegies. This is the usual and evidently the natural division, with the additional advantage that it runs very nearly parallel with the classification a biographical division of the subject would require. As the author points out, Goethe wrote no elegies in his youth, and no odes after he was forty years old. The only form of verse he never abandoned was the song, and the songs he wrote at different periods are here discussed in their chronological order. There is nothing more interesting than Lichtenberger's neat classification of his subject, and his thorough treatment of it. It is not necessary to linger over the early love poems, — those addressed to Friederika and Lili; not because they lack interest, but the personal relations they express are better known to those familiar with Goethe's biography than are some of the obscurer points which Lichtenberger makes plain when he comes to speak of other verses. Certainly the reader who cares for Geothe's biography will find new material in the chapter devoted to Frau von Stein, as well as in those devoted to the poet's earlier loves.

With regard to the few scattered poems to be found in Wilhelm Meister, Lichtenberger says, after mentioning the beautiful lines beginning, "Ueber allen Gipfeln," that "it is the music of the lines which distinguishes also the poems inserted by Goethe in his Wilhelm Meister. It would seem as if before going to Italy to abandon rhyme, the *Lied*, the poetry of the North for many years, he had wished to condense into a few pieces its purest essence, its most delightful charm." He does not, the author goes on to say, "distribute his poems by chance, *mal à propos*, to actors whom nature has not inclined to song. All the *Lieder*, except Philim's song, belong to two mysterious beings, who represent, in this picture of life, idle contemplation, melancholy reverie, consuming passion which does not betray its object; they are the Harper and Mignon." He then goes on to a completer analysis of the poems beginning, "Kennst du das Land," and "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt," noticing, among other things, the sound of *ei*, and its predominance in Goethe's plaintive poems.

The chapter on the Roman Elegies is excellent. In speaking of the form in which they are written, Lichtenberger points out the unsatisfactoriness of all modern, or at least all German, imitation of classical metres, on account of the prosodical difficulties; and he says, what all will agree with, that the Elegies do not, like the Lieder, give the impression of faultless work. The spondee is not to be found in German, and Goethe has almost always replaced it by the trochee, to the evident detriment of the verse. The dactyl, too, the only other foot to be found in hexameters and pentameters, is almost equally rare, for the unaccented syllables have by no means the same value, as in *Zufriedenheit*, for example. But yet, Lichtenberger goes on, "when we consider the Roman Elegies, the general tone of the work, the breath of antiquity that inspires them, we see no form more appropriate than that of the distich. That is what Goethe felt even thirty years later, when he said to Eckermann, 'There are great and mysterious effects dependent on the difference of poetic forms. If the ideas of my Roman Elegies were to be translated into the tone and metre of Byron's Don Juan, they would seem truly diabolical.'" The reader will also find some admirable remarks on a more delicate question which is called up by the unconventional nature of these poems.

Then Lichtenberger goes on to discuss the Venetian Epigram and the Xenien, and it is while speaking of these last-named attacks on German literature that he has made an important contribution to their comprehension. The poem Der Deutsche Parnass had always been a stumbling-block in the way of those who sought the interpretation of Goethe's poems. It was evidently a parable, but its exact meaning had been lost. It was supposed to be an attack on the exaggerations of the Sturm und Drang period; but this explanation hardly held water, and it was left for this brilliant and painstaking commentator to beat the Germans on their own ground. He came across an epigram of Gleim's against the authors of the Xenien. This epigram, it would seem, was taken by Goethe as a text for his longer poem, which was an ironical attack against himself and Schiller. Many of the lines it contains are to be found, in less smooth

form, in the Antixenien, and there are countless other indications of the sources whence Goethe drew his inspiration. Yet the irony was too subtle for detection. Goethe felt sure that Körner and Humboldt would see through the veil; but they did not. Lichtenberger modestly rejects all credit for this discovery, which he says was made by accident; but accidents of that kind happen only to careful students.

In going on to discuss Goethe's later elegies, his Alexis and Dora and the New Pausanias, the commentator shows his sensitiveness to what is best in poetry, and his warm admiration for the work of the German author. Surely, the Alexis and Dora is one of the best of modern imitations of the antique, both in the nature of the subject and the impersonality of the treatment. Lichtenberger shows the same appreciative merit when he speaks of the ballads. He points out clearly the distinction between the work of Goethe and that of Schiller in this form: "If a romance is a tale narrated after the manner of a lyric and a ballad, a Lied clothed in an epic or dramatic dress, we can say, generally speaking, that Schiller wrote romances and Goethe ballads. The first would fully develop what he had to say, the other employed a more restricted method; one narrates in a clear and uniform way, while the other is occasionally mysterious and rugged. Schiller's style is free, brilliant, and copious; Goethe's, delicate, supple, concise. . . . He alone has the secret of happy, suggestive allusions, of enchanted images called up by a single word, of feelings expressed in the rhythm and the verse." Moreover, he adds, "Schiller did not choose a subject for itself, for the poetic interest he found in it, and the grace he promised to give it, but for the idea, the moral sense, the noble and great truth of which this matter might become the transparent veil. The moral of all these romances is either expressed directly by the poet, or clearly indicated by the *dénoûment:* The Diver, like Horace's ode to Virgil's ship, not to tempt the gods by foolhardy undertakings; the Ring of Polycrates, like the ode to Grorphus, not to count on perfect happiness: —

> . . . 'Nil est ab omni
> Parte beatum.'"

And so it is with the other ballads. With Goethe it is different; save in some rare cases, when he has been led by the example of his friend, he has remained faithful to his own nature and his poetic instinct. "He gladly gives himself up to his subject, and invites us to do the same. He prefers to cre ate rather than to instruct; he seeks to cast illusion into our eyes rather than to give counsel to our minds. He rules the imagination instead of moving and directing the heart." After this general discussion, Lichtenberger goes on to speak of the best-known of the ballads, pointing out their distinctive qualities. It is not necessary to follow each step of the critic in his study of Goethe's poetry. He leaves no division of his subject untouched, and he shows the same intelligence in treating of the personal questions — the women to whom the sonnets were addressed, the identity of Suleika in the Westœstlicher Divan — as in the more purely literary matters.

In his final summing up, Lichtenberger points out how many things there are about which other poets have written that Goethe did not sing; how, neglecting religious song, the description of nature, the glorification of friendship or patriotism, he devoted himself principally to one subject, — love. "Almost all the Lieder, the Roman Elegies, the sonnets, the odes, the chief books of the Divan, are consecrated to the painting of this feeling. If love was the most familiar subject of his poetry, as it was the most persistent passion of his life, it must be confessed that there was nothing more favorable to his poetic genius. . . . His Leipzig songs described the artificial emotions of youth, but the Strassburg Lieder and those of Sesenheim and Frankfurt expressed the keen and deep emotions of a really touched heart. In the odes and the Roman Elegies he celebrated the worship of visible form and beauty, and in his sonnets that of a purified, ideal, almost mystic love." This diversity of feeling, he adds, "seems to lessen the unity of the impression which we always like to perceive in those great men we admire; but yet it is no less keen and penetrating in his poems than in those of Horace or Petrarch, Musset or Byron. He has especially the gift of grace, of rhythm, of beauty. He enchants us when he speaks of suffering; he pacifies us when he describes the storms of the heart; he delivers us from the emotions he awakens in us."

Students of Goethe will find this volume a most delightful aid to a better understanding of the poet. There are few books on this subject at once so sympathetic and so full of valuable information. It is a real credit to French scholarship.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S

LITERARY BULLETIN

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price, by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., *Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on the fourth page.*

A New "Bodley" Book. — The last two holiday seasons were made memorable for hosts of young folks, and older folks who have fresh sympathies, by the "Bodley Books." The first told the interesting experiences of "The Bodleys in Town and Country," and there is no knowing how many times parents and convenient aunts have had to read this in whole or in parts to little listeners who were just as much delighted at the two hundredth reading as at the first. The second reported "The Bodleys Telling Stories," and between the capital stories and the multitude of pretty pictures and the unique covers, children were well-nigh bewildered with joy. Now comes the third of the series, "The Bodleys on Wheels." The wonderful Bodleys go to Salem, Marblehead, Cape Ann, Whittier's home, and other pleasant places; and what they see and say and hear is told by the same charming story-teller who made the two other books so irresistible; and the stories are accompanied by a host of pictures illustrating persons, places, and scenes that the Bodleys visit or hear about. The cover is a picture-gallery, outside and inside, and the whole book is a worthy member of the delightful "Bodley" series. Thousands of prudent persons, who foresee Christmas months ahead, when they see "The Bodleys on Wheels" will congratulate themselves that *one* present is settled.

A Library in One Volume. — "The Family Library of British Poetry," which Mr. Fields and Mr. Whipple have culled from the vast range of English, Irish, and Scotch poetry between Chaucer and Swinburne, is a library in itself. It has more than a thousand double column, large octavo pages, filled with the choicest poems the British Isles have produced, and when one recalls the long procession of poets that have made English literature immeasurably richer in poetry than any other literature of ancient or modern times, one can form some idea of the wealth of poetry contained in this single volume. The full contents, given in the ATLANTIC for September, show at a glance the wide variety of authors, themes, and styles represented; and indicate how valuable and delightful a book it must be in every intelligent family, and how serviceable in every school in which English literature is studied or held in any proper esteem.

Mother Goose in Colors. — A new suit has been devised for old Mother Goose, so dear to the hearts of all children. Instead of being arrayed in sober black, or in fantastic hues that "make the judicious grieve," she will shortly appear in a guise that must be very stimulating to the old lady's sense of beauty and of satisfaction, and that cannot fail to please her myriads of youthful admirers exceedingly. Mr. Alfred Kappes has designed eight full-page illustrations for a new edition of "Mother Goose's Melodies," and has brought the truest artistic skill into requisition to make these thoroughly excellent in character as well as charmingly illustrative of the famous jingles that childhood delights to hear said or sung. These illustrations have been printed in colors, and with so much care that they will rank among the finest specimens of color-printing ever produced in America. The cover of the book will be a combination of pictorial attractions, and altogether this edition of Mother Goose is so variously and positively engaging that children of all ages, all who have a proper appreciation of "Mother Goose" and all that she has done for the race, will be greatly pleased with this brilliant edition of her melodies.

Mr. Whittier's New Volume. — It is always good news, when a fresh book by Mr. Whittier is promised. He writes far too little to satisfy the multitude of his admirers, who find in his poems not merely poetry that charms their sense of beauty and of music, but a constant inspiration to the purest purity, the noblest nobleness, and filial religious trust. For this vital element in his poetry they love and revere him even more than they admire him for the poetic genius he possesses.

Mr. Whittier's last volume was "Hazel-Blossoms," published in 1874. The many occasional pieces he has written since then have been collected into a volume, called from the fine long poem in the August ATLANTIC, "The Vision of Echard and other Poems." It will appear soon, and to many will be one of the

choicest and most desirable books of the hundreds that will be published this season.

Life of Bacon. — The Works of Lord Bacon, edited by Messrs. Spedding, Ellis, and Heath, and published in England in 1857–59, were republished in this country in fifteen volumes and are to-day among the most important works on the list of Houghton, Osgood & Co. The "Letters and Life of Bacon," edited by Mr. Spedding, were published in England in 1861–1874, and have never been reissued in America. The recent publication of the *Popular Edition* of Lord Bacon's works in two volumes has proved so acceptable to the public that Messrs. Houghton, Osgood and Co. have procured the condensation of Mr. Spedding's elaborate and exhaustive "Life" and will shortly publish it in two crown octavo volumes, uniform with the *Popular Edition* of Bacon's works. This condensation has been done by a very competent hand, and Mr. Spedding has not merely consented to it, but has incorporated in it many suggestions and modifications, virtually making the abridgment his own.

The abridgment hardly lessens in any respect the value or essential completeness of the work; only such portions of the English edition are omitted as have only an antiquarian value, or owe their interest to the fact that they were in some slight way connected with Bacon's history. The omission of these reduces the matter so that it can be brought within two thick volumes, and these contain a very full and authentic account of Bacon's life and remarkable career, and of the times in which he lived. This and the edition of his works fulfill Bacon's prophetic remark: "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages."

The College Book. — Under this title will be published this fall a book comprising an authentic history of twenty-four of the leading American colleges and universities. It begins with the oldest, Harvard, which is described as a college proper, and in all its departments, of science, divinity, medicine, law, philosophy, and dentistry; and it ends with one of the youngest, Cornell University. Between these are included many institutions whose history and alumni hold close and important relations with the history of the country and its progress in civilization,—Yale, Brown, Dartmouth, Williams, Bowdoin, Amherst, The University of Virginia, Oberlin, The Military and Naval Academies, and others of like eminence. The histories were, many of them, written by presidents, professors, or graduates, of the respective colleges; others were prepared by the editors, Mr. Charles F. Richardson, and Mr. Henry Alden Clark, who have made use of authentic material and have been aided by alumni of the different institutions.

The book will contain illustrations of every college represented, — of one or more of its buildings. These illustrations are heliotypes, as faithful as photographs, and as permanent and beautiful as engravings.

This handsome volume will possess very great interest, not only for the graduates and friends of each of the colleges included, but for all friends of higher education and all good citizens who appreciate the positive influence exerted upon the intelligence and character of the country by its colleges.

Mr. Henry James's Story, "The Europeans," will be published in a book in October, when it has run its course in the ATLANTIC. It has doubtless been so closely followed by the readers of the magazine that any analysis or praise of it is needless. The general verdict is that this is in some respects the crowning achievement of Mr. James as a novelist, and that it strongly confirms the opinion of those critics who count him among the foremost of novelists now living. Of his story "Watch and Ward," recently reprinted from the ATLANTIC of 1871, the London *Athenæum* says, that "its inner merits are in an inverse proportion to its size. The story is bright and full of interest; and readers who, instead of plucking at the plot, like to read the book, will be rewarded."

How to Learn Russian. — Heretofore whoever has wished to study the Russian language has lacked the very essential aid of a good grammar. This is now supplied by "A Manual for Students of Russian," prepared by Mr. Henry Riola, a teacher of the language. It is based on the Ollendorffian system, which has had so much popularity, and is adapted for the use of those who cannot have a teacher. Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, author of "Russian Folk Tales," and esteemed an authority on all questions relating to the Russian language and literature, vouches for the conscientious care shown by Mr. Riola in this "Manual" and his success "in rendering comparatively easy what has generally been considered a difficult task." He adds: "I shall be glad, indeed, if I find it serves the purpose of aiding those readers who take an intelligent interest in a language spoken by forty millions of people, a language rich, sonorous, and lucid, and which is a key to a vigorous young literature destined, I am sure, to make its voice widely heard."

A Key to the Exercises of the Manual is published, and the two books form a good equipment for the study of Russian.

The Story of a Cat. — The surprising and entertaining experiences of Mother Michel and her cat, which have amused thousands of French children, have been translated from good French into better English by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and will soon be published for the entertainment of American children by Houghton, Osgood & Co. The story will be illustrated with a profusion of silhouettes, in which the tragic story is depicted with great effect. This story is not equal to Mr. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," for it is only a story of a French cat, while that was a story of a very bright, active, not at all bad American boy; nevertheless, "The Story of a Cat" is one that armies of children will clap their hands over, especially about holiday time.

"Play Days" is the winning title chosen by Miss Sarah O. Jewett, author of "Deephaven," for a book of stories she has written for young girls. These stories are peculiarly worthy to be called "charming," since they add to the ordinary elements of attraction the charm of a remarkably clear and pure style, and the deeper charm of a sweet and wholesome simplicity. Those who have had experience of the great difficulty of finding books that are at once interesting and salutary for children, will welcome a book like this, which they will be not merely willing but desirous to have children read. Few books have won for their authors so enviable a reputation as Miss Jewett has gained from "Deephaven;" and the same qualities which have made this so engaging to a host of grown-up readers, will make her "Play-Days" equally engaging to a host of children.

History of Indian Literature. — Professor Albrecht Weber, who for nearly a generation has made a specialty of the literature of India, and has had access to the large collection of Sanskrit manuscripts at Berlin, has recently published a revised and enlarged edition of his "History of Indian Literature." This is easily the most complete and authentic account yet written of the remarkable literature of India. A translation has been made of this second edition, by John Mann, M. A., and Theodor Zachariae, Ph. D., with the sanction of Prof. Weber, and it will shortly be published by Houghton, Osgood & Co. in a single volume, crown octavo. Dr. Bühler, Inspector of Schools in India, says, "it is the first and only scientific work which deals with the whole field of Vedic, Sanskrit, and Prakrit literature." Professor W. D. Whitney, of Yale College, says of the lectures which compose this work:

> At their first appearance they were by far the most learned and able treatment of their subject; and, with their recent additions, they still maintain decidedly the same rank. Wherever the language, and institutions, and history of India are studied, they must be used and referred to as authority.

Just How: A Key to the Cook-Books. — The readers of Mrs. Whitney's excellent stories, "We Girls," "The Other Girls," and the rest of them, cannot fail to have noticed the genuine enthusiasm she evidently feels in regard to good housekeeping. With her it is not drudgery, but a fine art; not a thing to be dreaded and shirked, but to be done cheerfully and, especially, done well. Now she turns aside or pauses a little while from writing stories, to prepare a cook-book that tells simply and exactly what to do, and how to do it, in order to cook a host of things. Her book is not intended to rival the excellent manuals of cookery now accessible; but her leading aim is to be clear and definite, so that an inexperienced person can follow her programme literally, and come out right.

Boston Illustrated. — A new edition of this historical and pictorial guide-book to Boston and its vicinity has just been issued. It has been carefully revised to date, and made additionally valuable and attractive by fine pictures of Trinity Church, the Art Museum, the Equitable Insurance Building, and several other noteworthy buildings erected within the past two or three years. The many scenes and objects of historical interest within the city are fully depicted; and the environs of Boston, which attract no little admiration from visitors, are excellently described.

A Primer of American Literature. — Mr. Richardson's book is well described and appreciated by the *Providence Journal*, which says: —

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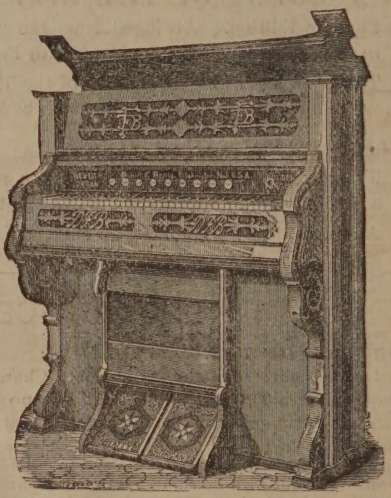

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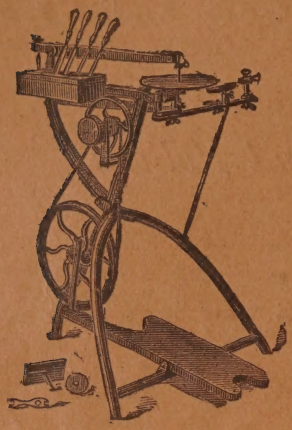

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FOR 1879.

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TOPICS OF POLITICAL, ECONOMICAL, AND SOCIAL INTEREST. — The author of the notable paper on "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life," and of the "Origin and Aims of the National Party," will write frequently, and early in the year will supply three articles on the Conservative Classes of the South, as a balance to the disorganizing elements in the North. His personal acquaintance with workingmen, and his practical experience of their life, give peculiar value to whatever he has to say of them and of the present SOCIALISTIC MOVEMENT.

Hon. J. W. KEARNEY, of Kentucky, will continue his series on the History of American Finance.

A. G. SEDGWICK, Esq., will contribute several papers on legal points in politics: and men eminent in business and public life will write on matters connected with the interests they represent.

THE ATLANTIC will endeavor to give, not merely *names*, but papers of real value on all the subjects treated.

During the session of Congress the magazine will contain each month a *Washington Letter*. The *New York Letters* will also be resumed, and will treat of the life of the commercial metropolis in its most characteristic phases.

FICTION. — The year will be uncommonly rich in the range and number of the serial stories, beginning with *Irene the Missionary*, a story of Americans in Syria, by an author whose name is withheld.

Serial stories will also be published by Mr. T. B. ALDRICH, Miss E. W. OLNEY, the author of *One too Many*, and Mr. W. D. HOWELLS. Mr. BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN, the famous Norwegian poet and novelist, author of *Arne*, etc., will begin a story, written expressly for THE ATLANTIC, during the latter part of the year.

Each month a short story will be given of the quality which has made THE ATLANTIC first in this kind of fiction.

CRITICISM. — This department, in which THE ATLANTIC has long been chief, will receive particular attention. The brilliant articles on contemporary novels will regularly appear; the book-notices will be full, varied, and carefully written; and Mr. T. S. PERRY will continue his reviews of French and German literature, which have been, on the whole, the best and most interesting *résumés* of their sort offered to the English-reading public.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, a favorite department with ATLANTIC readers, will be fully sustained as the expression of opinion and desultory criticism upon all æsthetic and social topics.

TRAVELS, ESSAYS, ETC. — Mr. W. W. STORY, whose contributions for the present year were unavoidably delayed, will furnish studies of Italian locality and travel. Mr. HENRY JAMES JR. will write transatlantic sketches. Mr. W. H. BISHOP, now in Paris, will contribute papers on art and life abroad. Mr. C. E. NORTON'S studies of art and history in his essays on Italian cathedrals will be continued. Col. G. E. WARING JR. will write of English country-life. American subjects in this department will be treated by the ablest hands.

CONTRIBUTORS. — Among the old and favorite contributors of THE ATLANTIC the reader will welcome back Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, who will write frequently. Messrs. LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, HOLMES, RICHARD GRANT WHITE, STEDMAN, STODDARD, SCUDDER, MARK TWAIN, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, and Miss PRESTON, Miss S. O. JEWETT, Miss C. F. WOOLSON, Mrs. ROSE TERRY COOKE, Mrs. PIATT, and H. H., with other well-known ATLANTIC authors, will appear as heretofore.

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND POLITICS.

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THE NATIONALS, THEIR ORIGIN AND THEIR AIMS.

THE history of the National Party begins with the financial legislation of our civil war. The equipment of the Union soldiery, and other preparations for national defense, required the expenditure of vast sums beyond what the national treasury could supply. The government issued printed notes — promises to pay — to the amount of many millions of dollars, enacting that these notes should be regarded and used as a legal tender in all the ordinary business of the people, but excepting from this provision certain dues and payments of the government for which coin was required. As the war assumed greater proportions the necessary purchases became enormous in extent, and the remarkable discovery was made that everybody might easily become rich by selling goods to the government at prices many times greater than their real value. It was easy to print the paper promises to pay, and the government scattered them with lavish hand among the people. There was an unexampled expansion and activity in all kinds of business. Everybody could obtain employment at high wages. There was a new market for everything, and the demand seemed unlimited. Men counted their new wealth by hundreds of thousands and millions. It consisted of the evidences of the government's indebtedness; that is, of their own. The result of the war was for some time uncertain. No day had been fixed for the payment of the legal-tender notes, and their purchasing power declined as the numbers issued were multiplied. The war ended. The government went out of business, that is, it was no longer a purchaser to any great extent; the new market was closed. Most of the people of the country had been really in the employ of the government during the war, nearly all traders and speculators receiving lavish salaries in the excessive profits of their business. Now everybody was discharged. The hasty, desperate, make-shift financial legislation at the beginning of the war had produced a great "expansion of the currency," filling the hands of the people everywhere with the new paper money. But the vast amount in circulation had to be reduced; some arrangement for complying with the promise to pay (printed on the face of every note) had to be adopted, or the notes would soon be worthless. Then came the contraction of the currency by the retirement of some of the legal-tender notes. The new taxes were a great burden; the best investments produced but small profits; and we were rudely awakened from splendid dreams of increasing prosperity to distasteful economies and comparative poverty. The nation began, in

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great depression and bewilderment, the payment of its tremendous war debt. The people had generally used the government's promises to pay as real money, vaguely considering the new paper currency as an addition to the actual wealth of the country, without fully realizing that the people had to pay the debt of the nation. There were multitudes who did not understand why the vast expansion of business and industry should be temporary; why the "prosperity of the war-time" should not continue forever. There was no adequate effort to teach them. They had been incredulous when the first signs of the inevitable decline and collapse appeared. They had lost the habit of hard labor, and when they found that the days of contracts and jobs, and of easy, profuse living, were past they were profoundly dissatisfied. In that dissatisfaction was the origin of the discontent, the grievances, hopes, and purposes, of the people who constitute the mass of the national party of to-day. The stream has received some important tributaries in later times, but this was its source.

It took some little time to formulate the new feeling. But it was soon discovered that when the paper money was abundant the country was prosperous, and that the first contraction of the currency and the decline in business were coincident in time, and were therefore related to each other as cause and effect. It was affirmed that if the paper money had been made a full legal tender, that is, if it had been received by the government for all dues and used in payment of all claims, it would always have been equal to gold in value or purchasing power. The legislation providing that coin should be used in the payment of duties, and of the interest on national bonds, was denounced as injurious to the people, as was also the act establishing national banks. A feeling of opposition to the payment of debts which were incurred during the period of the inflation of the currency became very strong, especially in the West. The continued and increasing depression of business and of industry has deepened and strengthened these tendencies, and the time has been in many ways propitious for their growth.

A history of the paper-money delusion from its origin, through the various stages of its influence upon both the great political parties of the country, with a careful study of their platforms and of the utterances of their leading men upon financial subjects during the last seventeen years, including a review of the development of allied influences and of the effect of all these tendencies upon the national thought and life, would be a most instructive and valuable work, but it must be left to other hands. What is here undertaken is a presentation or report of the specific opinions, grievances, illusions, hopes, and purposes of the people who are identified with the national party. In making this report I have as far as possible used the exact words of my neighbors and fellow-citizens who hold these opinions; and when verbal changes were necessary I have endeavored to preserve their thoughts and ideas with scrupulous accuracy. No part of the materials for this report is taken from newspapers or printed documents, or from public addresses. During the last few weeks I have had very full and satisfactory conversations with thirty-four workingmen who are earnest adherents of the new national party. The number includes residents of three different States, Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey. I am personally acquainted with all of them. They are natives of this country, and men of good repute for honesty and general morality. Most of them are poor, and they all work with their hands. They have what is usually called in this country a good common-school education, and most of them have more than this. More than half have been teachers. They are of all ages, from thirty-two to fifty-seven. What is here presented was expressed in answer to my questions on all the subjects brought forward. In every instance I received the utmost courtesy, with permission to communicate to the public the information thus given to me. I used a note-book

and pencil as we talked, recording as fully as possible what was said, often repeating the questions and reading my memoranda to my neighbor for his approval. On most essential points there was substantial agreement among all these men, but I have noted some differences of individual opinion and aim. Here are the notes: —

BANKS AND BANKING.

"The national party is the result of a great uprising of the people. The industrial classes are becoming enlightened. It is a movement from the bottom of society. We have no leaders as yet, and it is probably better so. The movement may develop leaders by and by. It has grown thus far by talks between neighbors, and by the influence of newspapers and printed documents. We have one weekly paper, with a circulation of six hundred and fifty thousand copies, and an increase each week of twenty thousand. We are organizing in every school district in many States, and in every ward of the cities. We wish to abolish the national banks. All the commercial panics in our history have been caused largely by the system of state and national banking. The bankers deposit one hundred thousand dollars at Washington, and the government gives them back ninety thousand dollars in bank-notes for the bare cost of printing, say one per cent. The government pays them six per cent. on the one hundred thousand dollars. Then they have ninety thousand dollars to loan at the legal rate of interest, and as much more as they can get. They receive from twenty-five to fifty per cent., and sometimes one hundred per cent., per annum on their original investment. We want absolute money, not a promise to pay; would have gold, silver, and paper all issued directly by the government, without the intervention of any banking corporation; the legend to be, *This is a Dollar* (or whatever the amount may be), making it a legal tender in payment of all dues and claims whatever. Of course we shall need new legislation for such a currency. This national absolute money would buy anything in any market of the world with one fourth or one half of one per cent. discount in exchange. There are about two thousand national banks, and they now have a surplus fund of sixteen hundred millions of dollars. The bankers have received so much interest that nearly all existing deposits are clear profit; that is, they have cost them nothing. The masses of mankind are trodden under foot and enslaved by a vicious financial system, and we are tending to the low conditions of the older nations. Combinations of capitalists and unfavorable legislation crush the laborer. The beginning of these evils is the fallacy of a gold basis. There is not enough gold for all the world's money; if there were it would be all right. Banks may have done good in early times in the West, but our advanced civilization requires a currency not based upon coin. We favor the immediate repeal of the resumption act. With national absolute money no resumption of specie payments would be required. The bullionists favor resumption and contraction; they bring gold to par by their designing manipulations. It is no advantage to the people to have gold at par. European capitalists have influenced the financial legislation of our country a great deal. Their design is to break up our republican government. We have positive proof that a man came over from England with half a million of money to oppose the passage of the silver bill; but he found that it would do no good. History shows that no country has ever prospered on a coin basis."

FRIENDS AND FOES.

"We have some of the most talented men in political economy with us, but not many. Professional men, such as clergymen, are not enough interested in these matters to investigate the real condition of the laboring classes and their needs. The masses are sufficiently intelligent and morally educated to see that class legislation or any injustice would be fatal to themselves. The mass of mankind have common sense. It re-

quires no special talent for investigation to enable men to understand what is necessary for their own interests in such matters. When members of Congress begin to legislate in favor of the moneyed class their constituents ought to be able to say, Stop! that is not what you were employed to do. Legislators should execute the wishes of the people who elect them. We favor shortening the hours of labor. Political economists say that four hours a day would probably be adequate to maintain all mankind in comfort, and give them some of the luxuries of life, providing richly for the helpless."

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

"We would have the government begin immediately the construction of extensive works of internal improvement. The Erie Canal should be enlarged to a ship canal sufficient for vessels of two thousand tons burden. A canal of the same capacity should be constructed across the State of Michigan, and another across Northern Florida."

MONEY AND BONDS.

"I do not undertake to speak for the national party; there are differences of opinion on many points among those who are working together in this movement. I would not permit individuals or corporations to engage in any kind of banking enterprise; not even for exchange, or to receive deposits. All such business should be conducted by the government. The value of gold and silver coin is in the government stamp upon it, and not in the intrinsic worth of the metal. Money should be made of material which has no intrinsic value. The contraction of the currency is the greatest cause of the prostration of industry. The national bonds are a fraud upon the people, and Rothschild knew it at first. The 5–20 bonds were originally to be paid in greenbacks, and only their interest in coin, but by a change in legislation the principal was afterwards required to be paid in coin. The bonds cost holders thirty-five cents on the dollar in gold, and by laws contracting the currency the bonds have been made worth more than gold. The holders have already received more than the cost of the bonds, and still hold them."

GOVERNMENTAL OWNERSHIP.

"The government is a great commune. All railroads, canals, and means of commercial transportation, and all mines and land, should belong to the government. There should be no individual ownership in land, but only of improvements. There should be no law for the collection of interest. The amount of money in circulation should be increased by the government issuing as much absolute money as is needed by the people, and paying it out for all government expenses, and for the wages of laborers employed on public works. Resumption is a speculation of the capitalists. There is no need of specie payments. The people have not asked for the measure; it is forced upon them. The resumption act should be immediately repealed. All history shows that in order to maintain specie payments we must have more specie than paper money. There should be enough money to give the people a sufficient medium of exchange. We should pay the bonds in greenbacks as far as possible. If the legislation changing the nature of the bonds and requiring their payment in coin were right, then counter-legislation would be."

PROHIBITION OF LARGE FORTUNES.

"All officers should be elected by the people directly, and no law should take effect until it has been submitted to the people and been approved by them. We should have whatever legislation is necessary for imposing an income tax graduated so as not to touch small incomes, to grow heavier for larger fortunes, and to be made absolutely prohibitive for accumulations beyond a certain limit. No man should be permitted to hold more land than he uses, and the acquisition of great fortunes should be made impossible. One of our greatest dangers is the power of a landed aristocracy."

REPRESENTATION OF CLASSES.

"All classes should be represented in

our national legislature in proportion to their numbers. Legislation by lawyers is always devoted to the interests of their own class. The people of culture in this country underestimate the intelligence of the masses. Capitalists could buy workingmen's votes as easily as they now buy those of lawyers: we shall have to depend largely upon the effect of the opposition between different classes for checking any tendency to excess, injustice, or corruption. Capitalists feel like kings and aristocrats, and regard the workingmen as their slaves. If these evils cannot be removed by legislation, it will be done in some other way. If people dread war or mob-law, they should help the workingmen overthrow the money power. Capitalists dread nothing so much as the uprising of the masses. We have two thousand bankers representing two billions of capital."

CULTIVATED PEOPLE ANTAGONISTIC.

"The college men are not in the national movement, and usually misunderstand it entirely. Their education destroys natural perception and judgment; so that cultivated people are one-sided, and their judgment is often inferior to that of the working people. History shows that all through the ages the evolution of new ideas has come from the lower classes, the uneducated. We should naturally look outside of the professions for the leaders of a new movement. Professional men are usually against us. The uneducated are more accessible, more easily influenced, than the educated. Cultured people have made up their minds, and are hard to move. There should be a check upon Chinese immigration. Our civilization cannot maintain itself in contact with Chinese civilization. That will survive where ours cannot, and if we live together we shall have to conform to their civilization."

MONEY AND CONSTITUTIONS.

"For three hundred years the progress of civilized nations has been in the direction of absolute money. Money should be composed of some material that is not in itself precious or commercially valuable. Constitutional provisions are of little importance compared with the direct expression of the will of the people. The real law is not written or printed. Popular feeling is really the law rather than any statute."

HAPPINESS AND LOST LUGGAGE.

"Happiness is the legal tender of the soul. Four hours a day is enough for anybody to work, but people should work every day. To rest on Sunday, or one day each week, is wrong. Government should own and operate the railroads of the country. We could then recover the value of trunks if they were lost in transportation. Now it is often difficult or impossible. Burning up the money when it was called in to contract the currency, instead of sending it out again to circulate among the people, is the real cause of the distress of the country. No lawyer should be elected to a place in any legislative body."

HELP FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

"We might obtain much help from the spirit world. There is a Congress there of all our great statesmen who have passed away. They see the future and know the motives of men, and they preside over the affairs of our country. They have already had much to do with our national affairs. The spirit of Washington once sent a medium to Lincoln with military plans which the president executed. It would be wise to put the management of the Indians wholly under the direction of the spirits. We might obtain very great aid from the spirit world in regard to all difficult questions connected with the science of government. The national movement is likely to go farther than most people foresee."

GOVERNMENTAL PAWNBROKING.

"The government might loan money to the people to the extent of half the value of goods deposited in government warehouses (appraised by competent men, and to be held until redeemed). We should use gold, silver, and paper,

till the metals naturally drop out of circulation. Paper money will soon expel gold and silver money from the country. Government should not require more than three per cent. interest on loans to the people; many of the nationals would have interest prohibited by a provision in the constitution of the country."

THE MONEY POWER TO BE BROKEN DOWN.

"The object of the greenback party is to break down the money power, politically, commercially, and industrially. The government should build a railroad from Norfolk, Virginia, to California, and should take possession of all railroads, canals, and telegraphs. All should be operated at cost, — without profit. We make no account of constitutional difficulties in the way of these things, or of what the constitution forbids or allows. It is not best to make many constitutional provisions. Constitutions are things to have discussions about, and to form the subject of points of order in debate, rather than for practical efficiency or obligation. They should be composed, as nearly as may be, of undoubted basic principles. These objects should be attained either by coöperation or by communal organization. The greenback system tends to a national communal organization or association as to banking, railroad transportation, and similar branches of business."

FREE LAWS.

"Air, earth, and water should be free to all. A man may own improvements, but not the land. We should make the taxes on large accumulations of landed property so high that the owners cannot pay them, and so cannot keep the land. Land in its natural, original, and unimproved condition is not rightly to be regarded as property. Its use should be subject to control by the government."

ORIGIN AND ORGANIZATION.

"The national party includes the greenback movement, which originated in the dissatisfaction of the people with the contraction of the currency after the war, and the other gold-basis legislation of that period; the labor movement is another branch of the party. The growth of our cause has also been largely stimulated and assisted by the influence of the internationals and of the German socialists. Our present programme is not final or complete. The first object is to change the nature of the currency and abolish the banks. Then comes the seizure by labor of its rightful empire, and government ownership of railroads and other means of transportation and commerce; it is not yet certain which of these will come first. The granger movement has done much to prepare material for the national party, and trades-unions and other secret organizations have had a large share in developing it; they are now among the most efficient agencies for the propagation of our principles and the extension of our power. It is believed that fifteen hundred thousand voters belong to secret labor organizations in this country, but it is impossible to be certain of the numbers. In every place in which the nationals have been successful in elections, their strength has come from these secret labor organizations."

TERMS OF OFFICE.

"Nobody should hold office longer than one year, except the president and members of Congress. They might be elected for two years, and they should all go out together, so as to have all new men after each election."

CONTINUOUS ELECTIONS.

"I would have a continuous election. The polls should be kept open all the time, so that whenever a citizen desires he can go and change his vote and give it to a new man. Then whenever a majority of all the voters of a district or State have pronounced in favor of a new representative, the old one should give place. If the people are dissatisfied with a representative in three weeks after he is chosen, they have a right to dismiss him and elect another."

REDUCED HOURS OF LABOR.

"Whenever the hours of labor have

been reduced, or the pay of workingmen increased, there has been an increase of intelligence and morality, and a diminution of intemperance and crime."

BONDS.

"The 5–20 bonds, of which seven or eight hundred millions are still out, were originally to be paid in greenbacks; the law requiring their payment in coin should be repealed. We should have legislation making all bonds payable in greenbacks. All bonds that are to be paid in gold were made so by fraud."

NEW ISSUE OF CURRENCY.

"An issue of two thousand millions of the new currency (absolute money) would probably not depreciate the currency more than thirty per cent."

GOVERNMENTAL EDUCATION.

"We favor education by the state: it should be industrial and compulsory, allowing for differences in character and circumstances. The problems or examples in school-books should be of an industrial and not of a commercial nature."

LABOR BUREAUS.

"The government should establish a labor bureau in each State, and one for the nation, to collect industrial statistics, and, in time, to regulate the agricultural production of the country, — to determine, for instance, how many sweet potatoes would probably be needed each year, so that the market might not be oversupplied."

ASSOCIATIONS.

"The people will form associations everywhere. When we have an international government or superintendency, as we must have with international money, this will lead to the gradual disuse or comparative abolition of nationalities, and the association of the people of the whole world for the government of the whole world."

CATHOLIC NATIONALS.

"We think the national movement, so far as it tends to association, is opposed to the influence of the clergy. We have a strong following among the Catholics, and thousands of them are in the secret labor societies."

ABSOLUTE MONEY.

"United States bonds were at first to be paid in legal-tender notes; a clique of the moneyed men got together and changed the language so as to require coin, and then demonetized silver. After that the bankers got control of Congress, and enacted that the legal-tender notes should not be received for duties. If the government had received the paper money for all dues it would always have been equal to gold. It is said that absolute money would not be received in Europe; we are not making a currency for Europe, but for our own country. Gold and silver for money are relics of heathenism. Paper money would naturally expel coin from circulation. We should repeal all laws requiring bonds to be paid in gold. The bonds were all bought at greenback values. One thousand dollars in gold bought two thousand five hundred dollars in greenbacks, and that bought two thousand five hundred dollars in United States bonds."

TRAMPS.

"The government should employ many of the tramps, and should engage in the construction of extensive public works for the relief of the unemployed. All wages should be paid by the hour."

GOVERNMENTAL BANKING AND EMPLOYMENT.

"The government should establish post-office savings banks, and should pay interest at a rate not above that of the annual increase of the wealth of the country, now about three and a half per cent. per annum. The government ought to be the employer of the people if the government is honestly and judiciously administered; and it is more likely to be so administered under this system than any other. Of course, if the government takes possession of the railroads it would naturally manufacture its own engines, cars, rails, and equipments generally, and

the nation would become a vast coöperative association."

THE PEOPLE ALL-WISE.

"The selfishness of the people will teach them to be just and wise. They are too intelligent to commit any excesses. They will lay politicians on the shelf, and take new men. No capitalist or banker should be nominated for any office whatever by the nationals."

"No doubt there will be excesses of various kinds, and measures of retaliation, when the workingmen obtain control of the government. That will be only human nature. There is a considerable proportion of low and brutal material in the national party, but we are not responsible for that. The same men belonged to the other two parties before they joined us, and they are no worse now than when they voted with our opponents."

SOCIETY TO BE CHANGED.

"None of us can speak for the party. We can only tell you what we think would be best, what we believe in, and what we would do if we could. If we succeed, the general structure of society will be modified in important respects, and religion and morality will no doubt be affected by changes so vital, but in what way, or to what extent, nobody can now foresee."

MORALITY AND RELIGION.

"It is not likely that the organization of society will be affected in any serious way by the changes we propose to make. Morality and religion under the new order of things will be about what they are now."

PROTECTION.

"We favor protection and oppose free trade. We would admit raw materials (such as are not produced in this country) free of duty, but would tax imported manufactured goods."

THE SENATE USELESS.

"The workingmen should direct their efforts to securing an adequate representation, by members of their own class, in the national house of representatives. The senate is of little consequence, and might well be abolished."

It remains for me to add a few facts not included in the conversations thus reported. It was made plain to each of these workingmen that it was not confidential information in regard to the plans of the national party which I sought, but his own estimate of the causes of the movement and of the grievances of the people, and his own opinions and hopes in regard to desirable changes; and that I sought such information with the purpose to make it public, and thus report as accurately as possible the thought, sentiment, and aims of the masses, the working people.

More than two thirds of the whole number of these workingmen favor protection in some form for American industry; but some half dozen believe in free trade.

None of these men are Catholics. All of them hold what are called advanced or liberal views of religious or theological subjects, and a few are atheists. Eighteen of the number believe that the spirit world has inspired the new political discontent, and that the national party is constantly aided and reinforced from "the superior spheres." I have myself observed that many mediums and trance-speakers are among the most popular and influential orators now employed in propagating the sentiments of the new party.

In connection with this movement women are engaging in politics more directly and effectively than ever before. Many of them are traveling through the country, speaking on political and social subjects, and their oratory often influences voters as much as that of the men on the same platform. The women have political clubs which meet regularly for discussing the questions of the time.

The thirty-four workingmen with whom I thus conversed are, I think, quite as intelligent as the better class of voters in either of the other two parties. They are well-educated men, according to the

popular American standard and idea of education: that is, they are all ready talkers; most of them could make nearly as good speeches as an average congressman; and they have a great deal of such information as is to be obtained from scraps and items in newspapers. They are "up with the times," to use a phrase now very common among the people of this country, and know what is said *pro* and *con* regarding the questions of the day. There is probably a larger proportion of the members of the national party than of either of the other political parties who are able to "make a good speech," and who are now engaged in writing for the newspapers of the country. They have incessant drill and practice in talking, and the fondness of the masses for oratory gives these propagandists a great opportunity. They are all aggressive and confident, and most of them manifest a degree of exultation in prospect of speedy success. As I have been familiar with their views from the first in the Northwestern States, and for many years past in the three States mentioned above, I have heard little that is new in these recent conversations. Perhaps the chief change is that our friends of the new party now talk a great deal about history, and constantly appeal to its lessons, whereas they formerly derided scornfully the notion of assistance for us from the experience of other nations. A great deal of the history brought forward I confess I never heard of before. It is true that these thirty-four men are much superior to the majority of the national party, but they, and such as they, are the true representatives of the masses who have neither opinions nor power of expression, and who are as clay in the hands of the potter under the influence of these workers and organizers. Precisely the same thing is true of the other parties. What these active, capable workingmen think and say is what their silent brethren are acting upon and supporting with their votes.

All these men are very much in earnest, but I could discover no sign of that sense of responsibility which all men of insight feel in undertaking movements which must seriously affect the welfare of many millions of human beings. It seemed to me that they had no adequate conception of the real nature or magnitude of the changes in our national life and society which they were trying to accomplish. Most of them seemed somewhat reckless in regard to possible consequences of these changes. None of them, I think, are acquainted with the later conceptions of history, and its value as a record of the experience of society, of its efforts, illusions, gains, and failures during the ages which have been necessary to develop and establish such civilization and political and social organization as we have attained.

There were differences of opinion among these workingmen upon some points, but it is to be observed that they agree in their belief in "absolute money," — money that is not a promise to pay, nor composed of any material having intrinsic value; in desiring the government to become the employer of the people by constructing public works of enormous extent, and in thinking that it should own and operate railroads, canals, and telegraphs for the benefit of the people; in favoring government ownership of land, legal prohibition of large accumulations of wealth by individuals, and the substitution, to a great extent, of the will of the people, as expressed each year (or each day), for fixed constitutional provisions and limitations. They agree in thinking lightly of culture, and in the purpose to legislate and tax "the money power" out of existence. But none of them spoke of the need of industry, economy, or wise self-direction on the part of their own class, though they were confident of their ability to reorganize and direct society. If their undertaking could succeed, we should have wealth without labor, and a system of morals without self-restraint; and instead of the orderly empire of law we should have "mob-voiced lawlessness," anarchy uttered or ordained by the people. I have seen no reason for thinking we are near the end of this conflict.

I observed another trait in intellectual character. It appeared to me that very few of these men had received any education in regard to the laws, methods, and difficulties of clear and trustworthy thinking. They seemed unconscious of the danger from illusions, and of the necessity for testing and verifying opinions and theories by patient analysis and comparison. Many of them indeed professed the belief that the direct mental vision or intuition of uneducated men is more valuable, in determining matters connected with legislation and the organization and progress of society, than the trained and disciplined faculties of students or men of culture. They esteem very lightly the judgment or authority of scholars, and believe that American workingmen are entirely competent to understand and decide rightly the problems which have perplexed thoughtful statesmen and patriots for ages. Their faculties have not been trained to analysis or comparison, or to the study, by trustworthy methods, of the relations between causes and effects. They still use very largely the methods of thought of uncivilized or prehistoric men. At every step they are the unconscious prey of illusion, and they are to a great extent incapable of receiving guidance or assistance from anybody wiser than themselves. Their intellectual character is a matter of profound interest to me, because I believe it to be very nearly that of a vast majority of the voters of our country; and almost precisely that which our existing methods of education are fitted to produce.

"THERE CAME THREE QUEENS FROM HEAVEN."

It so befell that, once upon a time,
Before the shepherd Paris, as he roved,
Guarding his flocks, upon a slope of Ida,
There came three queens from heaven, to contest
The palm of man's approval, and they spake:
"Which of us three is fairest, — which best worth
The winning? Choose! And as thy choice shall fall,
Bestow the prize."
Then in his hand they placed
The apple of red gold, which Eris cast
Upon the banquet-table of the gods.

And first the royal Hera, spouse of Jove,
Preferred her suit:
"O Paris, hear me well!
Lo, this fair apple is thy golden youth,
Which, so thou barter wisely, wins for thee
Thy heart's most secret wish. But be thou warned, —
Once, and once only, shalt thou name thy choice,
And then keep silence. I am Hera, I,
And with this gift of gifts I make thee mine."

She ceased, and flashed before his dazzled sight
A naked sword, and on the blade was writ,

"Power!" But Paris mused a little space,
And turned aside, and answered, "Let me hear."

Then spake the second, hollow-eyed and pale,
With sad, stern voice:
"I am Athena, I,
And these my attributes among the gods,—
Knowledge, self-wisdom, virtue, self-control.
Short is my wooing. Wilt thou reign with me?
Take up thy sceptre."
At his feet she cast
A reed, in fashion like a poet's pen,
And on the shaft, graven in lines of fire,
A word of rapture,—"Fame!" But Paris mused,
And turned aside, and answered, "Let me hear."

Then third, the last and fairest yet of all,
The subtle Aphrodite, ocean-born,
Arose, and stood, a flower amid the flowers.
No word she spake, but waved her hand; and lo!
Instant, as in a dream of sorcery,
Half clad, at some fair vintage festival,
And leered upon by satyrs of the wood,
The Grecian Helen, floating through the dance
Of Bacchus, crowned with poppies of the field,—
Fairer than sin, her hair unbound, her eyes
Sultry with lightnings, and her lips apart,
As one who murmurs, "Follow! follow! follow!"
And ever onward, "Follow!" fainter still,
Still farther, fainter; till the vision paled,
And left him straining after, hands and eyes.

Then through the silence throbbed a tender voice:
"Behold my gift!"
And Paris said, "I choose!"
Yea, with a mighty, passionate, strong cry:
"Sweet are the dreams of Power; sweet is Fame:
But, sweeter yet than all sweet things that be,
Whether on earth, in heaven, sea, or air,
O Love, take thou my youth!"

And thereupon,
Whilst yet he spurned in air the golden sphere,
Whirled downward by a shrill and bitter wind
That waked the yelping foxes of the gorge,
And drave the screaming eagle to the crag,
And rapt away the daylight like a scroll,
Night fell on Ida,—night and loneliness,
Without the light of moon, or any star,
Save where above a rampart to the east
Red Mars came reeling, drunken from his wars,
And turned against the earth his bloody shield.

W. W. Young.

THE STAR IN THE VALLEY.

He first saw it in the twilight of a clear October evening. As the earliest planet sprang into the sky, an answering gleam shone red amid the glooms in the valley. A star too it seemed. And later, when the myriads of the fairer, whiter lights of a moonless night were all athrob in the great concave vault bending to the hills, there was something very impressive in that solitary star of earth, changeless and motionless beneath the ever-changing skies.

Chevis never tired of looking at it. Somehow it broke the spell that draws all eyes heavenward on starry nights. He often strolled with his cigar at dusk down to the verge of the crag, and sat for hours gazing at it and vaguely speculating about it. That spark seemed to have kindled all the soul and imagination within him, although he knew well enough its prosaic source, for he had once questioned the gawky mountaineer whose services he had secured as guide through the forest solitudes during this hunting expedition.

"That thar spark in the valley?" Hi Bates had replied, removing the pipe from his lips and emitting a cloud of strong tobacco smoke. "'T ain't nothin' but the light in Jerry Shaw's house, 'bout haffen mile from the foot of the mounting. Yer pass that thar house when yer goes on the Christel road, what leads down the mounting off the Backbone. That 's Jerry Shaw's house, — that 's what it is. He 's a blacksmith, an' he kin shoe a horse toler'ble well when he ain't drunk, ez he mos'ly is."

"Perhaps that is the light from the forge," suggested Chevis.

"That thar forge ain't run more 'n half the day, let 'lone o' nights. I hev never hearn tell on Jerry Shaw a-workin' o' nights, — nor in the daytime nuther, ef he kin git shet of it. No sech no-'count critter 'twixt hyar an' the Settlemint."

So spake Chevis's astronomer. Seeing the star even through the prosaic lens of stern reality did not detract from its poetic aspect. Chevis never failed to watch for it. The first faint glinting in the azure evening sky sent his eyes to that red reflection suddenly aglow in the valley; even when the mists rose above it and hid it from him, he gazed at the spot where it had disappeared, feeling a calm satisfaction to know that it was still shining beneath the cloud-curtain. He encouraged himself in this bit of sentimentality. These unique even-tide effects seemed a fitting sequel to the picturesque day, passed in flying, with horn and hounds, after the deer through the gorgeous autumnal forest; or silently stalking amid their hidden haunts; or lying deep in the odorous ferns, with rod and reel, beside the swirling mountain stream; or hunting the timid wild fowl with a thoroughly-trained dog; and coming back in the crimson sunset to a well-appointed tent and a smoking supper of venison, or grouse, or bass, — the trophies of his skill. The vague dreaminess of his cigar and the charm of that bright bit of color in the night-shrouded valley added a sort of romantic zest to these primitive enjoyments, and ministered to that keen susceptibility of impressions which Reginald Chevis considered eminently characteristic of a highly wrought mind and nature.

He said nothing of his fancies, however, to his fellow-sportsman, Ned Varney, nor to the mountaineer. Infinite as was the difference between these two in mind and cultivation, his observation of both had convinced him that they were alike incapable of appreciating and comprehending his delicate and dainty musings. Varney was essentially a man of this world; his mental and moral conclusions had been adopted in a calm, mercantile spirit, as giving the best return for the outlay, and the market was not liable to fluctuations. And the

mountaineer could go no further than the prosaic fact of the light in Jerry Shaw's house. Thus Reginald Chevis was wont to sit in contemplative silence on the crag until his cigar was burnt out, and afterward to lie awake deep in the night, listening to the majestic lyric welling up from the thousand nocturnal voices of these Alleghany wilds.

During the day, in place of the red light a gauzy little curl of smoke was barely visible, the only sign or suggestion of human habitation to be seen from the crag in all the many miles of long, narrow valley and parallel tiers of ranges. Sometimes Chevis and Varney caught sight of it from lower down on the mountain side, whence was faintly distinguishable the little log-house and certain vague lines marking a rectangular inclosure; near at hand, too, the forge, silent and smokeless. But it did not immediately occur to either of them to theorize concerning its inmates and their lives in this lonely place; for a time, not even to the speculative Chevis. As to Varney, he gave his whole mind to the matter in hand, — his breech-loader, his dog, his game, — and his note-book was as systematic and as romantic as the ledger at home.

It might be accounted an event in the history of that log-hut when Reginald Chevis, after riding past it eighty yards or so, chanced one day to meet a country girl walking toward the house. She did not look up, and he caught only an indistinct glimpse of her face. She spoke to him, however, as she went by, which is the invariable custom with the inhabitants of the sequestered nooks among the encompassing hills, whether meeting stranger or acquaintance. He lifted his hat in return, with that punctilious courtesy which he made a point of according to persons of low degree. In another moment she had passed down the narrow sandy road, overhung with gigantic trees, and, at a deft, even pace, hardly slackened as she traversed the great log extending across the rushing stream, she made her way up the opposite hill, and disappeared gradually over its brow.

The expression of her face, half-seen though it was, had attracted his attention. He rode slowly along, meditating. "Did she go into Shaw's house, just around the curve of the road?" he wondered. "Is she Shaw's daughter, or some visiting neighbor?"

That night he looked with a new interest at the red star, set like a jewel in the floating mists of the valley.

"Do you know," he asked of Hi Bates, when the three men were seated, after supper, around the camp-fire, which sent lurid tongues of flame and a thousand bright sparks leaping high in the darkness, and illumined the vistas of the woods on every side, save where the sudden crag jutted over the valley, — "Do you know whether Jerry Shaw has a daughter, — a young girl?"

"Ye-es," drawled Hi Bates, disparagingly, "he hev."

A pause ensued. The star in the valley was blotted from sight; the rising mists had crept to the verge of the crag; nay, in the undergrowth fringing the mountain's brink there were softly clinging white wreaths.

"Is she pretty?" asked Chevis.

"Waal, no, she ain't," said Hi Bates, decisively. "She 's a pore, no-'count critter." Then he added, as if he were afraid of being misapprehended, "Not ez thar is any harm in the gal, yer onderstand. She 's a mighty good, soft-spoken, quiet sort o' gal, but she 's a pore, white-faced, slim little critter. She looks like she hain't got no sort 'n grit in her. She makes me think o' one o' them slim little slips o' willow every time nor I sees her. She hain't got long ter live, I reckon," concluded Hi Bates, dismally.

Reginald Chevis asked him no more questions about Jerry Shaw's daughter.

Not long afterward, when Chevis was hunting through the deep woods about the base of the mountain near the Christel road, his horse happened to cast a shoe. He congratulated himself upon his proximity to the forge, for there was a possibility that the blacksmith might be at work; according to the account

which Hi Bates had given of Jerry Shaw's habits, there were half a dozen chances against it. But the shop was at no great distance, and he set out to find his way back to the Christel road, guided by sundry well-known landmarks on the mountain side: certain great crags hanging above the tree-tops, showing in grander sublimity through the thinning foliage, or beetling bare and grim; a dismantled and deserted hovel, the red-berried vines twining amongst the rotting logs; the full flow of a tumultuous stream making its last leap down a precipice eighty feet high, with yeasty, maddening waves below and a rainbow-crowned crystal sheet above. And here again the curves of the woodland road. As the sound of the falling water grew softer and softer in the distance, till it was hardly more than a drowsy murmur, the faint vibrations of a far-off anvil rang upon the air. Welcome indeed to Chevis, for however enticing might be the long rambles through the redolent October woods with dog and gun, he had no mind to tramp up the mountain to his tent, five miles distant, leading the resisting horse all the way. The afternoon was so clear and so still that the metallic sound penetrated far through the quiet forest. At every curve of the road he expected to see the log-cabin with its rail fence, and beyond the low-hanging chestnut-tree, half its branches resting upon the roof of the little shanty of a blacksmith's shop. After many windings a sharp turn brought him full upon the humble dwelling, with its background of primeval woods and the purpling splendors of the western hills. The chickens were going to roost in a stunted cedar-tree just without the door; an incredibly old man, feeble and bent, sat dozing in the lingering sunshine on the porch; a girl, with a pail on her head, was crossing the road and going down a declivity toward a spring which bubbled up in a cleft of the gigantic rocks that were piled one above another, rising to a great height. A mingled breath of cool, dripping water, sweet-scented fern, and pungent mint greeted him as he passed it. He did not see the girl's face, for she had left the road before he went by, but he recognized the slight figure, with that graceful poise acquired by the prosaic habit of carrying weights upon the head, and its lithe, swaying beauty reminded him of the mountaineer's comparison, — a slip of willow.

And now, under the chestnut-tree, in anxious converse with Jerry Shaw, who came out hammer in hand from the anvil, concerning the shoe to be put on Strathspey's near fore-foot, and the problematic damage sustained since the accident, Chevis's own theory occupied some minutes in expounding, and so absorbed his attention that he did not observe, until the horse was fairly under the blacksmith's hands, that, despite Jerry Shaw's unaccustomed industry, this was by no means a white-letter day in his habitual dissipation. He trembled for Strathspey, but it was too late now to interfere. Jerry Shaw was in that stage of drunkenness which is greatly accented by an elaborate affectation of sobriety. His desire that Chevis should consider him perfectly sober was abundantly manifest in his rigidly steady gait, the preternatural gravity in his bloodshot eyes, his sparingness of speech, and the difficulty with which he enunciated the acquiescent formulæ which had constituted his share of the conversation. Now and then, controlling his faculties by a great effort, he looked hard at Chevis to discover what doubts might be expressed in his face concerning the genuineness of this staid deportment; and Chevis presently found it best to affect too. Believing that the blacksmith's histrionic attempts in the *rôle* of sober artisan were occupying his attention more than the paring of Strathspey's hoof, which he held between his knees on his leather apron, while the horse danced an animated measure on the other three feet, Chevis assumed an appearance of indifference, and strolled away into the shop. He looked about him, carelessly, at the horseshoes hanging on a rod in the rude aperture that served as window, at the wagon-tires, the plowshares, the glowing fire of the

forge. The air within was unpleasantly close, and he soon found himself again in the door-way.

"Can I get some water here?" he asked, as Jerry Shaw reëntered, and began hammering vigorously at the shoe destined for Strathspey.

The resonant music ceased for a moment. The solemn, drunken eyes were slowly turned upon the visitor, and the elaborate affectation of sobriety was again obtrusively apparent in the blacksmith's manner. He rolled up more closely the blue-checked homespun sleeve from his corded hammer-arm, twitched nervously at the single suspender that supported his copper-colored jean trousers, readjusted his leather apron hanging about his neck, and, casting upon Chevis another glance, replete with a challenging gravity, fell to work upon the anvil, every heavy and well-directed blow telling with the precision of machinery.

The question had hardly been heard before forgotten. At the next interval, when he was going out to fit the horse, Chevis repeated his request.

"Water, did yer say?" asked Jerry Shaw, looking at him with narrowing eyelids, as if to shut out all other contemplation that he might grapple with this problem. "Thar 's no fraish water hyar, but yer kin go yander ter the house and ax fur some; or," he added, shading his eyes from the sunlight with his broad, blackened right hand, and looking at the huge broken wall of stone beyond the road, "yer kin go down yander ter the spring, an' ax that thar gal fur a drink."

Chevis took his way, in the last rays of sunshine, across the road and down the declivity in the direction indicated by the blacksmith. A cool gray shadow fell upon him from the heights of the great rocks, as he neared them; the narrow path leading from the road grew dank and moist, and presently his feet were sunk in the still green and odorous water-loving weeds, the clumps of fern, and the pungent mint. He did not notice the soft verdure; he did not even see the beautiful vines that hung from earth-filled niches among the rocks, and lent to their forbidding aspect something of a smiling grace; their picturesque grouping, where they had fallen apart to show this sparkling fountain of bright up-springing water, was all lost upon his artistic perceptions. His eyes were fixed on the girl standing beside the spring, her pail filled, but waiting, with a calm, expectant look on her face, as she saw him approaching.

No creature could have been more coarsely habited: a green cotton dress, faded to the faintest hue; rough shoes, just visible beneath her skirts; a dappled gray and brown calico sun-bonnet, thrown aside on a moss-grown bowlder near at hand. But it seemed as if the wild nature about her had been generous to this being toward whom life and fortune had played the niggard. There were opaline lights in her dreamy eyes which one sees nowhere save in sunset clouds that brood above dark hills; the golden sunbeams, all faded from the landscape, had left a perpetual reflection in her bronze hair; there was a subtle affinity between her and other pliant, swaying, graceful young things, waving in the mountain breezes, fed by the rain and the dew. She was hardly more human to Chevis than certain lissome little woodland flowers, the very names of which he did not know, — pure white, star-shaped, with a faint green line threading its way through each of the five delicate petals; he had seen them embellishing the banks of lonely pools, or growing in dank, marshy places in the middle of the unfrequented road, where perhaps it had been mended in a primitive way with a few rotting rails.

"May I trouble you to give me some water?" said Chevis, prosaically enough. She neither smiled nor replied. She took the gourd from the pail, dipped it into the lucent depths of the spring, handed it to him, and stood awaiting its return when he should have finished. The cool, delicious water was drained, and he gave the gourd back. "I am much obliged," he said.

"Ye 're welcome," she replied, in a slow, singing monotone. Had the au-

tumn winds taught her voice that melancholy cadence?

Chevis would have liked to hear her speak again, but the gulf between his station and hers — so undreamed of by her (for the differences of caste are absolutely unknown to the independent mountaineers), so patent to him — could be bridged by few ideas. They had so little in common that for a moment he could think of nothing to say. His cogitation suggested only the inquiry, "Do you live here?" indicating the little house on the other side of the road.

"Yes," she chanted in the same monotone, "I lives hyar."

She turned to lift the brimming pail. Chevis spoke again: "Do you always stay at home? Do you never go anywhere?"

Her eyes rested upon him, with a slight surprise looking out from among their changing lights. "No," she said, after a pause; "I hev no call to go nowhar ez I knows on."

She placed the pail on her head, took the dappled sun-bonnet in her hand, and went along the path with the assured, steady gait and the graceful backward poise of the figure that precluded the possibility of spilling a drop from the vessel.

He had been touched in a highly romantic way by the sweet beauty of this little woodland flower. It seemed hard that so perfect a thing of its kind should be wasted here, unseen by more appreciative eyes than those of bird, or rabbit, or the equally uncultured human beings about her; and it gave him a baffling sense of the mysterious injustice of life to reflect upon the difference in her lot and that of others of her age in higher spheres. He went thoughtfully through the closing shadows to the shop, mounted the reshod Strathspey, and rode along the rugged ascent of the mountain, gravely pondering on worldly inequalities.

He saw her often afterward, although he never spoke to her but once again. He sometimes stopped as he came and went on the Christel road, and sat chatting with the old man, her grandfather, on the porch, sunshiny days, or lounged in the barn-like door of Jerry Shaw's shop talking to the half-drunken blacksmith. He piqued himself upon the readiness with which he became interested in these people, entered into their thoughts and feelings, obtained a comprehensive idea of the machinery of life in this wilderness, — more complicated than one could readily believe, looking upon the changeless face of the wide, unpopulated expanse of mountain ranges stretching so far beneath that infinite sky. They appealed to him from the basis of their common humanity, he thought, and the pleasure of watching the development of the common human attributes in this peculiar and primitive state of society never palled upon him. He regarded with contempt Varney's frivolous displeasure and annoyance because of Hi Bates's utter insensibility to the difference in their social position, and the necessity of either acquiescing in the supposititious equality or dispensing with the invaluable services of the proud and independent mountaineer; because of the *patois* of the untutored people, to hear which, Varney was wont to declare, set his teeth on edge; because of their narrow prejudices, their mental poverty, their idle shiftlessness, their uncouth dress and appearance. Chevis flattered himself that he entertained a broader view. He had not even a subacute idea that he looked upon these people and their inner life only as picturesque bits of the mental and moral landscape; that it was an æsthetic and theoretical pleasure their contemplation afforded him; that he was as far as ever from the basis of common humanity.

Sometimes while he talked to the old man on the sun-lit porch the "slip o' willow" sat in the door-way, listening too, but never speaking. Sometimes he would find her with her father at the forge, her fair, ethereal face illumined with an alien and fluctuating brilliancy, shining and fading as the breath of the fire rose and fell. He came to remember that face so well that in a sorry sketch-book, where nothing else was

finished, there were several laborious pages lighted up with a faint reflection of its beauty. But he was as much interested perhaps, though less poetically, in that massive figure, the idle blacksmith. He looked at it all from an ideal point of view. The star in the valley was only a brilliant set in the night landscape, and suggested a unique and pleasing experience.

How should he imagine what luminous and wistful eyes were turned upward to where another star burned, — the light of his camp-fire on the crag; what pathetic, beautiful eyes had learned to watch and wait for that red gleam high on the mountain's brow, — hardly below the stars in heaven it seemed! How could he dream of the strange, vague, unreasoning trouble with which his idle comings and goings had clouded that young life, a trouble as strange, as vague, as vast, as the limitless sky above her.

She understood him as little. As she sat in the open door-way, with the flare of the fire behind her, and gazed at the red light shining on the crag, she had no idea of the heights of worldly differences that divided them, — more insurmountable than precipices and flying chutes of mountain torrents, and chasms and fissures of the wild ravine; she knew nothing of the life he had left, and of its rigorous artificialities and gradations of wealth and estimation. And with a heart full of pitiable unrealities she looked up at the glittering simulacrum of a star on the crag, while he gazed down on the ideal star in the valley.

The weeks had worn deep into November. Chevis and Varney were thinking of going home; indeed, they talked of breaking camp day after to-morrow, and saying a long adieu to wood and mountain and stream. They had had an abundance of good sport and a surfeit of roughing it. They would go back to town and town avocations invigorated by their holiday, and taking with them a fresh and exhilarating recollection of the forest life left so far behind.

It was near dusk, on a dull, cold evening, when Chevis dismounted before the door of the blacksmith's little log-cabin. The chestnut-tree hung desolate and bare on the eaves of the forge; the stream rushed by in swift gray whirlpools under a sullen gray sky; the gigantic wall of broken rocks loomed gloomy and sinister on the opposite side of the road, — not so much as a withered leaf of all their vines clung to their rugged surfaces. The mountains had changed color: the nearest ranges were black with the myriads of the grim black branches of the denuded forest; far away they stretched in parallel lines, rising tier above tier, and showing numberless gradations of a dreary, neutral tint, which grew ever fainter in the distance, till merged in the uniform tone of the sombre sky.

In-doors it was certainly more cheerful. A hickory fire dispensed alike warmth and light. The musical whir of a spinning-wheel added its unique charm. From the rafters depended numberless strings of bright red pepper-pods and ears of pop-corn; hanks of woolen and cotton yarn; bunches of medicinal herbs; brown gourds and little bags of seeds. On rude shelves against the wall were ranged cooking utensils, drinking vessels, etc., all distinguished by that scrupulous cleanliness which is a marked feature of the poor hovels of these mountaineers, and in striking contrast to the poor hovels of lowlanders. The rush-bottomed chairs, drawn in a semicircle before the rough, ill-adjusted stones which did duty as hearth, were occupied by several men, who seemed to be making the blacksmith a prolonged visit; various members of the family were humbly seated on sundry inverted domestic articles, such as wash-tubs, and split-baskets made of white oak. There was circulating among Jerry Shaw's friends a flat bottle, facetiously denominated "tickler," readily emptied, but as readily replenished from a keg in the corner. Like the widow's cruse of oil that keg was miraculously never empty. The fact of a still near by in the wild ravine might suggest a reason for its perennial flow. It was a good strong article of apple-brandy, and its effects were beginning to be distinctly visible.

Truly the ethereal woodland flower

seemed strangely incongruous with these brutal and uncouth conditions of her life, as she stood at a little distance from this group, spinning at her wheel. Chevis felt a sudden sharp pang of pity for her when he glanced toward her; the next instant he had forgotten it in his interest in her work. It was altogether at variance with the ideas which he had hitherto entertained concerning that humble handicraft. There came across him a vague recollection from his city life that the peasant girls of art galleries and of the lyric stage were wont to sit at the wheel. "But perhaps they were spinning flax," he reflected. This spinning was a matter of walking back and forth with smooth, measured steps and graceful, undulatory motion; a matter, too, of much pretty gesticulation, — the thread in one hand, the other regulating the whirl of the wheel. He thought he had never seen attitudes so charming.

Jerry Shaw hastened to abdicate and offer one of the rush-bottomed chairs with the eager hospitality characteristic of these mountaineers, — a hospitality that meets a stranger on the threshold of every hut, presses upon him, ungrudgingly, its best, and follows him on his departure with protestations of regret out to the rickety fence. Chevis was more or less known to all of the visitors, and after a little, under the sense of familiarity and the impetus of the apple-brandy, the talk flowed on as freely as before his entrance. It was wilder and more antagonistic to his principles and prejudices than anything he had hitherto heard among these people, and he looked on and listened, interested in this new development of the phase of life which he had thought he had sounded from its lowest note to the top of its compass. He was glad to remain; the scene had impressed his cultivated perceptions as an interior by Teniers might have done, and the vehemence and lawlessness of the conversation and the threats of violence had little reality for him; if he thought about the subject under discussion at all, it was with a reassuring conviction that before the plans could be carried out the already intoxicated mountaineers would be helplessly drunk. Nevertheless, he glanced ever and anon at the young girl, loath that she should hear it, lest its virulent, angry bitterness should startle her. She was evidently listening, too, but her fair face was as calm and untroubled as one of the pure white faces of those flower-stars of his early stay in the mountains.

"Them Peels ought n't ter be let live!" exclaimed Elijah Burr, a gigantic fellow, arrayed in brown jeans, with the accompaniments of knife, powder-horn, etc., usual with the hunters of the range; his gun stood, with those of the other guests, against the wall in a corner of the room. "They ought n't ter be let live, an' I 'd top off all three of 'em fur the skin an' horns of a deer."

"That thar is a true word," assented Jerry Shaw. "They oughter be run down an' kilt, — all three o' them Peels."

Chevis could not forbear a question. Always on the alert to add to his stock of knowledge of men and minds, always analyzing his own inner life and the inner life of those about him, he said, turning to his intoxicated host, "Who are the Peels, Mr. Shaw, — if I may ask?"

"Who air the Peels?" repeated Jerry Shaw, making a point of seizing the question. "They air the meanest men in these hyar mountings. Yer might hunt from Copperhead Ridge ter Christel River, an' the whole spread o' the valley, an' never hear tell o' no sech no-'count critters."

"They ought n't ter be let live!" again urged Elijah Burr. "No man ez treats his wife like that dad-burned scoundrel Ike Peel do oughter be let live. That thar woman is my sister an' Jerry Shaw's cousin, — an' I shot him down in his own door year afore las'. I shot him ter kill; but somehow 'nother I war that shaky, an' the cussed gun hung fire a-fust, an' that thar pore wife o' his'n screamed an' hollered so, that I never done nothin' arter all but lay him up for four month an' better for that thar pore critter ter nuss. He 'll see a mighty differ nex' time I gits my chance.

An' 't ain't fur off," he added threateningly.

"Would n't it be better to persuade her to leave him?" suggested Chevis pacifically, without, however, any wild idea of playing peace-maker between fire and tow.

Burr growled a fierce oath, and then was silent.

A slow fellow on the opposite side of the fireplace explained: "Thar 's whar all the trouble kem from. She would n't leave him, fur all he treated her awful. She said ez how he war mighty good ter her when he warn't drunk. So 'Lijah shot him."

This way of cutting the Gordian knot of domestic difficulties might have proved efficacious but for the shakiness induced by the thrill of fraternal sentiment, the infusion of apple-brandy, the protest of the bone of contention, and the hanging fire of the treacherous gun. Elijah Burr could remember no other failure of aim for twenty years.

"He won't git shet of me that easy agin!" Burr declared, with another pull at the flat tickler. "But ef it hed n't hev been fur what happened las' week, I mought hev let him off fur awhile," he continued, evidently actuated by some curiously distorted sense of duty in the premises. "I oughter hev kilt him afore. But now the cussed critter is a gone coon. Dad-burn the whole tribe!"

Chevis was desirous of knowing what had happened last week. He did not, however, feel justified in asking more questions. But "apple-jack" is a potent tongue-loosener, and the unwonted communicativeness of the stolid and silent mountaineers attested its strength in this regard. Jerry Shaw, without inquiry, enlightened him.

"Yer see," he said, turning to Chevis, "'Lijah he thought ez how ef he could git that fool woman ter come ter his house, he could shoot Ike fur his meanness 'thout botherin' of her, an' things would all git easy agin. Waal, he went thar one day when all them Peels, the whole lay-out, war gone down ter the Settlemint ter hear the rider preach, an' he jes' run away with two of the brats, — the littlest ones, yer onderstand, — a-thinkin' he mought tole her off from Ike that thar way. We hearn ez how the pore critter war nigh on ter distracted 'bout 'em, but Ike never let her come arter 'em. Leastways, she never come. Las' week Ike come fur 'em hisself, — him an' them two cussed brothers o' his'n. All 'Lijah's folks war out'n the way; him an' his boys war off a-huntin', an' his wife hed gone down ter the spring, a haffen mile an' better, a-washin' clothes; nobody war ter the house 'ceptin' them two chillen o' Ike's. An' Ike an' his brothers jes' tuk the chillen away, an' set fire ter the house; an' time 'Lijah's wife got thar, 't war nothin' but a pile o' ashes. So we 've determinated ter go up yander ter Laurel Notch, twenty mile along the ridge of the mounting, ter-night, an' wipe out them Peels, — 'kase they air a-going ter move away. That thar wife o' Ike's, what made all the trouble, hev fretted an' fretted at Ike till he hev determinated ter break up an' wagon across the range ter Kaintucky, whar his uncle lives in the hills thar. Ike hev gin his consent ter go jes' ter pleasure her, 'kase she air mos' crazed ter git Ike away whar 'Lijah can't kill him. Ike's brothers is a-goin', too. I hearn ez how they 'll make a start at noon ter-morrer."

"They 'll never start ter Kaintucky ter-morrer," said Burr, grimly. "They 'll git off, afore that, fur hell, stiddier Kaintucky. I hev been a-tryin' ter make out ter shoot that thar man ever sence that thar gal war married ter him, seven year ago, — seven year an' better. But what with her a-foolin' round, an' a-talkin', an' a-goin' on like she war distracted — she run right 'twixt him an' the muzzle of my gun wunst, or I would hev hed him that time fur sure — an' somehow 'nother that critter makes me so shaky with her ways of goin' on that I feel like I hain't got good sense, an' can't git no good aim at nothin'. Nex' time, though, thar 'll be a differ. She ain't a-goin' ter Kaintucky along of him ter be beat fur nothin' when he 's drunk."

It was a pitiable picture presented to Chevis's open-eyed imagination, — this woman standing for years between the two men she loved: holding back her brother from his vengeance of her wrongs by that subtle influence that shook his aim; and going into exile with her brute of a husband when that influence had waned and failed, and her wrongs were supplemented by deep and irreparable injuries to her brother. And the curious, moral attitude of the man: the strong fraternal feeling that alternately nerved and weakened his revengeful hand.

"We air goin' thar 'bout two o'clock ter-night," said Jerry Shaw, "and wipe out all three o' them Peels, — Ike an' his two brothers."

"They ought n't ter be let live," reiterated Elijah Burr, moodily. Did he speak to his faintly stirring conscience, or to a woful premonition of his sister's grief?

"They 'll all three be stiff an' stark afore daybreak," resumed Jerry Shaw. "We air all kin ter 'Lijah, an' we air goin' ter help him top off them Peels. Thar 's ten of us an' three of them, an' we won't hev no trouble 'bout it. An' we 'll bring that pore critter, Ike's wife, an' her chillen hyar ter stay. She 's welcome ter live along of us till 'Lijah kin fix some sort 'n place fur her an' the little chillen. Thar won't be no trouble a-gittin rid of the men folks, ez thar is ten of us an' three o' them, an' we air goin' ter take 'em in the night."

There was a protest from an unexpected quarter. The whir of the spinning-wheel was abruptly silenced. "I don't see no sense," said Celia Shaw, her singing monotone vibrating in the sudden lull, — "I don't see no sense in shootin' folks down like they war nothin' better nor bear, nor deer, nor suthin wild. I don't see no sense in it. An' I never did see none."

There was an astonished pause.

"Shet up, Cely! Shet up!" exclaimed Jerry Shaw, in mingled anger and surprise. "Them folks ain't no better nor bear, nor sech. They hain't got no right ter live, — them Peels."

"No, that they hain't!" said Burr.

"They is powerful no-'count critters, I know," replied the little woodland flower, the firelight bright in her opaline eyes and on the flakes of burnished gold gleaming in the dark masses of her hair. "They is always a-hangin' round the still an' a-gittin' drunk; but I don't see no sense in a-huntin 'em down an' a-killin' 'em off. 'Pears ter me like they air better nor the dumb ones. I don't see no sense in shootin' 'em."

"Shet up, Cely! Shet up!" reiterated Shaw.

Celia said no more. Reginald Chevis was pleased with this indication of her sensibility; the other women — her mother and grandmother — had heard the whole recital with the utmost indifference, as they sat by the fire monotonously carding cotton. She was beyond her station in sentiment, he thought. However, he was disposed to recant this favorable estimate of her higher nature when, twice afterward, she stopped her work, and, filling the bottle from the keg, pressed it upon her father, despite her unfavorable criticism of the hangers-on of stills. Nay, she insisted. "Drink some more," she said. "Yer hain't got half enough yit." Had the girl no pity for the already drunken creature? She seemed systematically trying to make him even more helpless than he was.

He had fallen into a deep sleep before Chevis left the house, and the bottle was circulating among the other men with a rapidity that boded little harm to the unconscious Ike Peel and his brothers at Laurel Notch, twenty miles away. As Chevis mounted Strathspey he saw the horses of Jerry Shaw's friends standing partly within and partly without the blacksmith's shop. They would stand there all night, he thought. It was darker when he commenced the ascent of the mountain than he had anticipated. And what was this driving against his face, — rain? No, it was snow. He had not started a moment too soon. But Strathspey, by reason of frequent travel, knew every foot of the way, and perhaps there would only be a flurry. And so he went on steadily up and up the wild, winding road among the great, bare,

black trees and the grim heights and chasms. The snow fell fast, — so fast and so silently; before he was half-way to the summit he had lost the vague companionship of the sound of his horse's hoofs, now muffled in the thick carpet so suddenly flung upon the ground. Still the snow fell, and when he had reached the mountain's brow the ground was deeply covered, and the whole aspect of the scene was strange. But though obscured by the fast-flying flakes, he knew that down in the bosom of the white valley there glittered still that changeless star.

"Still spinning, I suppose," he said to himself, as he looked toward it and thought of the interior of the log-cabin below. And then he turned into the tent to enjoy his cigar, his æsthetic reveries, and a bottle of wine.

But the wheel was no longer awhirl. Both music and musician were gone. Toiling along the snow-filled mountain ways; struggling with the fierce gusts of wind as they buffeted and hindered her, and fluttered derisively among her thin, worn, old garments; shivering as the driving flakes came full into the pale, calm face, and fell in heavier and heavier wreaths upon the dappled calico sunbonnet; threading her way through unfrequented woodland paths, that she might shorten the distance; now deftly on the verge of a precipice, whence a false step of those coarse, rough shoes would fling her into the unimaginable abysses below; now on the sides of steep ravines, falling sometimes with the treacherous, sliding snow, but never faltering; tearing her hands on the shrubs and vines she clutched to help her forward, and bruised and bleeding, but still going on; trembling more than with the cold, but never turning back, when a sudden noise in the terrible loneliness of the sheeted woods suggested the proximity of a wild beast, or perhaps, to her ignorant, superstitious mind, a supernatural presence, — thus she journeyed on her errand of deliverance.

Her fluttering breath came and went in quick gasps; her failing limbs wearily dragged through the deep drifts; the cruel winds untiringly lashed her; the snow soaked through the faded green cotton dress to the chilled white skin, — it seemed even to the dull blood coursing feebly through her freezing veins. But she had small thought for herself during these long, slow hours of endurance and painful effort. Her pale lips moved now and then with muttered speculations: how the time went by; whether they had discovered her absence at home; and whether the fleeter horsemen were even now plowing their way through the longer, winding mountain road. Her only hope was to outstrip their speed. Her prayer — this untaught being! she had no prayer, except perhaps her life; the life she was so ready to imperil. She had no high, cultured sensibilities to sustain her. There was no instinct stirring within her that might have nerved her to save her father's, or her brother's, or a benefactor's life. She held the creatures that she would have died to warn in low estimation, and spoke of them with reprobation and contempt. She had known no religious training, holding up forever the sublimest ideal. The measureless mountain wilds were not more infinite to her than that great mystery. Perhaps, without any philosophy, she stood upon the basis of a common humanity.

When the silent horsemen, sobered by the chill night air and the cold snow, made their cautious approach to the little porch of Ike Peel's log-hut at Laurel Notch, there was a thrill of dismayed surprise among them to discover the door standing half open, the house empty of its scanty furniture and goods, its owners fled, the very dogs disappeared; only, on the rough stones before the dying fire, Celia Shaw, falling asleep and waking by fitful starts.

"Jerry Shaw swore ez how he would hev shot that thar gal o' his'n, — that thar Cely," Hi Bates said to Chevis and Varney the next day, when he recounted the incident, "only he did n't think she hed her right mind; a-walkin' through this hyar deep snow full fifteen mile, — it 's fifteen mile by the short cut ter Laurel Notch, — ter git

Ike Peel's folks off 'fore 'Lijah an' her father could come up an' settle Ike an' his brothers. Leastways, 'Lijah an' the t'others, fur Jerry hed got so drunk he could n't go; he war dead asleep till terday, when they come back a-fotching the gal with 'em. That thar Cely Shaw never did look ter me like she hed good sense, nohow. Always looked like she war queer an' tetched in the head."

There was a furtive gleam of speculation on the dull face of the mountaineer when his two listeners broke into enthusiastic commendation of the girl's high heroism and courage. The man of ledgers swore that he had never heard of anything so fine, and that he himself would walk through fifteen miles of snow and midnight wilderness for the honor of shaking hands with her. There was that keen thrill about their hearts sometimes felt in crowded theatres, responsive to the cleverly simulated heroism of the boards; or in listening to a poet's mid-air song; or in looking upon some grand and ennobling phase of life translated on a great painter's canvas.

Hi Bates thought that perhaps they too were a little "tetched in the head."

There had fallen upon Chevis a sense of deep humiliation. Celia Shaw had heard no more of that momentous conversation than he; a wide contrast was suggested. He began to have a glimmering perception that despite all his culture, his sensibility, his yearnings toward humanity, he was not so high a thing in the scale of being; that he had placed a false estimate upon himself. He had looked down on her with a mingled pity for her dense ignorance, her coarse surroundings, her low station, and a dilettante's delight in picturesque effects, and with no recognition of the moral splendors of that star in the valley. A realization, too, was upon him that fine feelings are of most avail as the motive power of fine deeds.

He and his friend went down together to the little log-cabin. There had been only jeers and taunts and reproaches for Celia Shaw from her own people. These she had expected, and she had stolidly borne them. But she listened to the fine speeches of the city-bred men with a vague wonderment on her flower-like face, — whiter than ever to-day.

"It was a splendid — a noble thing to do," said Varney, warmly.

"I shall never forget it," said Chevis. "It will always be like a sermon to me."

There was something more that Reginald Chevis never forgot: the look on her face as he turned and left her forever; for he was on his way back to his former life, so far removed from her and all her ideas and imaginings. He pondered long upon that look in her inscrutable eyes, — was it suffering, some keen pang of despair? — as he rode down and down the valley, all unconscious of the heart-break he left behind him. He thought of it often afterward; he never penetrated its mystery.

He heard of her only once again. On the eve of a famous day, when visiting the outposts of a gallant corps, Reginald Chevis chanced to recognize in a sentinel the gawky mountaineer who had been his guide through those autumnal woods so far away. Hi Bates was afterward sought out and honored with an interview in the general's tent; for the accidental encounter had evoked many pleasant reminiscences in Chevis's mind, and among other questions he wished to ask was what had become of Jerry Shaw's daughter.

"She 's dead, — long ago," answered Hi Bates. "She died afore the winter war over the year ez yer war a-huntin' thar. She never hed good sense ter my way o' thinkin', nohow, an' one night she run away an' walked 'bout fifteen mile through a big snow-storm. Some say it settled on her chist. Anyhow, she jes sorter fell away like afterward, an' never held up her head good no more. She always war a slim little critter, an' looked like she war tetched in the head."

There are many things that suffer unheeded in those mountains: the birds that freeze on the trees; the wounded deer that leaves its cruel kind to die alone; the despairing, flying fox with its pursuing train of savage dogs and men. And the jutting crag whence had

shone the camp-fire she had so often watched — her star set forever — looked far over the valley beneath, where in one of those sad little rural grave-yards she had been laid so long ago.

But Reginald Chevis has never forgotten her. Whenever he sees the earliest star spring into the evening sky, he remembers the answering red gleam of that star in the valley.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

It is now two years since the country was suddenly plunged, after one of the most exciting presidential campaigns in its history, into a dispute over the result of the election quite without precedent. It lasted from the day of voting, in November, until the day of inauguration, in March. It threatened, in the opinion of many people, to involve the country in a civil war, and it excited passions which even yet have been by no means allayed, but which, on the contrary, promise in the next contest, only two years hence, to produce much trouble. The masses of the democratic party still insist that they fairly carried the election of 1876, and the masses of the republican party still insist that, but for the intimidation and frauds resorted to by their opponents, the election would have been in their favor "on the face of the returns." With this persistence of an old quarrel staring us in the face, it might have been presumed that the dangers of popular tumult and commotion revealed by the election of 1876, which it is nobody's interest to perpetuate, would by this time have been thoroughly traced to their causes, and that efficient legislative measures would have been devised to guard against them in the future. The matter has indeed engaged the attention of both houses of Congress, and committees have been appointed to draw up bills; but as yet nothing final has been accomplished. If at the next meeting of Congress no act is passed, it is quite safe to predict that none will be before 1880, and that we shall in that year be confronted again by precisely the same perils which we so narrowly escaped in 1876. It is not too early, then, to consider what the main features of any measure to be adopted by Congress ought to be.

It is important to observe at the outset that there has been a good deal of confusion in the popular mind and in the public press on the subject of what the dangers revealed by the campaign of 1876 actually were. This is in part due to the great complexity of the presidential electoral machinery, and in part to the protracted duration of the canvass of the returns, which gave ample time for numerous questions to arise calculated to distract and distort the popular judgment. It is difficult, too, even now for any one to approach the subject except from the position of a partisan with preconceived views as to the facts of the election. The question is indeed an extremely simple one from a partisan point of view. To any one who believes Tilden was elected, the return of Hayes by the States of Louisiana and Florida was a mere fraud; it was not a question of machinery, but of honesty. To any one who believes that it was right to go "behind the returns" to see who was really elected, the whole difficulty arose from the fact that large numbers of voters were excluded from the polls by intimidation and violence. It is proper therefore to say that the writer of the present article adopts neither one nor other of these views, but endeavors to look at the facts in the light in which they might present themselves (if there be such a character) to an impartial historian.

Fifty years hence, then, it may be imagined that the disputes of 1876 will appear to our descendants in somewhat this light: The campaign was remarkable as being the first since the war in which the democrats and the republicans were pitted against each other on nearly equal terms. The republicans had held possession of the government for sixteen years, had carried it through a bloody civil war, and were in full possession of all its branches. The democrats, on the other hand, after having been almost destroyed as a party in 1872, had recovered a great part of the strength they possessed before the war, and this mainly through a second time obtaining political control of the South, by means of the negro vote, placed within their grasp by the enfranchisement of the freedmen. This enfranchisement had in fact given them more power than before, inasmuch as it had enlarged the basis of representation. The curious spectacle was therefore presented, twelve years after the close of a war which was supposed to have killed "sectional" politics at the root, of a division on the old party lines of North and South. More strange still, it was seen from the first that the election might very likely turn on the vote of one or two of these very Southern States, in which the majority of the voters were black, and therefore according to the democratic theory probably conservative, according to the republican theory necessarily republican. For there has been nothing more curious about the politics of the South since the war than the manner in which the whites, in State after State, although originally disfranchised and excluded from all participation in politics, have gradually, as they have from time to time again gained political rights, renewed control of their former slaves, even in States in which the latter greatly outnumbered them. That this reassertion of the political supremacy of the white race was natural and inevitable under the circumstances of the South seems clear from the fact that it was the result of a movement extending over the whole South, fiercely opposed at first whenever it showed its head, and carried on in the teeth of constitutional amendments, statutes, the civil service, and even the army and navy. Every external force which can be brought to bear upon the machinery of government the republicans had tried, and tried in vain. The forces by which, in the long run, the superior race leads and controls the inferior race it was too far off to use. It is not necessary to defend or to attack the means adopted by the Southern whites to recover possession of their States. The important thing to be borne in mind is that by the use of these means the black had already ceased, in most of the Southern States, to count as a political force, except in the hands of his former master; while in the two or three States on which the election turned the process of reducing him to a political nonentity had proceeded just far enough to make each party confident that a majority of the voters was on its side. In Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina, the whole machinery of government was still in republican hands, and recent elections showed republican majorities; while at the same time the process called by the republicans "intimidation," and by the democrats "conciliation," had reached that point at which the latter felt confident that the negroes had changed sides, and were prepared to change their votes.

It would be difficult to imagine soil better fitted to produce a contested election than this, and to increase the danger the campaign was conducted on both sides with great bitterness, which the revival of a sectional division did not tend to mitigate. The campaign ended, as many people feared it would, in a dispute over the result turning on the election in three Southern States. The quarrel lasted until the middle of the winter, when, by a compromise between the two parties in Congress, a tribunal of final and conclusive jurisdiction was erected which did indeed determine the questions at issue, but unfortunately by such strict party votes as to rob its decision of a great deal of the weight which was hoped for it. For, without expressing

any opinion as to the merits of the decisions of the electoral tribunal, it cannot be disputed that the great good which was hoped for from it — the cessation of all discussion about the title to the presidency — was not attained. The decisions of the tribunal were not accepted as conclusive by those for whose persuasion it was contrived, — the defeated party.

That such a result should have at first suggested much severe criticism of an electoral system under which it was possible was only natural. It was particularly so where, as in the case of this country, the electoral machinery is peculiar and anomalous in character, and the provisions of the law with regard to ascertaining the result of a presidential election scanty, if not obscure. At the same time it by no means follows from this that the criticisms were just, or that we should be any better off under any other system. It is a disagreeable thing for us to have to face, but it is possible that the troubles of 1876 had much deeper causes than any to be found in the electoral system or the provisions of law relating to the count. It will be the duty of the historian to analyze these causes: to decide how far the electoral dispute of 1876 was due to the corruption and partisanship prevalent throughout the country; to the debased condition of the political class; to the failure of both political parties to supply the public with issues formed upon new questions of vital importance which had arisen since the war; to the disappearance from the political stage of statesmanlike capacity and leadership, and the appearance in their room of low jobbery and intrigue; to the loss among the people themselves of their interest in political principles, and the spread among them in its stead of a keen appetite for the excitement of elections and place-hunting; to a deterioration, in fact, of those political qualities of the masses which have hitherto made self-government possible. Speculations of this nature must, however, be left to others. What we have to do with now are the practical questions suggested by the electoral troubles of 1876; and of these the first is whether we have any reason to be dissatisfied with the electoral system considered simply as a piece of political machinery.

At the first blush the answer to this seems obvious. There is nothing in our political system so antiquated and absurd as our electoral machinery. It is admitted on all hands that it does not work as it was intended to by the framers of the government. In fact, nothing can be more ludicrous than the difference between the idea and the reality. The electoral college was to be a college of notables. It is for the most part a college of nobodies. It was intended deliberately to select the president of the United States. It does not either deliberate or select. It was intended that the people should, in the first instance, have nothing to do with the actual choice of president. As a matter of fact they decide it. The only points at which the electoral body or its proceedings correspond with the original scheme are that the voting is by States, and that the electors do actually meet and go through the form of voting.

It is easy to trace numerous evils to this anomalous condition of affairs. The fact that the electoral voting is by States, whose electors formally decide, while the primary balloting is by popular constituencies, who merely choose the electors, makes it a matter of not infrequent occurrence that the majority of the whole people vote for a candidate who fails of his election through the secondary vote of the electors. Again, the insignificance and irresponsible character of most of the persons who compose the electoral colleges make the danger of fraud and corruption very great. The evidence taken recently by the Potter committee shows this very strikingly. Although there has been no proof of actual bribery, witness after witness, on one side and the other, has appeared with stories of attempted corruption which failed through no lack of appetite for bribes; if there was no actual bribery by either party, it must apparently have been due to the fierce

glare of publicity which beat upon the electoral colleges at that time rather than to the purity of the persons approached. In another way the danger of having important political duties devolved upon boards of insignificant and for the most part unknown clerks has been made clear. It appears from the evidence of Mr. Ferry (president of the senate at the time of the count) that in a large number of the States the duties of the electoral colleges were so badly performed that there were irregularities in the certificate of the result of the vote on the outside of the package containing it. The form of this certificate is prescribed by law, and nothing but the grossest carelessness and incompetency could possibly account for such irregularities. But the errors go far below the surface. In Louisiana it is clearly proved that the Hayes electors were so ignorant of their duties that they voted in the first instance for president and vice-president on single instead of separate ballots, in plain violation of the constitution itself. There is no doubt that they intended that their certificate should conform to the requirements of law, but they did not even examine the law to see what it was. It may be said that mistakes of this sort may be made by any board of politicians, and so they may; but it would certainly seem as if bodies charged with a political duty as important as the election of a president should be composed of better and more intelligent material than ordinary political boards. If the possibility of a presidential election being decided by a popular minority is distasteful to large numbers of people, how would they take the determination of a presidential election by a technical error in the returns made by the electors? This question was suggested, though not settled, by the electoral troubles of 1876.

In examining the electoral system, the first question which occurs is, Why was it ever introduced? It is difficult for us to conceive why, a hundred years ago, a device the hollowness of which is so apparent now should have recommended itself to the able men who drew up the constitution. Their debates in convention, however, leave little room for doubt that the plan of electoral colleges was adopted because, first, every other plan seemed to present insuperable obstacles; second, because this plan had never been tried, and, like many another theoretical scheme, worked well on paper; and, third, because the jealousy of the States made it a *sine qua non* of any plan that it should not let state influence be swamped in the selection of an executive. In the convention there was no plan without its advocates. It was proposed to try election of the executive by Congress; by the people; by the senate; by electors chosen by the state executives; by electors chosen by the state legislatures; by state legislatures in a certain ratio; by electors taken by lot from Congress. It may be worth while to glance at some of the reasons, *pro* and *con*, that were advanced in the debates.

On June 2, 1787, in committee of the whole, the election of president came up, and was discussed by several members of the convention. Mr. Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, criticised and opposed the plan of election by the Congress. "There would be," he urged, "a constant intrigue kept up for the appointment. The legislature and the candidates would bargain and play into one another's hands. Votes would be given by the former under promises or expectations from the latter of recompensing them by services to members of the legislature or their friends." Referring to the plan of James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, of having the States divided into districts which should choose electors who should meet and ballot for president (what is now known as the district plan), he said that he liked the principle put forward, but "feared it would alarm and give a handle to the state partisans, as tending to supersede altogether the state authorities. He thought the community not yet ripe for stripping the States of their powers, even such as might not be requisite for local purposes. He was for waiting till the people should feel more the necessity of it. He seemed," the report continues, "to prefer the taking the suffrages of the States instead of

electors; or letting the legislatures nominate, and the electors appoint. He was not clear that the people ought to act directly, even in the choice of electors, being too little informed of personal characters in large districts, and liable to deceptions." Mr. Williamson, of North Carolina, "could see no advantage in the introduction of electors chosen by the people, who would stand in the same relation to them as the state legislatures."

The question came up again in convention on July 17th. Mr. Gouverneur Morris, of Pennsylvania, urged further objections against electing the president by Congress. "He will," Mr. Morris said, "be the mere creature of the legislature, if appointed and impeachable by that body. He ought to be elected by the people at large, by the freeholders of the country."[1] He admitted that difficulties attended this method, but he pointed out that they had been found surmountable in New York and Connecticut, and would, he thought, be found so in the case of an executive of the United States. "If the people should elect, they will never fail to prefer some man of distinguished character or services; some man, if he might so speak, of continental reputation. If the legislature elect, it will be the work of intrigue, of cabal, and of faction; it will be like the election of a Pope by a conclave of cardinals; real merit will rarely be the title to the appointment." Roger Sherman brought forward what appears now like a very odd argument on the other side. He objected to election by the people, or the freeholders of the country, on the ground that they would "never give a majority of votes to any one man. They will generally vote for some man in their own State, and the largest State will have the best chance for the appointment." Mr. Wilson spoke in favor of election by the people. It appears from the report of his remarks that the example of Poland had been brought up as an argument on the other side; but the cases he considered totally dissimilar. "The Polish nobles have resources and dependents which enable them to appear in force, and to threaten the republic as well as each other. In the next place, the electors all assemble at one place, which would not be the case with us. The second argument is that a majority of the people would never concur. It might be answered that the concurrence of a majority of the people is not a necessary principle of election, nor required as such in any of the States. But allowing the objection all its force, it may be obviated by the expedient used in Massachusetts, where the legislature, by a majority of voices, decide in case a majority of the people do not concur in favor of one of the candidates. This would restrain the choice to a good nomination at least, and prevent a great deal of intrigue and cabal." Mr. Wilson added that a particular objection with him against an absolute election by the legislature was that the executive, in that case, would be too dependent "to stand the mediator between the intrigues and sinister views of the representatives and the general liberties and interests of the people."[2] Mr. Pinckney followed Mr. Wilson against an election by the people, insisting that Congress "being most immediately interested with laws made by themselves will be most attentive to the choice of a fit man to carry them properly into execution;" and mentioning among the "obvious and striking objections" to a popular election

[1] It will be noticed that Mr. Morris's "people" is a much more limited body than that which the term now implies. He cannot fairly be quoted as in favor of what is now known as the plan of "election by the people."

[2] Throughout these debates the prevailing conception of the executive which the convention was to call into being was derived from England, where the struggles between king and Parliament struck them as the most probable type of the relations between the executive and legislature in all free countries. And it is quite clear that they were right. We have seen within the last few years a cabal in the senate gain such complete control of a president as to rob him of all desire to stand as a mediator for "the general liberties and interests of the people;" so that his successor felt it necessary to take the position of mediator at the outset of his administration, and to notify Congress of his intention to keep the executive free from its interference. To be sure, the framers of the government did not see that it was through a perverted civil service that the dangers they dreaded were to come; they had no knowledge of any such civil service as ours.

the danger that the people would be led "by a few active and designing men," and that "the most populous States, by combining in favor of the same individual, will be able to carry their points." The zeal of the debate on this point is very curious.

Mr. Gouverneur Morris: "It is said that in case of an election by the people the populous States will combine and elect whom they please. Just the reverse. The people of such States cannot combine. If there be any combination, it must be among their representatives in the legislature. It is said the people will be led by a few designing men. This might happen in a small district. It can never happen throughout the continent. In the election of a governor of New York, it sometimes is the case, in particular spots, that the activity and intrigues of little partisans are successful; but the general voice of the State is never influenced by such artifices. It is said the multitude will be uninformed. It is true, they would be uninformed of what passed in the legislative conclave if the election were to be made there; but they will not be uninformed of those great and illustrious characters which have merited their esteem and confidence. If the executive be chosen by the national legislature he will not be independent of it; and if not independent, usurpation and tyranny on the part of the legislature will be the consequence. This was the case in England in the last century. It has been the case in Holland, where their senates have engrossed all power. It has been the case everywhere. He was surprised that an election by the people at large should ever have been likened to the Polish election of the first magistrate. An election by the legislature will bear a real likeness to the election by the Diet of Poland. The great must be the electors in both cases, and the corruption and cabal which are known to characterize the one would soon find their way into the other. Appointments made by numerous bodies are always worse than those made by single responsible individuals, or by the people at large."

Colonel Mason: "It is curious to remark the different language held at different times. At one moment we are told that the legislature is entitled to thorough confidence and to indefinite power. At another, that it will be governed by intrigue and corruption, and cannot be trusted at all. But, not to dwell on this inconsistency, he would observe that a government which is to last ought at least to be practicable. Would this be the case if the proposed election should be left to the people at large? He conceived it would be as unnatural to refer the choice of a proper character for chief magistrate to the people as it would to refer a trial of colors to a blind man. The extent of the country renders it impossible that the people can have the requisite capacity to judge of the respective pretensions of the candidates."

Mr. Wilson "could not see the contrariety stated by Colonel Mason. The legislature might deserve confidence in some respects, and distrust in others: in acts which were to affect them and their constituents precisely alike, confidence was due; in others, jealousy was warranted. In the appointments to great offices, where the legislature might feel many motives not common to the public, confidence was surely misplaced. This branch of business, it was notorious, was the most corruptly managed of any that had been committed to legislative bodies."

Mr. Williamson "conceived that there was the same difference between an election, in this case, by the people and by the legislature as between an appointment by lot and by choice. There are at present distinguished characters who are known perhaps to almost every man. This will not always be the case. The people will be sure to vote for some man in their own State; and the largest State will be sure to succeed."

A vote was now taken on the question of a popular as against a legislative election, and it was lost by the votes of nine States against one (Pennsylvania). On a motion that the executive be chosen by electors appointed by the state legislatures, the vote was again in the negative,

and the question of the choice by Congress recurring, the vote was unanimous in the affirmative.

But the arguments against putting the election in the hands of Congress had been urged with so much force, and were so strong in themselves, that the question was brought up later (July 24th), in convention, for reconsideration, when two new suggestions were offered. Mr. Williamson said that "he did not like the unity in the executive. He had wished the executive power to be lodged in three men, taken from three districts, into which the States should be divided. As the executive is to have a kind of veto on the laws, and there is an essential difference of interests between the Northern and Southern States, particularly in the carrying trade, the power will be dangerous, if the executive is to be taken from part of the Union, to the part from which he is not taken. . . . Another objection against a single magistrate is that he will be an elective king, and will feel the spirit of one. He will spare no pains to keep himself in for life, and will then lay a train for the succession of his children. It was pretty certain, he thought, that we should at some time or other have a king; but he wished no precaution to be omitted that might postpone the event as long as possible." Mr. Gerry moved that the legislatures of the States should vote by ballot for the executive, "in the same proportions as it had been proposed that they should choose electors." On a vote being taken, the appointment by the national legislature was again adopted, but by a diminished vote. On the next day the clause relating to the executive again came under consideration, but no new arguments or plans of importance were advanced, except by Mr. Gerry, who, reverting to the dangers of popular election, suggested that the ignorance of the people would put it in the power of any one powerful set of men, "dispersed through the Union, and acting in concert, to delude them into any appointment." He observed that "such a society of men existed in the order of the Cincinnati. They are respectable, united, and influential. They will, in fact, elect the chief magistrate in every instance, if the election be referred to the people. His respect for the characters composing this society could not blind him to the danger and impropriety of throwing such a power into their hands."

It is not necessary to give any further extracts to show the general drift of the debate. Repeated voting in favor of appointment by Congress left the question still unsettled, and the matter was finally referred to a committee of eleven, which reported the electoral system substantially as it was adopted by the convention, and as it has remained, with slight alterations, down to the present time.

It will be noticed that the convention, after determining originally upon appointment by the national legislature, changed suddenly to the present system. The change was effected through the report of a committee; and nothing is more remarkable in the proceedings of the convention than the slightness of the reasons advanced in favor of the report, compared with the great weight and elaboration of the arguments against every other plan. It devolved upon Mr. Gouverneur Morris to explain (in convention, September 4th) the reasons of the committee and his own, and he did so in a speech which in the Madison papers takes up less than twenty lines. It is plain throughout that the great difficulty was to unite on any plan, and that the great recommendation of that adopted was that it did not arouse state jealousy, and no one really knew how it would work.

No one can examine these early debates on the subject without being convinced that no plan for the choice of an executive which could be devised failed at that time to receive the careful consideration of the convention, and that it is highly improbable that any plan of those which are now talked of has even as much chance of adoption as any one plan had then. After all, there are only a certain limited number of ways in which a president can be elected. He must be chosen, as was pointed out in one

of the speeches in the convention which we have not space to quote, either by some political body now in existence, or by some body to be called into existence for the purpose. That any such body can be created which could do the work much better than the electoral colleges is very doubtful; and it is rendered more doubtful by the fact that, while the election of 1876 produced a general feeling that something was wrong, no strong indications of what the change introduced should be have made their appearance.

But assuming that change is desirable, there is one reason why any hope that the electoral system will be changed by constitutional amendment must be very moderate. The old state jealousy may perhaps be said to have died out. It was founded on state sovereignty and independence, which have been on the decline ever since the constitution was adopted. But there has arisen in place of that feeling a sentiment of political jealousy, which, so far as the presidential elections are concerned, has a force quite as great. The large States have, under the present system, an enormous power, in determining not merely the result of the election, but of the nominations. It is very evident from the extracts from the debates in convention that the framers of the constitution never foresaw the operation of the nominating convention. In this body the effect of the electoral system is to give to one or two States a chance of gaining complete control. And this is inevitable, for in a close contest the control of one or two of the largest States will, in the electoral vote, determine the result. In such a case the leaders of the dominant party virtually say to the nominating body, We can, if such and such a man is nominated, give you a sufficient number of votes completely to neutralize any probable majority against us. Such an appeal is very powerful. It dictated the democratic nomination two years ago, and in the opinion of a good many people is likely to do so again in 1880. The possibility of making this appeal the large States must entirely abandon, if any system of election were introduced which should be based on districts, or in fact on anything but States. They are therefore likely to take but little interest in any proposed change; and when we consider that any change must be introduced by constitutional amendment, and that in practice the constitution has not in this century been amended except as a consequence of a devastating war, it is not risking a great deal to predict that we shall not see the system modified during the life-time of the present generation.

It should be observed, too, that nothing would completely popularize presidential elections (if that is what is desired) short of an entire destruction of the secondary electoral machinery, and a remission of the whole matter to a popular vote extending over the whole country. The district system, so called, would not do away with the electors, and it would still be possible under it for a popular majority to be represented in the electoral colleges by a minority. There is one particular, too, in which the state system is much less likely to be productive of discontent and disturbance than the other. States can never be gerrymandered; districts can. It is beyond question that if any district system were introduced, the dominant party would attempt to perpetuate itself in power by the simple device of "fixing" the districts, and would probably in the end succeed. Those who have followed the operations of professional politicians in redistricting States best know how serious a danger this is. At constitutional provisions they snap their fingers, because there is no penalty attached to an infraction of them. In New York the republicans have for two or three years now persistently neglected to carry out the provisions of the constitution of that State relating to apportionment, because to do so would throw the legislature into the hands of the democrats; while the democrats have squared accounts with them by redistricting a couple of Western States, so as to increase their congressional majority. Into the electoral college as it at present exists, however, the gerrymander cannot be introduced.

The units are States, and their boundaries cannot be enlarged or diminished. There is no way of stretching New York so as to make it a republican State by taking in part of Massachusetts, nor *vice versa*. This impossibility of gerrymandering is a solid advantage of the present system which ought not to be overlooked.

To what conclusions do these considerations lead us? They show that objections, either of principle or practicability, quite as serious as any that can be brought against the present system may be urged against any system that can be devised. The transfer of the election to Congress would find now few friends; direct election by the people, without regard to state lines, is a change too vast to be thought of at all; election by districts is open to the very grave objection that it makes gerrymandering possible; while the use of the lot, which was seriously considered in the convention (though it would perhaps result in giving us often quite as good presidents as we get now from nominating bodies), is looked upon generally with disfavor, as at once an aleatory proceeding and a confession of impotence in selection. But more fatal than all these objections is the impossibility of getting a sufficient number of States to consent to any change. There is therefore little probability that any alteration will be brought about in our mode of electing presidents.

On the whole, may we not be very well content with this result? The present system has the great advantage of being thoroughly understood; the public have been long accustomed to its operation; and, besides this, the fact that it is based on state action has some strong recommendations in its favor. Without adopting at all the "state sovereignty" theory of the government, it will probably be admitted by dispassionate men of both parties that the opposite view, for a government which is federal in character, has been pushed to an extreme. The war, and the centralization it brought about, produced for the time being a feeling that the States were mere obstacles in the way of good government; that everything they did could be more effectually accomplished by the general government. But as the war gets farther and farther away we see that this was a mistake, and that it is much more for the public interest that these great corporations should be looked upon and treated as the political units of our system; that their citizens should be taught to regard them at the same time with pride and a sense of responsibility. For this reason, an election by States, in which those States have the greatest influence which by good government and natural advantages have attracted the largest population within their borders, is by no means an unmixed evil, if an evil at all.

But the electoral system is one thing, and the electoral count is another. In 1876 we were brought face to face with the startling fact that no machinery existed for deciding contested presidential elections. This was a singular hiatus, for with regard to every other office, state or national, the most ample provision existed. Not only was there in all such cases a board of canvassers appointed by law, but after the count the courts had still the ancient jurisdiction of *quo warranto* by which to try the title. But for the presidency, to say nothing of the very doubtful applicability of quo warranto, there was no board of canvassers. The provisions of the constitution on the subject seem singularly scanty. It is provided (XIIth Amendment) that: "The president of the senate shall, in presence of the senate and house of representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for president shall be the president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed. . . . The person having the greatest number of votes as vice-president shall be the vice-president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed."

This (leaving out the contingency of no election by the colleges) is all. It is not to be wondered at that these clauses of the constitution gave rise at the last

election to much trouble. On one side, it was contended that the president of the senate had, under them, complete control of the returns, and practically could declare anybody he pleased elected. On the other, it was contended (and this view in the end was sustained) that Congress had complete control.

The cause of this scantiness of provision is probably not difficult to arrive at. The reason why Congress was not made a canvassing board by the framers of the government was that it was not expected to canvass. Looking forward to the operation of the electoral system they had introduced, they naturally expected the voting in the electoral colleges to be a finality. A number of the most eminent and competent men in the various States were to come together and ballot for a president. After they had balloted, there could be nothing remaining to do but to "count" the votes; if any one had a majority, he became president. The States selected their own electors, and it was hardly conceivable in advance that Congress should have anything to do afterwards but to ascertain what the States had done. It may be observed, too, that any plan looking to a canvass of the returns by Congress laid its advocates open to a suspicion of desiring to throw the election into the hands of Congress under the pretense of leaving it to the States. And it must be confessed that this is a real danger. The election of 1876 was decided not by the States, nor, as is frequently incorrectly said, by the electoral commission. It was decided by the two houses of Congress. The count was really an elaborate canvass of the returns, in which Congress had agreed beforehand to be governed by certain definite rules. The decisions of the commission were binding on the two houses, only because Congress had seen fit to make them so; it might, had it pleased, have decided the Florida case or the Louisiana case by the flight of birds or an examination of the entrails of beasts, just as well as by referring it to the commission. If having, under the constitution, solely the right to count the votes gave Congress authority to delegate the determination of the particular votes to be counted to a commission, it certainly gave Congress authority to arrive at the result in any way it pleased.

This magnification of the office of Congress from that of counting to that of canvassing is a curious and instructive instance of the way in which some one part of any government always tends to absorb power, no matter how carefully the danger may be guarded against.

But the magnification has now taken place. The duty of counting has been enlarged into the duty of canvassing, and it is to the last degree important that the new function of Congress should not be left in its present unsettled condition. The country could ill afford to go through another presidential campaign and canvass like that of 1876, and so long as party divisions remain what they are now the danger cannot be said to be a remote one. The electoral system may be beyond the reach of amendment, but this is not true of the count.

The count of the electoral votes has been for years the subject of discussion in Congress. At the close of the war, eleven States were practically out of the Union, and only gradually returned. As they slowly came back, it grew evident that they would bring with them a Pandora's box of intrigue and faction, and we believe it is to one of these seceded States that we are indebted for the remarkable invention, "double returns." In the congressional count, or in the canvass into which the count has grown, these returns had begun to play a part before the election of 1876. It is a curious proof, too, of the rapidity with which any assumption of authority extends itself that in the discussions which have taken place on the subject Congress has shown a very decided disposition to take complete jurisdiction over single as well as double returns. There is a much more plausible ground in the latter case for the exercise of authority than in the former. If two sets of returns are sent from a State to the president of the senate, both showing a formal

compliance with the law in all respects, it would seem to be the necessary duty of Congress to determine which one of the two sets contains the constitutional "votes" which it is to proceed to count. The principle is easily extended to the case of single returns. By the XIIth Amendment, already quoted, the electors are directed to perform certain specified acts. They must "meet in their respective States;" vote "by ballot;" name in "distinct ballots" the persons voted for as president and vice-president; make "distinct lists" of all persons voted for for both offices, and the number of votes for each. By the revised statutes the electors are required to make out triplicate returns of their voting, to deposit one in the archives of the State, and to send one by mail and one by messenger to Washington, certifying their contents on the outside of the packages. It is possible, as suggested above, that some of these formalities, in the case of States in which there is only one set of returns, may not have been complied with; and the question at once arises whether votes tainted with such informalities are constitutional votes which can be counted. It is but one step further to ask whether, in the case of single returns which are formally regular, but behind which there are charges of fraud, or corruption, or intimidation, the votes can be counted. Suppose, for instance, that in the election of 1876, in Louisiana, republican electors had, after meeting, been prevented from getting their certificates to Washington; there would in that case have been only one set of returns in the hands of the vice-president, and those democratic. But can it be imagined for a moment that this would have made any difference? It would without doubt have been charged by the republicans that the republican electors had been prevented from getting their returns in by violence, or some other illegal way, and that the certificates ought to be considered as having been sent. There is, in fact, no difference in principle between "single" and "double" returns, the latter only presenting a glaring instance of irregularity or illegality, which in the former may be quite as serious, though not so obvious. For example, suppose the case of double returns in which one set is concocted by a knot of politicians for the mere sake of making trouble, — a knot of politicians without any popular vote behind them, or any justification for their action. They might easily, in a State tormented by internal dissensions, like Louisiana, do this in any presidential election, and it would of course be impossible to know which of the two sets contained the votes to be counted without an examination into facts not disclosed on their face. On the other hand, single returns might be sent in based on nothing at all (for instance, if no election had really taken place within the State), whose validity might be as questionable as any conceivable sort of double returns. Moreover, behind these questions there is another of equal importance: whether the titles and acts of the electors are to be gone into by Congress at all, or whether the States are to determine questions of this sort. It appears to be the popular notion that this was settled in favor of the latter view by the electoral tribunal in 1876, — a notion probably derived from its frequent refusal to examine evidence "*aliunde* the returns." But apart from the fact that the decisions of the commission are not binding on any one, there is no such principle to be extracted from its published opinions. Each case was decided separately and independently, and the principles which governed the exclusion or inclusion of evidence are nowhere stated.

So far as the count is concerned we are exactly where we were in 1876, and unless some machinery is adopted by Congress we shall in 1880 again find as our only guide the simple constitutional provision that the votes are to be opened and counted. The matter has been referred to committees of the present Congress, and just before the adjournment in June Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, from the select senate committee, reported an elaborately drawn bill. One of the great difficulties experienced in 1876 was the want of time between the

appointment of electors (in November) and their meeting (in December) for a compromise or settlement of differences as to the result in the State itself. Accordingly, Mr. Edmunds's bill fixes the first Tuesday of October as the day for the popular election, thus gaining a month for this purpose. Another very serious difficulty which arose in 1876 was the frequent election to the electoral colleges of federal office holders, in plain violation of the constitutional provision (art. ii., sec. i.), "No senator, or representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector." This is inserted in a statutory form in the committee's bill. The electors are next directed to meet and cast their votes on the second Monday of the following January. The most important provision of the bill, however, is that permitting each State to provide by laws (which must be enacted in advance) for "the trial and determination of any controversies concerning the appointment of electors before the time fixed for the meeting of the electors in any manner it shall deem expedient;" the determination by the State in this way to be "conclusive evidence" of the lawful title of the electors, and to "govern in the counting of the electoral votes" by Congress. This provision would of course remove many difficulties. The trial of the title to elective offices, judicially or otherwise, is a process familiar and common in all the States. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why it should not be applied to presidential electors. The other sections of the proposed act closely follow the electoral compromise of 1876. Congress is to be in joint session on the second Monday in February following every meeting of the electors, the president of the senate presiding, and he is to count the votes by tellers. Objections to the counting of any votes may be made by members, in writing, duly authenticated. They are to be submitted to each house separately, and in the case of single returns no vote is to be rejected except by an affirmative decision of both houses. In the case of double returns, the decision of the state tribunals of adjudication, erected as provided in the bill, are to govern; and in case of a conflict between state tribunals, only those electoral votes are to be received which are decided by a concurrent vote of both houses to have the support of the lawful and regular tribunals. If the State has made no determination, then also a concurrent vote is required to make any counting possible. In the case of double returns, when the State has failed to adjudicate the question through its local tribunals, the bill would practically prevent any counting at all; and this could hardly be considered a hardship, as the case would really amount to a failure on the part of the State to appoint electors.

If any legislation is to be passed by Congress, it is hard to see how this bill can be improved upon. It does not dispose in advance of all possible questions; but it disposes of all those which have been suggested by experience, and it would effectually prevent any tumult or confusion.

Nevertheless we confess to feeling very skeptical as to the chances of any such measure. Senator Thurman has given notice that he desires to debate Senator Edmunds's measure, and this of itself shows that weighty opposition may be expected. There are many obstacles in the way of any legislation. Politicians who expect to take part in the campaign of 1880 feel that it may be more convenient for them to be governed by circumstances as they arise in the count of that year than to bind themselves in advance by statutory enactment. Counting votes is felt by shrewd politicians to be anxious work, the object of which is certain definite practical advantages rather than the advancement of the cause of justice and fair dealing. The important point in the count is not to settle beforehand what ought to be done with single or double returns, but to count the returns, whether single or double, when they come in, in such a way as to give the election to the party candidate. Besides this, to bind themselves in advance, in the case of an authority so vague and

general as that of counting votes, is to surrender arbitrary power, which is to expect more than it is ordinarily fair to expect of Congress. Moreover, it is not too much to say that each side, in considering any such measure as Mr. Edmunds's, is very suspicious of the other; and as the campaign draws near this suspicion increases in geometrical ratio, as is only natural. For this reason it would probably be easier to pass a measure to take effect twenty years hence, than one to come into play at the time of the next count. The next Congress meets in December of next year, with a presidential campaign only six months away; and therefore it is almost certain that a measure, if it is to pass at all, must be passed by the present Congress, between December and March. If there is to be opposition to Mr. Edmunds's measure, it is unlikely to pass; and in that case, with the count as with the electoral system itself, we shall enter what promises to be the bitter campaign of 1880 just as we entered that of 1876.

A WHITE CAMELLIA.

Imperial bloom, whose every curve we see
A lovely sculptural symmetry control,
Looking, in your pale, odorless apathy,
Like the one earthly flower that has no soul,

With all sweet radiance bathed in chill eclipse,
Pure shape of colorless majesty, you seem
The rose that Silence first laid on her lips,
Far back among the shadowy days of dream!

By such inviolate calmness you are girt,
I doubt, while wondering at the spell it weaves,
If even Decay's dark hand shall dare to hurt
The marble immobility of your leaves!

For never sunbeam yet had power to melt
This virginal coldness, absolute as though
Diana's awful chastity still dwelt
Regenerate amid your blossoming snow!

And while my silent reverie deeply notes
What arctic quietude in your bosom lies,
A wandering thought across my spirit floats,
Like a new bird along familiar skies. . . .

White ghost, in centuries past has dread mischance
Thus ruined your vivid warmth, your fragrant breath,
While making you, by merciless ordinance,
The first of living flowers that gazed on death?

Edgar Fawcett.

HOME LIFE OF THE BROOK FARM ASSOCIATION.

II.

With all our pleasant social intercourse, our industrial powers were not idle, and if in any way one could add a little to the treasury it was cheerfully contributed. All who had skill in any kind of fancy work made it useful, and every effort was used to enable us to continue our life at Brook Farm; and we murmured at no retrenchment that was thought necessary. Baked pork and beans were to us a Sunday luxury, and to hard workers they were not injurious; but an English baronet, not young, and more daintily nurtured, once dined with us on a Sunday, and the consequences were sad to him, for he died of apoplexy that same night. He had placed a man with us in whom he was interested, I do not know from what cause. Perhaps he had been his servant, but a nearer connection was whispered among us; at any rate he was better educated than most of his class at that time in England, and was a close observer and not an unwise thinker. His quaint remarks were very amusing, and there was no peculiarity of person or mind that escaped his observation. One lady, who was tall and very thin and remarkably erect, he always addressed as "your perpendicular majesty," and she good-naturedly answered to the title. He amused us much by his shrewd sayings, which often contained more wisdom than words of more pretension. He was a favorite with all, and particularly with the children on the place, for he had always a kind and merry word for them.

One evening, when we were still in the dining-room, after our tea, I was startled by the appearance at the door of what, for a moment, I really thought must be a ghost, so unearthly seemed the vision; and with dilated eyes and blanched cheeks I turned to Mr. R——, wondering if it were visible to him. His amused smile reassured me, and he whispered, "It is Horace Greeley." My mind was very much relieved, and I became able to study the singular apparition before me. His hair was so light that it was almost white; he wore a white hat; his face was entirely colorless, even the eyes not adding much to save it from its ghostly hue. His coat was a very light drab, almost white, and his nether garments the same. I so long protested that his shoes matched the rest of his dress that I cannot now clearly remember whether they were really black or not. It is impossible for me to describe the effect he produced upon me, and it was not until I became acquainted with his gentle and pleasing manner that I could entirely overcome this first impression. I remember his reading to us, when we were all assembled in the parlor at the Aerie, some paper upon which he was desirous of receiving the criticism of our literary world. I am sorry to say the remembrance of its subject has passed from me, but I have an indistinct idea that it was something in reference to our own enterprise. The modesty of his bearing, the deference with which he listened to the remarks made, impressed me strongly. He was not then a politician, but earnest in his ideas of progress; perhaps not always as practical as common-sense persons would advise, but true and unselfish.

We had many other pleasant visitors whose agreeable conversation amused us for the few hours they stayed, but who left no mark on our minds, and we could think of them only as society callers, for whom we would get up a card receiver if it were not certain they would always find somebody at home. This summer an amusing though rather annoying incident happened. The house I lived in, the Cottage, had been built without a cellar, and it was thought it would be more healthy and less damp if one could be dug under it; so one of our members undertook to have it done. The necessary

workmen were procured, and when I remember the result of their work I feel happy to say they were not residents of the place. We have been often laughed at for our unpractical efforts, for our strange vagaries, and for the want of average common-sense actions, but these outsiders entirely outdid us and overcame us on our own ground. The mover of this enterprise was called away, but supposed he had left his instructions plain enough to be understood by those whom he left to do the work. The work went on with apparent smoothness, and we had no doubt as to its being rightly done, until one day, sitting in the parlor, I heard a strange noise, and looking up was horrified to see a yawning chasm where there ought to be and had been a fire-place. My room, which was over the parlor, was half filled with bricks. The chimney on the other side of the house shared the same fate, but fortunately for the lady who occupied the room she was not present, for her parlor fared worse than mine, the whole chimney having apparently taken possession of it. The workmen did not understand that chimneys without any foundation to support them could not stand, and by digging underneath them and leaving them hanging in the air they prepared the way for their inevitable fall, fortunately in this instance with no more consequence than a little disturbance to the nerves of a few of us. We amused ourselves on the return of the professor in congratulating him on the success of his experiment.

I have spoken of music as being one of our evening recreations at the Aerie. We had some pleasant voices amongst us, whose singing we enjoyed. The piano was also well played by one of our members, although not in the most popular style, and we listened to it with much pleasure. Happily for us, Brook Farm proved very attractive to a lady whose cultivated and sweet voice added much to the enjoyment of our lives. She visited us often, and at last became almost a permanent resident among us; although she was never a member of the association, we loved to think of her as belonging to us. I cannot speak of all the friends who came to us during this summer, but among them Mr. R. W. Emerson must not be forgotten. His mere presence bore a charm with it which all must feel who have the privilege of associating with him, and I think he did us much good by his visits; the sweetness of his nature reached our hearts. He had always something interesting of his own to read to us, and there was a general feeling of delight when one of his visits was announced.

Although dancing was a very popular amusement, we varied it by others in which the intellect was more called into play. Tableaux were favorites with us, and during this time we had several exhibitions of them, some ludicrous, but oftener pictures in which beauty was aimed at, and sometimes produced in them. Much ingenuity was exerted in manufacturing our costumes and in arranging the groups. As we had no pictures for studies, the composition was entirely our own, and many of them did us credit. History was studied for our subjects, and one can easily imagine that Scott's novels supplied us with many for our most pretentious exhibitions. Charades and proverbs were also frequently acted, and our wits were called into requisition by our impromptu dialogues. These last were entirely unstudied, often our words not having been selected until the moment of performance, and only a rough idea given the actors of the manner in which the meaning should be conveyed to the spectators. There were often brilliant conversations which made one forget they were only for dramatic effect. To those who were entirely unacquainted with any of us it would be impossible to convey an idea of the brilliancy inclosed within this little circle. To be sure, it was a circle within a circle, and was destined hereafter to mar the entire unanimity which now existed among us.

One day two or three gentlemen came out to visit a member of the association, and as in showing the attractions of the place to strangers the pine woods were almost always visited on such occasions, they were escorted thither. One or two

of our gentlemen accompanied the party, and one of them, attracted by something on the other side of a fence, without much thought jumped over it, and to his great surprise sunk in a quagmire to the waist. He struggled to release himself, but ineffectually, for some time. Another of the party, oblivious to the reality and dreaming only of beauty, with his mind filled with musical or poetic visions alone, called to him, "What is it, a flower?" Our poor friend in the mean time was anything but a flower himself, when the more practical members of the party succeeded in assisting him from his very disagreeable situation to firmer ground.

I like to dwell upon this summer, for it was one of the pleasantest in my life. The members of this nucleus are now widely scattered, and, what is still more sad, not more completely separated by length of space than by the total dissimilarity of feeling and opinion which now divides those once so closely bound together. The present generation, to whom Brook Farm is entirely unknown, can never realize the excitement it once produced in its effort for social reform. Human nature must be remodeled before its bright visions can be realized. If social reformers would begin by elevating the moral natures of their followers, instead of exciting their passions, we might feel that in the course of ages Utopia could be a reality on earth; but I fear human nature, as it is, has much to overcome before such results can be obtained. What I have now said does not in the least apply to Brook Farm, for its one idea was to elevate and cultivate all that was good in every one, and a noble ambition that should govern men's moral and intellectual life and lead them to perfection. The so-called social reforms of to-day have a much more worldly object in view, and a spiritual life is very secondary to a material one.

As autumn approached, and a long winter was before us, much anxiety was felt by our leaders as to what the result might be before the spring opened upon us, and whether it might not end in the dissolution of our little community. The immediate benefits from our industrial pursuits did not meet their hopes; unused to commercial pursuits, the slow process so often needed to establish and successfully prosecute a business was to them a mystery; and I really believe that some of us thought that to place men in a workshop was sufficient to make our fortune. We were children in the ways of the world, financially speaking, and we could not compete with the sharper, trained heads of lifelong workers. I think also that most of our mechanics were those who had not had much success in the world, and the same reason which probably prevented their being able to overcome the difficulties of a struggle which needed more energy than nature had given them was also the cause of their failure with us. I wish to throw no reflection on them, for no one can judge what they had to overcome but those who have been similarly placed. I can only say they did not succeed with us as we had anticipated, and the prospect before us was anything but cheerful. I must here remark that we had several skilled in their own line who under different circumstances would have been of material assistance to us, as has been proved by their after success when again thrown into the world to work their own way in it. It is pleasant to think that whilst with us they may have felt some influence which acted on their after lives. At any rate, success has attended them, and they are now valuable members of society. If at this time of our great need we could have had a good practical, experienced head, with full power to direct the industries of the place, who understood thoroughly the details necessary to insure success, he might have placed us in a situation to overcome the difficulties which beset us. As it was, we still worked on, and did not dare to whisper to each other what we dreaded to hear confirmed.

Our amusements went on as usual, and as the long evenings advanced we added Shakespeare readings to our other recreations. We had several very fine readers; and these were evenings which

we elder persons particularly enjoyed. I can recall many amusing incidents connected with them, such as very bad reading from Romeo, by one who was fully capable of rendering the part to the satisfaction of all, because the Juliet was excessively distasteful to him. For the credit of the place I will say that Juliet did not belong to us, but was an occasional resident. Coasting, during the winter, became a favorite amusement with our young people, and even the older ones joined in it. The hills around us afforded every facility for the exercise, and the moonlight evenings were pleasantly employed in this merry recreation. One evening I remember as being a particularly jovial one, as the boys had collected tar barrels and other materials for bonfires, and all "went merry as a marriage bell" until the runners of an old sleigh were introduced, with seats affixed to them, and three of our ladies were induced to place themselves on this rather risky conveyance; the remainder of the improvised sled was covered with boys hanging on wherever they could get a hold, and in this way was begun the descent of a steep hill. There were no means of guiding the vehicle, and it can easily be seen how dangerous was its progress. It was started all right for its destination, but unfortunately it swerved a little in its descent, and a cry burst forth, "They will go on to the rock!" The boys who were clinging to the mammoth sled threw themselves off, but the three ladies could not extricate themselves; one was thrown immediately on the rock, which was very large, almost making a small hill; another fell beside it, and the third, without knowing how she came there, was picked up on the other side of the rocky elevation. She must have been thrown over it, as she was on the opposite side from where the sled struck; she was totally unhurt. The only sufferer was the poor girl who was dashed on the rock; she was taken up senseless. She was soon carried home, but did not fully recover her consciousness until towards morning. Wonderful to say, her injuries were very trifling and she was only stunned for the time, and was able to pursue her avocations, or at least a part of them, on the following day. This accident of course broke up the coasting for that evening, and we were rather a doleful returning party. The danger was soon forgotten, and coasting was as much in favor as ever, though sleighs were not again substituted for sleds.

I am writing entirely from memory, with no notes to guide me, for I kept no journal of those days, so I will not be positive that I may not commit some inaccuracies in the placing of incidents. All the facts I state I can vouch for, and the matter-of-fact way in which I have related them will absolve me from any accusation of having drawn on my imagination. I have tried to give some idea of what Brook Farm really was, and to show how quietly our lives passed there. I have said but little of our farming, for its details were unknown to me. Whether our cows were even commonly good I do not know, but I am sure they were not Alderneys. Our head farmer was indeed the only person on the place who really understood what farming should be, and I know that he did all that was in his power to make it profitable for the association. He was one of the most straightforward, upright, honest, and, let me add, industrious persons I ever met with; a man of few words, but what he said was to the purpose, and you knew they might be depended on. Gentle in his manner, I never heard of a rough word escaping him; there was no servility of manner; his nature was mild but with no lack of manliness; and when I met him lately at a social gathering of the remnant of Brook Farmers, I looked upon him as one who had been a guiding star among us. If he had had some half dozen men equal to himself to assist him in his labors, Brook Farm might have been a success; but to depend on men for digging, hoeing, mowing, etc., whose only implement of labor heretofore had been a pen, one could easily see would result in failure. As I look back it does not seem to me difficult to see why we did not succeed; but at the time our enthusiasm made the most of us believe

that failure was impossible, and that in some way, very indistinctly seen, our endeavors would end prosperously. I do not speak of those who held the reins of government, for they knew better, and whilst we romanced and idealized they were anxiously and almost hopelessly endeavoring to avert a catastrophe. I think the idea of only following one's impulses must by this time have received a check in their minds, if it had ever existed there, which I very much doubt, for however visionary they may appear, they must have known that a higher motive than mere self-gratification was necessary to overcome the distaste in many minds for active occupation. Among our more recent inmates, I fear there were many who held this idea, and consequently they were not as useful as had been hoped for. In vain a remedy was sought after. True, they might have been voted out of the association, but who would fill their places? — and labor was absolutely needed in every department, except in that of teaching. No wonder these were dark days for us.

Among the new-comers there had been admitted a man strongly imbued with Fourieristic ideas. He endeavored to inculcate the doctrine, but at first little heed was paid to him. Fourier's works had never reached us, and very vague notions of their contents dwelt in the minds of the most of us. But this ignorance was not to last; sufficient reached the ears of our chiefs to stimulate their curiosity and make them wish to look farther into this philosophy of the French social reformer. His works were procured and an earnest study of them commenced. The regular routine inculcated — continual labor, varied in its character, which would act as a recreation on the laborer — seemed a revelation to those who longed to bring order out of the existing desultory method of conducting our industries. For once New York had taken precedence of Boston in an "ism," and in a small clique of that city Fourier's writings had been much studied. Intercourse was opened with the leader of this clique, and much information obtained from him as to the working of the system. As he had never practically tried it himself, his knowledge must have been based only on the ideal visions of the author. I believe he was sincere in his own convictions of the good which might result from this mode of life according to his own ideas of what life should be, and his subtle reasonings, if they did not entirely convince, had at least the power to overcome any reluctance to change the entire organization of our association. The determination to do so was no doubt influenced in a great degree by the absolute necessity there was of some bold effort to enable us to exist, and there seemed no other alternative than either to adopt this course or to dissolve the association. To many of us this would have been as a dissolution of family ties, for although much had crept in during the last six or eight months which was distasteful to the æsthetic natures of many of the associates, yet the remembrance of what had been clung closely around them and bound them firmly together. These were weary times; a great change was before us. For myself, personally, I did not at all enter into the Fourieristic movement. Visionary as our past life may have seemed to many, it was really reasonable compared to the one before us. The small details of the Fourier system were, to be sure, extremely dry and unpoetical, but the higher flights to which it pointed soared far beyond reasonable belief or scientific knowledge of the solar system.

I have before said that when I first entered the association it was not from any sympathy with the peculiar views of its members, but because I became so attached to them personally that imperceptibly I dwelt more on the real beauty of their lives than on what had appeared to me fantastic. At first a strong sense of the ludicrousness of my position had been the dominant feeling, and even now I think it wonderful how soon this feeling melted away. At this time I thought much of this change which had taken place in me, and it influenced me in my resolve not to leave the place, as I at one time had serious thoughts of

doing. Perhaps curiosity had also some influence in my remaining. As spring approached, a movement was made towards commencing our new organization. I was notified that my quarters were to be moved to the building known as the Pilgrim House. The reason of its being so named was that it was built by two brothers from Plymouth, who were interested in the first association formed, and who at one time intended occupying it themselves with their families. I do not know why this project was abandoned, or on what terms the house was ceded to the association. Neither externally nor interiorly did it possess much attraction.

Having originally been intended for two families, it had none of the quaint appearance of even a common country house. It was very much like two houses placed *dos à dos* instead of side by side, and was a very uncouth building, with many rooms in it which were useful for our increased numbers, but did not satisfy an eye for symmetrical proportions. Among them were two large parlors, joined by folding doors, which became our ball room whenever we were inclined for a dance, and were occupied on all convivial occasions. As very little furniture was needed at such times, chairs were the only decoration of the rooms, and their every-day appearance was desolate enough, very different from the cheerful parlor of the Aerie.

In speaking of the buildings I would mention one which, although not belonging to us, yet entered into our history, being, excepting for a very short interval, occupied by some of our community. It was directly opposite our entrance and was called the Nest; why so named I do not know, except that among its first occupants was a family with small children. It was a pleasant little place, but somehow those who lived there seemed in a degree separated from us, living more entirely by themselves, more like a separate family who visited us as neighbors, and even in that way seldom joining us in our social meetings. It was as if the atmosphere which encircled us did not reach beyond our gates, and the moment that we crossed the road we had left Brook Farm far in the distance. I cannot invest with poetry our domestic life, which was, of course, monotonous, for we could not carve out any very original way of making beds, cooking, and washing dishes, all of which fell to our lot, unæsthetic as it may sound. Excepting the cooking, all the domestic duties were generally performed by the younger females on the place, and a more willing set of workers could hardly be found. Among them was one of whom I wish to say a few words. She was uncommonly pretty and had already gained the love of one of the foreign pupils. She was devoted to the ideas which first brought the associates together, but felt no sympathy with the new ideas which afterwards became the governing principle, and left us when the whole nature of the place was changed. She has since become known by her charming stories, which illustrate many of the truths deep-seated in her mind. I remember her as one of the most active in our lighter domestic work, and with five or six of her own age she gave grace and brightness to our life. I cannot call them a merry set, for their lives were deeply impressed with a thoughtfulness beyond their years; yet youth, with the usual happiness attending it, must always give a brighter color to its surroundings than falls to the lot of maturer years. I think there is not one of them now alive who would not say that was one of the happiest periods of her life. Some of them, I have heard, have had greater trials than often occur to us dwellers on earth, but they have nobly borne them and lived them down. There were no feeble spirits among these first members of Brook Farm. Their lives were earnest and their aims noble, and if they did not attain the life they hoped for, their natures enabled them to bear the hardships of life with fortitude. I would once more speak of these young girls and their work. They felt it no grievance to toil for the general good, and their neatness and activity were pleasant to see. To be sure, our rooms did not contain the elaborate adornments

of a fashionable lady's toilet, and their simplicity made the task much easier. There were no carpets excepting on one or two of the parlors, therefore sweeping was easy, and curtains we had none. I am almost ashamed to own that a hired cook ruled in the kitchen when I first became a resident of Brook Farm, and she continued there for five or six months afterwards. Whether the task was considered too arduous, or none felt themselves sufficiently competent to undertake it, I do not know, but think it must have been the latter feeling, for I never knew any one shrink there from work that must be done, if she or he were able to do it. When reduced expenditure became more apparently necessary, a noble woman came forward and offered to undertake the duty. She had had but slight experience and must have felt many disheartening doubts of her capacity, but, with a will to succeed, what cannot be achieved? She conquered all obstacles, and kept her post until our final dissolution. Wages were saved, but her strict economy sometimes caused a small rebellion; still she continued unwaveringly on her course, and if we missed some few delicacies our food was always ample, and we had no right to complain. The laundresses were always of the residents, and Mrs. R——, as I have already said, was among the most efficient. The ironing room was moved to the Pilgrim House as soon as it was finished, and occupied the two kitchens, which were thrown into one. This was a very pleasant, cheerful place, at least inside, and we forgot its lonely exterior in the merriment with which we filled it. I would like to say a few words on one phase of our life which may be interesting to some. I have spoken of our amusements. This was not all our life. We all felt incited to study by the learning which surrounded us, and formed ourselves into different classes, some taking up one study and some another. Botany was a favorite among us, and we had able teachers, who, if they would sometimes pull my well-arranged bouquets to pieces, were nevertheless fully able to repay the desecration by the pleasant knowledge they imparted. German was a favorite study, and Greek and Saxon were not neglected. Pleasant readings, with annotations, especially of classical authors, were very frequent, and Brook Farm, if it answered no other purpose, was a school for all who entered it.

The Pilgrim House was placed in a very barren spot, with no trees near it, and altogether the change was not pleasant to me. I had always lived at the Cottage, which was in itself a beautiful little home, and I had become attached to it. Of course I must yield my own personal comfort for what was thought to be advantageous for the good of the whole. The educational plan was to be remodeled, at least so far as concerned the smaller pupils on the place, who before had never been strictly confined to hours and rules. This was evidently a very good move, as it had always appeared wonderful to me how they had ever gained any book knowledge at all, and a more systematic course would certainly be an advantage to them, if it were only for the sake of acquiring orderly habits, which are a great help in the routine of common life. The Cottage was looked upon as the proper building to be appropriated to educational purposes. As it was decidedly the prettiest house on the place, it was thought the youthful mind would be impressed by it and lessons become easier; and it was held that every means should be employed to make the hours of school discipline pleasant, so that the pupils should forget it was not an agreeable recreation. This view is delightful in theory, but in my compulsory move I could not help remembering the state of the desks in a school-room, as well as the more immovable parts of the apartment, such as I had seen in my youth when attending an academy for both sexes. However, go I must, and I was soon domiciled in my new apartment. The new Fourierite system began to be organized, and the poetry of our lives vanished in what we hoped would prove more substantially advantageous.

Of the Cottage and its inmates I must

add a few words. It was the next building erected after the Aerie, and was altogether the best finished house on the place. The form was something like a Maltese cross, the centre being devoted to the staircase and each of the four points containing a room. It was very pretty to look at on the outside, but as three sides of each room were necessarily exposed to the weather, the Cottage was warm in summer and cold in winter, picturesqueness having been more studied than commonplace comfort. Still it was a very pleasant place to live in, bright and cheerful, and I was very loath to leave it when the necessities of the association destined it for other purposes.

The two most prominent occupants of this house were so very different in their natures that the wonder is they could have belonged to the same species. Mr. ——, the elder of the two, was of a most delicately sensitive organization, and discords of every kind were as antagonistic to him as were false chords in music. His whole life seemed one dream of music, and I do not think he was ever fully awake to all the harsh gratings of this outer world. We were indebted to him for much of the pleasure of our evening social life. He was too really musical to endure the weariness of teaching beginners the first rudiments of his own art, although for some time he was our only teacher. I must say he was wonderfully patient, considering his temperament, in the task he had assumed, for his nerves must have been most fearfully taxed in some of his labors; but his outward demeanor did not bear testimony to what must often have been his earnest desire to tear his hair out by the roots. Mr. ——, the younger, was so entirely different in his physical construction that even his tread told you that his nerves as well as his muscles were of iron. Both these gentlemen were fine classical as well as German scholars, but the latter had more power in imparting his knowledge and was one of the finest teachers at Brook Farm. The pupils dreaded coming with an imperfect lesson to him, for although not harsh in his manner towards them, they respected his power and did not like to come under his censure. He was exceedingly pleasant in his social intercourse with us, but entered less into it than the others; yet when he could be induced to join in any amusement, no one added more to the enjoyment of the evening than himself, and it was a real pleasure to engage him in a charade.

In closing my description of this first period of Brook Farm I wish to mention the very pleasant reunion which took place since I first commenced writing my reminiscences of this exceptional part of my life. To me it was a great pleasure to meet even a small gathering of my former associates, and the mutual wonder expressed on the faces as we were made known to each other was very amusing. Many of us had not met for at least thirty years, and in that time wonderful changes had taken place. Young girls who were then in their teens were now grandmothers, and middle-aged persons were white with age. But we were none of us too old for our eyes not to brighten as we warmly shook hands and uttered our greetings. It was a good thought of those who originated this festival, and from my heart I thank them. Pleasant letters were read from many of those who from various causes could not be present, and for a time space was obliterated and we again felt ourselves Brook Farmers.

FLORENCE, AND ST. MARY OF THE FLOWER.

I.

"NEVER was our city"— says Machiavelli, speaking of Florence as she was at the close of the thirteenth century — "never was our city in a greater or happier condition than at this time, being full of men, of riches, and of renown. Her citizens capable of bearing arms numbered thirty thousand, and those of her territory seventy thousand. All Tuscany, partly as subject to her, partly as friendly to her, obeyed her."[1] Nowhere in Italy was trade more flourishing, or the arts more zealously cultivated. Her citizens, however divided by party discords, were united in a common pride in their city. The fame of her strength and her beauty was wide-spread; "so that many," says a chronicler of the time, "come to see her, not of necessity, or because of the excellence of her trades and arts, but because of her beauty and adornment." Yet this beauty and adornment had been wrought out for her in spite of internal contention and division. Peace seldom dwelt within her walls. The eager and restless spirit of her citizens was quickly kindled into passionate outbreaks and tumultuous uproar, in which civil order was often imperiled, and the very life of the state seemed to be at stake.

The thirteenth century had been a long struggle between the feudal and civic nobility and the mass of the common people, in which the *grandi* had for the most part gained the upper hand. Through the confused record of a hundred years one may trace the baffled but persistent effort of the compact and industrious democracy to achieve such a combination of their forces as to enable them to get the better of their aristocratic oppressors. The rule of an unscrupulous, quarrelsome, and tyrannical privileged class was incompatible with the institutions requisite for the prosperity of the industrious community. Gradually a form of organization was worked out by the trades, resembling that of the guilds of northern cities, but more political in its character, which, in spite of various checks and numerous futile endeavors, at length, toward the end of the century, succeeded in mastering the old nobility, and in establishing itself as the chief element in the government of the city. This result was reached in 1292.

The opening clauses of the Ordinances of Justice, by which the new order of the state was regulated, indicate the spirit of those by whom this revolution had been accomplished: "Whereas justice is a steady and constant will that gives to each man his rights, therefore the following ordinances, properly called the Ordinances of Justice, are ordained for the benefit of the republic," to the end of establishing "true and perpetual concord and unity, and of securing peace and tranquillity for the artificers and arts, and for all the people of Florence."[2]

The political administration was concentrated in the *arti* or organized trades of the city. These comprised twelve *arti maggiori*, or chief trades, and nine *arti minori*, or lesser trades; under the banner of one or the other of these trades the mass of the citizens was enrolled.[3]

[1] Istorie Fiorentine, lib. ii. § xv.

[2] The Ordinamenti di Giustizia are to be found in the Archivio Storico Italiano, Ser. Sec. I. 1–93, Firenze, 1855; and also in Emiliani-Giudici, Storia dei Comuni Italiani, iii. 5–147, Firenze, 1866. They are remarkable for the display of the political sense and vigorous resolve of their framers

[3] There is much discrepancy in the lists of the Arti given by different annalists and historians. Their number and division varied at different times. The twelve chief arts in 1292 were those of lawyers and notaries, foreign cloth merchants, bankers, wool merchants, silk merchants, physicians and druggists, furriers, butchers, shoemakers, smiths, masons and carpenters, retail dealers; the nine lesser arts were those of wine sellers, innkeepers, dealers in salt, oil, and cheese, leather dressers, cuirass and sword makers, locksmiths and dealers in old and new iron, buckler and shield makers, wood sellers, bakers. See Ordinamenti in Emiliani-Giudici, iii. 11, and compare Machiavelli, Ist. Fior., lib. ii § viii An interesting account of the character

Florence, like other Italian cities, was accustomed annually to call upon some personage from a remote but allied city to exercise the functions of *podestà*, or chief executive officer, within her limits; but all the other magistrates of the commonwealth were to be chosen from the members of the twelve chief Arts. The grandi, or nobles, were expressly excluded from office. Each of the Arts had its own officers, and each was required to maintain a military organization for the support of order and the defense of the city. Each of them had its written statute, by which its members were governed, while provision was made that the various statutes should be in harmony one with the other so far as the common interest required. It was the object of these statutes to secure at once the good order of the city and the prosperity of the trades. The provisions of these codes, so far as judgment may be formed from the only one of them which has come down to us, — the Statute of the Art of Calimala, or foreign cloth merchants, — indicate the sound political sense of the Florentine tradesmen, and their full understanding that permanent commercial prosperity depends upon moral conditions; first of all upon the uprightness and integrity of the individual tradesman. Every precaution is taken to secure fair dealing, and to maintain firm credit. Heavy penalties are enacted against fraud, perjury, misrepresentation, and unfair competition. It is required of the merchants "to use pure, loyal, and simple truth" in all their dealings. There is a stamp of piety and uprightness on the whole statute. The four consuls who were chosen to rule the Art, holding office for six months, were to be selected from "the best and most useful merchants;" and they were to be "Guelfs and lovers of the Holy Roman Church, and in their choice no cavalier was to take part." It was from these consuls of the trades that the priors of the city were chosen, and neither Ghibelline nor noble was to have part in the government of the state. The provisions in respect to the method in which accounts were to be kept, to the terms of credit, to bankruptcy and the recovery of debts, to usury and prices, are ample, careful, and minute. In the trade of Florence there was nothing of the looseness of modern competitive dealings; nothing of the spirit that seeks gain at any cost, even that of truth and honesty; nothing of the disposition to make undue profit, and to reckon every trick fair in trade. There was a standard of commercial morality as exact as that to which the weights and measures of the shops were made to conform. Florence was resolved that her credit should be good, and that neither rival nor enemy should have a right to reproach her with slackness in the fulfillment either of public or of private obligations.

The Arts thus combined and organized could control the most powerful and lawless of the great, and for some years Florence experienced the benefit of the new order of affairs in an unwonted sense of security and a rapid increase of prosperity. The strength that lies in union and concord inspired her with confidence in herself, and she made a splendid display of the great qualities and designs of her trading and industrious democracy. The citizens of a compact walled town, having no regular or general communication with the distant outside world; occupied with few interests but those of their households, their shops, and their city; engaged in pursuits that kept them close within the narrow circuit of their native streets, were naturally filled with a spirit of local attachment, little short of devotion, that was the source of great undertakings, in which their religion, their pride, and their patriotism might find expression. The Arts, each a little commonwealth in itself, served to quicken and intensify the public spirit; to bring home to their members the sense of common interests and duties; and to maintain a standard of principle and of action to which each

and political influence of the Arts is given by Von Reumont, in his Lorenzo de' Medici, i. 18, seqq., Leipzig, 1874; and a notice of the devices on their banners, and other particulars of interest concerning them, in the same author's earlier and very useful work, Tavole Cronologiche e Sincrone della Storia Fiorentina, Firenze, 1841, Introduzione, p. 11, n. 3.

member was compelled to conform, by the strong pressure of a concentrated public opinion.

Seldom has a nobler activity or a more abundant productiveness been displayed than Florence exhibited at this period. The quick wit, the lively fancy, and the poetic imagination of her people were aroused. Her poets drew inspiration from her, and gave it back through their verses for the quickening of the hearts of her people. They were the most noted in Italy, even before Dante lifted Florence to the topmost peak of fame, and Dante was now already meditating his Divine poem. Her painters had broken the bonds of tradition which had long restrained their progress, and Cimabue held the field against all rivals. Her architects and builders were showing themselves masters in their art, and the number of great works of building, many of which are still among the chief ornaments of the city, begun in the ten years between 1290 and 1300, indicates alike the ability of the architects and the energy and abundant resources of the community. During these years the churches of Santa Maria Novella and of the Carmine, as well as the *loggia* of Or' San Michele, were in process of construction; the foundations of the churches of Santo Spirito, of San Marco, of Santa Maria in Cafaggio (now known as the Annunziata), of Santa Croce, together with its vast convent, were all laid; and the building of the Palace of the Priors and of the Hospital of St. Bartholomew was begun. Nor does this complete the list. The thriving city was extending her limits, and building a new circuit of walls with towers for the common defense, erected in part out of materials obtained by the demolition of some of the tall and massive towers which had served as the dens and strongholds of those grandi whose lawless power she was engaged in repressing.[1]

But besides all these works, she set about what was to prove a much more important undertaking. The old church of Santa Reparata, that had long served as her Duomo, stood in need of repair, and on the 11th of September, 1294, an appropriation from the public treasury of four hundred lire was voted for this purpose. On the 2d of December of the same year a similar appropriation was made, with a slight but significant change in terms, for the church "the repairing and *renewal* of which are now in progress."[2]

No more definite information than this remains concerning the beginning of the work of construction of that new cathedral which was destined to become the most characteristic and impressive edifice in Florence, and to employ her chief artists for the next two hundred years. But there is an apocryphal decree, the invention probably of the seventeenth century, in which its author expressed what he not unfitly conceived to have been the spirit and intent of the earlier time. As reported, the decree runs thus: "Whereas it is the highest concern of a people of illustrious origin so to proceed in their affairs that men may perceive from their works that their designs are at once wise and magnanimous, it is therefore ordered that Arnolfo, architect of our commune, prepare the model or plan for the rebuilding of Santa Reparata with such supreme and lavish magnificence that neither the industry nor the capacity of man shall be able to devise anything more grand or more beautiful; inasmuch as the most judicious in this city have declared and advised in public and private conferences that no work of the commune should be undertaken, unless the design be to make it correspondent with a heart which is of the greatest nature, because composed of the spirit of many citizens concordant in one single will."[3]

[1] See Moise, Santa Croce di Firenze, Firenze, 1845, pp. 51, 52, and Reumont, Tavole Cronologiche, for these years.

[2] Gaye, Carteggio d' Artisti, i. 425, 427. Every student of the history of Italian art finds himself under obligations to this invaluable collection of documents.

[3] This decree was first published by Del Migliore, in his Firenze, Città Nobilissima, 1684, p. 6. He does not say whence he derived it; and no such decree exists in the archives of the state. The style is too rhetorical for the thirteenth century.

Although the words of this decree cannot be trusted, there is evidence that the Florentines soon gave up the thought of repairing the old church, and resolved to reconstruct and enlarge it, so as to have a Duomo of size capable of accommodating the increasing crowds of worshipers, and in its design worthy of the wealth and spirit of the city. To such a work the Florentines were especially called as the head of the Guelf party, a party that claimed to be in a peculiar sense the support of the interests and authority of the church, while they were also stimulated to it by the spirit of rivalry in arts no less than in arms that burned deep in the hearts of citizens of neighboring states contending for preëminence. Florence could not easily brook that Pisa, Siena, and Orvieto, inferior to herself in numbers, wealth, and power, should each boast a cathedral far more spacious, more costly, and more beautiful than the old church that had long served her needs.

"And so," says the trustworthy Giovanni Villani, who was a youth in Florence when the work was begun, "in the year 1294, the city of Florence being in a state of tranquillity, the citizens agreed to rebuild the chief church of Florence, which was very rude in form and small in proportion to such a city, and they ordered that it should be enlarged, and extended at the back, and that it should be all made of marble, and with carven figures. And the foundation was laid with great solemnity, by the Cardinal Legate of the Pope, on the day of St. Mary in September,[1] and many bishops, and the Podestà and the Captain, and all the Priors, and all the ranks of the Signory of Florence were present, and it was consecrated to the honor of God and St. Mary, under the name of St. Mary of the Flower,[2] although the original name of Santa Reparata was never changed by the common people. And for the building and work of the said church a tax was ordered by the commune of two denari upon every lira paid out of the public treasury, and a poll tax of two soldi. And the Legate and the bishops bestowed great indulgences and pardons, to be gained by every one who should contribute aid or alms to the work."[3]

The work was indeed the common interest of all Florentines, and the supply of means for it their common duty. The decree establishing the poll tax to which Villani refers was made in December, 1296, under the title of "Super impositione pro opere ecclesiæ Sce. Reparatæ facienda." It provides, not, as Villani states, for a uniform poll tax, but for a tax graduated according to the property and family of the citizen. It was still further ordered that every person making a written will should bequeath a certain sum to the work; the notary employed to draw the will was required to remind the testator of this obligation, and in case of non-compliance with it the heirs were bound to make good the omission. For the gathering in of these sums the bishop was empowered to employ two or more of the clergy, without salary, in each district of the Florentine territory. And, in order to quicken the liberality of testators, special indulgences were to attach to bequests for the building, over and above "the graces already conceded to the benefactors of the work."[4]

The architect of the commune at this time was Arnolfo, the son of Cambio; a great artist of whose life little is recorded, but whose works at Florence are

[1] The 8th of September, the day of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

[2] The Blessed Virgin of the Flower, the lily, alike the flower of Mary and of Florence, named for its flowers. The lily of Florence is the fleur-de-lys, while the flower of the Virgin is the true white lily; but the two were associated in their symbolic attributes in the fancy of the Florentines. When in their flourishing state they laid the foundations of their great church, they might read the words of Ecclesiasticus as if addressed to themselves: Floreto flores quasi lilium et date odorem, et frondete in gratiam, et collaudate canticum et benedicite Dominum in operibus suis.

[3] Giovanni Villani, Cronica, lib. viii., c. ix. Villani's dates are not always to be trusted, even when he gives account of contemporary events. An old inscription in the wall of the church, itself of uncertain date, may be read in two ways, so as to give either 1296 or 1298 as the year of the consecration of the corner stone by the legate. The most trustworthy Florentine antiquaries conclude from various evidence that the ceremony took place in 1296.

[4] Gaye, Carteggio, i. 431.

his sufficient memorial.[1] He was busy with the construction of Santa Croce when he was called upon to take charge of the work on the Duomo. It has been generally believed that Arnolfo designed the cathedral in its general ground plan, in form and dimensions such as it exists to-day. But recent investigations have shown that this was by no means the case, and that the building as we have it is at least as different from Arnolfo's design as his design was from that of the church which it was to replace. The old church of Santa Reparata had been constructed in that beautiful style of which the church of San Miniato was till lately an exquisite example. Though this was a thoroughly national and vigorous style, it was now giving way before the foreign and intrusive modes of Gothic art. Arnolfo inherited from Niccola Pisano the love of Gothic forms, and he had shown his preference for them in the design of Santa Croce. His work was doubtless approved by the popular taste. Such Gothic façades as those of Siena and Orvieto were indeed far more brilliant and striking, far more impressive to the uneducated taste, than the simple design and exquisite incrustation of San Miniato or Santa Reparata. The new style suited the new age, and Arnolfo undertook to rebuild Santa Reparata into a church in which the pointed should take the place of the round arch, the stone vaulted roof should be substituted for the flat timber ceiling, and the façade should form a splendid screen adorned with gable and pinnacle, rich with carving, glowing with mosaics, and shining with gold.

The deserts of Arnolfo were recognized by Florence, and in 1300, when the work on the Duomo was in active progress, a decree was passed which exhibits the mode taken by the commune for his recompense. "Considering," says the decree, "that Master Arnolphus is the chief master of the labor and work of the church of the Blessed Reparata, the principal church of Florence, and that he is a more famous master and more expert in the building of churches than any one else in neighboring parts, and that through his industry, skill, and wit the commune and people of Florence, judging from the magnificent and visible beginning of the said work of the aforesaid church, hope to have a more beautiful and honorable temple than any other in the region of Tuscany," therefore "the priors of the Arts, and the standard-bearer of Justice, wishing to do honor to the person of this master," after deliberation and a vote by ballot, "have resolved and established that the aforesaid Master Arnolphus, so long as he shall live, shall be totally exempt and free from every tax and cess of the commune of Florence." [2]

This decree is dated April 1, 1300. The most significant date in the history of Florence lies within a week of this day, the date of Dante's journey through the three spiritual realms.[3] A little more than two months afterward, on the 15th of June, Dante entered on his office as one of the priors of the city; and in that priorate, he himself declared, all the ills and calamities of his after years had their occasion and beginning.[4]

The year 1300 was in truth a disastrous year for Florence. The old party passions, quenched for a time, but not extinguished, blazed up with new fury, and wrapped the whole city in smoke and flame. The story of this wretched time has been often written. The city had never been so prosperous and so happy, says Villani, but this year was the beginning of its ruin. Bitter and

[1] Vasari's life of Arnolfo di Lapo, as he miscalls him, is full of errors. He was born near the middle of the thirteenth century in the little town of Colle in the Val d' Elsa. It has been suggested, not without reason, that he was the Arnolfo, the pupil of Niccola Pisano, who was employed by his master on the pulpit for the Duomo of Siena. The impulse to the progress of the arts given by the genius of Niccola would thus have been transmitted through a genius hardly inferior to his own.

[2] Gaye, Carteggio, i. 445.

[3] Whether this journey began on the supposed actual day of the death of Christ, the 25th of March, or on Good Friday of 1300, the 8th of April, or on the Jewish Passover, the 5th of April of the same year, is doubtful and unimportant. See the note of Philalethes, Inferno, canto xxi., v. 114.

[4] "Tutti li mali, e tutti gl' inconvenienti miei dagl' infausti comizii del mio priorato ebbero cagione e principio." (Letter cited by Leonardo Bruni Aretino in his Vita di Dante, Firenze, 1672, p. 16.)

destructive as had been the quarrels of former generations, they had brought less calamity to the city than those which now made of its people its own worst enemies. The people seemed to have gone mad. Year after year things went from bad to worse. Dino Compagni, who witnessed and had share in the events of the period, has described them in his brief chronicle with the moving eloquence of an upright, clear-minded man, saddened by the misery he had witnessed and been unable to prevent.[1] "In these deeds of ill," he says, "many became great who before had had no name," many citizens were driven into exile, many houses ruined. No one was safe; neither relationship nor friendship availed aught. Friends became enemies, brothers deserted each other, the son fell away from the father; all love and humanity were extinguished; great riches were wasted; trust, pity, pardon were in no one to be found. Who cried loudest, Let the traitors die! he was the greatest. Many a palace was burned and sacked within the city; many a village burned and many a field wasted in the territory that lay round about. Falsehood, perjury, robbery, murder, and all crimes of violence and treachery made every man afraid. "Rise up, ye evil citizens," exclaims the chronicler, "take fire and flame in your hands, and spread wide your wicked deeds. Go, bring to ruin the beauty of your city. Shed the blood of your brothers; strip yourselves bare of faith and love, refuse aid and service one to another. Scatter the seed of lies till they shall fill the granaries of your children. But do ye believe that the justice of God has failed? Even that of this world rendereth one for one. Delay not, ye wretches. One day of war consumeth more than many years of peace can gain, and there needs but a little spark to bring a great city to destruction."[2]

On the 4th of November, 1301, the feeble, cruel, and treacherous Charles of Valois, commissioned by Pope Boniface VIII. to restore peace to the city, entered Florence. His doings served but to make things worse and to gain for him there, says Dante, "sin and shame."[3] But in the stress of storm and confusion, the order of civil life was not wholly broken up. Though troubles come and endure, yet must men eat, drink, and labor. Morning and evening, summer and winter, recur in their order, with their appointed tasks and their familiar gifts. The nature and the desires of men undergo no sudden change; old interests remain alive to struggle with new passions. All parties in the strifes of those dark days, however otherwise they might be divided, were united at least in common faith in the doctrines of that religion of which the visible church was the minister; and thus, on the 24th of November, twenty days after the entry of Charles of Valois, — nicknamed Carlo Senzaterra, Charles Lackland, — when he was extorting money from the rich by treachery and threats, and amusing himself with the sight of palaces ablaze, and while the government of the city was powerless to prevent or redress the wrongs hourly committed, the Signory, still mindful of the work the commune had undertaken for its glory, voted the large subsidy for the fabric of the Duomo of eight thousand lire for two years.[4]

Two months later, on the 27th of January, 1302, Cante dei Gabrielli, podestà of Florence, a tool in the hands of the ruling faction, condemned Dante, on the

[1] Within late years the authenticity of the Chronicle of Dino Compagni has been vigorously impugned by both German and Italian critics. It is a work which if genuine is of such extraordinary interest, and which in style of narration and quality of character holds so exceptional a place, that to have to hold it as a forgery of the sixteenth century would be matter for serious regret. The question is not yet authoritatively settled. I am inclined to believe that the Chronicle as we now have it is in great part genuine, but that it was worked over, added to, and its integrity impaired by an anonymous writer of a comparatively late period.

[2] "Più si consuma in uno dì nella guerra, che molt' anni non si guadagni in pace." (Cronica, lib. ii.)

[3] Purgatorio, xx. 76.

"Quindi non terra, ma peccato ed onta
Guadagnerà."

[4] Gaye, Carteggio, i. 447. Dino Compagni describes the events of this time with vigorous and picturesque strokes: "Quando una casa ardea forte, messer Carlo domandava, 'Che fuoco è quello?' eragli risposto che era una capanna, quando era uno ricco palazzo."

ground of malversation during his term of office as one of the priors, to a fine of five thousand florins. Dante was absent from Florence, as one of her envoys to Boniface VIII. in Rome, but his sentence ran that unless the fine were paid within three days, all his possessions should be laid waste, and then be confiscated to the benefit of the commune: "omnia bona talis non solventis publicentur, vastentur, et destruantur, et vastate et destructa remaneant in communi." Building with one hand, destroying with the other, was the rule. Should the fine be paid within the allotted time, still Dante was to remain for two years in banishment. On the 10th of March he was proclaimed as in contumacy to the state, and condemned, should he ever fall into the power of the commune, to be burned to death: "igne comburatur sic quod moriatur." [1]

The answer of Dante to this sentence is in the words with which he begins one of the latest cantos of the Divine Comedy: —

"If e'er it happen that the Poem Sacred,
To which both Heaven and earth have set their hand,
So that it many a year hath made me lean,
O'ercome the cruelty that bars me out
From the fair sheepfold, where a lamb I slumbered,
An enemy to the wolves that war upon it,
With other voice forthwith, with other fleece,
Poet will I return, and at my font
Baptismal will I take the laurel crown."

But he was never again to pass the sacred threshold of his beautiful St. John, nor again to see the rising walls of the cathedral, to which popular tradition has attached the memory of his interest, still pointing out the spot whence he was wont to watch the laying of their deep foundations and the lifting of their massive stones.

The records of the work during the next few years are scanty. In 1310 Arnolfo died, and irreparable as was the loss of such genius as his, he had yet lived long enough to leave the building so far advanced that his successors in office would find little difficulty in continuing the main parts of the construction according to his design. During his many years of service as architect of the commune, Arnolfo had set his stamp ineffaceably upon the aspect of the city, giving to it many of the most striking features by which it is still adorned. The Palace of the Signory, — the old palace, as it is called, — the Palace of the Bargello, each with its aspiring belfry, now surmounting all other towers of the city, the vast pile of Santa Croce, the still vaster pile of the Duomo, of all of which the first design and in great part the construction were his, remain unsurpassed by later buildings with a single exception; and in the midst of more modern edifices preserving their ancient character, they give proof of the marvelous energy of the republic and the not less marvelous gifts of the artist by whom she was served. Arnolfo had also overseen the beginnings of the great new circuit of turreted and battlemented wall that was to inclose and defend the city, and which stood as a picturesque and impressive memorial of the conditions of mediæval life till but a few years ago it was swept away to give place to what are called modern improvements. Recent centuries have so relentlessly waged war against the picturesqueness of mediæval cities that it is difficult for the fancy to reproduce the full effect of the aspect of Florence at the beginning of the fourteenth century. In every street rose stronghold palaces, built for the needs of war as well as of peace, flanked by lofty towers, the shape of whose battlements gave sign to which of the great parties, Guelf or Ghibelline, their possessors owed allegiance. The number of the towers of Florence was to be reckoned by hundreds. The Florentine masons had inherited the old Roman art of solid building. They knew how to lay stones so that they should lie as firm in wall or buttress as they had lain in their native beds.[2] Adjoining

[1] The text of the decrees against Dante may be found in Fraticelli, Storia della Vita di Dante Alighieri, Firenze, 1861, pp. 147, seqq. The originals may still be seen in the Florentine archives.

[2] Palaces and towers were built with a double wall of cut stone, of blocks of uniform thickness, and the space between the sections of the wall was filled in with a concrete of lime and pebbles by

the palaces of the chief families was a loggia, or covered portico or arcade, where the rich and noble were wont to celebrate those ceremonies in which the common people — the *popolo minuto* — had a share of interest, or at which their presence as witnesses was desirable. Here marriage contracts were signed, here festivals for public honors were held, and here victories over domestic or foreign enemies were proclaimed with feasts and rejoicings. Tower and loggia were the signs of dignity, power, and wealth, and were objects of special pride and jealous care to the members and retainers of the house to whose greatness they bore testimony. The gates of the city, new built by Arnolfo, were so many fortresses, and the strong wall now extending its defense around it was furnished, "for beauty as well as for strength," with towers, at a distance of less than four hundred feet one from another, no one of them less than twenty-five feet square or than seventy-five feet in height, and many much larger and higher. "And in order," says Giovanni Villani, "that the memory of the greatness of this city may last forever, and for the sake of those people who have not been at Florence and may see this chronicle, we will describe in order the construction of this wall, and the measures of it as they were diligently measured at our instance, we the writer being the officer of the commune to superintend the walls."[1] From the account he gives, it would seem that there must have been more than two hundred of these towers on the circuit of the walls. The walls themselves were nearly forty feet in height, and more than six feet in thickness, and their construction, begun in 1284 and completed, in spite of many periods of interruption in their progress, in 1327, is another of the many proofs of the vigor and wealth of the city at this time. For two hundred years the towers kept watch and ward around Florence, but in the days of her decline and misery, when Pope Clement VII. was her master, they were thrown down that the city might be put in order of defense against the artillery of the Emperor Charles V. "Within these walls," says Villani, writing in 1324, "there are, what with cathedral and abbeys and monasteries, and other chapels, at least a hundred churches, and close by every door there is a church, a convent, or a hospital." And now we will leave the description of the city of Florence, for we have said enough of it, and will return to our subject.

It is probable that even before Arnolfo's death, in 1310, the means for the building of the Duomo had fallen off, owing to the confusions and disasters of the first years of the century. Besides the usual calamities and destructions of civic warfare, Florence had suffered in 1304 from a conflagration more terrible and wasteful than she had ever before experienced. In the heat of a most embittered fight between the factions that divided the state, one of the partisans, a priest, Neri Abati by name, a man of lewd and dissolute life, set fire to two houses near the Mercato Vecchio, the most crowded part of the city. A high wind was blowing from the north, the flames soon got beyond control, and, spreading fast, wrapped possessions and palaces of both parties in common destruction. "In fine," says Villani, with pathetic simplicity, "the fire burned all the marrow and core and dear places of the city of Florence, and the number of them, between palaces, towers, and houses, was seventeen hundred. The loss of furni-

which the whole was bound together in a solid mass. The towers were usually square, few were less than one hundred feet, many were more than two hundred feet in height. They were entered by a small door opening directly upon the narrow staircase which filled their whole interior space, with here and there a passage in the wall leading to a loop-hole, or to the door by which the defenders of the tower if assailed might pass out at a safe height on to a movable platform which was supported by brackets of stone, many of which may even now be seen in the still existing remains of these old monuments of the fights and feuds of those passionate days that were the discipline of Florentine character, and the training of her art. See Passerini's note in Ademollo's Marietta de' Ricci, Firenze, 1845, vol. ii. p. 735. The notes to this elaborate historical romance, in six volumes octavo, contain an immense amount of information concerning Florence, not easily found elsewhere.

[1] Cronica, lib. ix., capp. cclvi., cclvii.

ture, treasure, and merchandise was infinite, for in those places were almost all the merchandise and precious things of Florence; and that which was not burned was carried off by thieves, for the fighting was still going on through the city; so that many trading companies and many families were stripped and made poor by the burning and the robbery. This calamity happened to our city on the 10th of June."

Though the fire had destroyed the core of the city, it had not killed the worm that had so long been gnawing at it. The flames were but the type of the more malignant fires of rancorous jealousy and hate, of party and personal passion, which wasted the energies and consumed the strength of great and small, of noble and workman alike. Civil anarchy was followed by war abroad, war abroad by new domestic discords. There was little spirit left for works that the needs of the time did not immediately require. Private fortunes demanded repair. A new generation had arisen since the cathedral was begun, a generation with less zeal for its construction than that by which it had been undertaken, and after the death of Arnolfo the work came almost to a stop. At length, in 1318, through the wise efforts of a stranger, Count Guido di Battifolle, vicar of King Robert the Good, of Naples, a new and better order was established both in public and in private affairs. Quiet was restored to the city, and prosperity began to return with peace. Old quarrels were made up, old enmities appeased. Works of improvement were taken in hand, and the cathedral was no longer neglected. A decree was passed assigning for the term of five years a fifth of all sums paid to the chamberlain of the commune, for the benefit of the fabric of the Duomo, which, in the words of the decree, "had for some time past made slow progress, nay, had been almost given up through want of money."[1]

This new supply of funds, or such other supplies as the piety of the people may have ministered, at once produced great activity. The superintendents of the works (*offitiales presidentes*) presented a petition to the Signory, stating that a large quantity of marble had been bought by them at Carrara, that they had increased the number of master workmen on the building (*ut in eodem opere plus solito laborent*), and praying that the commune would according to its wont (*more solito*) "extend the helping hand," and would assign one third of the revenues of the "office of the sin of heresy" in aid of the work.[2] The petition was approved.

After this sign of life and activity there is again a wide gap in the records of the Duomo. In the next year, 1320, began the most disastrous war in which Florence was ever engaged. Her enemy was Castruccio Castracani, lord of Lucca, who by his energy and extraordinary ability raised himself to the head of the Ghibelline party in Tuscany, and from this time till his death, in 1328, waged unremitting and relentless war against Florence and her Guelf allies. A soldier trained by years of service in France, England, and Lombardy, embittered against his enemies by experience of exile and wrong at their hands, a man of popular arts, of stern temper, full of resource, acquainted with men and knowing how to rule them, of large ambition and of steady mind, he succeeded in his long struggle with Florence, in spite of her superior resources of wealth and of men, in defeating her armies, in wasting her territory, and in subjecting her to the bitterest humiliations.

The war told with disastrous effect on the trade and the prosperity of the city. Her merchants became unable to fulfill their agreements, and in the summer of 1326 there were many commercial failures, the chief among them being that of the great banking house of the Scali and Amieri and the brothers Petri, which

[1] "Quæ a tempore citra lente processit, immo quasi derelicta est propter defectum pecuniæ." (Gaye, i. 452.)

[2] The revenues of "the office of the sin of heresy" were probably derived from fines and confiscations of the property of condemned heretics. The petition is in Gaye, i. 455.

had been in existence for more than one hundred and twenty years, and which was indebted to domestic and foreign creditors for the enormous sum of more than four hundred thousand florins, an amount to be measured by the fact that it was not far from that of the ordinary revenue of the state for two years and a half. It was a terrible blow to Florence, for, says Villani, "every man who had money lost with them, and many other good companies in Florence were held in suspicion, on account of this failure, to their great harm."

One event that took place in the next year is too characteristic of the spirit of the times to be left unmentioned. This was the burning as a heretic of Master Cecco d'Ascoli, one of the most learned and enlightened men of his age, who in spite of his sharing in the widespread belief in the influence of the stars upon human fate and fortune, and his profession of the science of astrology, shows himself in the works still left to us as an original and serious investigator of nature, as a man of elevated sentiment and no mean poet. His poem entitled L'Acerba, or L'Acerba Vita, is an encyclopædia of the knowledge and the beliefs of the age. It was in direct opposition to the vain imaginings, as he esteemed them, of Dante, —

> "Qui non si canta al modo del poeta
> Che finge imaginando cose vane
> . . . . . .
> Le favole mi son sempre nemiche."

He was an old man, seventy years old, when he was burned, and there is hardly to be found a more striking record of passion and superstition than that which, beginning with the condemnation of Dante to the flames, ends with the death by fire of the most learned of his contemporaries. That Cecco met his death manfully may be believed from the testimony of his own verse, in which he says, "I have had fear of three things: to be of a poor and mendicant spirit; to do harm and to give displeasure to others; and through my own fault to lose a friend."[1]

The war went on with various fortune, but with little check of Castruccio's rising power. In 1328 he was lord of Pisa, Lucca, and Pistoia, and of three hundred castles and fortified places; he was master of great part of the seaboard south of Genoa, and held rule over wide territory. He was planning new victories, when in the summer of this year he fell ill. On the 3d of September he died. Florence was safe, relieved from the most dangerous external foe that ever threatened her, for the fabric of Castruccio's power was supported by his mighty hand alone, and, that support withdrawn, it fell with a crash to the ground. Throughout the whole period of her adversity, Florence had been sustained by the thought, which the historian Ammirato calls "the general comfort of republics," that she was in a certain way eternal, not depending on the life of any individual, and able to endure great shocks without ruin, while the power of a prince, depending on himself alone, was subject to the chance of evil fortune and of death.[2] The reflection is a just one as drawn from the experience of Italy in this age, when tyrant after tyrant rose by force of personal qualities into sudden power, which was shattered as suddenly by his death.

Relieved from war, Florence set to work to reform her government. Reverting to her old democratic system, changes of great significance were introduced into its forms, with the intent to remedy some of the defects that experience had shown in it, and with especial aim to securing greater stability of administration, to excluding unfit persons from office, and to establishing the power of the Party, which was the title now arrogated by the Guelfs. The bitter irony of Dante's reproach[3] of his fellow

[1] G. Villani, lib. x., c. 40. Libri, Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques en Italie, ii. pp. 191–200.

[2] Scipione Ammirato, Istorie Fiorentine, Firenze, 1824, tom. iii., libro vii., p. 8.

[3] "Athens and Lacedæmon, they who made
The ancient laws and were so civilized,
Made towards living well a little sign
Compared with thee, who makest such fine-spun
Provisions that to middle of November
Reaches not what thou in October spinnest.
How oft within the time of thy remembrance,
Laws, money, offices, and usages
Hast thou remodeled, and renewed thy members?"
(Purgatory, vi. 139–147. Longfellow's translation.)

citizens on their frequent change of laws was indeed deserved, but their fickleness may be regarded in another light as an indication of their very intelligence and eager quest of good. They were at the beginning of the long series of experiments, not yet near its conclusion, to determine the limits and relations of law and liberty, the proper functions of government, the rights of the individual in society. The Florentines, forming the most civilized and intelligent popular community in existence, were trying to discover the modes by which they might secure the blessings of good order, prosperity, and strength. Many of their attempts were childish; they made many mistakes, they were impatient, and as in all republics so here were many who preferred their personal interests to those of the state. The conflict between private selfishness and the public good was sharp, constant, and often disastrous.

Though Castruccio had failed to become master of the city, he had wrought desolation around her, and the year after his death she, in common with the greater part of Tuscany, suffered from a distressing famine. The price of grain rose to triple and quadruple its usual level. There was great misery among the poor. Perugia, Siena, Lucca, Pistoia, pitilessly drove the destitute beggars from their gates. But Florence, with wise counsel and good foresight, "in piety toward God" kept her gates open to all, and, sending at public cost for shiploads of grain to Sicily, kept the market supplied with it at a low rate. But this did not suffice to relieve the suffering, and therefore at length the commune, withdrawing the grain from market, employed all the bakeries to bake for the public use, and sold the bread every day at a price much below its cost. "The commune of Florence," said Villani, "lost in these two years," for the famine, beginning in 1328, lasted into the year 1330, "more than sixty thousand florins of gold in the support of the people." "And though I, the writer, was not worthy of so great an office, I found myself officer of the commune, with others, in this bitter time, and by the grace of God we were inventors of this remedy and method whereby the people were kept quiet, and violence was prevented, and the poor folk made content without scandal or uproar. And with this witness to the truth that nowhere else were such alms ministered to the poor, by powerful and compassionate citizens, as during this unwonted famine were ministered by the good Florentines; wherefore I firmly reckon and believe that for the sake of the said alms and provision made for the poor God has guarded, and will guard, our city from great adversities."[1]

Even during the last ten years, strained as the public resources had been, private luxury seems to have met with no serious check, while the effeminate refinements of fashion, *le morbidezze d'Egitto*, of which Boccaccio complains, had increased to a degree which indicates a decline in the moral temper and ideals of the people. The worst calamity attending a long protracted stress of war in a narrow community is the breaking up of the orderly habits of society, while the influence of its keen excitements leads to the adoption of irregular and extravagant modes of life.

The war with Castruccio had so diminished the resources of the commonwealth that some years passed after its close before Florence felt able to go on with the long interrupted work upon her Duomo. At length, in 1331, a year of great abundance and prosperity, the commune resolved to take the building once more in hand; a portion of the taxes was assigned to the work, and the charge of it was committed to the Art of Wool,[2] that is, to the corporation of the dealers in wool, the richest and most powerful of the Arts of Florence. It was no new thing to intrust the superintend-

[1] Cronica, lib. x., cap. 118.

[2] Villani, Cronica, lib. x., c. 192. In the decree making these provisions the church was spoken of as having been begun "tam formosa et pulcre, sed remansit iam est longum tempus et est absque hedificatione aliqua." See Cavalucci, Cenni Storici sulla Edificazione della Cattedrale Fiorentina, Firenze, 1871. An ancient inscription inserted in the wall of the Duomo records the entrusting of the work to the Art of Wool.

ence of a public work to one of the Arts. Not only the building, but the charge and maintenance of churches, hospitals, and prisons were committed to them.[1] For the heads of the Arts — consuls, rectors, or captains, as they might be called — were men chosen by the body of the Art to conduct its affairs, chosen by those who knew them well, and they might be trusted as of approved capacity and integrity, trained to business, and accustomed to the conduct of large affairs. A natural spirit of emulation among the Arts led them to take pride in the honorable fulfillment of such trusts, and enlisted the personal interest of each member in the mode of their discharge. It was an admirable method for securing the best public servants, and for keeping them under the constant supervision of a vigorous, sensitive, and intelligent public opinion. Florence was the first city of modern times thus to take advantage of the power that resides in the free but organized opinion of a well-ordered community.

It was long since the most precious building in Florence, its ancient baptistery, — Dante's "my beautiful St. John," — had been thus intrusted to the Art of Calimala, or foreign wool merchants.[2] St. John Baptist was the special patron of Christian Florence; the city was his sheepfold (*ovil di San Giovanni*), and in his church all her children gained entrance to the kingdom of Christ. Cacciaguida tells the story of every Florentine when he says to Dante, —

> "And in your ancient baptistery, at once
> Christian and Cacciaguida I was made."[3]

The third book of the statute of the Art of Calimala begins with the following rubric: "In the name of God, amen. To the honor of the omnipotent God, and of his mother, and of the blessed messer St. John Baptist, and of messer St. Eusebius, and of messer Saint Miniatus (San Miniato), and the other saints of Paradise, here below are writ the rules that relate to the work[4] of St. John, that of San Miniato aforesaid, and of the hospital or house of St. James at St. Eusebius's, ruled and governed under the ancient and modern defense and firm guardianship of the praiseworthy Art and university of the consuls and merchants of the Art of Calimala in the city of Florence." Following this rubric come the chapters of the statute concerning the charities to which the Art was held bound. Among others, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning the vice-operaio of St. John, who was to be "a good, discreet, and trustworthy layman, of sound body, of good report and condition, and of upright life," was to distribute in the church twenty dozen loaves of bread. In addition, two good men, appointed for a six months' term of service, were every week to give alms to the shamefaced poor (*poveri vergognosi*) in the shape of grain sufficient for thirty dozen loaves. This grain was to be supplied from the funds of the opera, and the two agents of the Art were required to give the said alms in company, after diligent inquisition into the condition of the poor and needy of the different sections of the city and district of Florence. (Lib. iii., cap. ii.)

Charles Eliot Norton.

[1] Ammirato, Istorie Fiorentine, lib. iv., ann. 1293, 1294; Paolini, Della legitima Liberta del Commercio, t. i., nota 64; Gaye, Carteggio, i. 532, 12 Jun. 1388.

[2] The origin and etymology of the name Calimala are uncertain. The members of this Art found their gain in purchasing the rough cloths of Flanders, France, and England, and sending them in bales to Florence, where they were sheared, dyed, and finished, and thence exported to all parts of Europe and to many parts of the East. The traffic was on a great scale, and for a long period was one of the chief sources of the commercial prosperity of the city.

The statute of this Art, as revised in 1337, is to be found in the third volume of Emiliani-Giudici's Storia dei Comuni Italiani, Firenze, 1866; and from it may be gained exact knowledge of the modes of superintendence by the Arts of the public works entrusted to their charge.

[3] "My whole history of Christian architecture and painting begins with this baptistery of Florence, and with its associated cathedral," says Mr. Ruskin in his Ariadne Florentina, page 59.

[4] The "opera," used to denote the official board of works. The chief officer was the *operarius* or *operaio;* he administered the funds of the opera, was responsible for contracts made in its name, and had the general oversight of the execution of the works undertaken by it.

ROBA DI ROMA.

JULIETTA *appears above at a balcony.*

ROMÈO! Hist! Madonna, saints, and all!
How the man sleeps, stretched out beneath yon wall,
Deaf as the wall itself! I shall be missed
Before I make him hear. Romèo, hist!
Ah, well! Thank Heaven, I 've waked him up at last!
Quick, Mèo, catch this bottle I 've made fast
To this long cord! 'T is English wine, as strong
As aqua vita. Quick! don't be so long!
I found it in the pantry set away
For the great dinner that we give to-day.
And catch this package: there are candied pears
For your sweet tooth, and sugar cut in squares,
And other bomboms. Now, be off at once!
There, round the corner, — not that way, you dunce,
Or they will see you! — and come back at ten.
Who knows what I may find to give you then?
A rivederci caro, ah! va ben!

That dear old Mèo mine, — what luck it was
That through the pantry I should chance to pass
Just when old Frangsaw had slipped out a minute,
And no one near to see! The saints were in it!

Ah, well, he 's gone! I 'll draw the water now.
All 's silent yet; but won't there be a row
When Frangsaw comes and finds, instead of ten,
There are nine bottles only! Well, what then?
He can't accuse me. Let him, if he dares!
I 'll settle him, for all his mighty airs!

Perhaps 't was not quite right to take the wine;
But then the fault was his as well as mine.
Why should he leave it there exposed to sight,
To tempt whoever saw it? 'T was not right!
Does not the Lord's own catechism say
No one should lead us in temptation's way?
And they who do so are in part to blame;
As we forgive them, let them do the same.

Besides, next Sunday I 'll confess the whole
To Padre Giacomo, — the good old soul,
Old *omnia sæcula, amen*, — no doubt
He 'll set all right, and smooth the matter out.

And then, again, I say enough 's enough!
Why should these rich signori swill and stuff,

While we, who toil and slave our life away,
Must live upon their leavings? Grazie!
It is not fair! It is not fair, I say!
There are five grand signori come to dine,
And want ten bottles, and they 'll get but nine!
Dreadful to think of! How will they survive?
And how, then, on one bottle can we live?
I 'm sure we only take what they can spare;
No one could call that stealing!
Hark! Who 's there?
That Mèo 's not come back again, I hope!
No; 't was the old goat tugging at his rope.
All 's safe, thank Heaven!
Madonna, what a row!
That 's Frangsaw — who has missed the bottle now —
Screaming for me, and swearing at them all.
Vengo! I am not deaf, — I heard you call.
What is the matter? Blessed saints! I say
I hear you, — any one could, miles away.
I am coming. Bottle? A black bottle? Oh!
How in the name of mercy should I know?
I 've just come up to draw some water here.
Wine? I know nothing of your wine, mounseer!
It 's water that I 'm drawing. Wine of cost?
Ten bottles were there, and one bottle lost?
How should I know, indeed? How can I tell
Where it has gone to? I 'm here at the well
Drawing up water. Ten? Was it the wine
In those black bottles? Ten? There were but nine
When I last saw them. Oh, yes, that 's your way:
There 's not a thing you stupidly mislay
But some one stole it; 't is thief here, thief there,
When you 've missed anything. Why don't you swear
There were twelve bottles, — twenty! What is ten
In your outlandish lingo? Search me, then!
I steal your wine? I 've other work to do.
Thief, if there 's any one here thief, 't is you.

Who was it I was talking to below?
When? Nobody! I say there was n't. No!
Go look yourself, and see. You heard me say
Something to somebody? What was it, pray?
"Pst! via! quick, be off at once!" Oh, *that?*
That 's what you heard? You idiot! you flat!
Why, what I called to was the cat, — the cat!

W. W. Story.

SOME RECENT BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Lamb's lines, —

> "'T is pleasant, lolling in our elbow chair,
> Secure at home, to read descriptions rare
> Of venturous traveler in savage climes:
> His hair-breadth 'scapes, toil, hunger,"—

although they do not rank high as poetry, express a widely felt truth. No one can be insensible to the contrast between the peace of the library and the turmoil that has made the traveler's book interesting; and even the less exciting volumes give some entertainment to those who are curious about their fellow-men in foreign climes. When the statement of facts is such fascinating reading one cannot help wondering that Jules Verne — who is the most prominent offender in this respect — should find it necessary to cram his books with the charlatanry that has made his name notorious. In his melodramatic books he caricatures science, and falls in interest far behind those writers who simply record the truth. Yet no one can ever read the description of a journey without being reminded of his old friends, Eyes and No-Eyes. Some travelers will go round the world and come home with hardly anything more than a list of their breakfasts, and especially of the breakfasts they did not eat. Others, again, seem to have that most desirable quality, a touch of omniscience. Indeed, a traveler in remote regions has to fit himself out with a good knowledge of botany, geology, philology, etc., before he can observe properly strange countries and their inhabitants, and before he can satisfy the public at home that is ever growing more exacting in what it demands of those who write about their journeys.

The report of the Challenger Expedition[1] is, as one would naturally expect, a model of completeness. The aims of the investigators were clearly defined beforehand, the main object being the study of the physical and biological conditions of the great ocean basins. Precise instructions were given with regard to all the details of this vast task. They were to record the temperature of the air, of the surface of the water, of the sub-surface strata, — that is to say, at every five fathoms down to twenty fathoms, at every two hundred and fifty fathoms down to twelve hundred and fifty fathoms, and at the bottom, — with especial attention to any marked deviation. Currents and tides were to be carefully investigated. So far as possible the elevation or subsidence of the land was to be noted. The specific gravity and transparency of the water were to be ascertained, and chemical observations made of the water and sea-bottom. The botanist, too, had his work cut out for him, and the zoölogist was not to be idle.

For the thorough performance of these complex labors a good part of the ship was converted into a floating laboratory, with the various scientific instruments required — and they were many — neatly placed in the compactest space, and with the best accommodations for work that could be devised. A chapter is devoted to the description of the means at the command of the scientific men in their manifold occupations, with illustrations showing the various instruments used, sounding-machines, trawls, etc., as well as the stationary apparatus. The two volumes are mainly filled with a full account of the work done by the men who were thus admirably prepared. The men themselves were carefully chosen: Professor Wyville Thomson was appointed the head of the

[1] *The Voyage of the Challenger. The Atlantic.* A Preliminary Account of the General Results of the Exploring Voyage of H. M. S. Challenger, during the year 1873 and the early part of the year 1876. By Sir C. Wyville Thomson, Knt., LL. D., D. Sc., F. R. SS. L. and E., F. L. S., F. G. S., etc., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, and Director of the Civilian Scientific Staff of the Challenger Expedition. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

civilian scientific staff, with numerous assistants, among whom was a young German, Dr. Rudolf von Willemoes-Suhm. He died on the 13th of September, 1875, and an interesting volume, written, if we are not mistaken, by his mother, gives not only an admirable account of his zoölogical investigations, but also an inspiring picture of scientific enthusiasm. It is a book that might repay translation; certainly those who know German would find it worth reading.

As may be imagined, this report does not waste space on what fills the ordinary entertaining book of travels. That vague person, the general reader, to whom all is caviare except the narration of incidents and accidents, will not find much here to delight his soul. It is no indirect attack against this book to say that there are other scientific reports which are more generally interesting reading. Darwin's account of the voyage of the Beagle, for instance, will fascinate almost every one, mainly because the multitude of diverse subjects that the author writes about is pretty sure to strike some stray whim or fancy of almost every reader, while there are few who care for more than very vague information about the temperature of the sea and the formation of the sea-bottom. Of course, these volumes were not written for the humoring of the popular taste, which will be fully gratified by very weak dilutions of the mass of information they contain. Those, however, who care for a full account of so well organized an expedition will be duly grateful for Sir Wyville Thomson's thoroughness. He gives a satisfactory description of those parts of the long voyage which have to do with the Atlantic Ocean, with a log of the scientific work in compact tables, diagrams, and lists, and clear statements of the general results obtained.

The course of the ship, on its departure from England, December 21, 1872, was first to the Canary Islands, this part being regarded as merely tentative, and as an opportunity to get everything into working order, and it was only after sailing from that port that the real labor began. The run was made from Teneriffe to Sombrero, thence to the Bermudas, and from them to Halifax, across the Gulf Stream. Returning to the Bermudas, they sailed eastward to the Azores and Madeira, and thence to the coast of Brazil, and so, across the South Atlantic, to the Cape of Good Hope, which they reached October 28, 1873. It was not until January 20, 1876, that they sailed into the Atlantic again, through the Strait of Magellan, on their somewhat less tortuous homeward voyage.

Although the author explains that it is yet too early to make a full report of all the scientific information that has been acquired, there is certainly enough included in the final summary to attract every one's attention. Some of the most interesting results, briefly condensed, are the following: The supposition that the depth of the Atlantic increases rather suddenly to between two thousand and twenty-five hundred fathoms along the coasts of Europe and North Africa is confirmed. From Teneriffe westward, except at one spot, the water deepens to thirty-one hundred and fifty fathoms at the bottom of a wide valley which extends more than half-way across the Atlantic. Then there is a rise to nineteen hundred fathoms, and another depression to three thousand and fifty fathoms, and thence it shoals rapidly up to the West Indies. The greatest depth discovered in the Atlantic was thirty-eight hundred and seventy-five fathoms, at a point north of the Virgin Islands, between St. Thomas and the Bermudas. The mean depth of the Atlantic is a little over two thousand fathoms. For the outlines of the different basins of greatest depth the reader must be referred to the book.

The bottom of the main Atlantic, at depths between four hundred and two thousand fathoms, is covered with a calcareous deposit, the globigerina ooze, which consists to a great extent of the more or less decomposed shells of pelagic foraminifera. These foraminifera Sir Wyville Thomson now holds, in opposi-

tion to his opinion before taking this voyage, to be inhabitants of the surface and upper strata of the water. At a greater depth than two thousand fathoms the ooze is replaced by a more or less homogeneous red clay, produced mainly by the decomposition of feldspathic minerals.

The distribution of the ocean temperature is reported at too great length to receive even the rough condensation of the two subjects just treated. The general facts and conclusions are to be found briefly recapitulated, vol. ii., pp. 279, 280, and these are what the reader would do well to consult. The first conclusion being "that the Atlantic must be regarded in the light of an inlet or gulf of the general ocean of the water hemisphere, opening directly from the Southern Sea," the temperature, with some few exceptions, is dependent on that of the Southern Sea, and, with the exception of the Labrador current (which gives the Boston east wind its diabolical sting) and the Spitzbergen current, the Atlantic is not specially affected by any cold indraught from the Arctic Ocean.

With regard to the fauna, even less can be said here. Animal life is to be found in the bottom of the ocean at all depths, though less abundantly at great depths, with a belt of complete, or nearly complete, absence of life between the surface and the bottom. Farther down than five hundred fathoms the ocean is inhabited throughout by a fauna presenting generally the same features. The forms most nearly related to extinct types seem to occur in the greatest abundance and of the largest size in the Southern Ocean.

But one might almost as well form an idea of the Atlantic Ocean from a teacupful of salt water as judge of the thoroughness and the fullness of these two volumes by this inadequate sketch. They are valuable store-houses of information, recording most lucidly the results of careful observation by trained men, and may serve another good purpose as the memorials of a wise and generous act on the part of the English government. It is doing them injustice to try to skim scraps of information from these painstaking chronicles of scientific work.

Archdeacon Gray's book on China[1] will be found well worth attention. There is no need of repeating the many causes that have kept that country comparatively unknown; it is enough to say that we have here a book written, not by a traveler, but by a man who can be fairly considered an inhabitant of the land he describes. The archdeacon nowhere tells us exactly how many years he has passed in China, but from the various dates he mentions it may be gathered that he has spent nearly, if not quite, twenty years there. They were years well spent. It would be hard to give any one who has not read the two volumes at all an adequate notion of the immense mass of information he has put together for us. He traces the course of the Chinaman from the cradle to the grave: he describes the ceremonies at his birth, his education, his marriage, or, more frequently, his marriages; he tells us about his death and his funeral rites; we find all his religious feelings, his numerous superstitions, set before us, as well as the care the government takes of good citizens, and the pains and penalties imposed on the vicious. We hear how the Chinaman who is refractory is tortured; and this is certainly curious reading at the present day, when the question of the treatment of the criminal classes is one of so great interest. In China torture is a recognized method of judicial procedure, and the punishments inflicted on those deemed guilty are indeed terrible.

What the author tells us about the religions of the Chinese is of importance, for it has been by no means easy to form a definite notion of the relation of Buddhism, for instance, to the people and to the other religions. That religion has indeed sunk from its old estate;

[1] *China: A History of the Laws, Manners, and Customs of the People.* By JOHN HENRY GRAY, M. A., LL. D., Archdeacon of Hongkong. Edited by WILLIAM GOW GREGOR. In two volumes. With One Hundred and Forty Illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

most of the priests appear to be but little more than lazy monks, who are addicted to opium-smoking, although there are some who obey the laws of their creed by begging their bread from door to door. On the whole, Buddhism in China would seem to be a mass of superstition. At any rate, this is Dr. Gray's verdict in the comparison he makes between this religion and Taonism on the one side, and Confucianism on the other.

A long article might be made out of judicious selections from these two well-packed volumes, which surprise the reader by the great variety of the information collected. There seems to be nothing that has escaped the author's careful observation; no subject seems strange to him; he speaks as one having knowledge of Chinese ways of thought and action, of their occupations, of the appearance of the country, etc., so that it will be only with a smile that the reader will receive Dr. Gray's very humble apology for his ignorance of geology, and his consequent inability to speak of the geological formation of the country. Surely something must be pardoned to fallible man, and this slight omission would never have been noticed by the reader if attention had not been thus called to it. Other books, notably Baron Richthofen's Travels in China, supply this gap, which is more than made up by the really immense mass of information given us about Chinese life.

A book of a very different kind is a volume on Constantinople,[1] by Edmondo de Amicis. It makes no pretensions to adding to the sum of human knowledge, but it contains a brilliant and picturesque account of many of the wonders of that famous city. It is empty of statistics, being only a vivid record of what the traveler sees as he wanders about the narrow streets of the town and its surroundings, but it is written with so much real interest in the subject, and it shows such genuine admiration for the abundant artistic richness of Oriental life, that no one can fail to be affected by the writer's enthusiasm. The travelers are not so very many who go to Constantinople, and they are still fewer who can equally well describe what is to be seen there. Everything fascinated the ardent young writer, and he put down on paper his impressions while they were still fresh; consequently, thanks to his vivid style, which well survives translation, the reader gets most glowing pictures of what can be best presented by such treatment. Though we may smile here and there at the writer's excessive earnestness, it is to just this quality that the book owes its value. It is by no means a mere story of sight-seeing; the author reflected wisely on what he saw so keenly, and what he has to say concerning the Turkish character is worth reading. It will be found in one of the last chapters of this interesting book.

Canoeing in Kanuckia,[2] by Messrs. C. L. Norton and John Habberton, describes a little tour in canoes made by those gentlemen and certain of their friends. They seem to have enjoyed their trip exceedingly, — one might almost say, excessively. They found everything amusing: if it rained, they were delighted; if the sun was hot, that too was an entertaining joke; but the height of happiness was attained when one or more of the canoes upset and its owner was ducked. One of the more important incidents of the voyage was the destruction of a coffee-pot by being held in the flames by an indiscreet amateur cook; but this is made much of, and the generally meagre outline of events is filled in with a faithful report of the incessant chaff in which the various members of the party indulged at each other's expense. All this was doubtless amusing enough at the time, but it may be questioned whether it was of the texture of which entertaining books are made. It is safe to say that most readers will fail to find on the printed page

[1] *Constantinople.* By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Seventh Italian Edition by Caroline Tilton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

[2] *Canoeing in Kanuckia; or, Haps and Mishaps Afloat and Ashore of the Statesman, the Editor, the Artist, and the Scribbler.* Recorded by the Commodore and the Cook (C. L. Norton and John Habberton). Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

the delight that the talk gave when it was uttered, and it would not be surprising if the authors, on reading it over, felt very much as those feel who are so deeply impressed by the strangeness of a dream that they try to narrate it to others and find their audience singularly indifferent. Half of the pleasure of the trip was the freedom from work, the novel excitement of change, and the intoxication of moderate physical toil in the fresh air. The feeble, harmless little jokes sounded funny on account of the general exhilaration, but to print them in a book is as much a mistake as it would be to put up a statue to Helen's Babies.

Mr. Bishop,[1] on the other hand, made a very different journey in his canoe, and he has written a very different sort of book. Out of sheer love of adventure, he started from Quebec and found his way, with as little transportation of his canoe over land as possible, to the Gulf of Mexico. He made the journey as far as Troy with a companion, and the remaining part alone, in a paper canoe. The most interesting result of the trip is the proof that is given of the existence of a lagoon-like water-course along almost the whole length of the Atlantic coast, which of course stands in need of more improvements, —light-houses, canals, etc., — but is yet, for long distances at least, open to vessels of light draught. Mr. Bishop's account of his lonely journey is capital reading. He writes with great modesty, but it is impossible not to see the canoeist's energy and courage. He made his way down the coast late in the autumn, and although there was consequently less danger from malaria at this season, the storms were frequent and severe. It was by no means a holiday trip, and his capsize in Delaware Bay was very different from the ordinary upset of the canoe which gives its occupant a sudden but not always disagreeable bath. As may be imagined, the arrival of a boat, made of paper, that had come from the Hudson River created a good deal of excitement in the Southern ports, and it is unnecessary to say that the adventurous explorer was received with the warmest hospitality. Mayors of cities greeted him with ceremonious welcome, and more than this, all along the comparatively remote course he followed, private citizens, "low-down" whites, crackers, and negroes treated him most generously. Some of the light he throws upon the people he met in this way is curious and interesting. Like many another traveler he has learned with his own eyes that our black brother is not a wholly upright citizen, and he corroborates all that is told of the general demoralization which the war and the subsequent legislation produced, while at the same time he does justice to the negro's good qualities. In fact, the aim of the book is not to support any political theory, but to state what the author saw. Some of his anecdotes are very amusing, as, for instance, that of the debating society of the negroes at a town in Georgia; they called their club De Lyceneum; their two managers were respectively "de disputaceous visitor" and "de lachrymal visitor." One of their subjects of discussion was, Which is de best, Spring Water or Matches?

Dr. Klunzinger's book on Upper Egypt[2] comes well recommended, with its introduction written by Schweinfurth, and it will be found to deserve all that is said in its praise. The author spent about ten years in Egypt, most of the time at Koseir on the Red Sea, and also in the Nile Valley, and this volume is a compact record of what fell under

[1] *Voyage of the Paper Canoe: A Geographical Journey of Twenty-Five Hundred Miles, from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico, during the Years* 1874 *and* 1875. By NATHANAEL H. BISHOP, Author of One Thousand Miles' Walk across South America, and Corresponding Member of the Boston Society of Natural History, and of the New York Academy of Sciences. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1878.

[2] *Upper Egypt: Its People and its Products.* A Descriptive Account of the Manners, Customs, Superstitions, and Occupations of the People of the Nile Valley, the Desert, and the Red Sea Coast, with Sketches of the Natural History and Geology. By C. B. KLUNZINGER, M. D., formerly Egyptian Sanitary Physician at Koseir on the Red Sea, Member of the Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin, etc. With a Prefatory Notice by Dr. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH, Author of the Heart of Africa. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1878.

his observation in his intimacy with the Egyptians. What he has undertaken to do is to describe just what would meet the eye of the visitor of that region. He brings the Nile town clearly before us, with its inhabitants, and their manners and occupations are depicted by one who has sympathy as well as knowledge. The neighborhood of the Red Sea is the subject of some interesting chapters. A trip through the desert brings another kind of life and scenery before the reader.

Dr. Klunzinger, through his character as physician, saw the native Egyptians more intimately than do most Franks, and his tribute to their many good qualities attests his own freedom from prejudice and his kindliness of heart. He has written an entertaining book that is at the same time a store-house of information. No Nile traveler — and who that travels at all does not sooner or later visit the Nile? — can dispense with this useful volume. He will learn from it to take an interest in something beside the scenery and the ruins.

The late Turco-Russian war taught a good deal of geography to readers, and among the books that give agreeable instruction it will be hard to find one superior to Mr. James Bryce's Transcaucasia and Ararat.[1] The author, who is an experienced observer, entered the outlying Russian territories from Nijni-Novgorod by rail and post to Tiflis; thence he went to Erivan and back by rail to Poti, from which port he took the steamer along the southern shore of the Black Sea to Constantinople.

He describes the Volga and the scenery of Southern Russia entertainingly, but of course it is the part of the book which deals with the Transcaucasian provinces that is at present the most important. The remote dependencies are inhabited by a motley group of tribes, — Lesghians, Mingrelians, Ossetes, Suans, — to say nothing of the more numerous Georgians and Armenians. Of them all the Armenians alone seem living people; the rest are only half-civilized at the best, or are wholly devoid of tne energy which seems to distinguish the Armenians among the other western Asiatics. All that Mr. Bryce has to say about the Russian policy in these countries is of value, because this is a bugbear to those who dread the future of that country, and also because it may be compared almost on the spot with the merits and failings of the Turkish rule. On the whole, the showing is good for Russia; not merely in comparison with Turkey, but with any other country that is stretching out its hand over weaker races. Of course a thick book might be written about the corruption of the administration, and, doubtless, about the faults of individual officials, but these annexed provinces would seem to have no very serious cause for complaint. Mr. Bryce is by no means a prejudiced observer, and here is what he says on an interesting point: "The sort of good nature and susceptibility to impressions which is so marked a feature in the Russian character makes them get on far better with strange races than either we, or the Dutch, or the Spanish have ever been able to do. It is not occasional acts of cruelty, it is not even a permanently repressive system, that makes conquerors hated nearly so much as coldness, *hauteur*, contempt, an incapacity to sympathize with a different set of customs and ideas."

The process of amalgamation between the Russians and the natives is very slow, and in many places imperceptible; but the Georgians and Armenians are sharing some of the advantages of the foreign civilization which is thrusting itself upon them. The state of the adjacent Turkish provinces is simply terrible, and apparently without hope of relief at the hands of the present rulers. While the Russians move slowly and clumsily forwards, the Turks move backwards, if at all.

In a brief notice like this it is impossible to give all the arguments Mr. Bryce uses to confirm a feeling of hopefulness regarding Russia, but they will be found

[1] *Transcaucasia and Ararat.* Being Notes of a Vacation Tour in the Autumn of 1876. By James Bryce, Author of The Holy Roman Empire. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

throughout this book, put together in a distinct and unpartisan fashion by a man of knowledge and experience, who judges what he sees before him. This is the most important side of the book, which has also a great charm as a book of travel, as a record of adventure in comparatively unknown lands. It is full of humor and intelligence. One of the most noteworthy of the incidents is the author's account of his solitary ascent of Mount Ararat. There are but few recent books of travel which are better worth reading.

Mr. Anderson's book about the Silver Country [1] will remind the reader of those circulars which are written by men with real estate to sell. All will recall the lavish praise, the gentle, euphemistic blame, the silence concerning insuperable faults, with which one place after another is sung. This is just the way in which Mr. Anderson has prepared his little manual, so that one turns instinctively to the end of the book to find the price of a snug farm in that delicious region, where a man can pick up gold and silver nuggets as easily as he can gather whortleberries in a New England pasture, and can support life meanwhile in a temperate climate on the most delicious meats and fruits.

Mr. Anderson will probably brand as provincialism any indifference to his commendation of Arizona at the expense of the bleakness of New England. Here is one instance of the way the heart of the Yankee is wrung by this enthusiastic writer. Under the caption Silk are these words: "The raising of silk cocoons was, many years ago, quite an industry in parts of New England, and many a fine field was covered with mulberry-trees, the leaves of which furnished food for the worms. But little remains of that industry there except the stumps of the trees. It has reappeared in New Spain, and has been accompanied with marked success. Of the 3937 pounds of silk cocoons," etc. And he goes on in this way about barley, wheat, corn, making his odious comparisons, and exulting over the New Spanish sugar, cochineal, wine, etc., by the side of which hard cider and ice make no show at all. And there are the gold and silver to boot.

Some prejudiced writers have spoken of deserts in New Spain; but they must be mistaken, since Mr. Anderson, who gives lists, covering pages, of authorities, says nothing about them. He throws in all Central America as the proper place for the emigrant to go to, with the easy grace map-makers used to show in placing the Mountains of the Moon in different parts of Central Africa. The hardy son of New England who has grown weary of pork and beans will find his mouth watering over accounts of the banquets of the Aztecs and of the Halls of the Montezumas, with the human sacrifices left out.

At the end of the book its real meaning appears: it is a plea for more railways. The reader who had not already guessed this explanation of the accumulation of so much second-hand lore and strictly original rhetoric will find himself led on from a discussion of Roman roads, with a quotation from Gibbon, through a few words on rivers and canals, to a fine outburst on railroads: "The second half of the first century of the republic witnessed the commencement of the first railway in this country. It was in New England instead of New Spain, and near Boston. But it was simply a freight line of a few miles, to bring to market the products of a stone quarry. . . . A glance at the map in the forepart of this volume shows that they [railways] have not yet crossed the great interior of New Spain, but end abruptly near the borders, as if afraid to trespass upon a country so rich in treasures."

It is needless to point out to the reader the delicate way in which Mr. Anderson manages to mention two qualities of

[1] *The Silver Country; or, The Great Southwest.* A Review of the Mineral or other Wealth, the Attractions and Material Development, of the Former Kingdom of New Spain, comprising Mexico and the Mexican Cessions to the United States in 1848 and 1853. By ALEXANDER D. ANDERSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

railways that are generally overlooked by writers, namely, their humility and their delicate perception of right and wrong. It would seem as if he wanted only passenger trains to bring passengers to this Eldorado, and possibly he would not object to the annexation of Mexico. What does Colonel Thomas A. Scott think of this book?

Mr. Munro-Butler-Johnstone[1] has written not only an entertaining but a very intelligent account of the famous fair at Nijni-Novgorod, with some discursive remarks on Russia and the Russian people. The reader can judge for himself exactly what the book is from the statement that it was first written in the form of letters to the London Daily News. This gives a certain warrant that it will be found worth reading and instructive, and such is the case. The author describes the great fair, not simply as if it were a device for the reward and delight of adventurous travelers, but in its manifold commercial and industrial relations. He has the best of feelings towards the little-known country that he visited, and what he has to say tends to encourage the same feelings in his readers. The clearness and fairness of the book make it a most startling contrast to the one just noticed.

AN IMPRESSIONIST AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

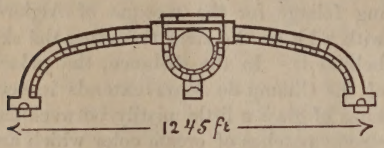
THE great moment is when, after an ocean, frontiers, and inexorable Paris landlords, you arrive, disembarrassed of everything, on the inner terrace of the Trocadéro palace. You hold yourself open to the impressions that may naturally be expected to seize upon you. There is a school of "impressionist" painters here, who give, as it were, the first broad flash of anything, immediately turned away from, and not looked back at or reflected about. Flash! some rapid patches of pink, of white, scattering blue, a ground tone of tawny yellow, — a young woman with a parasol walking in a wheat-field. Let us try that. Flash! a blue sky; four large shining spots, colossal golden animals, close in front. They are a horse, an ox, an elephant, and a rhinoceros, rearing defiantly around a basin of numerous streams, with rainbows in them. The mailed rhinoceros is particularly picturesque. Long bars of orange and the yellow of new oak, on both sides of the river, for pavilions of navigation and railway supplies and the pavilion of forestry; bars of Venetian red above them for their roofs of earthen tiles; pale striped greens for the café of Morocco, the French restaurant on the right, the Spanish — balancing it — on the left; dusty greens for the grass-plots, with enameled borders; drab and pink for the Egyptian temple; slate and scarlet for the Chinese pagoda; delicious white amid embowering foliage for the mosque of Algiers, with a bit of the river reflecting the sky behind it. In the distance, the palace of the Champ de Mars extends its sections of glass a little mistily between the strong patches of cream color which are the solid supports of the domes at the ends and in the centre. Projecting spires and small points everywhere, indicating a complication of objects hidden in the shrubbery. A staring tone of gravel for the highways and paths, needlessly vast and sterile, as it seems, fills all the central portion. Then, flags of all nations, gay marquees, kiosks of terra cotta, canary of regimented chairs and white of marble-topped tables at the restaurants, scattered into all the inter-

[1] *A Trip up the Volga to the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod.* By H. A. MUNRO-BUTLER-JOHNSTONE, M. P. With Thirteen Illustrations. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates. 1878.

stices, to make up the Joseph's coat of many colors spread upon the astonished ground, — this poor ground, when it thinks what a commonplace territory it was so recently!

Around the whole, Paris, a mosaic of gray patches laid one against another, vanishing to the horizon. St. Sulpice, the Pantheon, and Notre Dame rise distantly out of it. The gilded dome of the Invalides — not so imposing as that of the Boston State House — rises nearer, and does not keep its place, but insists upon coming forward, by reason of its holiday attire, and joining the revelry in front.

This may pass for an "impression." An impression is as much as the general view is worth. The interest lies more and more in the details. Conceive that the locality is an oblong strip, of more than a mile, cut by the river. One quarter of it, sloping rapidly, is on this side. It is crowned by a singular building, — to remain, — which contains the concert hall for five thousand persons, and museums of retrospective art. I cannot think of a bulky central edifice anywhere else, like an Italian baptistery or the royal Albert Hall, with long curving wings. It is something entirely new. They are really *wings*, bent inward, as if beating the air. A rude diagram shows it better than explanations.



It makes too startling a profession of its originality, it seems to me. The sweeping wings are weak, and do not get clutch enough on the ground. There is something disagreeable, too, — you get it from the lithographs as well, — in the conflict of the curves of the rotunda which rise, as they come out towards you, with the others which fall. The façade first visible on coming down the Avenue Roi de Rome, on which lives the uncomely queen of Spain behind a gilded grating, is really railroad-station-like.

It is a mammoth structure in its scale. Its two yellow campaniles, forty feet higher than Notre Dame, signal to all Paris the merry-making in progress within, and, coming nearer, you find that the profuse ornamentation which seemed to be merely the vacant device of "rustication" is bands of alternate light and dark; that the Palazzo Vecchio campaniles are daintily gilded and have polished marble angle-shafts; and that the material in general is of the most expensive. Still, it is not going to be such a reminiscence of the Exhibition of 1878 as was left by that of 1854 in the present Palais de l'Industrie, in which our Philadelphia art gallery found its motive. In its original state the Trocadéro was a park, and the Champ de Mars a parade-ground, as all the world knows, and the bridge of Jena connects them. It was but a minor feat of the costly enterprise partly to raise the ground and partly sink the level of the streets crossing them, so that the tide of ordinary traffic surges through between high walls that give only such enticing suggestions of the interior as are contained in the bracketed roofs and flying banners showing above.

We have been looking out from the frame of a bay of the curving cloisters, and over the edge of a basin in violent ebullition, which seems to drop, but does not, directly into the basin of the golden beasts below. It is only a matter of going down to find that it reaches it by a series of steps, with plume-like jets spouting beside them, which go to make up the *grandes eaux* at a cost of nearly a million dollars for themselves alone. There are golden figures about this upper basin, too, — Europe, Asia, America, gazing massively at the fervid panorama, with their wheat sheaves, their stylets, their wheels of industry, disposed about them. It is a great day for Allegory. I know not to what enormous total the admissions for some one date would rise could her representatives in the grounds be added. They spring lightly from domes; they point this way and that; they suspend wreaths of victory and undying fame. Two splendid bronze geniuses cross hands over the arch of the

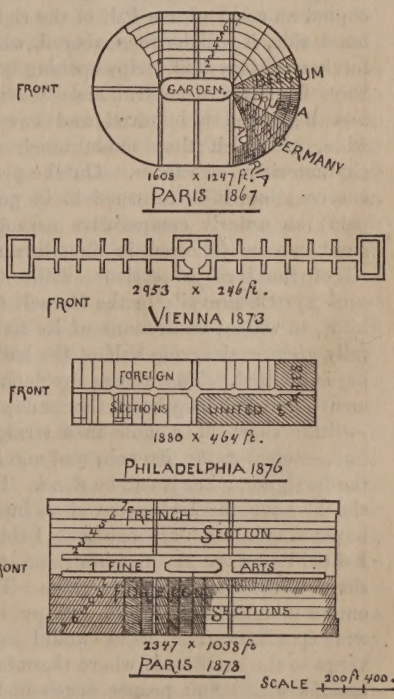
main portal of the Champ de Mars; two others upon each pier guard the emblazoned shield of a nation, with a long pennant above them. The most singular of all is the section of Bartholdi's Liberty, which is not here a hand, but an enormous head. It is the only thing on a scale with the Exposition. Casting a far-looking, level glance over the whole from its deep-set eyes, it has in its knitted brows a strangely troubled expression, as though it bore the entire burden of responsibility. One is ready to ask, "Why did you ever try to hold it?"

An allegory with a political significance is the statue of the Republic, in the position of honor on the terrace in front of the industrial palace. The artist has conceived a very mature, substantial republic, a sort of rule-Britannia figure, in a helmet, sitting, and holding a sword. There is nothing to allude to its comparative youth but the virgin newness and whiteness of the material. A Bonapartist caricature represents that it is a crafty republican leader inside of the statue, thinly plastered over. But it is an up-hill task to produce a conviction like that. On the contrary, I see a number of indications every day, an Anglo-Saxon style of things, that makes me think that the republic covers not a few only, but a great number of people, and is likely, this time, to be an institution of permanence.

A row of colossal figures of nations, rough-cast in terra cotta, — they must be eighteen feet high, — against the piers of the façade, have, in spite of their dimensions, a pronounced individual character. You could expect the regal Spain, the stalwart, peasant Norway, the charming Japan, with the texture of the silk sash and gown given even in the bold work, to step down from their pedestals and be really intelligent and amiable.

Is the almost monopoly of woman here, I wonder, anything of an offset to her partial exclusion from the trades and professions? And why is it that allegory has so little use for man in its symbolizations? He has more or less to do, in his way, with the subject matter of them.

It is the habit of expositions to have a main building. In it more of their essential character inheres than anywhere else. They are not of extraordinary occurrence now. They are becoming a regular industry, with three of the greatest in five years. What is the progressive sense as to imposing effect? as to the most convenient means of display of the prodigious quantities of goods poured together into their laps? It is not easy to find as yet points of agreement in the more general and important particulars. At Paris, in '67, it was an ellipse, with a central garden that held the main volume of matters; at Vienna, in '73, an interminable nave, with transepts; at Philadelphia, a moderate parallelogram, with three great classes, machinery, agriculture, and art, dismissed to separate edifices; at Paris, at the present time, an enormous parallelogram.



There is not a more pronounced unanimity, as this indeed is closely connected with the form, upon the classification

of articles, or upon the precise objects which it is desirable to subserve. Thus at Paris in '67 it was thought useful — and I do not see how there can be more than one opinion on this point — to have a double classification, so that nations could be inspected as a whole, and at the same time whoever was interested in a special line of products might be able to follow it easily from one to the other through them all. To secure this, seven groups of products were distributed in seven concentric corridors, and the nations cut them, according to their requirements of space, in sectors. If you followed a radius, you traversed, say, Spain only. If you followed the sixth corridor, say, you passed from the machinery of Belgium to that of Prussia, then to that of South Germany, then to that of Austria.

At Vienna nothing of this was attempted, nor at Philadelphia, except in the special detached buildings. We occupied an end and one half of the right-hand side, it will be remembered, while foreign nations had strips opening both ways from a fine central aisle seventy feet high and a hundred and twenty wide, of which they made much for characteristic entrances. On the present occasion, it is returned to in good part; an orderly comparative arrangement can be followed in lines through all of the foreign sections, while the same system prevails in the French exhibit, to which, on account of its naturally greater size, one half of the building is allotted. To traverse any department takes two lengths of the building, — little short of a mile in a straight line, — one for the French, and one for the foreigners; but it can be done. If I should have the laying out of an international exhibition at some time, I think I should propose the flat-iron plan, the shape of the New York post-office. The entertaining nation would occupy the wide portion. The aisles would converge to the small end, where the minor nations would find proper accommodation according to their diminishing exhibits. The ellipse of '67 being deemed unadvisable for repetition, expensive by reason of the endless curvature of all the joinery, unsalable when taken down, and hardly capable of anything more than a huge circus-tent effect, I do not see why this would not pretty well meet the requirements. It is cheerfully submitted, without demand for remuneration, to any whom it may concern.

It was the opinion of General Banks, apropos of the moderate appropriation required to give us a representation there, that the classification of '67 was the most sublime category of human products ever drawn out in order. If so it is a commendation that still applies, since the present classification follows very closely that of '67. In the mean time that of Philadelphia appears to me more clear-cut and logical. Seven departments: one for things under the ground, mining and metallurgy; another for those on the surface, agriculture, including the life of the woods and the sea as well; manufactures, the shapes into which the primary materials from these are wrought by human ingenuity; machinery, the apparatus by which it is done; education, the training of the directing intelligence; art, the flower of beauty that comes to solace and give a character of rejoicing to the whole. There it was the earth principally which served as the point of departure. Here it is more directly man: one department for his food, another for clothing, another for furniture. At Vienna, this system was developed to twenty-six different groups.

We have in '78 nine groups, while in '67 there were ten. This tenth group was arranged by Napoleon III., with a special view to the working classes. It was for objects "ameliorating the moral and physical condition of populations." It included, among other things, food, clothing, and furniture distinguished for useful qualities combined with cheapness, and examples of work showing peculiar individualism, such as have most resisted the influence of machinery. An American commissioner thought that the institution of this group alone was sufficient to place the name of the emperor "on the roll of permanent history in

letters of light." There is less tenderness for the workingmen at present, and these articles have been distributed under such heads as convenience dictated. Two main groups of agriculture, which consist largely of changing exhibitions of live stock, and horticulture are naturally either out-of-doors or housed in pavilions. Seven in-door groups are to be provided for. It is done by ranging them in parallel sheds (as they may be called without an intention to be derogatory) down the thickly built parallelogram. The nations cut across their half at right angles, and face upon a central breathing strip, which holds also the continuous pavilions of the fine arts, as well as an individual display of especial elegance by the city of Paris.

They have made a charming place of it, this street of nations, except for its narrowness. One is drawn to many a well-pleased promenade there, — issuing out at the hour of closing, and postponing his fatigue to follow, with an enduring interest, the complexity of turrets, arcades, belfries, broken roofs, and gable ends retiring down the fantastic line. Spain has a Moorish façade; Portugal, the luxuriant carvings of Belem; Russia and the Scandinavians, fronts in massive varnished wood ; and Belgium, a civic palace, at six hundred thousand francs, like some of the best of those which ornament the modern streets of that favored country, surprisingly skilled, tasteful, and prosperous in all of its appointments. Switzerland recalls her Genevas and Neufchatels with an arching belfry, in which a man in armor strikes the hours stiffly with a hammer.

As to the matter of exterior effect in international exposition main buildings, the first of the two of Paris did not much try for it. The long, low range of Vienna, with its painted plaster decoration, is spoken of as tame; Philadelphia strove for a monumental air as well as it could, pinched by a severe economy. It has been reserved for the present industrial palace to do something really brilliant. It does not strike you as vast, — except perhaps from a point up or down the river, where two sides of it can be seen. The whole extent of the space under cover is not visible, because the sheds are surrounded by the high outer galleries, which *are* the palace as far as the spectator is concerned. The matter of vastness is not the thing here, either, it is with us. It has too much to contend with. What extent could there be to draw more than a moderate astonishment from populations used to the London houses of Parliament, and the grandiose, solid court of the Louvre?

It is of iron and glass, and avows itself ephemeral, and the narrow end is that which is principally seen. It throws itself upon the charm of an original design, gay and pleasing color, and above all of valuable materials. You like it better the nearer you approach. You recognize with growing surprise not only that it is not going to be cheap, but that it is impressively expensive. It is a remark that applies to the Exposition throughout. The panel of decoration on the pilasters, for instance, which seemed to be a stenciled pattern, is found to be a lovely mosaic tiling in high relief. The iron frame is zinc color; the doors are the red of wine-lees; the interiors of the lofty entrance half-domes, bronze gilt; the windows, traced a little with patterns of blue and amber. It impresses you like a magnified specimen of one of those cheerful tankards in the department of Bohemian glass, which are ornamented with arabesques, mottoes, and touches of gold. There are charming views through the clear glass: either within, at the lapis-lazuli vases and heaped-up treasures, or without, at the profusely landscape-gardened prospect and the moving people. The sky shows through the edifice from a proper distance, and adds to its bluish tint. The clouds pile up behind it at sunset, and once I have seen, in a sultry atmosphere, a yellow moon, the size of a cart-wheel, rise out of the very midst of it, with a ravishing effect.

Though ephemeral, it has a certain seriousness too. It is not of the bubble-like order. The great frames of glass and most of the other shapes are square-

headed. This is sincere, now that I think of it; iron has no need to be arched. Conceive, then, that it stands upon a long terrace, — the stately feature of which, with the *quille*, we have not learned yet to make use of in America, — with flower beds about it, and palms in blue and white porcelain tubs on the ramps of the steps.

The spectacular aspect of expositions is, after as much argument as may be expended, their principal aspect. There is no doubt about the number of things for reflection; but it is not the handful of earnest students pursuing these, inspectors with no language but their own, preparing reports among yawning shop boys retained for police duty, for oblivion in government printing-offices, or even parties of personally-conducted British workmen arrived for eight days, for whom they are given. It is for the great five millions, eight millions, ten millions, who come to pay their franc for once or twice, pass through in a daze at the illimitability of things, and take back a description of a swimming doll to their friends in the country. I doubt, too, about those British workmen, whether they are going to give all of the eight days to the strict line of mechanics in which lies their profession in life. Expositions are the best of advertising mediums for articles whose points catch the attention easily, and there is no doubt about their containing the best thing of its kind in any particular line. The views they give of foreign lands cannot be relied upon to take the place of actual visits. What you find is too much a matter of hazard. It does not follow that the public instruction of Spain is better than that of England because the latter is represented by but a single, pushing, private boarding-school; nor that a country is the strongest as a whole in some respect which may make a remarkable showing from a particular locality. I would rather take what I could learn of a country, reading its newspapers at breakfast, while taking my coffee, for a week in its capital, than the selected and ticketed facts of a number of expositions. There is talk of one at Rome presently. They will no doubt go on, since numerous important powers are still to be heard from. If commerce finds, as it does, its interest in them, there is no reason why they should stop from any considerations of *ennui* and a general resemblance, — the main constituency every time. It was the United States that sent most of the ten millions of admissions to Philadelphia, and it will be Italy, Germany, or Russia that will send the necessary millions next to Rome, Berlin, or St. Petersburg, as the case may be.

I am not sure, therefore, that an apology is not demanded for passing by at first the most obvious spectacular attractions, the strange peoples and their hamlets clustered about the grounds. A droning music issues from an Arab café, as though the wake of a mummy might be in progress. An ancient Gaul, in granite, one of four at the angles of the bridge, having dismounted, is reining back his fiery steed, and may have come to attend. But let us plunge in, nevertheless, among the improving contents of the industrial palace.

The names of the groups of goods we are to find are over the arches of the interior promenades: fine arts, liberal arts, furniture, raiment, products (primary and manufactured), machinery, aliment. It is so managed that some of the most perfect specimens of each — the Sèvres porcelain; the Gobelin and Beauvais tapestries; Thebaut's trophy of metals, with the splendid Charlemagne on top; the Russian malachites; the treasures brought by the Prince of Wales from India — come out at the ends into the transverse galleries, where they can hold the most brilliant court. The groups are cut up into appropriate classes. To each its jury, ninety in all. They are liberal juries. Three men out of five of the fifty thousand exhibitors will go away with something for their trouble. Little short of thirty thousand medals and diplomas will be hung in various parts of the world, and will serve to convey the impression that each and every spectator paused before the article in question, after a rigid examination of all

the others, and unhesitatingly declared, "Yes, it is the best."

These liberal arts include, a little at random it seems, education, photography, stationery, surgical and musical instruments, and the calculating machine, just as you find fire-arms and traveling apparatus attached to the department of clothing. The minister of public instruction makes first a display of the results of French scientific explorations. The French have been more active than one would think, now that their colonial period is so nearly over. The educational progress of the citizen is next traced from the bottom to the top.

If he be of humble circumstances, it begins with the *crêche*. It is increasingly difficult in an old civilization for the labor of one person to be the maintenance of two. Both parents work. The infant is left at the crêche in the morning, to toddle in a central ring with his compatriots, as if a board of superannuated stock-brokers; or to lie in an extremely neat crib, with an inscription showing that it was founded by Madame la Marquise Montjoie St. Denis, and to be called for at night. At the age of two and a half it is eligible for the *asile*, attached to the primary schools. He is amused here all day with kindergarten exercises, and called for in the same way. I have seen him, by some legerdemain of a new process, spelling three-syllable words at sight. The ambition of decorations begins to be inspired in him already. He wears, for this and that, on the breast of his small blouse a red ribbon with a sparkling cross that leaves little for the Legion of Honor to do. I find very interesting the provision which is made to usher him into life as a self-sustaining and contented member of society after his education. There are schools of apprenticeship, and societies of patronage to aid to places and to keep an oversight of the young mechanic who has learned his trade in them. Large industrial establishments, such as those of the silk weavers at Lyons, and the great printing-house of Chaix, have technical schools for the training of hands for their work. It is not a system peculiar to France. To take only one instance, Owtchinnihow, the Moscow jeweler, whose napkins in filigree of silver pleased us so much at Philadelphia, maintains for one hundred pupils a school of primary instruction, design, sculpture, singing, and gymnastics. There is a close connection between these European states. What one has, the others are not long in adopting.

Then there are the systems of *prévoyance*, economy, and provision for old age, upon which an interesting congress has just been held here. It is the practice in forty establishments of Paris to set aside weekly a sum, added to the regular wages of the laborer, or reserved from them, for the *caisse de retraite*, a retiring pension. The foreign workman has not the horizon of the American. More is done, therefore, to make his condition tolerable. The chance with us that it is to be something only quite temporary is taken as reason enough for letting it be as it happens. It is not the boy alone; the girl also is an object of forethought. Here are beautiful sewing and embroidery from a primary school of Lucca, and here a programme of similar works and domestic economy from the primary system of the Canton de Vaud.

For upper female instruction an immense portfolio of lead-pencil copies after lithographs, from the Royal College of Verona, need cause no discouragement at Wellesley or Vassar. On the other hand, the portfolio of life studies in oil from the female college of Cracow, Austrian Poland, is calculated to arouse the warmest enthusiasm. A Portuguese pedagogue has had the good idea of affixing the photographs of his scholars to their exercises, so that we can see the precise snubby features and shaven heads of the calm young intellectual victors whose superior arithmetic is posed for our inspection. It is but a glance we can take here and there. A fly-leaf blown back discloses the composition of Léveadie Duval, age fourteen: "*Mon futur métier* [my future profession in life]. What shall it be? *Certes*, you ask a formidable question. I have

thought — But in fine I think it would be the best of all to engage in the tuition of the young, to follow [one suspects a sly flattery here] in the footsteps of my devoted instructresses." It is quaint, this, in the midst of the two million three hundred thousand square feet of space roofed over. It gives one a sense of the way in which every minute part of it is quivering with life.

Japan has the most charming schoolhouses, though I know well they would never do to imitate; Russia, a museum of pedagogy, the most complete collection of appliances. The history of itself which the University of Saragossa has caused to be written expressly for the Exposition does not at all compare with the elegant Harvard book, which is here also. Models of every kind, planispheres, maps in high relief, abound with a profusion which is possible in quarters where the technical skill to construct them is not rare. Seeing them, you feel that you did not have a fair chance in your time. There is no telling what you might have arrived at with all the motions and shapes of things so clearly presented, instead of having to revolve them dimly in your head. It is possible that we can teach the French something in the ordering of the discipline of primary schools. They have a respect for us educationally, I know. On the other hand, we can learn immensely of them in the way of making the superior instruction interesting by utilizing in it real scholarship and current research.

To pursue the liberal arts: if the English astronomical and photographic apparatus be the best, France and Switzerland divide the honors of the array of smaller instruments of precision, and Russia and Austria have the most satisfactory photographs, of a straightforward kind, without too much retrenching, though this is a department in which scarcely any participant is weak. We excel in false teeth. It is strange, is it not, that prominence in this particular branch should fall to us? I wonder, in passing the intensely respectable cases of red and whit , and gold plate and ominous steel drills, if it be connected with our fondness for sweet things, which the Old World does not share.

Our book-binding, it is pleasant to find, — one does not inquire the prices too sedulously, — is less over-florid in the cheaper sorts, and as simply elegant in the better as that of any competitors. There are some peculiar felicities of tree calf, and plain calf in colors, and the *reliure d'amateur*, — of red morocco back and corners and paper sides, after the French, — that leave nothing to desire. I wish we could add to the repertory, for cheap, strong bindings, the plain gray linen of the French scholar libraries. It is refreshing enough almost to make one read through an algebra for pleasure. For the interiors of books, it is only in the corner of the Paris publishers that you find the exquisite small classics, the Paul and Virginia, the poesies of Béranger and De Musset, on vellum-like paper with red lettering, and with small etchings between the leaves. There, too, you may bend for half a day over the Bible of Bida, with its tender sentiment and faithful portraiture of the unchanging life of the East, and cast off forever allegiance to Doré's.

The furniture of England, which she presents, for the inspection of different effects, in complete apartments, rather more than any other, is of the kind which has most taken the fancy of our expositors of household art at home, and has been a good deal shown to us. It is open to the general remark of being too slight, and wanting in dignity, compared to that about it. It is "niggled," in fact, and you are surprised at the English. They have a character for being steady-going. It is allied to the ephemeral things of the Chinese. The vogue of the Gothic style of solid oak and bolted hinges, like a camp chest of Harold Hardrada, is quite over. A liberal deckload would crush the tables; and then everything must be cut up into interminable niches, bracketed shelves, imitation arcades, and small railings, for the accommodation in each of an article of bricabrac. One sees in the solid, carved cabinets of the Spaniards, Ital-

ians, Hungarians, the habit of more simple and complete effects, the taste for a stately instead of a purely comfortable luxury. The goods is left more untroubled in the piece. The ornamentation is always some variety of Renaissance scrolls and columns. If there is not real tapestry for the walls and upholstery, its place is taken by a printed tapestry, which is becoming an important industry. The English attempts evince a warm personal interest, however, while the others seem more the easy doings of formal decorators.

There is an apartment got up by the painter Whistler, — in what tones, think you? Gold, buff, ochre, but mainly tones of mustard yellow. It is not glaring, either, but harmonized with a very superior talent, — art. There is a high-wainscoted Queen Anne room, with a bust of Pope, the peculiar poet of the period, over the mantel, and views from the Rape of the Lock on the walls. It is surpassed in the direction I have indicated by a quite similar Belgian apartment. Against the Queen Anne house, with wainscots in wood stained claret color, hangings in softened sulphur yellow, and flowered muslin curtains drawn on rods across the long, low windows, I cannot invent a word of fault-finding. The vastest and most Sybaritic easy-chair is Russian. A Hungarian maker bends wood, without regard to the size of the stick, into extraordinary curves for light furniture. An example of almost incredible luxury is a French bedchamber, in which the gilded couch, with mattresses of pink, and coverlids and a light canopy of pearl satin, all richly embroidered with flowers, lies under another lofty canopy of velvet, depending triangularly from the centre of the apartment like the drapery of a royal throne. To keep in countenance this principal piece, a few of the objects are a golden figure on a low column, a lion skin, a silver table, and a lemon-tree growing in a tub of Mexican onyx.

In ceramics, the French potters have the air of pursuing a steady course, without revivals and sudden spasms of interest. They have long been accustomed to supplying a demand which required the graceful as a matter of course. Most of their wares are comfortably for use. You are not required to strike an attitude before the charming plates with the horn-of-plenty patterns, the blue and dull red flowers traced over them, because there are more in the shop-windows. The designs derived so long ago from Persian fabrics, and domesticated at Rouen and Nevers, persist. Newer establishments like Gien and Quimper seem almost to excel the old, by a greater liveliness of fancy in the same general style, though none are remarkably new. There are from Quimper violins and even a violoncello in *faience*, the making of which was represented not long since as something fabulous. The bold Limoges faïence of the Havilands, painted in thick, creamy pastes of itself, is a sharply distinguished branch. It is satisfactory to find that we are sent the very best examples of it for our Broadway shop-windows.

I have a prejudice, which I am almost afraid to state, against views of persons and scenery on porcelain. What is the most agreeable is a decoration that takes hold with a real grip. You would like it if the different colored pastes went through and through. An excessively finished elegance, too, is capable of exciting a sort of malice. For this reason I can walk away from Sèvres and its imitators and Dresden and its imitators everywhere, and enjoy myself with probably quite a shameful indifference among the majolicas, the stone-wares, and the earthen-wares a long way down. A collection has been made of the potteries actually in use among the Italian peasants. Nothing is more *naïve* than the rude ornamentation. It is almost the only place where there is a surprise in the forms. The corresponding utensils of Spain and Portugal are akin to this. When you go into the departments of Tunis and Morocco you find that it is an ancient Arabian influence still prevailing in them both. It is an influence that has been improved upon. The derivative shapes are not so extravagant as the original, and the decoration never stops

at smears and dots of vermilion paint alone.

The Japanese influence, elsewhere, seems to have been made over, for its own good, in somewhat the same way. It is used in the silver work of Christofle and Tiffany, the crystal of Baccarat, the royal Worcester porcelain, — there are exquisite specimens of the latter resembling carvings in ivory, — with a certain temperance which it does not always preserve at home. With its normal profusion wholly turned on, the Orient is almost too overwhelming.

A Swiss ware, of red and green figures on cream and black grounds, made brilliant by a tin enamel, is an original spot, like the English Doulton. For the simple *potiches* and the rest, of the usual patterns in blue and white, or with the crimson flowers of old Delft added, there is nothing, even from Delft, — very meagrely represented, and eclipsed by Maestricht, — so nice as those from Louvières, of Belgium. Happy country, that can present in every line, if not the best, something so very near to it!

The lovely porcelain stoves, of which every section has some examples to present! It is only because I am not sure enough about their working in winter that I do not enter upon an instant propaganda of porcelain stoves. It is the point in our decorative reconstruction that has been fatally neglected. Will there not yet arise some prophet of wrath — not to be appeased by the sight of nickel-plated grates — against the cast-iron stove, with its inane attempts at ornament, who will go on to show that the most conspicuous piece of furniture in the room for eight months in the year can be not only improved to the point of toleration, but can be made an extremely beautiful object?

For textile fabrics, in the spinning of cottons the English excel, and in the heavier weaving, but it is only the French for light tissues like those of St. Quentin. These are exposed here unbleached. The bleaching is done by the middle-men, according to their trade. It appears that there is a nicety in this matter. Each department has a preference of its own as to the more or less bluing and the surface it requires on its cottons. Our own familiar-looking sheetings and prints, the Wamsuttas and Washington Mills, and I may add our silks as well, are spoken of with high favor by connoisseurs for certain honest and solid qualities, — it is not what we are allowed usually to pride ourselves upon. In textile fabrics it is the highest and the lowest that have an interest for the non-professional spectator. A tameness runs through the provision for the middle class in this respect as in so many others. We pause before the gorgeous tapestries and carpets, the shawls of the Compagnie des Indes, the cases of Lyons velvets, the faint amber-hued chamber of laces; and then the bright kerchiefs of Southern field hands, the patterns for the women of Frisia, the stuffs from Manchester and Glasgow for South Africa, the *rouennerie* for Algiers. In the last especially there are attractive things enough to make a little museum. There is then a whole order of pleasing coarse stuffs, perhaps of Spanish origin, extending through Southern Europe and to the South American republics. The horse-cloth of the Biscayan muleteers, in bright bars profusely bordered with ball tassels, is a type.

Whoever has seen more international expositions than one will appreciate the facilities of the nation which is at home and the difficulties of the others in putting their goods in evidence, and will distrust a little the local assumptions of leading the world in this or that with flippant ease. The catalogue of this exhibition alone comprises five volumes of encyclopædia size, and the United States, for instance, occupies but a few pages of one of them. Follow for two days — it can hardly be done in less, glancing with moderate haste to the right and the left — the two vast humming parades of machinery, local and foreign; and then there remain annexes that seem to dwarf them both. Here are ribbon saws that enable small blocks, cut into unmeaning sinuosities, to be offered at a franc apiece, as they were at Philadelphia. Here are tongue-and-

groove machines; the Marinori press, which turns off twenty-five thousand copies of a newspaper an hour, folded for delivery; brick and tile machines; stills; pumps; a sort of steam Sam Weller that takes boots on one arm and polishes them with the other; a magnificent compact locomotive for the steep gradients around Lille; one for steeper gradients still, — the railway that climbs the Righi. Spain sends a ninety horse-power horizontal engine, claiming to be the most economical of fuel known to the present time; Palermo, an enormous derrick; Milan, jointed ladders to shoot up to a dizzy height for burning buildings; Moscow, a great array of agricultural machinery.

I do not maintain that these tongue-and-groove machines; this winder, clucking sedately as it lifts and drops its multifarious cut-offs; this beetler, moving by a line of eccentrics, like a Brobdignagian steel caterpillar; this screw-cutter, which rests and deliberates in its various parts in turn to deliver perfected from the hopper the material it has taken in formless at the other end, are the ultimate perfection of their kind. Like some millions of my fellow-travelers who give too little attention to the wonders of the machine-shops of their native towns, and would hardly know of them except for such occasions as this, I am capable of being astonished by quite an inferior tongue-and-groove machine. The point is that they exist. I should not wish to say, without at least the opportunities of a special juryman, which nation leads the world in machinery with a nonchalant superiority.

Still there is no telling how much of all this has been taken from the extraordinary American mechanical movement for the last forty years. The sewing-machines everywhere are frankly American; the agricultural machines only thinly disguised imitations. Inscriptions like the J. W. Lamb *machines à tricoter* have a familiar American sound. Three of the most splendid engines in the Exposition are on the Corliss principle, of variable and reversible cut-offs, — one built at Rouen, one at St. Ouen, another in Belgium. There are English names among the thickest of the French makers. I should not wonder if it could be shown that the real inventive germ is Anglo-Saxon, and the mission of the French in this, as in the other matters in which Guizot claimed it for them, is to centralize and give the idea its most perfect form.

It is in the groups of products and alimentation that South America and the colonies rise to prominence, — the countries of raw materials *par excellence*. Hardly a European state is so poor that it has not a section of the Indies or a tropical island. The programme of the gourmand is no doubt to wander continuously in these comfortable galleries of aliments, to obtain permits for the pavilion of *degustation* and the Swiss cave of cheeses, and then to seek samples of as much as possible of the rest in the polyglot restaurants. The most spiritual artist need not altogether keep away. There is a taste in the stout jars and bottles that allies them to genuine ceramics, and a feast of color in the cordials, the white double beer of Bruges, the spice bread, the *pièces montés* of the confectioners, the sausages of Bologna with the silver paper half unwrapped, not to be overlooked.

For our part, we show cottons, tobaccos, packed meats, specimens from the Bonanza mines, — the universally respected products we so easily get together. There is no excuse for a façade like one of the poorest of the state headquarters at the Centennial, since if we have no national style we have designers of ability; but one comes at last to being reconciled to our narrow strip of exhibit, which was at first disappointing, and taking quite an interest in it. It is compact in things of solid usefulness, while some others resolve themselves finally into taking curtains and ingenuities of wine bottles.

This must do for the main building, apart from the pictures, which I have purposely omitted. The illumination in the great interior, from above, sifted through canvas screens, is agreeable. The floors are kept clean and cool with

watering-pots. Sometimes, in remote alcoves, you are alone, except for a leisurely attendant who emerges from behind a case with a dust-brush. A piano tinkles, as if playing a delicate accompaniment to your acquirement of information. But it is the indefatigable passage of feet, and their grind, grind, grind, upon the gravel all day long, that is the normal accompaniment. You think that intelligence is kindled by this laborious friction, as the gas may be lighted after sufficient shuffling round over a thick-piled carpet.

SONG.

O NEW-FOUND earth! O wondrous birth!
The very grass and clover
Have caught the sense of sweet suspense, —
The mystery brooding over
All life that lies beneath the skies,
When eyelids first uncover;
For old things pass — the world is new
When love is young, and hearts are true.

But hark, but hush! a wakening thrush
Sets all the air a-quiver;
And look! the brook has left its nook
And grown a rushing river;
And buds unclose the perfect rose
To lose in gift the giver!
O green, glad earth! O heavens blue!
When love is grown, and hearts are true.

And now, — what now but weighted bough,
Gold, rubies, without measure,
And scarlet leaf and yellow sheaf
Heap up the royal treasure;
While purpling vine, full-veined with wine,
Thrills with intenser pleasure,
And earth robs heaven of every hue
When love is ripe, and hearts beat true.

Yet stay! although the falling snow
The warm, bright earth is hiding,
Though dull and gray the shortening day
Comes like a sudden chiding,
Full well we know the hearth fire's glow
In dearest eyes abiding;
For last is best, the whole world through,
When love is tried, and hearts keep true.

E. E. Brown.

THE LADY OF THE AROOSTOOK.

I.

In the best room of a farm-house on the skirts of a village in the hills of Northern Massachusetts, there sat one morning in August three people who were not strangers to the house, but who had apparently assembled in the parlor as the place most in accord with an unaccustomed finery in their dress. One was an elderly woman, with a plain, honest face, as kindly in expression as she could be perfectly sure she felt, and no more; she rocked herself softly in the haircloth arm-chair, and addressed as "father" the old man who sat at one end of the table between the windows, and drubbed noiselessly upon it with his stubbed fingers, while his lips, puckered to a whistle, emitted no sound. His face had that distinctly fresh-shaven effect which once a week is the advantage of shaving no oftener; here and there, in the deeper wrinkles, a frosty stubble had escaped the razor. He wore an old-fashioned, low black satin stock, over the top of which the linen of his unstarched collar contrived with difficulty to make itself seen; his high-crowned, lead-colored straw hat lay on the table before him. At the other end of the table sat a young girl, who leaned upon it with one arm, propping her averted face on her hand. The window was open beside her, and she was staring out upon the door-yard, where the hens were burrowing for coolness in the soft earth under the lilac bushes; from time to time she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I don't like this part of it, father," said the elderly woman, — "Lyddy's seeming to feel about it the way she does right at the last moment, as you may say." The old man made a noise in his throat as if he might speak; but he only unpuckered his mouth, and stayed his fingers, while the other continued: "I don't want her to go now, no more than ever I did. I ain't one to think that eatin' up everything on your plate keeps it from wastin', and I never was; and I say that even if you could n't get the money back, it would cost no more to have her stay than to have her go."

"I don't suppose," said the old man, in a high, husky treble, "but what I could get some of it back from the captain; may be all. He did n't seem any ways graspin'. I don't want Lyddy should feel, any more than you do, Maria, that we 're glad to have her go. But what I look at is this: as long as she has this idea — Well, it 's like this — I d' know as I can express it, either." He relapsed into the comfort people find in giving up a difficult thing.

"Oh, I know!" returned the woman. "I understand it 's an opportunity; you might call it a leadin', almost, that it would be flyin' in the face of Providence to refuse. I presume her gifts were given her for improvement, and it would be the same as buryin' them in the ground for her to stay up here. But I do say that I want Lyddy should feel just *so* about goin', or not go at all. It ain't like goin' among strangers, though, if it *is* in a strange land. They 're her father's own kin, and if they 're any ways like him they 're warm-*hearted* enough, if that 's all you want. I guess they 'll do what 's right by Lyddy when she gets there. And I try to look at it this way: that long before that maple by the gate is red she 'll be with her father's own sister; and I for one don't mean to let it worry me." She made search for her handkerchief, and wiped away the tears that fell down her cheeks.

"Yes," returned the old man; "and before the leaves are on the ground we shall more 'n have got our first letter from her. I declare for 't," he added, after a tremulous pause, "I was goin' to say how Lyddy would enjoy readin' it to us! I don't seem to get it rightly into my head that she 's goin' away."

"It ain't as if Lyddy was leavin' any life behind her that 's over and above pleasant," resumed the woman. "She 's a good girl, and I never want to see a more uncomplainin'; but I know it 's duller and duller here all the while for her, with us two old folks, and no young company; and I d' know as it 's been any better the two winters she 's taught in the Mill Village. That 's what reconciles me, on Lyddy's account, as much as anything. I ain't one to set much store on worldly ambition, and I never was; and I d' know as I care for Lyddy's advancement, as you may call it. I believe that as far forth as true happiness goes she 'd be as well off here as there. But I don't say but what she would be more satisfied in the end, and as long as you can't have happiness, in this world, I say you 'd better have satisfaction. Is that Josiah Whitman's hearse goin' past?" she asked, rising from her chair, and craning forward to bring her eyes on a level with the window, while she suspended the agitation of the palm-leaf fan which she had not ceased to ply during her talk; she remained a moment with the quiescent fan pressed against her bosom, and then she stepped out of the door, and down the walk to the gate. "Josiah!" she called, while the old man looked and listened at the window. "Who you been buryin'?"

The man halted his hearse, and answered briefly, "Mirandy Holcomb."

"Why, I thought the funeral wa' n't to be till to-morrow! Well, I declare," said the woman, as she reëntered the room and sat down again in her rocking-chair, "I did n't ask him whether it was Mr. Goodlow or Mr. Baldwin preached the sermon. I was so put out hearin' it was Mirandy, you might say I forgot to ask him anything. Mirandy was always a well woman till they moved down to the Mill Village and began takin' the hands to board, — so many of 'em. When I think of Lyddy's teachin' there another winter, — well, I could almost rejoice that she was goin' away. She ain't a mite too strong as it is."

Here the woman paused, and the old man struck in with his quaint treble while she fanned herself in silence: "I do suppose the voyage is goin' to be everything for her health. She 'll be from a month to six weeks gettin' to Try-East, and that 'll be a complete change of air, Mr. Goodlow says. And she won't have a care on her mind the whole way out. It 'll be a season of rest and quiet. I did wish, just for the joke of the thing, as you may say, that the ship had been goin' straight to Venus, and Lyddy could 'a' walked right in on 'em at breakfast, some morning. I should liked it to been a surprise. But there wa' n't any ship at Boston loadin' for Venus, and they did n't much believe I 'd find one at New York. So I just took up with the captain of the Aroostook's offer. He says she can telegraph to her folks at Venus as soon as she gets to Try-East, and she 's welcome to stay on the ship till they come for her. I did n't think of their havin' our mod'n improvements out there; but he says they have telegraphs and railroads everywheres, the same as we do; and they 're *real* kind and polite when you get used to 'em. The captain, he 's as nice a man as I ever see. His wife 's been two or three voyages with him in the Aroostook, and he 'll know just how to have Lyddy's comfort looked after. He showed me the state-room she 's goin' to have. Well, it ain't over and above large, but it 's pretty as a pink: all clean white paint, with a solid mahogany edge to the berth, and a mahogany-framed lookin'-glass on one side, and little winders at the top, and white lace curtains to the bed. He says he had it fixed up for his wife, and he lets Lyddy have it all for her own. She can set there and do her mendin' when she don't feel like comin' into the cabin. The cabin — well, I wish you could see that cabin, Maria! The first mate is a fine-appearing man, too. Some of the sailors looked pretty rough; but I guess it was as much their clothes as anything; and I d' know as Lyddy 'd *have* a great deal to do with them, any way." The old man's treble ceased, and at the same moment the shrilling of a locust in one of the door-yard maples died away; both voices, arid, nasal, and

high, lapsed as one into a common silence.

The woman stirred impatiently in her chair, as if both voices had been repeating something heard many times before. They seemed to renew her discontent. "Yes, I know; I know all that, father. But it ain't the mahogany I think of. It 's the child's gettin' there safe and well."

"Well," said the old man, "I asked the captain about the seasickness, and he says she ain't nigh so likely to be sick as she would on the steamer; the motion 's more regular, and she won't have the smell of the machinery. That 's what he said. And he said the seasickness would do her good, any way. I 'm sure I don't want her to be sick any more than you do, Maria." He added this like one who has been unjustly put upon his defense.

They now both remained silent, the woman rocking herself and fanning, and the old man holding his fingers suspended from their drubbing upon the table, and looking miserably from the woman in the rocking-chair to the girl at the window, as if a strict inquiry into the present situation might convict him of it in spite of his innocence. The girl still sat with her face turned from them, and still from time to time she put her handkerchief to her eyes and wiped away the tears. The locust in the maple began again, and shrilled inexorably. Suddenly the girl leaped to her feet.

"There 's the stage!" she cried, with a tumult in her voice and manner, and a kind of choking sob. She showed, now that she stood upright, the slim and elegant shape which is the divine right of American girlhood, clothed with the stylishness that instinctive taste may evoke, even in a hill town, from study of paper patterns, Harper's Bazar, and the costume of summer boarders. Her dress was carried with spirit and effect.

"Lydia Blood!" cried the other woman, springing responsively to her feet, also, and starting toward the girl, "don't you go a step without you feel just like it! Take off your things this minute and stay, if you would n't jus' as lives go. It 's hard enough to *have* you go, child, without seemin' to force you!"

"Oh, aunt Maria," answered the girl, piteously, "it almost kills me to go; but *I 'm* doing it, not you. I know how you 'd like to have me stay. But don't say it again, or I could n't bear up; and I 'm going now, if I have to be carried."

The old man had risen with the others; he was shorter than either, and as he looked at them he seemed half awed, half bewildered, by so much drama. Yet it was comparatively very little. The girl did not offer to cast herself upon her aunt's neck, and her aunt did not offer her an embrace; it was only their hearts that clung together as they simply shook hands and kissed each other. Lydia whirled away for her last look at herself in the glass over the table, and her aunt tremulously began to put to rights some slight disorder in the girl's hat.

"Father," she said sharply, "are Lyddy's things all ready there by the door, so 's not to keep Ezra Perkins waitin'? You know he always grumbles so. And then he *gets* you to the cars so 't you have to wait half an hour before they start." She continued to pin and pull at details of Lydia's dress, to which she descended from her hat. "It sets real nice on you, Lyddy. I guess you 'll think of the time we had gettin' it made up, when you wear it out there." Miss Maria Latham laughed nervously.

With a harsh banging and rattling, a yellow Concord coach drew up at the gate where Miss Maria had stopped the hearse. The driver got down, and without a word put Lydia's boxes and bags into the boot, and left two or three light parcels for her to take into the coach with her.

Miss Latham went down to the gate with her father and niece. "Take the back seat, father!" she said, as the old man offered to take the middle place. "Let them that come later have what 's left. You 'll be home to-night, father; I 'll set up for you. Good-by again, Lyddy." She did not kiss the girl again, or touch her hand. Their decent and sparing adieux had been made in the

house. As Miss Latham returned to the door, the hens, cowering conscience-stricken under the lilacs, sprang up at sight of her with a screech of guilty alarm, and flew out over the fence.

"Well, I vow," soliloquized Miss Latham, "from where she set Lyddy must have seen them pests under the lilacs the whole time, and never said a word." She pushed the loosened soil into place with the side of her ample slipper, and then went into the house, where she kindled a fire in the kitchen stove, and made herself a cup of Japan tea: a variety of the herb which our country people prefer, apparently because it affords the same stimulus with none of the pleasure given by the Chinese leaf.

II.

Lydia and her grandfather reached Boston at four o'clock, and the old man made a bargain, as he fancied, with an expressman to carry her baggage across the city to the wharf at which the Aroostook lay. The expressman civilly offered to take their small parcels without charge, and deliver them with the trunk and large bag; but as he could not check them all her grandfather judged it safest not to part with them, and he and Lydia crowded into the horse-car with their arms and hands full. The conductor obliged him to give up the largest of these burdens, and hung the old-fashioned oil-cloth sack on the handle of the brake behind, where Mr. Latham with keen anxiety, and Lydia with shame, watched it as it swayed back and forth with the motion of the car and threatened to break loose from its hand-straps and dash its bloated bulk to the ground. The old man called out to the conductor to be sure and stop in Scollay's Square, and the people, who had already stared uncomfortably at Lydia's bundles, all smiled. Her grandfather was going to repeat his direction as the conductor made no sign of having heard it, when his neighbor said kindly, "The car always stops in Scollay's Square."

"Then why could n't he say so?" retorted the old man, in his high nasal key; and now the people laughed outright. He had the nervous restlessness of age when out of its wonted place: he could not remain quiet in the car, for counting and securing his parcels; when they reached Scollay's Square, and were to change cars, he ran to the car they were to take, though there was abundant time, and sat down breathless from his effort. He was eager then that they should not be carried too far, and was constantly turning to look out of the window to ascertain their whereabouts. His vigilance ended in their getting aboard the East Boston ferry-boat in the car, and hardly getting ashore before the boat started. They now gathered up their burdens once more, and walked toward the wharf they were seeking, past those squalid streets which open upon the docks. At the corners they entangled themselves in knots of truck-teams and hucksters' wagons and horse-cars; once they brought the traffic of the neighborhood to a stand-still by the thoroughness of their inability and bewilderment. They wandered down the wrong wharf amidst the slime cast up by the fishing craft moored in the dock below, and made their way over heaps of chains and cordage, and through the hand-carts pushed hither and thither with their loads of fish, and so struggled back to the avenue which ran along the top of all the wharves. The water of the docks was of a livid turbidity, which teemed with the gelatinous globes of the sun-fish; and people were rowing about there in pleasure-boats, and sailors on floats were painting the hulls of the black ships. The faces of the men they met were red and sunburned mostly, — not with the sunburn of the fields, but of the sea; these men lurched in their gait with an uncouth heaviness, yet gave them way kindly enough; but certain dull-eyed, frowzy-headed women seemed to push purposely against her grandfather, and one of them swore at Lydia for taking up all the sidewalk with her bundles. There were such dull eyes and slattern heads at the open windows of the shabby houses; and there were gaunt, bold-faced

young girls who strolled up and down the pavements, bonnetless and hatless, and chatted into the windows, and joked with other such girls whom they met. Suddenly a wild outcry rose from the swarming children up one of the intersecting streets, where a woman was beating a small boy over the head with a heavy stick: the boy fell howling and writhing to the ground, and the cruel blows still rained upon him, till another woman darted from an open door and caught the child up with one hand, and with the other wrenched the stick away and flung it into the street. No words passed, and there was nothing to show whose child the victim was; the first woman walked off, and while the boy rubbed his head and arms, and screamed with the pain, the other children, whose sports had been scarcely interrupted, were shouting and laughing all about him again.

"Grandfather," said Lydia faintly, "let us go down here, and rest a moment in the shade. I 'm almost worn out." She pointed to the open and quiet space at the side of the lofty granite warehouse which they had reached.

"Well, I guess I 'll set down a minute, too," said her grandfather. "Lyddy," he added, as they released their aching arms from their bags and bundles, and sank upon the broad threshold of a door which seemed to have been shut ever since the decay of the India trade, "I don't believe but what it would have been about as cheap in the end to come down in a hack. But I acted for what I thought was the best. I supposed we 'd been there before now, and the idea of givin' a dollar for ridin' about ten minutes did seem sinful. I ain't noways afraid the ship will sail without you. Don't you fret any. I don't seem to know rightly just where I am, but after we 've rested a spell I 'll leave you here, and inquire round. It 's a real quiet place, and I guess your things will be safe."

He took off his straw hat and fanned his face with it, while Lydia leaned her head against the door frame and closed her eyes. Presently she heard the trampling of feet going by, but she did not open her eyes till the feet paused in a hesitating way, and a voice asked her grandfather in the firm, neat tone which she had heard summer boarders from Boston use, "Is the young lady ill?" She now looked up, and blushed like fire to see two handsome young men regarding her with frank compassion.

"No," said her grandfather; "a little beat out, that 's all. We 've been trying to find Lucas Wharf, and we don't seem somehow just to hit on it."

"This is Lucas Wharf," said the young man. He made an instinctive gesture of salutation toward his hat, with the hand in which he held a cigar; he put the cigar into his mouth as he turned from them, and the smoke drifted fragrantly back to Lydia as he tramped steadily and strongly on down the wharf, shoulder to shoulder with his companion.

"Well, I declare for 't, so it is," said her grandfather, getting stiffly to his feet, and retiring a few paces to gain a view of the building at the base of which they had been sitting. "Why, I might known it by this buildin'! But where 's the Aroostook, if this is Lucas Wharf?" He looked wistfully in the direction the young men had taken, but they were already too far to call after.

"Grandfather," said the girl, "do I look pale?"

"Well, you don't now," answered the old man simply. "You 've got a good color now."

"What right had he," she demanded, "to speak to you about me?"

"I d' know but what you did look rather pale, as you set there with your head leaned back. I d' know as I noticed much."

"He took us for two beggars, — two tramps!" she exclaimed, "sitting here with our bundles scattered about us!"

The old man did not respond to this conjecture; it probably involved matters beyond his emotional reach, though he might have understood them when he was younger. He stood a moment with his mouth puckered to a whistle, but made no sound, and retired a step or two farther from the building and looked up

at it again. Then he went toward the dock and looked down into its turbid waters, and returned again with a face of hopeless perplexity. "This is Lucas Wharf, and no mistake," he said. "I know the place first-rate, now. But what I can't make out is, What's got the Aroostook?"

A man turned the corner of the warehouse from the street above, and came briskly down towards them, with his hat off, and rubbing his head and face with a circular application of a red silk handkerchief. He was dressed in a suit of blue flannel, very neat and shapely, and across his ample waiscoat stretched a gold watch chain; in his left hand he carried a white Panama hat. He was short and stout; his round florid face was full of a sort of prompt kindness; his small blue eyes twinkled under shaggy brows whose sandy color had not yet taken the grizzled tone of his close-clipped hair and beard. From his clean wristbands his hands came out, plump and large; stiff, wiry hairs stood up on their backs, and under these various designs in tattooing showed their purple.

Lydia's grandfather stepped out to meet and halt this stranger, as he drew near, glancing quickly from the girl to the old man, and then at their bundles. "Can you tell me where a ship named the Aroostook is, that was layin' at this wharf — Lucas Wharf — a fortnight ago, and better?"

"Well, I guess I can, Mr. Latham," answered the stranger, with a quizzical smile, offering one of his stout hands to Lydia's grandfather. "You don't seem to remember your friends very well, do you?"

The old man gave a kind of crow expressive of an otherwise unutterable relief and comfort. "Well, if it ain't Captain Jenness! I been so turned about, I declare for 't, I don't believe I 'd ever known you if you had n't spoke up. Lyddy," he cried with a child-like joy, "this is Captain Jenness!"

Captain Jenness having put on his hat changed Mr. Latham's hand into his left, while he stretched his great right across it and took Lydia's long, slim hand in its grasp, and looked keenly into her face. "Glad to see you, glad to see you, Miss Blood. (You see I 've got your name down on my papers.) Hope you 're well. Ever been a sea-voyage before? Little homesick, eh?" he asked, as she put her handkerchief to her eyes. He kept pressing Lydia's hand in the friendliest way. "Well, that 's natural. And you 're excited; that 's natural, too. But we 're not going to have any homesickness on the Aroostook, because we 're going to make her home *to* you." At this speech all the girl's gathering forlornness broke in a sob. "That 's right!" said Captain Jenness. "Bless you, I've got a girl just about your age up at Deer Isle, myself!" He dropped her hand, and put his arm across her shoulders. "Good land, I know what girls are, I hope! These your things?" He caught up the greater part of them into his capacious hands, and started off down the wharf, talking back at Lydia and her grandfather, as they followed him with the light parcels he had left them. "I hauled away from the wharf as soon as I 'd stowed my cargo, and I 'm at anchor out there in the stream now, waiting till I can finish up a few matters of business with the agents and get my passengers on board. When you get used to the strangeness," he said to Lydia, "you won't be a bit lonesome. Bless your heart! My wife 's been with me many a voyage, and the last time I was out to Messina I had both my daughters."

At the end of the wharf, Captain Jenness stopped, and suddenly calling out, "Here!" began to hurl Lydia's things apparently into the water. But when she reached the same point, she found they had all been caught, and deposited in a neat pile in a boat which lay below, where two sailors stood waiting the captain's further orders. He keenly measured the distance to the boat with his eye, and then he bade the men work round outside a schooner which lay near; and jumping on board this vessel, he helped Lydia and her grandfather down, and easily transferred them to the small boat. The men bent to their oars, and

pulled swiftly out toward a ship that lay at anchor a little way off. A light breeze crept along the water, which was here blue and clear, and the grateful coolness and pleasant motion brought light into the girl's cheeks and eyes. Without knowing it she smiled. "That 's right!" cried Captain Jenness, who had applauded her sob in the same terms. "*You 'll* like it, first-rate. Look at that ship! *That 's* the Aroostook. *Is* she a beauty, or ain't she?"

The stately vessel stood high from the water, for Captain Jenness's cargo was light, and he was going out chiefly for a return freight of fruit. Some of the sharp jibs and topsails were already set, and cut their white outlines keenly against the afternoon blue of the summer heaven; the larger sails dripped, half-furled, from the yards stretching across the yellow masts that sprang so far aloft; the hull glistened black with new paint. When Lydia mounted to the deck she found it as clean scrubbed as her aunt's kitchen floor. Her glance of admiration was not lost upon Captain Jenness. "Yes, Miss Blood," said he, "one difference between an American ship and any other sort is dirt. I wish I could take you aboard an English vessel, so you could appreciate the Aroostook. But I guess you don't need it," he added, with a proud satisfaction in his laugh. "The Aroostook ain't in order yet; wait till we 've been a few days at sea." The captain swept the deck with a loving glance. It was spacious and handsome, with a stretch of some forty or fifty feet between the house at the stern and the forecastle, which rose considerably higher; a low bulwark was surmounted by a heavy rail supported upon turned posts painted white. Everything, in spite of the captain's boastful detraction, was in perfect trim, at least to landfolk's eyes. "Now come into the cabin," said the captain. He gave Lydia's traps, as he called them, in charge of a boy, while he led the way below, by a narrow stairway, warning Lydia and her grandfather to look out for their heads as they followed. "There!" he said, when they had safely arrived, inviting their inspection of the place with a general glance of his own.

"What did I tell you, Lyddy?" asked her grandfather, with simple joy in the splendors about them. "Solid mahogany trimmin's everywhere." There was also a great deal of milk-white paint, with some modest touches of gilding here and there. The cabin was pleasantly lit by the long low windows which its roof rose just high enough to lift above the deck, and the fresh air entered with the slanting sun. Made fast to the floor was a heavy table, over which hung from the ceiling a swinging shelf. Around the little saloon ran lockers cushioned with red plush. At either end were four or five narrow doors, which gave into as many tiny state-rooms. The boy came with Lydia's things, and set them inside one of these doors; and when he came out again the captain pushed it open, and called them in. "Here!" said he. "Here 's where my girls made themselves at home the last voyage, and I expect you 'll find it pretty comfortable. They say you don't feel the motion so much, — *I* don't know anything about the motion, — and in smooth weather you can have that window open sometimes, and change the air. It 's light and it 's large. Well, I had it fitted up for my wife; but she 's got kind of *on* now, you know, and she don't feel much like going any more; and so I always give it to my nicest passenger." This was an unmistakable compliment, and Lydia blushed to the captain's entire content. "That 's a rug she hooked," he continued, touching with his toe the carpet, rich in its artless domestic dyes as some Persian fabric, that lay before the berth. "These gimcracks belong to my girls; they left 'em." He pointed to various slight structures of card-board worked with crewel, which were tacked to the walls. "Pretty snug, eh?"

"Yes," said Lydia, "it 's nicer than I thought it could be, even after what grandfather said."

"Well, that 's right!" exclaimed the captain. "I like your way of speaking up. I wish you could know my girls. How old are you, now?"

"I'm nineteen," said Lydia.

"Why, you're just between my girls!" cried the captain. "Sally is twenty-one, and Persis is eighteen. Well, now, Miss Blood," he said, as they returned to the cabin, "you can't begin to make yourself at home too soon for me. I used to sail to Cadiz and Malaga a good deal; and when I went to see any of them Spaniards he'd say, 'This house is yours.' Well, that's what I say: This ship is yours as long as you stay in her. And I *mean* it, and that's more than *they* did!" Captain Jenness laughed mightily, took some of Lydia's fingers in his left hand and squeezed them, and clapped her grandfather on the shoulder with his right. Then he slipped his hand down the old man's bony arm to the elbow, and held it, while he dropped his head towards Lydia, and said, "We shall be glad to have him stay to supper, and as much longer as he likes, heh?"

"Oh, no!" said Lydia; "grandfather must go back on the six o'clock train. My aunt expects him." Her voice fell, and her face suddenly clouded.

"Good!" cried the captain. Then he pulled out his watch, and held it as far away as the chain would stretch, frowning at it, with his head aslant. "Well!" he burst out. "He has n't got any too much time on his hands." The old man gave a nervous start, and the girl trembled. "Hold on! Yes; there's time. It's only fifteen minutes after five."

"Oh, but we were more than half an hour getting down here," said Lydia, anxiously. "And grandfather does n't know the way back. He'll be sure to get lost. I *wish* we'd come in a carriage."

"Could n't 'a' kept the carriage waitin' on expense, Lyddy," retorted her grandfather. "But I tell you," he added, with something like resolution, "if I could find a carriage anywheres near that wharf, I'd take it, just as *sure!* I would n't miss that train for more 'n half a dollar. It would cost more than that at a hotel to-night, let alone how your aunt Maria'd feel."

"Why, look here!" said Captain Jenness, naturally appealing to the girl. "Let *me* get your grandfather back. I've got to go up town again, any way, for some last things, with an express wagon, and we can ride right to the depot in that. Which depot is it?"

"Lowell," said the old man eagerly.

"That's right!" commented the captain. "Get you there in plenty of time, if we don't lose any now. And I'll tell you what, my little girl," he added, turning to Lydia: "if it'll be a comfort to you to ride up with us, and see your grandfather off, why come along! *My* girls went with me the last time on an express wagon."

"No," answered Lydia. "I want to. But it would n't be any comfort. I thought that out before I left home, and I'm going to say good-by to grandfather here."

"First-rate!" said Captain Jenness, bustling towards the gangway so as to leave them alone. A sharp cry from the old man arrested him.

"Lyddy! Where's your trunks?"

"Why!" said the girl, catching her breath in dismay, "where *can* they be? I forgot all about them."

"I got the checks fast enough," said the old man, "and I shan't give 'em up without I get the trunks. They'd ought to had 'em down here long ago; and now if I've got to pester round after 'em I'm sure to miss the train."

"What shall we do?" asked Lydia.

"Let's see your checks," said the captain, with an apparent ease of mind that reassured her. When her grandfather had brought them with difficulty from the pocket visited last in the order of his search, and laid them in the captain's waiting palm, the latter endeavored to get them in focus. "What does it say on 'em?" he asked, handing them to Lydia. "My eyes never *did* amount to anything on shore." She read aloud the name of the express stamped on them. The captain gathered them back into his hand, and slipped them into his pocket, with a nod and wink full of comfort. "I'll see to it," he said. "At any rate, this ship ain't a-going to

sail without them, if she waits a week. Now, then, Mr. Latham!"

The old man, who waited, when not directly addressed or concerned, in a sort of blank patience, suddenly started out of his daze, and following the captain too alertly up the gangway stairs drove his hat against the hatch with a force that sent him back into Lydia's arms.

"Oh, grandfather, are you hurt?" she piteously asked, trying to pull up the hat that was jammed down over his forehead.

"Not a bit! But I guess my hat 's about done for, — without I can get it pressed over; and I d' know as this kind of straw *does* press."

"First-rate!" called the captain from above. "Never mind the hat." But the girl continued fondly trying to reshape it, while the old man fidgeted anxiously, and protested that he would be sure to be left. It was like a half-shut accordion when she took it from his head; when she put it back it was like an accordion pulled out.

"All ready!" shouted Captain Jenness from the gap in the bulwark, where he stood waiting to descend into the small boat. The old man ran towards him in his senile haste, and stooped to get over the side into the boat below.

"Why, grandfather!" cried the girl in a breaking voice, full of keen, yet tender reproach.

"I declare for 't," he said, scrambling back to the deck. "I 'most forgot. I been so put about." He took Lydia's hand loosely into his own, and bent forward to kiss her. She threw her arms round him, and while he remained looking over her shoulder, with a face of grotesque perplexity, and saying, "Don't cry, Lyddy, don't cry!" she pressed her face tighter and tighter into his withered neck, and tried to muffle her homesick sobs. The sympathies as well as the sensibilities seem dulled by age. They have both perhaps been wrought upon too much in the course of the years, and can no longer respond to the appeal of distress which they can only dimly realize; even the heart grows old. "Don't you, don't you, Lyddy!" repeated the old man. "You must n't. The captain 's waitin'; and the cars — well, every minute I lose makes it riskier and riskier; and your aunt Maria, she 's always so uneasy, you know!"

The girl was not hurt by his anxiety about himself; she was more anxious about him than about anything else. She quickly lifted her head, and drying her eyes kissed him, forcing her lips into the smile that is more heart-breaking to see than weeping. She looked over the side, as her grandfather was handed carefully down to a seat by the two sailors in the boat, and the captain noted her resolute counterfeit of cheerfulness. "That 's right!" he shouted up to her. "Just like my girls, when *their* mother left 'em. But bless you, *they* soon got over it, and so 'll you. Give way, men," he said, in a lower voice, and the boat shot from the ship's side toward the wharf. He turned and waved his handkerchief to Lydia, and, stimulated apparently by this, her grandfather felt in his pockets for his handkerchief; he ended after a vain search by taking off his hat and waving that. When he put it on again, it relapsed into that likeness of a half-shut accordion from which Lydia had rescued it; but she only saw the face under it.

As the boat reached the wharf an express wagon drove down, and Lydia saw the sarcastic parley which she could not hear between the captain and the driver about the belated baggage which the latter put off. Then she saw the captain help her grandfather to the seat between himself and the driver, and the wagon rattled swiftly out of sight. One of the sailors lifted Lydia's baggage over the side of the wharf to the other in the boat, and they pulled off to the ship with it.

III.

Lydia went back to the cabin, and presently the boy who had taken charge of her lighter luggage came dragging her trunk and bag down the gangway stairs. Neither was very large, and even

a boy of fourteen who was small for his age might easily manage them.

"You can stow away what 's in 'em in the drawers," said the boy. "I suppose you did n't notice the drawers," he added, at her look of inquiry. He went into her room, and pushing aside the valance of the lower berth showed four deep drawers below the bed; the charming snugness of the arrangement brought a light of housewifely joy to the girl's face.

"Why, it 's as good as a bureau. They will hold everything."

"Yes," exulted the boy; "they 're for two persons' things. The captain's daughters, they both had this room. Pretty good sized too; a good deal the captain's build. You won't find a better state-room than this on a steamer. I 've been on 'em." The boy climbed up on the edge of the upper drawer, and pulled open the window at the top of the wall. "Give you a little air, I guess. If you want I should, the captain said I was to bear a hand helping you to stow away what was in your trunks."

"No," said Lydia, quickly. "I'd just as soon do it alone."

"All right," said the boy. "If I was you, I 'd do it now. I don't know just when the captain means to sail; but after we get outside, it might be rough, and it 's better to have everything pretty snug by that time. I 'll haul away the trunks when you 've got 'em empty. If I should n't happen to be here, you can just call me at the top of the gangway, and I 'll come. My name 's Thomas," he said. And then he regarded Lydia inquiringly a moment before he added: "If you 'd just as lives, I rather you 'd call me Thomas, and not *steward*. They said you 'd call me steward," he explained, in a blushing, deprecating confidence; "and as long as I 've not got my growth it kind of makes them laugh, you know, — especially the second officer."

"I will call you Thomas," said Lydia.

"Thank you." The boy glanced up at the round clock screwed to the cabin wall. "I guess you won't have to call me anything unless you hurry. I shall be down here, laying the table for supper, before you 're done. The captain said I was to lay it for you and him, and if he did n't get back in time you was to go to eating, any way. Guess you won't think Captain Jenness is going to starve anybody."

"Have you been many voyages with Captain Jenness before this?" asked Lydia, as she set open her trunk, and began to lay her dresses out on the locker. Homesickness, like all grief, attacks in paroxysms. One gust of passionate regret had swept over the girl; before another came, she could occupy herself almost cheerfully with the details of unpacking.

"Only one before," said the boy. "The last one, when his daughters went out. I guess it was their coaxing got mother to let me go. *My* father was killed in the war."

"Was he?" asked Lydia, sympathetically.

"Yes. I did n't know much about it at the time; so little. Both your parents living?"

"No," said Lydia. "They 're both dead. They died a long while ago. I 've always lived with my aunt and grandfather."

"I thought there must be something the matter, — your coming with your grandfather," said the boy. "I don't see why you don't let me carry in some of those dresses for you. I 'm used to helping about."

"Well, you may," answered Lydia, "if you want." A native tranquil kindness showed itself in her voice and manner, but something of the habitual authority of a school-mistress mingled with it. "You must be careful not to rumple them, if I let you."

"I guess not. I 've got older sisters at home. They hated to have me leave. But I looked at it this way: if I was ever going to sea — and I *was* — I could n't get such another captain as Captain Jenness, nor such another crew; all the men from down our way; and *I* don't mind the second mate's jokes much. He don't mean anything by them; likes to plague, that 's all. He 's a first-rate sailor."

Lydia was kneeling before one of the trunks, and the boy was stooping over it, with a hand on either knee. She had drawn out her only black silk dress, and was finding it rather crumpled. "I should n't have thought it would have got so much jammed, coming fifty miles," she soliloquized. "But they seemed to take a pleasure in seeing how much they could bang the trunks." She rose to her feet and shook out the dress, and drew the skirt several times over her left arm.

The boy's eyes glistened. "Goodness!" he said. "Just new, ain't it? Going to wear it any on board?"

"Sundays, perhaps," answered Lydia thoughtfully, still smoothing and shaping the dress, which she regarded at arm's-length, from time to time, with her head aslant.

"I suppose it 's the latest style?" pursued the boy.

"Yes, it is," said Lydia. "We sent to Boston for the pattern. I hate to pack it into one of those drawers," she mused.

"You need n't," replied Thomas. "There 's a whole row of hooks."

"I want to know!" cried Lydia. She followed Thomas into her state-room. "Well, well! They do seem to have thought of everything!"

"I should say so," exulted the boy. "Look here!" He showed her a little niche near the head of the berth strongly framed with glass, in which a lamp was made fast. "Light up, you know, when you want to read, or feel kind of lonesome." Lydia clasped her hands in pleasure and amaze. "Oh, I tell you Captain Jenness meant to have things about right. The other state-rooms don't begin to come up to this." He dashed out in his zeal, and opened their doors, that she might triumph in the superiority of her accommodations without delay. These rooms were cramped together on one side; Lydia's was in a comparatively ample corner by itself.

She went on unpacking her trunk, and the boy again took his place near her, in the same attitude as before. "I tell you," he said, "I shall like to see you with that silk on. Have you got any other nice ones?"

"No; only this I'm wearing," answered Lydia, half amused and half honest in her sympathy with his ardor about her finery. "They said not to bring many clothes; they would be cheaper over there." She had now reached the bottom of her trunk. She knew by the clock that her grandfather could hardly have left the city on his journey home, but the interval of time since she had parted with him seemed vast. It was as if she had started to Boston in a former life; the history of the choosing and cutting and making of these clothes was like a dream of preëxistence. She had never had so many things new at once, and it had been a great outlay; but her aunt Maria had made the money go as far as possible, and had spent it with that native taste, that genius for dress, which sometimes strikes the summer boarder in the sempstresses of the New England hills. Miss Latham's gift was quaintly unrelated to herself. In dress, as in person and manner, she was uncompromisingly plain and stiff. All the more lavishly, therefore, had it been devoted to the grace and beauty of her sister's child, who, ever since she came to find a home in her grandfather's house, had been more stylishly dressed than any other girl in the village. The summer boarders, whom the keen eye of Miss Latham studied with unerring sense of the best new effects in costume, wondered at Lydia's elegance, as she sat beside her aunt in the family pew, a triumph of that grim artist's skill. Lydia knew that she was well dressed, but she knew that after all she was only the expression of her aunt's inspirations. Her own gift was of another sort. Her father was a music-teacher, whose failing health had obliged him to give up his profession, and who had taken the traveling agency of a parlor-organ manufactory for the sake of the out-door life. His business had brought him to South Bradfield, where he sold an organ to Deacon Latham's church, and fell in love with his younger daughter. He died, a few years after his marriage, of an ancestral con-

sumption, his sole heritage from the good Puritan stock of which he came. His skill as a pianist, which was considerable, had not descended to his daughter, but her mother had bequeathed her a peculiarly rich and flexible voice, with a joy in singing which was as yet a passion little affected by culture. It was this voice which, when Lydia rose to join in the terrible hymning of the congregation at South Bradfield, took the thoughts of people off her style and beauty; and it was this which enchanted her father's sister when, the summer before the date of which we write, that lady had come to America on a brief visit, and heard Lydia sing at her parlor organ in the old homestead. Mrs. Erwin had lived many years abroad, chiefly in Italy, for the sake of the climate. She was of delicate health, and constantly threatened by the hereditary disease that had left her the last of her generation, and she had the fastidiousness of an invalid. She was full of generous impulses which she mistook for virtues; but the presence of some object at once charming and worthy was necessary to rouse these impulses. She had been prosperously married when very young, and as a pretty American widow she had wedded in second marriage at Naples one of those Englishmen who have money enough to live at ease in Latin countries; he was very fond of her, and petted her. Having no children she might long before have thought definitely of poor Henry's little girl, as she called Lydia; but she had lived very comfortably indefinite in regard to her ever since the father's death. Now and then she had sent the child a handsome present or a sum of money. She had it on her conscience not to let her be wholly a burden to her grandfather; but often her conscience drowsed. When she came to South Bradfield, she won the hearts of the simple family, which had been rather hardened against her, and she professed an enthusiasm for Lydia. She called her pretty names in Italian, which she did not pronounce well; she babbled a great deal about what ought to be done for her, and went away without doing anything; so that when a letter finally came, directing Lydia to be sent out to her in Venice, they were all surprised, in the disappointment to which they had resigned themselves.

Mrs. Erwin wrote an epistolary style exasperatingly vacuous and diffuse, and, like many women of that sort, she used pencil instead of ink, always apologizing for it as due now to her weak eyes, and now to her weak wrist, and again to her not being able to find the ink. Her hand was full of foolish curves and dashes, and there were no spaces between the words at times. Under these conditions it was no light labor to get at her meaning; but the sum of her letter was that she wished Lydia to come out to her at once, and she suggested that, as they could have few opportunities or none to send her with people going to Europe, they had better let her come the whole way by sea. Mrs. Erwin remembered — in the space of a page and a half — that nothing had ever done *her* so much good as a long sea-voyage, and it would be excellent for Lydia, who, though she looked so strong, probably needed all the bracing up she could get. She had made inquiries, — or, what was the same thing, Mr. Erwin had, for her, — and she found that vessels from American ports seldom came to Venice; but they often came to Trieste, which was only a few hours away; and if Mr. Latham would get Lydia a ship for Trieste at Boston, she could come very safely and comfortably in a few weeks. She gave the name of a Boston house engaged in the Mediterranean trade to which Mr. Latham could apply for passage; if they were not sending any ship themselves, they could probably recommend one to him.

This was what happened when Deacon Latham called at their office a few days after Mrs. Erwin's letter came. They directed him to the firm dispatching the Aroostook, and Captain Jenness was at their place when the deacon appeared there. The captain took cordial possession of the old man at once, and carried him down to the wharf to look at the ship and her accommodations.

The matter was quickly settled between them. At that time Captain Jenness did not know but he might have other passengers out; at any rate, he would look after the little girl (as Deacon Latham always said in speaking of Lydia) the same as if she were his own child.

Lydia knelt before her trunk, thinking of the remote events, the extinct associations of a few minutes and hours and days ago; she held some cuffs and collars in her hand, and something that her aunt Maria had said recurred to her. She looked up into the intensely interested face of the boy, and then laughed, bowing her forehead on the back of the hand that held those bits of linen.

The boy blushed. "What are you laughing at?" he asked, half piteously, half indignantly, like a boy used to being badgered.

"Oh, nothing," said Lydia. "My aunt told me if any of these things should happen to want doing up, I had better get the stewardess to help me." She looked at the boy in a dreadfully teasing way, softly biting her lip.

"Oh, if you 're going to begin *that* way!" he cried in affliction.

"I 'm not," she answered, promptly. "I like boys. I 've taught school two winters, and I like boys first-rate."

Thomas was impersonally interested again. "Time! *You* taught school?"

"Why not?"

"You look pretty young for a school-teacher!"

"Now you 're making fun of *me*," said Lydia, astutely.

The boy thought he must have been, and was consoled. "Well, you began it," he said.

"I ought n't to have done so," she replied with humility; "and I won't, any more. There!" she said, "I 'm not going to open my bag now. You can take away the trunk when you want, Thomas."

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy. The idea of a school-mistress was perhaps beginning to awe him a little. "Put your bag in your state-room first." He did this, and when he came back from carrying away her trunk he began to set the table. It was a pretty table, when set, and made the little cabin much cosier. When the boy brought the dishes from the cook's galley, it was a barbarously abundant table. There was cold boiled ham, ham and eggs, fried fish, baked potatoes, buttered toast, tea, cake, pickles, and watermelon; nothing was wanting. "I tell you," said Thomas, noticing Lydia's admiration, "the captain lives well lay-days."

"Lay-days?" echoed Lydia.

"The days we 're in port," the boy explained.

"Well, I should think as much!" She ate with the hunger that tranquillity bestows upon youth after the swift succession of strange events, and the conflict of many emotions. The captain had not returned in time, and she ate alone.

After a while she ventured to the top of the gangway stairs, and stood there, looking at the novel sights of the harbor, in the red sunset light, which rose slowly from the hulls and lower spars of the shipping, and kindled the tips of the high-shooting masts with a quickly fading splendor. A delicate flush responded in the east, and rose to meet the denser crimson of the west; a few clouds, incomparably light and diaphanous, bathed themselves in the glow. It was a summer sunset, portending for the land a morrow of great heat. But cool airs crept along the water, and the ferry-boats, thrust shuttlewise back and forth between either shore, made a refreshing sound as they crushed a broad course to foam with their paddles. People were pulling about in small boats; from some the gay cries and laughter of young girls struck sharply along the tide. The noise of the quiescent city came off in a sort of dull moan. The lamps began to twinkle in the windows and the streets on shore; the lanterns of the ships at anchor in the stream showed redder and redder as the twilight fell. The homesickness began to mount from Lydia's heart in a choking lump to her throat; for one must be very happy to endure the sights and sounds of the summer evening anywhere. She had to

shield her eyes from the brilliancy of the kerosene when she went below into the cabin.

IV.

Lydia did not know when the captain came on board. Once, talking in the cabin made itself felt through her dreams, but the dense sleep of weary youth closed over her again, and she did not fairly wake till morning. Then she thought she heard the crowing of a cock and the cackle of hens, and fancied herself in her room at home; the illusion passed with a pang. The ship was moving, with a tug at her side, the violent respirations of which were mingled with the sound of the swift rush of the vessels through the water, the noise of feet on the deck, and of orders hoarsely shouted.

The girl came out into the cabin, where Thomas was already busy with the breakfast table, and climbed to the deck. It was five o'clock of the summer's morning; the sun had not yet reddened the east, but the stars were extinct, or glimmered faint points immeasurably withdrawn in the vast gray of the sky. At that hour there is a hovering dimness over all, but the light on things near at hand is wonderfully keen and clear, and the air has an intense yet delicate freshness that seems to breathe from the remotest spaces of the universe, — a waft from distances beyond the sun. On the land the leaves and grass are soaked with dew; the densely interwoven songs of the birds are like a fabric that you might see and touch. But here, save for the immediate noises on the ship, which had already left her anchorage far behind, the shouting of the tug's escape-pipes, and the huge, swirling gushes from her powerful wheel, a sort of spectacular silence prevailed, and the sounds were like a part of this silence. Here and there a small fishing schooner came lagging slowly in, as if belated, with scarce wind enough to fill her sails; now and then they met a steamboat, towering white and high, a many-latticed bulk, with no one to be seen on board but the pilot at his wheel, and a few sleepy passengers on the forward promenade. The city, so beautiful and stately from the bay, was dropping, and sinking away behind. They passed green islands, some of which were fortified: the black guns looked out over the neatly shaven glacis; the sentinel paced the rampart.

"Well, well!" shouted Captain Jenness, catching sight of Lydia where she lingered at the cabin door. "You *are* an early bird. Glad to see you up! Hope you rested well! Saw your grandfather off all right, and kept him from taking the wrong train with my own hand. He 's terribly excitable. Well, I suppose I shall be just so, at his age. Here!" The captain caught up a stool and set it near the bulwark for her. "There! You make yourself comfortable wherever you like. You 're at home, you know." He was off again in a moment. Lydia cast her eye over at the tug. On the deck, near the pilot-house, stood the young man who had stopped the afternoon before, while she sat at the warehouse door, and asked her grandfather if she were not ill. At his feet was a substantial valise, and over his arm hung a shawl. He was smoking, and seated near him, on another valise, was his companion of the day before, also smoking. In the instant that Lydia caught sight of them, she perceived that they both recognized her and exchanged, as it were, a start of surprise. But they remained as before, except that he who was seated drew out a fresh cigarette, and without looking up reached to the other for a light. They were both men of good height, and they looked fresh and strong, with something very alert in their slight movements, — sudden turns of the head and brisk nods, which were not nervously quick. Lydia wondered at their presence there in an ignorance which could not even conjecture. She knew too little to know that they could not have any destination on the tug, and that they would not be making a pleasure-excursion at that hour in the morning. Their having their valises with them deepened the mystery, which was

not solved till the tug's engines fell silent, and at an unnoticed order a space in the bulwark not far from Lydia was opened and steps were let down the side of the ship. Then the young men, who had remained, to all appearance, perfectly unconcerned, caught up their valises and climbed to the deck of the Aroostook. They did not give her more than a glance out of the corners of their eyes, but the surprise of their coming on board was so great a shock that she did not observe that the tug, casting loose from the ship, was describing a curt and foamy semicircle for her return to the city, and that the Aroostook, with a cloud of snowy canvas filling overhead, was moving over the level sea with the light ease of a bird that half swims, half flies, along the water. A sudden dismay, which was somehow not fear so much as an overpowering sense of isolation, fell upon the girl. She caught at Thomas, going forward with some dishes in his hand, with a pathetic appeal.

"Where are you going, Thomas?"

"I'm going to the cook's galley to help dish up the breakfast."

"What's the cook's galley?"

"Don't you know? The kitchen."

"Let me go with you. I should like to see the kitchen." She trembled with eagerness. Arrived at the door of the narrow passage that ran across the deck aft of the forecastle, she looked in and saw, amid a haze of frying and broiling, the short, stocky figure of a negro, bow-legged, and unnaturally erect from the waist up. At sight of Lydia, he made a respectful duck forward with his uncouth body. "Why, are you the cook?" she almost screamed in response to this obeisance.

"Yes, miss," said the man, humbly, with a turn of those pleading black eyes of the negro.

Lydia grew more peremptory: "Why — why — I thought the cook was a woman!"

"Very sorry, miss," began the negro, with a deprecatory smile, in a slow, mild voice.

Thomas burst into a boy's yelling laugh: "Well, if that ain't the best joke on Gabriel! He 'll never hear the last of it when I tell it to the second officer!"

"Thomas!" cried Lydia, terribly, "you shall *not!*" She stamped her foot. "Do you hear me?"

The boy checked his laugh abruptly. "Yes, ma'am," he said, submissively.

"Well, then!" returned Lydia. She stalked proudly back to the cabin gangway, and descending shut herself into her state-room.

V.

A few hours later Deacon Latham came into the house with a milk-pan full of pease. He set this down on one end of the kitchen table, with his straw hat beside it, and then took a chair at the other end and fell into the attitude of the day before, when he sat in the parlor with Lydia and Miss Maria waiting for the stage; his mouth was puckered to a whistle, and his fingers were held above the board in act to drub it. Miss Maria turned the pease out on the table, and took the pan into her lap. She shelled at the pease in silence, till the sound of their pelting, as they were dropped on the tin, was lost in their multitude; then she said, with a sharp, querulous, pathetic impatience, "Well, father, I suppose you 're thinkin' about Lyddy."

"Yes, Maria, I be," returned her father, with uncommon plumpness, as if here now were something he had made up his mind to stand to. "I been thinkin' that Lyddy 's a woman grown, as you may say."

"Yes," admitted Miss Maria, "she 's a woman, as far forth as that goes. What put it into your head?"

"Well, I d' know as I know. But it 's just like this: I got to thinkin' whether she might n't get to feelin' rather lonely on the voyage, without any other woman to talk to."

"I guess," said Miss Maria, tranquilly, "she 's goin' to feel lonely enough at times, any way, poor thing! But I told her if she wanted advice or help about anything just to go to the stewardess. That Mrs. Bland that spent the summer at the Parkers' last year

was always tellin' how they went to the stewardess for most everything, and she give her five dollars in gold when they got into Boston. I should n't want Lyddy should give so much as that, but I should want she should give something, as long 's it 's the custom."

"They don't have 'em on sailin' vessels, Captain Jenness said; they only have 'em on steamers," said Deacon Latham.

"Have what?" asked Miss Maria, sharply.

"Stewardesses. They 've got a cabin-boy."

Miss Maria desisted a moment from her work; then she answered, with a gruff shortness peculiar to her, "Well, then, she can go to the cook, I suppose. It would n't matter which she went to, I presume."

Deacon Latham looked up with the air of confessing to sin before the whole congregation. "The cook 's a man, — a black man," he said.

Miss Maria dropped a handful of pods into the pan, and sent a handful of peas rattling across the table on to the floor. "Well, who in Time" — the expression was strong, but she used it without hesitation, and was never known to repent it — "*will* she go to, then?"

"I declare for 't," said her father, "I don't know. I d' know as I ever thought it out fairly before; but just now when I was pickin' the pease for you, my mind got to dwellin' on Lyddy, and then it come to me all at once: there she was, the only *one* among a whole shipful, and I — I did n't know but what she might think it rather of a strange position for her."

"*Oh!*" exclaimed Miss Maria, petulantly. "I guess Lyddy 'd know how to conduct herself wherever she was; she 's a born lady, if ever there was one. But what I think is" — Miss Maria paused, and did not say what she thought; but it was evidently not the social aspect of the matter which was uppermost in her mind. In fact, she had never been at all afraid of men, whom she regarded as a more inefficient and feebler-minded kind of women.

"The only thing 't makes me feel easier is what the captain said about the young men," said Deacon Latham.

"What young men?" asked Miss Maria.

"Why, I told you about 'em!" retorted the old man, with some exasperation."

"You told me about two young men that stopped on the wharf and pitied Lyddy's worn-out looks."

"Did n't I tell you the rest? I declare for 't, I don't believe I did; I been so put about. Well, as we was drivin' up to the depot, we met the same two young men, and the captain asked 'em, 'Are you goin' or not a-goin'?' — just that way; and they said, 'We 're goin'.' And he said, 'When you comin' aboard?' and he told 'em he was goin' to haul out this mornin' at three o'clock. And they asked what tug, and he told 'em, and they fixed it up between 'em all then that they was to come aboard from the tug, when she 'd got the ship outside; and that 's what I suppose they did. The captain he said to me he had n't mentioned it before, because he wa' n't sure 't they 'd go till that minute. He give 'em a first-rate of a character."

Miss Maria said nothing for a long while. The subject seemed one with which she did not feel herself able to grapple. She looked all about the kitchen for inspiration, and even cast a searching glance into the wood-shed. Suddenly she jumped from her chair, and ran to the open window: "Mr. Goodlow! Mr. Goodlow! I wish you 'd come in here a minute."

She hurried to meet the minister at the front door, her father lagging after her with the infantile walk of an old man.

Mr. Goodlow took off his straw hat as he mounted the stone step to the threshold, and said good-morning; they did not shake hands. He wore a black alpaca coat, and waistcoat of farmer's satin; his hat was dark straw, like Deacon Latham's, but it was low-crowned, and a line of ornamental open-work ran round it near the top.

"Come into the sittin'-room," said

Miss Maria. "It 's cooler, in there." She lost no time in laying the case before the minister. She ended by saying, "Father, he don't feel just right about it, and I d' know as I 'm quite clear in my own mind."

The minister considered a while in silence before he said, "I think Lydia's influence upon those around her will be beneficial, whatever her situation in life may be."

"There, father!" cried Miss Maria, in reproachful relief.

"You 're right, Maria, you 're right!" assented the old man, and they both waited for the minister to continue.

"I rejoiced with you," he said, "when this opportunity for Lydia's improvement offered, and I am not disposed to feel anxious as to the ways and means. Lydia is no fool. I have observed in her a dignity, a sort of authority, very remarkable in one of her years."

"I guess the boys at the school down to the Mill Village found out she had authority enough," said Miss Maria, promptly materializing the idea.

"Precisely," said Mr. Goodlow.

"That 's what I told father, in the first place," said Miss Maria. "I guess Lyddy 'd know how to conduct herself wherever she was, — just the words I used."

"I don't deny it, Maria, I don't deny it," shrilly piped the old man. "I ain't afraid of any harm comin' to Lyddy any more 'n what you be. But what I said was, Would n't she feel kind of strange, sort of lost, as you may say, among so many, and she the only *one?*"

"She will know how to adapt herself to circumstances," said Mr. Goodlow. "I was conversing last summer with that Mrs. Bland who boarded at Mr. Parker's, and she told me that girls in Europe are brought up with no habits of self-reliance whatever, and that young ladies are never seen on the streets alone in France and Italy."

"Don't you think," asked Miss Maria, hesitating to accept this ridiculous statement, "that Mrs. Bland exaggerated some?"

"She *talked* a great deal," admitted Mr. Goodlow. "I should be sorry if Lydia ever lost anything of that native confidence of hers in her own judgment, and her ability to take care of herself under any circumstances, and I do not think she will. She never seemed conceited to me, but she *was* the most self-reliant girl I ever saw."

"You 've hit it there, Mr. Goodlow. Such a spirit as she always had!" sighed Miss Maria. "It was just so from the first. It used to go to my heart to see that little thing lookin' after herself, every way, and not askin' anybody's help, but just as quiet and proud about it! She 's her mother, all over. And yesterday, when she set here waitin' for the stage, and it did seem as if I should have to give up, hearin' her sob, sob, sob, — why, Mr. Goodlow, she had n't any more idea of backin' out than — than" — Miss Maria relinquished the search for a comparison, and went into another room for a handkerchief. "I don't believe she cared over and above about goin', from the start," said Miss Maria, returning, "but when once she 'd made up her mind to it, there she was. I d' know as she *took* much of a fancy to her aunt, but you could n't told from anything that Lyddy said. Now, if I have anything on my mind, I have to blat it right out, as you may say; I can't seem to bear it a minute; but Lyddy 's different. Well," concluded Miss Maria, "I guess there ain't goin' to any harm come to her. But it did give me a kind of start, first off, when father up and got to feelin' sort of bad about it. I d' know as I should thought much about it, if he had n't seemed to. I d' know as I should ever thought about anything except her not havin' any one to advise with about her clothes. It 's the only thing she ain't handy with: she won't know what to wear. I 'm afraid she 'll spoil her silk. I d' know but what father 's *been* hasty in not lookin' into things carefuller first. He most always does repent afterwards."

"Could n't repent beforehand!" retorted Deacon Latham. "And I tell you, Maria, I never saw a much finer

man than Captain Jenness; and the cabin 's everything I said it was, and more. Lyddy reg'larly went off over it; 'n' I guess, as Mr. Goodlow says, she 'll influence 'em for good. Don't you fret about her clothes any. You fitted her out in apple-pie order, and she 'll soon be there. 'T ain't but a little ways to Try-East, any way, to what it is some of them India voyages, Captain Jenness said. He had his own daughters out the last voyage; 'n' I guess he can tell Lyddy when it 's weather to wear her silk. I d' know as I 'd better said anything about what I was thinkin'. I don't want to be noways rash, and yet I thought I could n't be too partic'lar."

For a silent moment Miss Maria looked sourly uncertain as to the usefulness of scruples that came so long after the fact. Then she said abruptly to Mr. Goodlow, "Was it you or Mr. Baldwin preached Mirandy Holcomb's fune'l sermon?"

VI.

One of the advantages of the negative part assigned to women in life is that they are seldom forced to commit themselves. They can, if they choose, remain perfectly passive while a great many things take place in regard to them; they need not account for what they do not do. From time to time a man must show his hand, but save for one supreme exigency a woman need never show hers. She moves in mystery as long as she likes; and mere reticence in her, if she is young and fair, interprets itself as good sense and good taste.

Lydia was, by convention as well as by instinct, mistress of the situation when she came out to breakfast, and confronted the young men again with collected nerves, and a reserve which was perhaps a little too proud. The captain was there to introduce them, and presented first Mr. Dunham, the gentleman who had spoken to her grandfather on the wharf, and then Mr. Staniford, his friend and senior by some four or five years. They were both of the fair New England complexion; but Dunham's eyes were blue, and Staniford's dark gray. Their mustaches were blonde, but Dunham's curled jauntily outward at the corners, and his light hair waved over either temple from the parting in the middle. Staniford's mustache was cut short; his hair was clipped tight to his shapely head, and not parted at all; he had a slightly aquiline nose, with sensitive nostrils, showing the cartilage; his face was darkly freckled. They were both handsome fellows, and fittingly dressed in rough blue, which they wore like men with the habit of good clothes; they made Lydia such bows as she had never seen before. Then the captain introduced Mr. Watterson, the first officer, to all, and sat down, saying to Thomas, with a sort of guilty and embarrassed growl, "Ain't he out yet? Well, we won't wait," and with but little change of tone asked a blessing; for Captain Jenness in his way was a religious man.

There was a sixth plate laid, but the captain made no further mention of the person who was not out yet till shortly after the coffee was poured, when the absentee appeared, hastily closing his state-room door behind him, and then waiting on foot, with a half-impudent, half-intimidated air, while Captain Jenness, with a sort of elaborate repressiveness, presented him as Mr. Hicks. He was a short and slight young man, with a small sandy mustache curling tightly in over his lip, floating reddish-blue eyes, and a deep dimple in his weak, slightly retreating chin. He had an air at once amiable and baddish, with an expression, curiously blended, of monkey-like humor and spaniel-like apprehensiveness. He did not look well, and till he had swallowed two cups of coffee his hand shook. The captain watched him furtively from under his bushy eyebrows, and was evidently troubled and preoccupied, addressing a word now and then to Mr. Watterson, who, by virtue of what was apparently the ship's discipline, spoke only when he was spoken to, and then answered with prompt acquiescence. Dunham and Staniford exchanged

not so much a glance as a consciousness in regard to him, which seemed to recognize and class him. They talked to each other, and sometimes to the captain. Once they spoke to Lydia. Mr. Dunham, for example, said, "Miss — ah — Blood, don't you think we are uncommonly fortunate in having such lovely weather for a start-off?"

"I don't know," said Lydia.

Mr. Dunham arrested himself in the use of his fork. "I beg your pardon?" he smiled.

It seemed to be a question, and after a moment's doubt Lydia answered, "I did n't know it was strange to have fine weather at the start."

"Oh, but I can assure you it is," said Dunham, with a certain lady-like sweetness of manner which he had. "According to precedent, we ought to be all deathly seasick."

"Not at *this* time of year," said Captain Jenness.

"Not at this time of *year*," repeated Mr. Watterson, as if the remark were an order to the crew.

Dunham referred the matter with a look to his friend, who refused to take part in it, and then he let it drop. But presently Staniford himself attempted the civility of some conversation with Lydia. He asked her gravely, and somewhat severely, if she had suffered much from the heat of the day before.

"Yes," said Lydia, "it was very hot."

"I 'm told it was the hottest day of the summer, so far," continued Staniford, with the same severity.

"I want to know!" cried Lydia.

The young man did not say anything more.

As Dunham lit his cigar at Staniford's on deck, the former said significantly, "What a very American thing!"

"What a bore!" answered the other.

Dunham had never been abroad, as one might imagine from his calling Lydia's presence a very American thing, but he had always consorted with people who had lived in Europe; he read the Revue des Deux Mondes habitually, and the London weekly newspapers, and this gave him the foreign stand-point from which he was fond of viewing his native world. "It 's incredible," he added. "Who in the world can she be?"

"Oh, *I* don't know," returned Staniford, with a cold disgust. "I should object to the society of such a young person for a month or six weeks under the most favorable circumstances, and with frequent respites; but to be imprisoned on the same ship with her, and to have her on one's mind and in one's way the whole time, is more than I bargained for. Captain Jenness should have told us; though I suppose he thought that if *she* could stand it, *we* might. There 's that point of view. But it takes all ease and comfort out of the prospect. Here comes that blackguard." Staniford turned his back towards Mr. Hicks, who was approaching, but Dunham could not quite do this, though he waited for the other to speak first.

"Will you — would you oblige me with a light?" Mr. Hicks asked, taking a cigar from his case.

"Certainly," said Dunham, with the comradery of the smoker.

Mr. Hicks seemed to gather courage from his cigar. "You did n't expect to find a lady passenger on board, did you?" His poor disagreeable little face was lit up with unpleasant enjoyment of the anomaly. Dunham hesitated for an answer.

"One never can know what one's fellow passengers are going to be," said Staniford, turning about, and looking not at Mr. Hicks's face, but his feet, with an effect of being, upon the whole, disappointed not to find them cloven. He added, to put the man down rather than from an exact belief in his own suggestion, "She 's probably some relation of the captain's."

"Why, that 's the joke of it," said Hicks, fluttered with his superior knowledge. "I 've been pumping the cabin-boy, and he says the captain never saw her till yesterday. She 's an up-country school-marm, and she came down here with her grandfather yesterday. She 's going out to meet friends of hers in Venice." The little man pulled at his cigar,

and coughed and chuckled, and waited confidently for the impression.

"Dunham," said Staniford, "did I hand you that sketch-block of mine to put in your bag, when we were packing last night?"

"Yes, I've got it."

"I'm glad of that. Did you see Murray yesterday?"

"No; he was at Cambridge."

"I thought he was to have met you at Parker's." The conversation no longer included Mr. Hicks or the subject he had introduced; after a moment's hesitation, he walked away to another part of the ship. As soon as he was beyond ear-shot, Staniford again spoke: "Dunham, this girl is plainly one of those cases of supernatural innocence, on the part of herself and her friends, which, as you suggested, would n't occur among any other people in the world but ours."

"You're a good fellow, Staniford!" cried Dunham.

"Not at all. I call myself simply a human being, with the elemental instincts of a gentleman, as far as concerns this matter. The girl has been placed in a position which could be made very painful to her. It seems to me it 's our part to prevent it from being so. I doubt if she finds it at all anomalous, and if we choose she need never do so till after we 've parted with her. I fancy we can preserve her unconsciousness intact."

"Staniford, this is like you," said his friend, with glistening eyes. "I had some wild notion of the kind myself, but I'm so glad you spoke of it first."

"Well, never mind," responded Staniford. "We must make her feel that there is nothing irregular or uncommon in her being here as she is. I don't know how the matter 's to be managed exactly; it must be a negative benevolence for the most part; but it can be done. The first thing is to cow that nuisance yonder. Pumping the cabin-boy! The little sot! Look here, Dunham; it 's such a satisfaction to me to think of putting that fellow under foot that I 'll leave you all the credit of saving the young lady's feelings. I should like to begin stamping on him at once."

"I think you have made a beginning already. I confess I wish you had n't such heavy nails in your boots!"

"Oh, they 'll do him good, confound him!" said Staniford.

"I should have liked it better if her name had n't been Blood," remarked Dunham, presently.

"It does n't matter what a girl's surname is. Besides, Blood is very frequent in some parts of the State."

"She 's very pretty, is n't she?" Dunham suggested.

"Oh, pretty enough, yes," replied Staniford. "Nothing is so common as the pretty girl of our nation. Her beauty is part of the general tiresomeness of the whole situation."

"Don't you think," ventured his friend, further, "that she has rather a lady-like air?"

"She wanted to know," said Staniford, with a laugh.

Dunham was silent a while before he asked, "What do you suppose her first name is?"

"Jerusha, probably."

"Oh, impossible!"

"Well, then, Lurella. You have no idea of the grotesqueness of these people's minds. I used to see a great deal of their intimate life when I went on my tramps, and chanced it among them, for bed and board, wherever I happened to be. We cultivated Yankees and the raw material seem hardly of the same race. Where the Puritanism has gone out of the people in spots, there 's the rankest growth of all sorts of crazy heresies, and the old scriptural nomenclature has given place to something compounded of the fancifulness of story-paper romance and the gibberish of spiritualism. They make up their names, sometimes, and call a child by what sounds pretty to them. I wonder how the captain picked up that scoundrel."

The turn of Staniford's thought to Hicks was probably suggested by the appearance of Captain Jenness, who now issued from the cabin gangway, and came toward them with the shadow

of unwonted trouble in his face. The captain, too, was smoking.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, with the obvious indirectness of a man not used to diplomacy, "how do you like your accommodations?"

Staniford silently acquiesced in Dunham's reply that they found them excellent. "But you don't mean to say," Dunham added, "that you 're going to give us beefsteak and all the vegetables of the season the whole way over?"

"No," said the captain; "we shall put you on sea-fare soon enough. But you 'll like it. You don't want the same things at sea that you do on shore; your appetite chops round into a different quarter altogether, and you want salt beef; but you 'll get it good. Your room 's pretty snug," he suggested.

"Oh, it 's big enough," said Staniford, to whom he had turned as perhaps more in authority than Dunham. "While we 're well we only sleep in it, and if we 're seasick it does n't matter where we are."

The captain knocked the ash from his cigar with the tip of his fat little finger, and looked down. "I was in hopes I could have let you had a room apiece, but I had another passenger jumped on me at the last minute. I suppose you see what 's the matter with Mr. Hicks?" He looked up from one to another, and they replied with a glance of perfect intelligence. "I don't generally talk my passengers over with one another, but I thought I 'd better speak to you about him. I found him yesterday evening at my agents', with his father. He 's just been on a spree, a regular two weeks' tear, and the old gentleman did n't know what to do with him, on shore, any longer. He thought he 'd send him to sea a voyage, and see what would come of it, and he plead hard with me to take him. I did n't want to take him, but he worked away at me till I could n't say no. I argued in my own mind that he could n't get anything to drink on my ship, and that he 'd behave himself well enough as long as he was sober." The captain added ruefully, "He looks worse this morning than he did last night. He looks bad. I told the old gentleman that if he got into any trouble at Try-East, or any of the ports where we touched, he should n't set foot on my ship again. But I guess he 'll keep pretty straight. He has n't got any money, for one thing."

Staniford laughed. "He stops drinking for obvious reasons, if for no others, like Artemus Ward's destitute inebriate. Did you think only of us in deciding whether you should take him?"

The captain looked up quickly at the young men, as if touched in a sore place. "Well, there again I did n't seem to get my bearings just right. I suppose you mean the young lady?" Staniford motionlessly and silently assented. "Well, she 's more of a young lady than I thought she was, when her grandfather first come down here and talked of sending her over with me. He was always speaking about his little girl, you know, and I got the idea that she was about thirteen, or eleven, may be. I thought the child might be some bother on the voyage, but thinks I, I 'm used to children, and I guess I can manage. Bless your soul! when I first see her on the wharf yesterday, it most knocked me down! I never believed she was half so tall, nor half so good-looking." Staniford smiled at this expression of the captain's despair, but the captain did not join him. "Why, she was as pretty as a bird! Well, there I was. It was no time then to back out. The old man would n't understood. Besides, there was the young lady herself, and she seemed so forlorn and helpless that I kind of pitied her. I thought, What if it was one of my own girls? And I made up my mind that she should n't know from anything I said or did that she was n't just as much at home and just as much in place on my ship as she would be in my house. I suppose what made me feel easier about it, and took the queerness off some, was my having my own girls along last voyage. To be sure, it ain't quite the same thing," said the captain, interrogatively.

"Not quite," consented Staniford.

"If there was two of them," said the

captain, "I don't suppose I should feel so bad about it. But thinks I, A lady 's a lady the world over, and a gentleman 's a gentleman." The captain looked significantly at the young men. "As for that other fellow," added Captain Jenness, "if I can't take care of him, I think I 'd better stop going to sea altogether, and go into the coasting trade."

He resumed his cigar with defiance, and was about turning away when Staniford spoke. "Captain Jenness, my friend and I had been talking this little matter over just before you came up. Will you let me say that I 'm rather proud of having reasoned in much the same direction as yourself?"

This was spoken with that air which gave Staniford a peculiar distinction, and made him the despair and adoration of his friend: it endowed the subject with seriousness, and conveyed a sentiment of grave and noble sincerity. The captain held out a hand to each of the young men, crossing his wrists in what seemed a favorite fashion with him. "Good!" he cried, heartily. "I *thought* I knew you."

W. D. Howells.

INDIRECTION.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-mastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving,
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

Richard Reolf.

AMERICANISMS.

V.

THE interest taken by people generally, and particularly by that nondescript person usually described as the intelligent reader, in discussions about words is one of the puzzles of my life. For this interest is not in any way an indication or an accompaniment of literary taste or acquirement, or even of habits of reading, — anything other than newspapers or perhaps magazines. Men and women who have never read, and never will read, the books of the writers who have made the literature of the English language the grandest, the richest, and the most varied the world has known, and to whom the real study of language is as foreign as the study of heraldry or of palæontology, will have long and acrimonious disputes among themselves about words, make bets, and call in an umpire; or they will eagerly seize upon an assertion or a suggestion in a magazine or newspaper article as an occasion of a letter to the writer, in which they give him the benefit of such knowledge as they have, or have not, upon the subject. Why this is, I have not been able to divine; but I hope none the less that any of my readers who are tempted to favor me in this way will yield, and that I may continue to receive such letters; for they are in some few cases valuable for the knowledge they impart or for the suggestions that they make. But I must once for all ask to be excused from the task of answering them, except as I may do so in these or other like pages.

I am led to these remarks by the fact that of the letters brought to me by the article on Americanisms in the September Atlantic, thirteen, including "postal-cards," were in regard to the word *whisker*, and particularly in regard to the Westernism "chin-whiskers." This phrase, which had escaped the minute research of Mr. Bartlett, and which I had never heard, is, it seems, in very common use among all the Western people, beginning at the western part of New York, and is even heard, as I am assured, "in the barber shops in Boston." I think that my correspondent might better have said in some of those shops; for I am sure that I know Boston and Boston people well enough to say, without fear of contradiction, that among those who give to Boston and its neighborhood their character it is not the habit to talk of "chin-whiskers," and that my British correspondent, whose remark upon the Western habit was the occasion of what I wrote upon it, is quite right in his belief that "educated Americans apply the term [whisker] only to the hair growing upon the cheeks."

Although the term "chin-whisker" is not to be defended, and is both a solecism and, if I may be pardoned for saying so, a barberism, yet there is something to be said upon the subject which may not be without interest of its kind. *Whisker*, although in the English of the present and the past generations it has been confined to the hair growing uncut on the cheek, or rather the jowl, when first applied to the beard meant the mustachios. The first recorded definition of the word (in 1727) by Bailey, who preceded Johnson, is "little tufts of hair at the corners of the mouth on the upper lip." But a yet earlier use of the word in this sense, and I think the earliest in our language, is in the old proverb, "Don't leave cream within the whiskers of a cat." Now a cat's whiskers are mustachios, and nothing else. From Graymalkin, therefore, the word was transferred, perhaps by some gray mare, to her lord and master. The word, I believe, is not known in our language until after the Elizabethan period, the hair on any part of a man's face being called before that time simply the beard. A whisker is — truly as well as obviously (and all obvious meanings

are not true) — anything that whisks or that may whisk. That appendage without which a bull is said to stand no chance in fly-time is a whisker; and so is a small broom for dusting the clothes, which hence is called a whisk-broom. Dr. Brewer, of Cambridge (England), would derive *whisker* from the Welsh *gwisg*, meaning dress, and thus make whisker mean the dress of the face. But this is fanciful, unnecessary, and at variance with the history of the word. When the fashion in England and France was to shave the whole face clean, which prevailed about one hundred and fifty years, there was one class of men that did not generally conform to it, — soldiers. Many of them wore mustachios; and so confined to them was the use of this virile ornament that the appearance of it upon a man's face during that period was regarded as evidence of soldierhood, as might be shown by many passages in the literature of the time. Thus the first whiskers were worn upon the upper lip; and the word when used by writers of the latter part of the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth means the mustachios. When Addison wrote "a pair of whiskers" he meant, doubtless, a pair of mustachios; and although he and his contemporaries would not have applied the word to the whole beard, their pairs of whiskers did not mean the hair growing upon a man's jowls. With that form of the beard they were unacquainted, the fashion of wearing it so being of later introduction. When, however, the two side tufts did appear (and at first they were shrinking little encroachments upon the smooth of the face) they were naturally also called whiskers, or very often, distinctively, side-whiskers; and then, as the beard upon the upper lip had a name peculiar to itself, adopted from the Continental languages, — mustachio, — the discriminating tendency of language soon confined whiskers to the beard left to grow on the sides of the face. This has been the usage for the last half century. Before that time, however, the word was very vaguely used, as will appear by a note written by Byron, in the assumed character of Horace Hornem, a midland county squire, upon the following couplet in The Waltz: —

"Transferred to those ambiguous things that ape
Goats in their visage, women in their shape."

Upon this the country gentleman is made to remark: "It cannot be complained now, as in the Lady Baussière's time of the Sieur de la Croix, that there be 'no whiskers;' but how far these are indications of valor in the field may still be questionable. Much may be and hath been avouched on both sides. In the olden time, philosophers had whiskers, and soldiers none. Scipio himself was shaven; Hannibal thought his one eye handsome enough, without a beard; but Adrian, the emperor, wore a beard, having warts on his chin, which neither the Empress Sabina, nor even the courtiers, could abide. Turenne had whiskers, Marlborough none; Bonaparte is unwhiskered, the regent whiskered: *argal* greatness of mind and whiskers may or may not go together. But certainly the different occurrences since the growth of the last mentioned go further in behalf of whiskers than the anathema of Anselm did *against* long hair in the reign of Henry I."

Observe the implication that at the time when this was written (1812) whiskers were held appropriate only to those who had shown valor in the field; they were the peculiar ornament of a soldier's face. Turenne's whiskers, as his portrait shows us, were mustachios; but the prince regent's were side-whiskers. The whiskers that the philosophers wore were either mustachios or the whole beard. So far Byron. Beard worn upon the chin was, however, called a "peaked beard," or a "shovel beard," or a "spade beard," according to its form; never whiskers, I believe; so that the Westernism has not the support of English usage at any time in its favor. Hair upon the chin is called, *par excellence*, beard by those who speak good English.

I trust that my correspondents will agree with me that I have now quite sufficiently discussed this grave question.

Another British correspondent, known as the author of a book upon a subject kindred to that of his letter, writes me from Huddersfield, England, and takes me courteously to task for "calling a dissenting minister a clergyman." This, he says, is an Americanism. He adds: "No dissenting minister in England ever professed to be in 'orders,' and therefore never claims to be a clergyman. All dissenting ministers are by English law laymen only, and are never called clergymen." Will my respected correspondent pardon me for saying that, although I thank him for the favor of his letter, in communicating to me the facts upon which it is founded he was bringing coals to Newcastle? What he tells me about the positions of clergymen of the Church of England who are in holy orders, and dissenting ministers, I have known from my earliest boyish memory of such things. Bred in the straitest sect of Anglican Episcopacy, I was taught by example, if not by precept, to call no ministers even here clergymen but those who were in orders in the American branch of the Anglican Church. My correspondent might have added, with equal superfluity, that the title "Reverend" is denied by some persons in England to all but clergymen of the Church of England, and its assumption by other ministers disputed. But after I began to think for myself about such subjects, I saw that this exclusion in language was illiberal and disrespectful; and observing that there was good English authority for my conclusion, I acted accordingly in my use of *clergyman* and *reverend*. In his very positive and very exclusive assertion that dissenting ministers are "never called clergymen in England," and that the calling them so is an Americanism, my respected correspondent has been misled as to what is fact by his strong conviction of what fact ought to be. Not so, however, Dr. Fitzedward Hall, who without any such conviction blundered into the same error, saying that in the sentence, "The use of this adjective [divine] as a noun meaning a clergyman, a minister of the gospel, is supported by long usage and high authority," *clergyman* is used in a sense "now uncurrent in England." (Recent Exemplifications, etc., page 73.)

In some previous remarks upon this performance of Dr. Hall's, I, supposing that he, writing upon language, regarded the subject from a linguistic point of view, and not from that of the Court of Arches, met his assertion accordingly. But now, supposing his assertion to be the same with that of my correspondent, who has the courtesy which Dr. Hall always lacks, I shall expose the presuming ignorance which he has provoked me to expose heretofore on so many occasions. The word *clergyman* is applied by Englishmen of the best class to ministers of the gospel of all churches, as in the following examples:—

"He supped as usual, and even invited the provost-marshal and the *clergyman* [a Dutch dominie], who had been sent to see him, to join him at supper." (Edinburgh Review, July, 1874: Art., Life and Death of Barneveldt.)

"In Hungary there are seven hundred and three Catholic priests; but of that number the large minority of two hundred and sixty-eight belong to the Panslav party; while out of one hundred and seventy-eight Lutheran *clergymen* ninety are Panslavists." (London Spectator, March 9, 1878.)

It is specifically applied in England, in the most unexceptionable quarters, to dissenting ministers of all denominations, as in the following passages; the first from the highest of all high Tory writers:—

"Upon this subject, in its relation not to Latin but to classical English, we have an essay in our own times from a writer of great talent, Mr. Foster, the *Baptist clergyman*." (De Quincey, Dr. Parr, etc., Works, vol. v. p. 190).

"Most of the denominations have ceased to depend entirely on the mother country for their supply of *clergymen* and ministers, and have established institutions for the theological education of young men who wish to be trained for the ministry." (Rev. John Milner, B. A., in Cruise of the Galatea, 1869, page 436.)

"When I met with him Timbrel was a *dissenting clergyman;* but he supplemented this occupation with a number of others. He was a paid temperance lecturer, and he kept a boarding-school for the children of farmers and country tradesmen of *his own sect.*" (Pall Mall Budget, May 18, 1878.)

Lastly, *clergyman* is "currently" used in England in a general sense as meaning the whole class of men who minister in the religious affairs of all sects and sorts, and in this sense is opposed to other general terms applied to large classes and conditions of mankind; as in the following examples:—

"Women and *clergymen* have so long been in the habit of using pretty words without ever troubling themselves to understand them," etc. (Ruskin, Fors Clavigera, April, 1876.)

— "meaning, Is he a lawyer, a *littérateur*, a politician, a *clergyman?*" (Frances Power Cobbe, New Quarterly, July, 1875.)

"Christianity, says the freethinker, is very good for women, children, and *clergymen.*" (Leslie Stephen, Free-Thinking and Plain-Speaking, 1877, chap. i.)

In such uses of the word, examples of which swarm in the "current" literature of the day, its general signification is unmistakable. As Ruskin and Leslie Stephen use it, their meaning plainly is, women and children, and that other class of our fellow-creatures who teach women and children religion, whether that religion is Romanism, Anglicanism, Presbyterianism, Methodism, or what not. In the passage from Frances Power Cobbe it is to be remarked that *clergyman* is not opposed to barrister, journalist, or author, or member of Parliament, but to the general terms lawyer, littérateur, and politician. In England particular members of the legal profession are not usually spoken of as lawyers, but as barristers or attorneys, those words corresponding to the technical use of clergyman. A barrister or a judge is sometimes spoken of as a good lawyer. The clergyman of the parish always means a clergyman of the Church of England, as in the following passage from John Bright:—

"All this is done under the guidance and supervision of the *clergyman* of the parish. The children are to be examined by the *clergyman*, and by inspectors appointed by the government who are also to be *clergymen* of the Church of England." (Speeches, ii. 505.)

The word originally in use in England in this signification was *clergion* or *clergioun*, of which I am inclined to think that the compound *clergyman* is a mere corruption; as, for example, *bridegroom* is of *brydguma*, which means a newly married man, not a groom of any sort or condition. Whatever may have been the exclusive meaning of *clergyman* in past times in England (and I am inclined to think that the exclusiveness was never absolute), the above examples show that the sense in which it is "now current in England" is a very general one, and includes all respectable ministers of the gospel. And so it is defined by Stormonth, himself a clergyman of the Church of England. But these examples are only the lesser part of those which I have recorded. It is just while I am writing that I have discovered that a sheaf of others has been mislaid. These, however, are enough; and I regret only the absence of one passage from a recent Liverpool newspaper, in which the word *clergyman* is applied successively and indiscriminately to a Roman Catholic priest, two dissenting ministers, and a clergyman of the Church of England.

This instance illustrates again the untrustworthiness of the evidence of Englishmen even of education and literary habits as to what is an Americanism or a colonialism in language. I take the occasion to remark upon an assertion in the Saturday Review, which not long ago pronounced, with much scorn, the word *bosom*, as applied to a man, a flagrant Americanism. One would suppose that the evidence of a writer in the Saturday Review might be taken as to what is or is not English. But here is an Englishman writing literary and verbal criticism in a London publication of

the highest grade who has forgotten the Bible phrase "the wife of his *bosom*," and Bacon's "come home to men's business and *bosoms*," and Shakespeare's "my *bosom's* lord sits lightly on his throne," which he puts in the mouth of Romeo. To bring an array of examples to bear upon such an assertion as this is would be like cannonading a scarecrow of straw, and would also, I am willing to believe, be quite needless for the assurance of any reader of The Atlantic in the use of this word. I shall therefore merely mention that of this denounced Americanism I have at my hand examples from Cædmon, the Anglo-Saxon translation of the Scriptures, Wycliffe, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Drayton, the English Bible, Milton, Fuller, Jeremy Taylor, Steele, Fielding, Byron (who uses it with remarkable frequency), Campbell, Bulwer, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Gore, Carlyle, Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Frances Power Cobbe, Edmund Yates, the London Spectator, the London Graphic, and, last, not least, the Saturday Review itself, in many instances, of which one more striking than the others is, —

"The *manly English bosom* rebels at the thought of duns and proctors, of gates and chapels." (February 23, 1878, page 238.)

Indeed, *bosom* is particularly appropriate, as *breast* is inappropriate, to man. For *bosom* means primarily the space which is inclosed by the folding of the arms, an action naturally uncommon with women; while *breast*, according to its received etymology, is connected with *burst*, and with the idea of swelling, and means that which swells above the adjacent surface. I have been inclined to think that it is rather connected, in all the Teutonic languages, with the idea of that which is broken, divided, — *brust*, *brast*, *brest*. Whichever idea it presents etymologically, it will be seen that properly woman, not man, has breast, and man, not woman, bosom. It was inevitable, however, that by long use the two words should come to be to a certain degree interchanged.

To almost any observant reader of English the mere mentioning of authorities upon such a point must have in it something of the ridiculous; and I remark upon it only to show that even writers in a journal of the standing of the Saturday Review will make assertions (honestly, I have no doubt) that words and phrases are Americanisms when they are English from the days of the Heptarchy to the days of that skeptarchy which seems to guide, without ruling, the cleverest, most brilliant, but most perverse of British journals. The Saturday Review's English is in general notably good, although pedagogues and pedants might gratify their propensities by picking flaws in it; but sometimes remarks upon English appear in its columns which, like that just referred to, subject it to open shame, and contrast strongly with the learning and sagacity of some of its linguistic and philological articles.

Among these remarks is one made not long since, with an air of good feeling, upon the close bond that joins English and American students of art and literature on the continent of Europe. The writer says, "Those who know how little mutual love there is between tourists of the two nations will hardly believe how naturally they amalgamate as students into one society, with cross-friendships and common interests, entirely regardless of the difference of nationality. This affinity is no doubt greatly aided by the possession of a language *which, although not absolutely identical, at least serves the purposes of mutual intercourse.*" A more ridiculous remark was never made; and yet the writer, in justification of it, might point with some show of reason to Mr. Bartlett's huge Dictionary of Americanisms.

Here, as on former occasions, I have cited journals such as the Saturday Review, the Spectator, the Times, the Pall Mall Gazette, and even the Graphic. Examples taken from their columns have not such authoritative weight on the question of "best usage" as belongs to the writings of classical authors. But on the question of Americanism, or of the general cultivated English usage of

the day, their evidence is the best that can be obtained. As to the thoroughly English usage of a word or phrase frequently found in the columns of the first four journals named above, there is not room for the slightest question. An individual writer, or the writers of a coterie, may affect a word or a phrase; but if it is common to these journals, it is surely the best English in general use at the present day. We have no such journals here; none even whose evidence can be taken as to the Americanism of a phrase; because so large a part of our journalism, particularly of our leader or "editorial" writing, is done by foreigners. On half a dozen occasions I have taken some pains to discover who were the writers of articles in which I had observed peculiarities of expression which were not English, and in all I found that the writers were Irishmen. That this is quite likely to happen in the most widely circulated of our daily newspapers is well known to those who are even a little informed as to the personal machinery of New York journalism. The like condition of things prevails elsewhere. The writing Irishman has of late years come to the front in our journalism, and the teaching Irishman and Irishwoman (in the second generation at least) in our public schools. To find what kind of English Americans born and bred speak we must skip over what is daily taught to the rising and daily printed for the just risen generation.

It is stepping aside somewhat from my intended course in treating my subject, but since I have referred to Dr. Hall, and have also recently examined memorandums in some of my books which I had not seen for some years, I am tempted to supply one of the doctor's deficiencies. In the book which made him known he lamented that he could not establish the existence in English literature of the word *musicianer*. (Recent Exemplifications, etc., page 114.) Some time ago I furnished him with one example from a ballad of which I could, unfortunately, not remember the name or the author, and which therefore, although genuine, was not of the highest value. From two modern authors (he seems to suppose that it is found only in "old books") I cite the following examples: —

"I gave to a *musicianer* a letter for you some time ago. Has he presented it?" (Byron to Hoppner, May 11, 1825.)

"I wish that I had a pocket full of sudden deaths, that I might throw one at every thief of a *musicianer* that comes up the street." (Jorrock's Jaunts, etc., 1838, vol. ii. p. 180, N. Y. ed.)

By these examples it will be seen that Mr. Bartlett is wrong in setting down *musicianer* as an Americanism. It is not so in any sense. True, he adds that it is vulgar here, and that it is "in use in Norfolk and in London." So indeed it is, and also elsewhere. It is in use in English literature. Dr. Hall tells us that it is in old books; and he is very good authority as to fact in what he does know. It is only as to what he does not know that he is no authority at all. *Musicianer* has no proper place in a collection of Americanisms.

And now I may turn to the letter F in Mr. Bartlett's Dictionary, and consider the more important words arranged under it. For as to the mass of slang and cant and vulgarity gathered into that volume, it is worth little attention: one reason of which is that the greater part of it is not in any proper sense a product of social development in America nor is it folk-phrase. It is not to be found among those people who have been longest under the influences, skyey and other, which have prevailed here for two centuries and a half; neither is it dialect; for we have no dialects. Like *chin-whisker*, the most of it is mere ephemeral fashion and transient trick of speech, — bad fashion and bad trick, but prevalent only among those who, being neither cultivated on the one hand nor on the other, the rude product of the soil on which they live, are not properly to be taken as the exponents of language in any way, — fashion and trick which will pass away, some of it before Mr. Bartlett's book passes to another edition.

Fall. To the examples which I have

already given of the use of this word for the third season of the year by English writers of repute, I now add the following from Evelyn: —

"But there is yet another benefit which this tree [the beech] presents us: its very leaves, which make a material and most agreeable canopy all the summer, being gathered about the *fall*, and somewhat before they are much frost-bitten, afford the best and easiest mattresses in the world to lay under our quilts instead of straw." (Sylva, Book I., chap. vi.[1])

Family. "This word," we are told (seriously), "is often used to denote a man's wife and children, especially the latter. Hence the phrases, 'A man of family,' 'Have you any family?' and in the West, 'How is your father's family?'" Indeed this is very true. And sad to relate the same Americanism may be found in the language of every civilized European people since the days when Latin ceased to be a living language. True, *familia* meant at first the whole household, including the slaves; but even among the Romans it came to imply kindred more than inmateship, as the words *pater-familias* and *mater-familias* show. Among later peoples *family* came to mean kindred exclusively; and a man's own family, par excellence, is his wife and children. This is common usage in England as well as here.

Fast. Not many years ago this word, in the slang sense in which it is used in the best society, was identical in meaning in both countries. A sporting man giving evidence in a New York court was asked what he meant by a fast man. He replied that a fast man was a man who had more money to spend than he had time to spend it in; a definition which, notwithstanding its confusion of thought, is suggestive and descriptive. It still preserves in England the innoxious sense here suggested. A woman there, a gentlewoman, may be spoken of, may speak of herself, as fast. For example, in the dramatic sketch Apples, in Blackwood's Magazine for July, 1878, a Lady R. says of herself, soliloquizing: "I am generally slighted. No woman was ever so neglected. I am not *fast* enough to be a success. But to be *fast* in this heat! Oh, dear me, it 's tiresome enough to be slow." But here, of late years, owing to a euphemistic use of the word by abandoned women, it has come too generally when applied to their sex to signify a life of promiscuous, mercenary unchastity. This kind of verbal degradation is common in the history of language; and by it the word *seduce* is in danger of being purged of all its real significance. As to *fast*, even in respectable newspapers, it is thus used. Of one of two utterly abandoned girls it was said in one of the leading New York journals, "She too was a member of the Ries troop, and was disposed to be as *fast* as her sister Lizzie." This difference of usage was beginning to prevail when Mr. Thackeray was last here, and it came near getting him into trouble. Meeting a very gay, witty, dashing woman from the South, he said to her soon after his introduction, "Mrs. K——, I 'm told that you 're a fast woman." The lady (she is not now living) was in truth not very squeamish, but she immediately turned her back upon him. He was puzzled, and thought her capriciously rude; she thought him insulting. But the word in the sense which Mr. Bartlett properly assigns to it, "that lives at a rapid rate, dissipated," is no more an Americanism than *swell* is; and like *swell* it is of British origin.

[1] Among my memorandums which I have lately discovered is one in regard to the phrase *enjoys poor health*, as to which I said heretofore that it probably would be found in other counties than Leicestershire. I see by a note made upon the spot that, on the 16th of October, 1876, the custodian of St. Mary's Hall, Coventry, Warwickshire, Eng., said to me that "the mayor enjoyed very indifferent health." Of course he would have said bad health, or poor health, but for his desire to use elegant language And another is in regard to *white choker* for cravat, that Earl Pembroke writes of a sort of men that he calls cosmopolitan Micawbers, "I don't think they are worse, as a rule, than nine tenths of the respectable men in *white chokers* and faultless boots that one meets at an English dinner party." (South Sea Bubbles, chap. i., p. 39, ed. 1872.) True his lordship uses slang, and American slang; for example, *loafing* on the opposite page; but I will take his own testimony that he talked of white chokers in England in his boyhood.

Favor, as applied to the face, the expression of countenance, Mr. Bartlett says, "was once common in England, but is now obsolete." Not so. It is, I believe, now rarely heard in either country; and only among very "plain people." But in England it is used just as it is here; of which see example only a few weeks old: —

"He was the very image of his poor mother, — her pretty, light, curly hair, and all; did n't feature or *favor* his father even in a look, and that was a comfort." (The Ilfracombe Boatman, The Argosy, August, 1878.)

Feel. "To feel to do a thing is an expression commonly used by some clergymen for to feel inclined, to be disposed, to do it." *Feel to* thus used is certainly not a lovely phrase; but as to its Americanism, or its being confined to the usage of clergymen, see this passage: —

"Finally, the writer is not, nor likely to be, a member of any anti-tobacco society. He is neither a slave to a cigar, nor an utter stranger to it. When he wants one he takes it; and when he does not *feel to want* one he goes without it." (All Smoke, London Society, October, 1866.)

This is certainly not very elegant writing in any respect. But it indicates the true state of the case. The phrase is used in both countries by people who speak and write and behave inelegantly.

Female. The misuse of this word for woman or girl is pointed out and discussed in Words and their Uses. The notion that it is an Americanism is one of the most ignorant and absurd that ever was entertained upon any subject; and the citation in Bartlett of three examples, one triumphantly from Goldwin Smith, and one from Harriet Martineau, is deplorable. In the book mentioned above it was said, "There is no lack of what is called authoritative usage during three centuries for this misuse of *female*. But this is one of those perversions which are justified by no example, however eminent." The latter sentence is an opinion which any one may accept or reject at pleasure; the former is an assertion in support of which it may now be worth while for me to cite some of the memorandums upon which it was made: —

"Here she comes curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad
Thus to make poor *females* mad."
(Shakespeare, Mid. Night's Dream, III. 2.)

"Here 's a mortal almost dead,
. . . . . .
'T is a *female* almost dead."
(Fletcher, Faithful Shepherdess.)

"Ho! all ye *females* that would live unshent,
Fly from the reach of Cyned's regiment."
(Hall's Satires, IV. 1.)

— "here came the strongest silks, the sweetest wines, the excellentest almonds, the best oils, and beautifullest *females* of all Spain." (Howell's Letters, Book I., L. 24.)

"But this serves only for the men. Now whereas the *females* of this country, especially of the lower order, do associate themselves much more than those of other nations," etc. (Fielding, Tom Jones, Book II., chap. iv.)

"Mrs. Partridge, being one day at this assemblage of *females*, was asked by one of her neighbors if she had heard no news of Jenny Jones." (Idem, same chap., a few lines below.)

"I see no *females* yet that have anything to say to us." (Vanbrugh, Provoked Wife, iv. 5.)

"That *females* are too apt to be struck with images of beauty," etc. (Richardson, Pamela, Introd.)

"This familiar and solitary intercourse between a saint whose character required the most unblemished chastity and a *female* whose charms might excite the most dangerous emotions," etc. (Gibbon, vol. ii., chap. xxi., p. 65.)

"Bah! the men in the character of shepherds, etc.; the *females* likewise as shepherdesses." (Grose, Olio, page 44.)

— "and in the company was a young *female* to whom I, in my peevishness, thought Mr. Thrale superfluously attentive." (Mrs. Piozzi, Piozziana, i. 122.)

"What *female* would the book peruse,
The dame neglected by the muse."
(Peter Coxe, The Social Day, canto iv., p. 256, ed 1823.)

"Woe worth the hour that Piercie

Shafton, in attention to his own safety, neglected the accommodation of any *female*, far less of his most beneficent liberatrice." (Scott, The Monastery, chap. xxviii.)

— "the power of a *female* in keeping a secret, sarcastically said to be impossible." (Idem, Peveril of the Peak, Introd.)

"At length Lady Peveril, with the ready invention of a *female*, sharpened by the sight of distress," etc.[1] (Idem, chap. i.)

"Noble adventurers traveled from court to court in search of employment, — not merely noble males, but noble *females* too; and if these latter were beauties, and obtained the favorable notice of princes, they stopped in the courts," etc. (Thackeray, The Four Georges.)

See also Charles Reade's The Cloister and the Hearth, pages 52, 125, 126, 132, 170, 180, Amer. ed. Thackeray's "males" for men is comparatively very rare; but *female* for *woman* runs through the whole range of English literature since the Reformation, but is not, in my opinion, on that account one whit the less objectionable; for a cow or a sow is a *female* just as a woman is; no otherwise. But we may now hope, in any case, that it will cease to be counted among Americanisms.

A few. In support of the Americanism of this phrase, slangily and ironically used in the sense of a little, Mr. Bartlett cites one example. He might easily have cited more. But in evidence that the phrase is not unknown or unused in England see this example: —

"Yet he swore — and Doodle could swear a *few* — that he would never turn Donnish." (Almæ Matres, by Megathym Splene, M. A. Oxon., page 39.)

Fire. The misuse of this word for shoot and throw which has followed the introduction of guns for bows and ordnance for slings is censurable, but not as an Americanism. I have many examples at hand from English writers. Even in Mills's History of the Crusades we find, "A body of more than five thousand Ethiopians, who concealed themselves among the inequalities of the ground, *fired* their arrows." (Vol. i., chap. vii.) As to *fire-eaters*, I will merely remark that it is of Irish, not American, origin. It will be found in Barrington's Sketches; but my memorandum of the chapter is not at hand.

First class. The Reverend Archibald C. Geikie, whose ability to impart to Americans what is and what is not English we have already seen more than once, and notably in regard to *hung* and *hanged*, is quoted by Mr. Bartlett to show that *first class* as applied to a man is not English. In England, he says, if a man possesses notable capacity, "people call him capable, or able, or great;" and he would confine *first class* to railway carriages and prize oxen. It is somewhat strange that Mr. Geikie should not have remembered the first-class men and the double first-class men of Cambridge, which is probably the origin of the phrase a first-class man. Yet it may have come from a usage which it is strange that an M. A. should have forgotten. In Rome *men* were rated as first class, second class, or third, according to their incomes. Those of the first-class were called *par excellence*, *classici;* whence classics, that is, writers of the first class. I find that Herbert Coleridge, of the *sangre azul* of Anglican purists in language, applied the phrase to newspapers: "And I may as well say that *first-class* newspapers, such as the Times, Saturday Review, etc., form our lowest limit of authority." (Letter to George P. Marsh, August 29, 1859.) And in the London Literary Budget, journals and men of high grade are thus grouped together: "We hold that the characters of *first-class journals*, the avowed conductors of which are *first-class literary men*, should be without stain or suspicion." (November 1, 1861.) The phrase has not been in my mind as one to be remarked, or I should have many examples of it at hand.

Fix, in the sense of "a condition, a predicament, a dilemma," is so far from being an Americanism that it is of common use in England, both in speech and

[1] Scott uses *female* incessantly for *woman* So also Byron

in writing, and there first came into vogue. To establish this in detail would be quite superfluous. One can hardly read an English book or newspaper without encountering the word. But I find on the margin of my Bartlett four memorandums: that the Pall Mall Gazette (October 28, 1860) calls "the precarious position of Austria" also "the Austrian *fix;*" that Mr. Punch (April 9, 1864) says that a cat who has caught her head in a milk jug "is in a tolerable *fix;*" that Burton, in his Scot Abroad (vol. i. p. 29), says, "Altogether the question was indeed in a *fix;*" and that in Maxwell Drewitt (chap. vi.) it is said, "It was a nice *fix* for a man to be placed in: starvation in this world, or hell fire in the next," — which may be accepted as a pretty clear expression of "a dilemma."

But it is as a verb meaning "to put in order, to prepare, to set or place in the manner desired or most suitable," that *fix* is with more reason set down as an Americanism. This use of *fix* rivals *guess* as an American shibboleth in the ordinary British mind. But while I would not deny that its use is more common here than in England, I do deny that it is of American origin and that its use is confined to Americans. Remark the meaning, the unmistakable meaning, of the word in the following passages from English authors of high repute: —

"1*st Chambermaid.* Are all things set in order? The toilet *fixed*, the chairs and tables put in form, and the chocolate ready?" (Farquhar, Sir Harry Wildair, Act II.)

"*Gibbet* [going on a robbery]. Hounslow, do you and Bagshot see our arms *fix'd:* and I 'll come to you presently." (Idem, The Beaux Stratagem, Act IV., last scene.)

"This is only to give account that I received yours, and to thank you for the pains you have been at to get me a lodging, servant, and conveniences. I hope you have *fixed* it for me ere this, the lodging especially." (Shaftesbury to Farley, June 25, 1703, in Original Letters of Locke, etc., 1830.)

"The corporal had slipped out about ten minutes before my uncle Toby in order to *fix* his apparatus, and just give the enemy a shot or two before my uncle Toby came." (Sterne, Tristram Shandy, chap. clxxxviii.)

It is to be remarked that the corporal's apparatus was already set up, in position, established: what he wished to do was to arrange it, to prepare it. The meaning "to place in the manner most desired or most suitable" could not have a more clear and apt illustration than in the following example: —

"The quaker placed himself in a speaking attitude; it was the operation of some minutes. 'Friend,' says he, as soon as he had *fixed* himself to his mind." (I Says, Says I, vol. i. p. 156, Lond. 1812.)

In the following passages, it means "to prepare."

— "so far from being able to cut out and *fix* plain sewing, they cannot do even the mechanical part of stitching when it is *fixed* tolerably." (English Matron, 1873, page 159.)

— "and one who knows how to *fix* and tack her own work." (Idem, page 191.[1])

"The king wanted me to show him how to *fix* the gun I had given him, and I went ashore." (Earl Pembroke, South Sea Bubbles, chap. iv., page 119, ed. Lond. 1872.)

Here Lord Pembroke uses the word in exactly the same sense in which Farquhar used it a century and a half ago, and in regard to the very same thing, a gun. For at least one hundred and fifty years this use of the word has not been an Americanism, and as to the time before that, they may find it in American speech and writing who can. It is common enough in England colloquially; but one difference between the conditions of the two countries is that here all manner of impropriety and easy-going is seen more upon the surface than it is there.

Fleshy is scoffed at as an Americanism, not by Mr. Bartlett, but by some

[1] English Matrons is by L. F. M., author of My Life and What shall I do with it, Battle of the Two Philosophies, and Strong and Free

British censors; and Mr. Punch, by the hand of his clever servant, Du Maurier, has made himself merry over it at our expense. He did so, probably, in ignorance of such examples as the following:

> "Hir armes smal, her streighte backe and soft,
> Her sides long, *fleshy*, smooth and white."
> (Chaucer, Troilus and Creseide, III.)

"But an if the woman be anything grosse, fat, or fleshy," etc. (Raynald's Birth of Mankynde, 1565, sig. K viii, *b*.)

— "have yet our hearts riveted with those old opinions, and so obstructed and benumbed with the same *fleshy* reasonings, which in our forefathers soon melted and gave way," etc. (Milton, Defence against Smectymnuus.)

Milton's use of the word is metaphorical; but metaphorical use implies the literal. In the following examples the use is literal enough; and in the first of them the word is applied by a woman to a woman: —

"This fine sunny morning, then, Mrs. Redman sat near her dining-room window. She was a large woman, but not a *fleshy* one: so she gave the idea of much bone." (Mrs. Alexander, Which shall it be? Lond. 1873, chap. i.)

— "unless this were skillfully done the face might easily be made to assume too *fleshy* an appearance." (Professor Owen.)

"The head is oval and is very *fleshy;* the jaw being heavy and massive, and the cheek round and full. . . . The eyes are very full, and the nose a *fleshy* English nose." (J. Hain Friswell.)

These examples appear in passages quoted in the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph of November 17, 1872. The question, be it remembered, is not as to the good taste with which the word may be used in either country, but whether such uses as those shown above are peculiarly American.

Folks. We are told by Mr. Bartlett that this "old" word "is much used in New England instead of 'people' or 'persons,'" for "the persons in one's family" and for "people in general." Indeed it is; and so it has been used by all people of English blood since English was a language. Johnson's dictum that the word "is now used only in familiar or burlesque language" is quoted by Mr. Bartlett in support of the view which he presents. But this remark of the old lexicographer reminds me of one that he made upon the following passage in King John: —

> "Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
> Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
> Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
> Told," etc.

Upon this Johnson, after some formidable preluding of doubt as to meaning, and as to the understanding of previous commentators, remarked, "Shakespeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. *The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes.*" This amazing comment was the consequence merely of Dr. Johnson's ignorance that the fashion of his day in shoes was not the fashion of previous days, as it has not been of succeeding generations. By some unaccountable and cruel caprice of fashion shoes in the last century, and even in the beginning of the present, were made with straight soles; and being so, each one of a pair could of course be worn on either foot, but also without comfort on either. I have heard very old people in my boyhood speak of the comfort that accompanied the coming in of what they called "rights and lefts." Now it is possible that in Johnson's time *folk* and *folks* had gone out of use among the best speakers. It was a sore time for language as well as for feet. But *folk* is one of those words which is quite as ineradicable from a language as their difference in shape is from a man's feet. Straight shoes might come in and *folk* go out for a little while; but nature would erelong in both cases assert her rights. There is no question as to the old use of the word in England. See then the following examples of its use by the best society there, literary and other, in modern days. It will be seen that they are somewhat at variance with Mr. Bartlett's remark that "when English writ-

ers try to imitate Yankee talk they make us say *folk*."

"Comfort must not be expected by *folks* that go a-pleasuring." (Byron, Letters, ed. Moore, i. 277.)

"And ever since that martial synod met
Britannia sickens, Cintra, at thy name,
And *folks* in office at the mention fret."
(Idem, Childe Harold, I. 26.)

"'T was an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
And may become of great advantage when
Folks are discouraged."
(Idem, Don Juan, II. 93.)

"In the course of time curiosity and indignation died out. The country *folk* subsided into their ordinary habits," etc. (Julian Charles Young, Rector of Irvington, Journal, etc., chap. xvii.)

"So long as there is love-making in the world, and engagements, and talk of weddings, and young *folks*' happy thoughts, so long will one shadow haunt this felicity." (Essays on Social Subjects, from the Saturday Review, second series, page 225.)

"Great *folks* — the very greatest, decked out in all that fine clothes and jewels can do for them, and inevitably conscious of being the centre of many thousand eyes — are not made vain by being stared at." (Idem, page 274.)

"But are these two young *folk* never to learn what everybody else knows?" (Mortimer Collins, Squire Silchester's Whim, vol. ii., Lond. 1873.)

"The relations between the fishing *folk* and their neighbors soon became friendly." (Idem, chap. iv.)

"Lord Castlereagh and all the English gentlemen at the Hague dined with the prince. M. and Madame de Schuylenbach invited a large party to dinner to meet Lady Castlereagh, who, as well as I, appeared in orange, which vastly pleased the good *folks*, who took to us both extremely." (Countess Brownlow, Reminiscences, etc., Lond. 1868, page 35.)

"Most of the *folks* knew that we were going, and came up to shake hands." (Earl Pembroke, South Sea Bubbles, chap. v., page 133, Lond. 1872.)

"But these *folks* grin and laugh at whatever I do, right or wrong." (Idem, chap. ii., page 53.)

"Seeing a mighty bustle of *folk* on the reef, paddled up, and found them preparing a labyrinth of fish-traps." (Idem, chap. iii., page 88.)

"There are poorer *folks* than paupers." (James Greenwood, The Amateur Casual, Seven Curses of London, page 432.)

"Now, looking round the world, is it a fact that old maids and old bachelors are so much more spiritually advanced than married *folks*?" (Bulwer Lytton, Kenelm Chillingly, Book V., chap. viii.)

"The people interested me at the hotel; for they were all well-meaning *folks*, moving in a somewhat morbid atmosphere." (Miss Thackeray, Da Capo, chap. i.)

"Not poor human *folks*, however." (Frances Power Cobbe, London Hecatombs.)

"They made their money slowly but very surely, as all *folks* must do who have a tolerably large connection," etc. (Patient Kitty, Belgravia, June, 1878.)

"Much may be learned, indeed, with regard to the capabilities of English *folk* for art by keeping eyes and ears open in the different picture exhibitions. Besides the obvious use of the Academy for furnishing conversation in the summer months, it is visited by Londoners in order that they may be seen, by country *folk* in order that they may see." (London Week, June 29, 1878.)

— "for although in these days bee-keeping is no longer what it used to be, yet the old-fashioned *folk* take a deep interest in the bees still." (Pall Mall Budget, August 31, 1878, page 13.)

— "the old *folk*, even those having a stocking or a teapot filled with guineas, thought a great deal of small sums." (Idem, page 14.)

It seems impossible to use *folk* or *folks* in all the senses proscribed by Mr. Bartlett as American, more thoroughly and precisely than in these examples from English writers of the best social and literary position. If I have been somewhat particular and numerous in my examples, I have only to say in defense that the charge was made with particularity and supported by a great name.

Free to confess. It is right that I should say that I have not looked at all the items in Mr. Bartlett's work, some signatures, indeed, in the copy which I have used (one of the third edition, 1859) being yet uncut. In the last edition, which I received only a short time ago, finding *free to confess* set down as an Americanism, I supposed that I had not observed it in the previous edition. But it is not there. The discovery of its Americanism is then new. Indeed, it is apparent only to those who see what cannot be seen. The phrase is as English as can be; but my very recent knowledge of it as an alleged Americanism prevents me from offering more than these two examples of it from a very charming and very English writer: —

"Since it is my fate to tell my own story, I choose to tell it in my own way; and I am *free to confess* that the leading trait of my character had its origin in the first glimpse I caught of myself." (Mrs. Gore, Cecil, a Coxcomb, 1841, vol i., chap. i.)

"I am *free to confess* that never was I better pleased than on throwing aside the harness of war." (Idem, vol. ii., chap. iii.)

See also Blackwood's Magazine, June, 1827, page 786.

Funk, in the sense of sensibility to fear, cowardice, is with like error set down as an Americanism. Had I observed it earlier I should have shown more evidence to the contrary than these three examples: —

"Spite of the public applauses, some ominous misgivings were uttered; one or two of the Boyle party began to *funk*: they augured no good from the dead silence of Bentley." (De Quincey, Richard Bentley, Works, vol. vi. p. 65, Lond. 1863.)

"Come along: don't *funk* it, old fellow: your cuticle can bear a little more titillation without permanent injury." (Mortimer Collins, Squire Silchester's Whim, vol. ii., chap. xvii.)

"And yet no one seems *funky*, and we are all longing to make the attempt." (Earl Pembroke, South Sea Bubbles, chap. ix., page 252.)

I shall be very glad to receive information or suggestions on this subject; but must beg my correspondents not to ask me questions about the meaning, the spelling, and the pronunciation of words, and above all, not about grammar.

Richard Grant White.

AN OLD SONG.

An old song, an old song! But the new are not so sweet, —
Sweet though they be with honeyed words, and sweet with fancies fair,
With thrills of tune in silver troop of answering echoes fleet,
With tender longings slumberous upon enchanted air.

An old song! But across its verse what viewless voices sing!
Through all its simple burden what human pulses stir!
More intimate with grief and joy than any precious thing
That the years have wrapped away in frankincense and myrrh!

Lovers have sung it, summer nights, when earth itself seemed heaven;
Sailors far off on lonely seas have given it to the gale;
Mothers have hushed its measure on the quiet edge of even,
While soft as falling rose-leaves dear eyelids dropped their veil.

Long since the sailor made his grave between two rolling waves,
The lovers and their love are naught, mother and child are dust;
But to-night some maiden lifts it, to-night its sounding staves
Are blowing from the stroller's lips on this balmy blossom-gust.

A part of life, its music flows as the blood flows in the vein;
Laughter ripples through it, tears make its charm complete;
For the heart of all the ages beats still through this old strain, —
An old song, an old song, but the new are not so sweet!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

OPPRESSIVE TAXATION OF THE POOR.

THE most difficult problem of modern times is unquestionably how to protect property under popular governments. For the United States particularly it is growing graver day by day. So long as the large majority of voters are owners of property all goes well, but the moment those who are untaxed outnumber those who pay taxes, trouble begins. The direct interest of the untaxed class is to swell public expenditure to the utmost, and there is hardly a large city in the United States that has not suffered more or less from this cause. The whole subject is so old and has been so often discussed that there can be no object in enlarging upon it. No one is likely to question the statement that several hundred million dollars have already been practically confiscated, in the interests of the untaxed classes, through state and municipal extravagance and fraud.

In Massachusetts there is good reason to believe that between fifty and sixty per cent. of the voters pay a poll-tax only, while in Boston their number, it is said, reaches eighty per cent.; and the evil appears to be increasing. The obvious policy of a nation where universal suffrage exists is to encourage saving among the poorer classes by every expedient that is compatible with justice to all its citizens. The policy of Massachusetts has accordingly been to foster savings-banks; but there seems to be reason to fear that this course has not been in all respects judicious. Undoubtedly savings-banks are useful, but it is certain that the best interests of the State are not answered by having them monopolize the savings of the poor. A man who has money in a bank is apt to be a better citizen than one who has nothing, but his interests are not identical with the interests of other property owners. To begin with, he is exempt from municipal taxation; consequently he does not suffer directly from municipal extravagance. He has half exemption from state taxes; thus, state economy is of little moment to him. He may vote one year to swamp his town with debt; the next he may move away, after he has pocketed his share of spoil. Under such circumstances, if he is shrewd, he will gain more than he will lose by public extravagance. Land owners, on the contrary, cannot move away from their homes. They not only feel the whole burden of municipal and state taxation in a peculiar degree, but anything which tends to injure the prosperity of their town injures the value of their property. Their interest always points directly toward economy and good government. In every age and in all countries the most reliable and conservative portion of society has been the small land owners.

Strangely enough the State, while it

has always favored depositors in savings-banks, has discouraged the poorer classes from buying land. This statement may appear surprising, but its truth can be demonstrated.

In Massachusetts money lent on mortgage is taxed at full rates. As a matter of common sense, no proposition can be more preposterous. If a man buys a farm worth two thousand dollars, has but one thousand himself, and therefore borrows the second thousand, nothing can be more unreasonable than to tax him on two thousand dollars' worth of property, and then tax the lender on his thousand dollars as well. One and one never did make three, and never will. Clearly there are only two thousand dollars' worth of taxable property, divide it up between the two men how you will. The farm has the same value after as before the purchase. The man who owns it is in debt, it is true, but that does not increase the property which is in existence. Now the only possible way in which poor men can buy land is upon mortgage. A house near a city, or a house and farm in the country, costs on an average about two thousand dollars. A workingman seldom has so large a sum at hand, and it is most undesirable that he should have to wait until he can save it; for of all incentives that can urge a man to industry and economy, there is none stronger than the desire to clear his land from debt. As soon, therefore, as he has saved five or six hundred dollars, every encouragement should be given him to buy a home for himself on mortgage, and pay off the debt by installments.

Far from encouragement, however, the burden the State puts on him is crushing. By reason of the taxation of the mortgage, he is taxed twice. Double taxation is, in plain English, confiscation; for if the State arbitrarily makes me pay on my land double what it makes my neighbor pay on his, it confiscates my property to the amount of the extra tax. This double taxation is inevitable under our law. Money will always command its value. No one will loan money for less than it will bring in the open market. The government can now borrow at four per cent. because its bonds are untaxed. No one, therefore, will lend for a less net return than four per cent. Were government bonds taxed, the rate of interest would rise to just the amount of the tax; the return to the lender would be the same; the government would pay the tax in its interest. A good mortgage is as good security as a government bond, and ought to command money on as reasonable terms. An offer was publicly made, before a committee of the legislature, to loan any amount of money at four per cent. on good mortgage security, provided the borrower would contract to pay all taxes. No one came forward to borrow on such terms. The Labor Report for 1876 shows that the actual rate of interest for money loaned on mortgage to workingmen in the State of Massachusetts is seven and four tenths per cent. Therefore, were the tax on mortgages abolished, workingmen could probably borrow three and one half per cent. cheaper; or, presenting the proposition in another form, the amount of double taxation imposed upon them is three and one half per cent. on the value of their mortgage.

It is well, however, to err upon the safe side. In a former paper the burden of taxation was estimated at two per cent. On this basis, the abolition of the mortgage tax would fix the rate of interest on mortgages in this State at about five and one half per cent. The figure is certainly sufficiently high, as it is an advance of one and one half per cent. on government securities, and also on the offer just quoted.

The conclusion is therefore unavoidable that by this unjust and irrational tax the State confiscates a large portion of the savings of its most deserving citizens, for doing that thing which of all others it is most for the safety and the welfare of the commonwealth that they should do.

Fortunately statistics exist which make it possible to show very nearly how great a wrong is done. The figures on which the following estimates are based are taken from the Report on the Statistics

of Labor for 1876. They are of course reliable. There are in Massachusetts about 450,000 skilled and unskilled laborers. Of these twenty-three per cent. own houses, and forty-four and a half per cent. of those owning houses have borrowed money upon mortgage to pay for them. There are therefore 103,500 laborers who own houses, 46,000 of which are mortgaged. The average mortgage is for $977.57. Two per cent., it is remembered, equals the mortgage tax which the borrower is forced to pay in the shape of advanced interest. Two per cent. on $977.57 is, in round numbers, $20, that being the amount of double taxation to which the average mortgagor is subjected. The total is of course 20 × 46,000, or $920,000. In other words, the State yearly confiscates the savings of her most deserving workingmen to the enormous value of $1,000,000. One million dollars is the whole direct state tax.

There is also another class of wage-receivers beside day laborers, which suffers, — clerks, book-keepers, salesmen, and all who earn salaries. Their average income is shown in the Labor Report to be about $1000. Forty-eight per cent. of all the houses owned by such men are subject to an average mortgage of $2452 at seven and four tenths per cent. Unfortunately, these returns are imperfect, and exactness is impossible. Still some estimate may be made. The census appears to indicate that there are in the neighborhood of 75,000 receivers of salaries in the State. This seems reasonable, as it would give an average of six wage-laborers to one salaried person. Estimated on this basis, the extra tax paid by this class in the form of interest on mortgages would be between $450,000 and $500,000 a year.

The State of Massachusetts, therefore, by taxing mortgages, wrings nearly $1,500,000 a year over and above their just burdens from those classes of her citizens whose incomes average less than $1100.

By the last State Auditor's Report it appears that the tax upon savings-banks yielded $1,814,623; a sum not very much larger than the amount raised by this extra tax from these two classes of the population. Savings-banks, however, are by no means exclusively used by the people for whom they were intended. In fact, only about forty-five per cent. of the whole amount of deposits belongs to wage-laborers; the remainder is distributed among the capitalist classes, who look on savings-banks as good places for investment; therefore the whole amount of tax paid by the savings of laborers deposited in savings-banks is $816,580 a year, against $920,000, which represents the amount of unjust and excessive taxation which is borne by workingmen who own land.

Had Massachusetts turned its whole attention toward discouraging the increase of small land owners, she could never have devised a more effective system. That this is one of the chief causes of the present discontent admits of little doubt. Probably nothing has caused such misery as this tax. The position of the workingman whose land is mortgaged is a hard one.

By the Labor Report for 1876, pages 24 and 76, it appears that the laborer's family is of about five persons. Average wages for a laborer are $482. But where a whole family are employed their yearly earnings amount to $636.89, divided as follows: —

Wages of father	$425.64
Wages of wife and children	211.25
	$636.89
To this must be added for income from all other sources	38.00
Total income	$674.89

By the Report for 1875 the average family expenses without rent are put at $620.35, divided as follows: —

Food	$422.16
Clothing and dry goods	104.28
Fuel	43.91
Sundries	45.00
Light	5.00
	$620.35

The Report of 1876, however, fixes $550 as the yearly sum for which a family of five may be maintained. Rent is fixed at $93, but no other item is given. The Report of 1875 shows that the wages

of young children under fifteen years old, who ought to go to school, amount to about sixteen per cent. of the family wages. Assuming the latest figures to be correct, the account stands as follows: —

INCOME.	
Total family income	$674.89
Less wages of young children at school	101.00
	$573.89
EXPENSE.	
Cost of living by report of 1876 . .	$550.00
Less rent	93.00
	$457.00
Add interest on mortgage and taxes on $2000 at $12 per $1000[1] . .	100.00
Total expense	$557.00
Balance	$16.89

Three things are demonstrated by these figures: (1.) That children's wages are necessary for the support of the family. (2.) That a workingman with a mortgaged house can just cover expenses by his own wages and the wages of his older children. (3.) That all payments on the principal of the mortgage debt must be made from earnings of the children under fifteen years old, who ought to be at school.

If the mortgage tax were abolished, twenty or thirty dollars would be saved on the interest account. The young children can earn a few dollars a year in vacations and after school hours, especially by doing farm work in the country, and thus some fifty dollars a year might be saved toward extinguishing the mortgage.

Nothing can establish more clearly the impolicy as well as the iniquity of this tax. By this unjust and discriminating impost on this class of citizens, the laboring man is forced to choose between denying his family a home and depriving his children of their education. That the workingmen of a republic should not own the land is dangerous to the State, but that they should grow up ignorant is ruin.

The fact that a mortgage necessitates child labor may be proved in another way. Among families supported by the labor of the husband and wife but twenty-nine per cent. owned their houses. Among those families supported by the labor of the father and minor children thirty-nine per cent. owned the houses occupied. While among those families where all members were forced to work forty-six per cent. owned their houses.

These figures were collected for another purpose, but they show the pressure of the mortgage tax distinctly. The progression is significant. Where most houses are owned, there most child labor is found, for half the houses of laboring men are mortgaged.

There is a terrible contrast between the workingman who has invested one thousand dollars in a house, and has borrowed another thousand on a mortgage, and another workingman who has one thousand dollars in the bank. The State taxes the latter seven dollars and one half, the former forty-four dollars, a year.

When times are bad this heavy interest charge becomes insupportable. It is more than the family can earn, beyond the cost of living, and thousands of industrious men have seen the savings of their whole lives swept away, because they could not pay both the interest on their mortgage and their taxes. The double tax just turned the scale. Indeed, it is difficult to realize the suffering which is caused in times of depression by the levy of one million dollars a year over and above their just burdens on fifty thousand workingmen. Nor does the mischief end here. Through the medium of the banks, which are the chief lenders upon mortgage, one half the working class become the creditors of the other half. When large numbers of mortgagors fail in their payments, the land is thrown upon the banks, and that land for the moment has lost its value. The banks cannot meet the calls of their depositors, and then, as happened last winter, a stay law is rushed through the legislature, payments cease, and creditors and debtors are involved in common misery.

Who could wonder, under such a strain, if the very foundations of society

[1] The estimated value of the house taken at $2000 is not from the Labor Reports or any official statistics.

should be shaken? There is discontent now, and not without good cause; but nothing can inspire more respect for the good judgment of this people than the patience with which, upon the whole, they have borne their sufferings. No other impost could work the mischief of this hateful mortgage tax. It burdens the industrious; it ruins the small land owner; it hampers building; it raises rent; it breeds ignorance; it is hostile to free institutions. Yet the mortgage tax is only the most striking instance of that vicious system which fetters the enterprise and weighs down the energy of Massachusetts. The injustice and impolicy of that system have often been ably exposed, but hitherto without avail. The whole fabric of tax legislation is based upon a false foundation. Double taxation is not the exception, but the rule, within the commonwealth. The error of the system lies in the proposition that every citizen is to be taxed according to his ability to pay. A mortgage is part of a man's property; hence he must be taxed on the mortgage, otherwise he would not contribute his proportion to the State. All this reasoning is manifestly fallacious. Property is what should be taxed, not men, unless upon their polls. The supposed ability of certain citizens is entirely beside the question. Taxable property is something that has intrinsic value. There is a certain amount of property within the State such as houses and land, goods and merchandise, cattle, gold, silver, and machinery. This constitutes the wealth of the citizens. Notes, bonds, mortgages, and the like are simply evidences that the holders have lent money upon the faith of the property having intrinsic worth. In themselves these notes and bonds have no value, any more than paper money has in itself value. The taxes upon these evidences of debt are all necessarily double taxes; since to tax property at all it is worth, and then, if it is pledged, to tax the money raised upon it, is clearly to tax it twice. Moreover, the difficulty with all this taxing of debts is not only that it is absurd in theory, but that it is iniquitous in practice. The borrower always has to pay. If four per cent. is the market rate for money, and taxes amount to two per cent., we have seen that the mortgagor can borrow only at seven per cent. The capitalist will collect the tax for the government, but he pays himself at the expense of the borrower for his risk and trouble in so doing. No statute can change this law of trade. The only effect of taxing loans is to raise the rate of interest. Thus it is that taxation in Massachusetts cramps industry and works injustice. The debtor class is doubly taxed throughout the commonwealth, and the debtors are precisely those who are least able to pay. It is bad enough for a man to have every third dollar taken from him by the State, but when besides he has to pay three per cent. of extra interest above the market rate on every dollar he borrows, the position of the debtor becomes well-nigh desperate.

The only hope lies in popular education. Could the people be made to understand the merits of the question, the present tax laws would not disgrace the statute-book one day after the next meeting of the legislature. The danger consists in ignorance. Workingmen who cannot pay their mortgage interest are wrought upon by demagogues and clamor at capital. They do not see the real enemy. Men feel that they are suffering, but do not know the cause. The educated and the wealthy struggle to repress discontent, but do not move a finger either to teach the people or to give them relief. There is peril in the situation. In any country but this, injustice such as is inflicted here would have brought on a popular explosion. It may be that the end is not yet. The tide may still rise higher. Massachusetts has done her best to strip herself of her natural defenders, to oppress, to enrage, and to ruin them. The small land owners have little reason to love their State. The numbers of non-taxpayers are daily swelled by ruined mortgagors; those who pay a poll-tax only are already in the majority, while the rich State, like a ripe prize for plunder, lies temptingly under their hand.

Brooks Adams.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THREE terms have now passed at Cambridge [England], and I have found them very pleasant and very profitable. When I first came here, you know, I intended to spend a year, studying principally Latin, Greek, and perhaps Sanskrit, and then to go on to Germany. When I arrived I found that I could have good advantages for Greek and Latin, and that the lectures of the university professor of Sanskrit, Professor Cowell, were open to women, although none had as yet availed themselves of the privilege. For a little while I was undecided, but very soon it seemed best to me to take the classical tripos, as I found I should be admitted to it on my degree without further examination, the whole thing being as yet informal; and also that I should be allowed to take it in two years. In spite of all the work which I have already done in America in the classics, my "coach," as they call the private tutor here, tells me that I cannot stand among my equals in two years and not probably in three, because my preparation is not such as to give me a fair start. The men come up from the public schools with an immense amount of training in classics, mathematics, or whatever their special subject may be. There is a great deal of reading at sight done, and a great deal of composition, both prose and verse. There is very little, you know, of the former of these exercises done at home, and comparatively little composition. It is one thing to write in Greek unconnected sentences, however difficult, about what Cyrus could, would, or should have done if Clearchus had done something else, and it is quite another thing to be set down to a piece of Macaulay, Burke, or *Carlyle*, and expected to give it in some kind of Greek or Latin. There was actually a piece from Sartor Resartus set in this year's tripos. There are two papers in prose composition, two in verse, two in ancient philosophy (of the stiffest kind, — Aristotle, Plato, and Cicero are the staples), one in classical philology, one in ancient history, and six in reading at sight, making in all fourteen three-hour papers. It is no slight ordeal, and I wish I had three years instead of two for it. As it is, I expect to read in the long vacation terms. I should not have changed my mind and taken up this regular course, giving up the idea of Germany altogether, but that I decided, after examining into the matter, that this classical tripos work was just the thing I needed to fit me for the position which I hope some day to fill. I also felt that my lecturers, accustomed to the Cambridge way of doing things, would know more exactly what to advise me and would take a more lively interest in my progress, if I were doing regular work. And so I have quite dropped Sanskrit for the present. I have been taking about six lectures a week all winter: two in Greek, public, and one private; two in Latin, private, and one in Latin composition with a class. My private lecturers, Mr. Archer-Hind and Mr. Verrall, are of Trinity College, both classical lecturers there and considered especially brilliant scholars. Mr. Archer-Hind is now a university examiner, and Mr. Verrall has just been put on for next year. I am rather sorry for this, because I cannot have lectures from him the last term or two, as you are never expected to be coached by one of your examiners. I do not go in next year, but in February, 1880; but an examiner is always on for two years.

I don't know how much you know about the tripos examinations of the Cambridge University. I knew very little when I came, and perhaps you would like some explanation. They are the examinations for honors. The great number of the students go in for the ordinary or "poll" degree, as it is called; you will recognize the derivation. This

is not nearly so good as our average B. A. degree. These students are obliged to attend a certain number of lectures and have several examinations to pass, I believe, during the time they are up here. The men who go in for honor, or triposes as they are called, take their previous examination or "little-go" immediately, and then read for three years with no examinations, having almost always private coaching and being obliged to attend very few lectures. But the new system of intercollegiate lectures offers such advantages that I understand in all the triposes except the mathematical one can go through without coaching. To the intercollegiate lectures, with one or two exceptions, women are not yet admitted. It depends on the favor of the colleges where they are held. The university lectures are of comparatively little value. They are almost all open, and some of them are largely attended by ladies, — both students and others, — as, for example, Professor Seelye's history lectures. But most of them are not good working lectures, and I have not yet been advised to attend one on the classics by my lecturers.

My work this winter has been chiefly reading Greek and Latin literature and doing prose composition. I do not intend to attempt verse. The set subjects for '80 are the first book of Aristotle's Metaphysics, Plato's Phædo and Philebus, and Cicero's Academica. I have already read the Phædo very carefully, but I must of course review it thoroughly. I have been lately reading the Academica, and more unsatisfactory stuff it was never my misfortune to have to deal with. In the first place, Latin, with all Cicero's command over it, is miserably inadequate for philosophical purposes; and in the second place, Cicero's own ideas are decidedly mixed and his information often incorrect; at least that is the opinion of wiser heads than mine, and to me it seems so. I have not yet taken up the Aristotle, but I expect to find that *tough*. I have been reading a little ancient philosophy. I have returned to Schwegler for a general textbook, and I have come to the conclusion that it was the fault of his subject that I found him such a pill on German philosophy last year, — for anything more clear and concise I never saw than his outline of the systems of ancient philosophy.

So much for my studies during the past winter. Now, perhaps, you may wish to hear something of my other experiences. I have not been at Newnham Hall, which was too full when I made application, but at a similar institution, Norwich House. This is in many ways a much less desirable place. Newnham was built for a college, but Norwich House is simply a house hired in the town to accommodate the continually increasing number of students. Although it was a boys' college, still it was always a make-shift, combined out of two or three small houses and added to, and the rooms are small and more or less inconvenient. I will say nothing of the fact that it has no closets, for Newnham Hall, a new and well-built house, has nothing but recesses with curtains hung in front for clothes. What do you think of that for civilization? But I hardly need to ask a native of New England, where the closets are little rooms. There have been about seventeen girls at Norwich House this year, and I have found them very pleasant acquaintances. Among them I have also been so fortunate as to find a few friends. The social atmosphere of the house has indeed quite reconciled me to my stay there. I do not feel certain that I shall like Newnham, where I shall be next year, any better, or so well, with all its advantages. Most of the Norwich House girls are much less advanced than I, and that I have found a certain disadvantage, not that some of them are not cleverer, but we are not on the same ground. They are all going in for the various groups of the Cambridge higher local examinations.

I have become acquainted during the winter with some Cambridge people, connected, as about all the nice Cambridge people are, with the university, and have found many of them very kind and hospitable. I am enjoying my stay there greatly, and am well pleased with the

prospect of nearly two years more. The May term, and especially the boat-race week, is a gay season at Cambridge, and I had during this term quite as much outing as was good for my studies.

The Christmas vacation of *seven weeks* I spent partly in London, but mostly in Cambridge. In London I saw the opening of Parliament, which was not very much, and heard a debate in the House of Commons. I was in London just at the time of the opening of the university to women, and heard a good deal about it from people I met. One distinguished physician said, as I was told, in the debate, that he had one dear daughter, but he would rather see her in her grave than that she should enter the medical profession! The London University has received much commendation, but it should be remembered that Oxford and Cambridge have the question of residence to deal with, and however much we may approve of the theory, the practical application must be matter for careful consideration and experiment. The great majority of the Cambridge men, I know, are watching Girton and Newnham with the greatest interest, and many are lending a helping hand wherever they have the opportunity. Some who are already heavily burdened with their own college work are most generous in giving of their small leisure to these institutions, and I have no doubt that if all goes well, quietly and not at such a very far distant time these colleges will be incorporated with the university. I think there is all the difference in the world between the spirit of the Harvard and that of the Cambridge examinations for women. The people who planned the Harvard examinations wish that institution to hold out against women as long as possible; those who planned the Cambridge examinations wish just the opposite.

— We want a new pronoun. The need of a personal pronoun of the singular number and common gender is so desperate, urgent, imperative, that according to the established theories it should long since have grown on our speech, as the tails grew off the monkeys.

When I was a child, and spake as a child, reckless of grammar and rhetoric, there was no trouble; but, growing mindful of the proprieties of speech, I became conscious of a need, dimly felt at first, and hardly recognized, but ever growing more imperative, until now it calls loudly every time I open my mouth to speak, or take a pen to write. For instance, I am writing a story, and come to the following sentence: "Then they had a delightful time reviewing the whole transaction, each stoutly defending the course of the other, and severely blaming" — I pause. "Himself" will not do, because one of them is a woman. "Herself" is out of the question, for the other is a man. Once I should have written "themselves," but now I know better. That sentence can never be finished. I must write it over again, using "both" instead of "each," and failing to express my exact meaning.

Again, I am writing a business letter. I say, "If there are any further preliminaries to be arranged, let Mr. or Mrs. Smith come out on the ten o'clock train, and we will meet" — Here I stop. Not "him," for Mrs. Smith might come; not "her," for it might be her husband. I will not reconstruct my sentence, and say "them," when I particularly wish they should not both be present.

And so am I tormented at every turn, my only comfort being the fact that I am not alone in my misery. How often do I see a fellow-mortal pause in the middle of a sentence, groping blindly for the missing word, and then begin over again, or flounder miserably and ungrammatically through to the bitter end!

Why should we not have a new word? What is the use of such men as Professor Whitney, or Professor Max Müller, or Mr. Richard Grant White, if they cannot help us in a real trouble like this? They are like the entomologists who spend years of patient research in finding out the scientific name of the potato bug, and cannot tell us how to get rid of him. Let the eminent linguists leave the spelling reform and such trifles long enough to coin us a word which shall spare a preacher from saying, as I heard one

once, "Let every brother or sister examine himself or herself, and looking into his or her heart find out his or her besetting sin, and resolutely cast it from him or her."

I do not believe there is a writer in the country that is not hampered every time he — no, she — There! I 've run against the old snag.

— Corot scarcely ever reproduced himself. He is untranslatable. But if it were possible to put him in a book, I have seen a score of his pictures that would bind in charmingly with the Story of Avis. Ten of his works, great and small, landscape and *genre*, — lyric and epic poetry, — which shed their dreamy beauty over the Cottier Collection, remind me of what a writer in the April Atlantic said of Miss Phelps's story, in this wise: "That would be a dull and cold reader indeed who should fail to be impressed by the emotional intensity of the tale, its mental refinement, . . . and the highly poetic quality of its diction." Reduce this dictum to studio phrase, and it stands for Corot. His landscapes represent the true meaning of such passages in the Story of Avis as these: "Her future, through the budding of that spring, advanced to meet her. She became electrically prescient of it. She throbbed to it as if perplexing magnetisms played upon the lenient May air. . . . Never had she seemed before to be in such harmony with the infinite growing and yearning of nature. . . . She spread the spring showers upon her palette, and dipped her brushes in the rainbow. . . . The air was full of the languors of unseen buds; far and faint upon the shore summoned the rapture of the hidden sea. . . . The imperfectly defined scent of buds faded from an air gone drunk with yielding blossoms."

Does this appear extravagant or affected? Allowing the genuineness of the feeling, I think that the sober admirers of Miss Phelps's remarkable work will agree that Corot's landscapes are a more proper and natural medium for its expression, while conservative taste, or old fogyism, or impenetrability, whichever you choose to call it, sets down both as being equally insane and devoid of meaning. Sentiments and feelings are discovered in the same way as physical laws and asteroids, or mechanical processes. The undiscovered ones exist, but cannot speak. Combinations of colors, or words intended to express them, have to conquer and work their way into the fibre of the masses before the latter can believe in them or derive corresponding sensations therefrom. Painting has an advantage in this conquest, because it is unconstrained and many-sided, like music, and offers a softer cheek to the conservative's kiss of submission.

Corot is a stranger to many who feel that they are members in the guild of high art, and because they derived their art ideas from the commonplace and realistic schools. His companionship can be won only through his poetic nature. They are a proportionally small class who readily see and appreciate true poetry, even when it is indicated by perfect rhyme and metre; and it is more difficult still to be able to find, and at pleasure to pitch, the poetic key in landscape painting. But once found, how sweet a symphony the landscape sings!

The skeptics come naturally by the suspicion that the suddenly developed admiration of Corot is a craze and half a humbug. They wonder why the young man, who left a draper's counter at twenty-six, and spent the remaining forty-nine years of his life studying and dreaming in the home of Claude, in the fields and under the soft skies of Italy, or in the sentimental and sunny atmosphere of France, did not achieve complete recognition in all this time, if he had the genius that is now claimed for him. He certainly painted enough pictures. And the art dealers — who had bought on speculation the several hundred paintings which the public did not crave — took advantage of the artist's death, in February, 1875, to make a collective exhibit of them, and by well-known means to awaken public attention. His reputation mounted, like mercury by summer fervor, high up among the names of Rousseau, Troyon, Diaz, and Millet. It is easy to accord fame

to the dead when the public is made to realize that it has been blind and unfeeling; and it is not discreditable to the honest belief in Corot of those who had the selling of these pictures that they have been dealt out with caution and commercial art.

— A short time since there entered an editorial office in New York an intelligent-looking young negro of twenty-one or twenty-two years. His dress and address were prepossessing, and the editor put his pen behind his ear and received the inevitable bundle of MSS. with a sentiment somewhat akin to pleased expectation. "Here at last," thought he, "is the indication of that which we have long been anticipating. The coming generation of negroes will be like this young chap." He adhered, however, to his invariable rule never to examine a MS. while the author waits, and after a few words of encouragement bowed his visitor out, and at once (unprecedented and inexcusable promptness!) opened the package which had been laid on the desk. It contained the wretchedest trash that ever courted recognition as poetry.

The editor determined not to snub the young man, so he violated another custom of the office by returning the MSS. at editorial expense, no stamp having been left, and wrote a kindly letter advising careful reading and memorizing of Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, and other poets.

A week passed, and the young man again entered with a buoyant step and confident air. He laid down his package and hastened modestly away. Here is his letter of acknowledgment, and following it is one of the poems which resulted from his study of the best models: —

Mr. Editor, — After didicating my unfeigned gratitude to you for the kind and parental information which you condesended to communicate to me, in your letter of the 17th of Nove (last) by telling me, that I required much study of the best english writers and much genuine literary culture before I could hope to gain admission to the columns of the best publications; I beg you to allow me to trespass upon your inteligent patience once more, by offering to your valuable journal, three more poems, of my humble composition. With great respect, your obedient servant,

Napoleon Bonapart Brown.

THE WIDOWER'S ADIEU.

BY NAPOLEON BONAPART BROWN.

And must thou go my dearest wife,
To return again O never?
Departed from this world of strife
Forever and forever.

I no more thy gladening face shall see
Whilst the rivulet murmer to the river;
No more wilt thou my consort be
Forever and forever.

With thee I 've roamed the lake and lea
And where the aspens shiver
And yet from thee I now must be
Forever and forever.

Sweetly repose in thy satin-lined tomb
Forget thee I will never
May there be glee beyond thy gloom
Forever and forever.

Fall dewdrops whilest the gentle wind blows
Upon the tomb where lies my Bella
Welcome my love a sweet repose
Forever and forever.

In the land sublime may be thy rest
Where toil shall find thee never
Where thou wilt in heavenly royalty dress
Forever and forever.

Thou hast loved me long and true,
A companion thou wert ever,
But now to thee I bid adieu
Forever and forever.

Yet must thou go my dearest wife
To return again O never?
Departed from this world of strife
Forever and forever.

— One evening while I was stationed at Lexington, Kentucky, I rode out to see the great crow roost. It was one of the most remarkable sights I ever witnessed. The place was about seven miles from the city, on the Danville pike. The roost was so ancient that the oldest inhabitant could not tell when the crows first commenced coming there. Many years ago the roost was nearer Lexington, but as the trees were cut away the crows moved southward, always seeking the next piece of timber.

At the time of my visit, there were no large forests in the country near the city,

and many pieces of timber had to be called into requisition to lodge their black highnesses. Hundreds slept in the open fields for want of a limb on which to perch, and the wrangle over a desirable bed in a tree-top was something fearful to witness. From the amount of cawing and jawing done every evening, one might readily have supposed the question of reconstructing the roost, or moving it altogether, was under discussion.

It has long been a subject of conjecture whether the crows will ever abandon their ancient roost, but judging by the fact that hundreds, not to say thousands, have already given up the trees, and roost on the ground, I am inclined to believe that when there are no more trees in the section all will content themselves with a bed on mother earth.

A gentleman who lived near the roost, and who had a fine locust grove in front of his house, was surprised one evening to see it black with crows. For a time all went well, but the roost became popular, and every evening there was a wrangle to see who would get it. As the desirable place would hold only a few hundreds, and there were some thousands who nightly applied for lodgings, the noise and confusion became intolerable. Sometimes in the middle of the night an overloaded limb would break, and then a battle for new lodgings would ensue, lasting not unfrequently till daylight. Tired out with the din and noise that banished all idea of sleep at night, the gentleman and his son sallied out with shot guns, and slew some hundreds of their annoying visitors. Next morning the crows were all gone, and returned no more to that grove.

It was about four o'clock P. M. when I arrived on the ground, and already the crows had begun to pour in. At sundown they were coming from all directions, and long lines continued entering the woods from every point of the compass until dark. Each flock had its leader or high-flyer, who flew over the tree-tops until he found his roost, when the head of the column alighted, the rest circling round and round, and winding themselves about their chief. Only a few crows would alight on the same tree where the leader alighted, from which fact I judged he was a sort of aristocratic personage, who did not associate with the common herd of crows, and that the birds who slept on his tree were the royal family and crows of high degree. Certain it was that on one tree only two or three old crows sat, who kept up an incessant cawing; and now and then one would quit the tree and fly to an approaching flock, which he would apparently conduct to its proper place in the wood, and then return and report to an old chap who sat on the topmost branch of the highest tree, and who never quitted his station, but kept flapping his wings up and down, constantly grumbling about something. He was a stately and solemn-looking crow, of evident great respectability, and may have been the king of the crows. At times he became greatly excited, hopped about and spoke in a loud voice; at others he cawed gutturally, and if I might be allowed to judge from his motions and manners was somewhat of a tyrant in his management of affairs.

The crows did not seem in the least afraid of us, and were apparently used to human visitors. With my companion I drove up quite close to trees bending beneath their weight, but the birds, usually so shy, did not mind us, until my friend clapped his hands together, imitating the explosion of a pistol; then a scene of the wildest consternation and excitement ensued. Instantly cries arose from all parts of the woods, and thousands of crows flew into the air, circling round and round us, cawing vociferously. At times the noise was so great that although sitting side by side in the buggy we had to speak loudly in order to be heard by each other. Having caused great distress and alarm among our black friends we drove off, and for miles saw flocks in the air still coming in to roost.

The rustle of wings in flying was one of the most peculiar sounds I ever heard: a large flock passing silently over our heads, we paused to listen, and could liken the noise to nothing but the flutter of a million fans, or the rumpling of vast

pieces of silk. Although the crows would not abandon their roost, it was a most annoying and unsafe one for them; the boys from the city and adjoining farms frequently going out with dogs and guns to kill them, and slaughtering hundreds of the poor creatures.

On a dark night they would not fly from a torch, and if it was wet and drizzling one could hardly start them up. A double-barreled shot gun, or an old musket loaded with slugs, when fired off under a large tree would bring down sometimes as many as forty birds.

If started out of their sleep the crows would fly from tree to tree, and seem quite helpless, losing in the night-time apparently all that cunning which characterizes them by daylight. When the firing of guns was continued for any time the birds would fly into the open fields, and there sleep until morning. As soon as day began to break they would quit their roost, and go no one knew where. It has been estimated that a crow will fly a hundred miles for his dinner and return home after tea. I have not the least doubt that many of the crows that slept in Kentucky were denizens of Ohio, Illinois, and Pennsylvania. I think it a fair estimate to say that at least one million crows slept at the roost in Kentucky. About the last of March in each year they would leave the roost, and scatter themselves over the Northern States, and return again in the fall.

A gentleman who had observed them closely for many years said that every year they decreased largely in numbers, and he believed the crows, like the Indians, were slowly passing away, and in time would become a defunct species of bird on the American continent.

— My chief purpose in writing is to express my admiration, my grateful admiration, of the article on Dangerous Tendencies of American Life in the October number. It is full of real knowledge, — thoughtful, penetrative, wise. I should like to know who wrote it. The analysis of the religious feeling is excellent. The writer, however, makes the great mistake of supposing that the case is remediable, — and remediable by teaching! You might as well teach wolves and monkeys. Disfranchise all men not born in the country and all negroes, and rule them with an inflexible but kindly rule; take such measures as would stop emigration; suppress nine in ten of the newspapers; sweep away the present system of public schools, and substitute for them *dame* schools, in which the three R's, with sewing, good manners, decency, and deference would be taught, and something might be done, — otherwise nothing.

— Mr. Richard Grant White's article in the September Atlantic contains some errors. For example, he says of the word bureau, "In England it is still pronounced as a French word, *bu-rów;* in America it has become thoroughly englished, and is *bú-ro.* In this respect it is like trait. . . . As far as my observation goes, an American never pronounces *bureau* and *trait* as if they were French words." The qualification in the last sentence is a protection for the writer; but the passage is calculated to give an incorrect impression. I know that the French pronunciation of bureau (*burów*) has long been in use on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Without any trouble of search, I could find an intelligent and educated person reared in that section who had never heard any other pronunciation before leaving it. I do not pretend to say that it is in universal or even general use in every county, but I have assuredly heard it from Eastern Shore lips. It is true that English usages have been less obliterated in this region than in almost any other part of the United States, — even the negroes (though Methodists) generally keeping Easter and Whitsuntide by merry-making and cessation of work. But for all that its inhabitants are Americans within the strictest definition that a Know Nothing ever invented.

Again, "suit of hair" is not a distinctively "Western and Southwestern barbarism." It is largely, if not generally, in use in Maryland, and perhaps elsewhere in the Atlantic States. For my own part, I confess to an inability

to see anything barbarous in it, or even flagrantly inaccurate. A suit of rooms does not cease to be a suit because the rooms are alike. Yet I suspect that a suit of hairs (which is what is really meant) would please Mr. Grant very little more than the present neater form of expression. But, right or wrong, the phrase is quite as truly Eastern as Western.

In the same article we are told that "the giving of two christening names . . . did not come into vogue in either country until within the present century. . . . The new fashion is one of the accompaniments of democracy. It is one of the signs of the rise of the middle class." Now three names were assuredly used to some extent before the Revolution, in that body of what we may call colonial aristocracy which was naturally the farthest removed from sympathy with democracy, or from participation in the rise of the middle class. Matthew Ward Tilghman was a prominent public man before the outbreak of the Revolution. His position in Maryland was not unlike that of the elder Adams in Massachusetts. No doubt many others could be cited among the country gentry of those days. I have repeatedly seen names of persons belonging to that class on tombstones, which recorded their death at a ripe age soon after the opening of this century. Richard Tilghman Earle died in 1794, at an advanced age.

Yet again, the triple names could not have originated in accordance with Mr. White's theory. Johns and Jameses have never been confined to the middle class; as witness the list of British kings and leading Americans of the days when the middle class seldom led. Nor does the fact that people travel more make any difference. However well I may know my neighbor John Anything, I have an imperative need to distinguish between him and another John Anything in addressing a fourth person. This need was never felt more urgently than in the region before spoken of, which has been penetrated by railroads for the first time within a very few years, and the most interesting parts of which are still beyond the reach of the telegraph. The number of families of similar status has always been so few that many names have been duplicated throughout. Sometimes a triple name afforded a solution, even when the addition was applied by no better authority than the popular wish to distinguish. Some of these nicknames are odd enough. Frequently, too, the father's christening name was (and is) used to designate the son. Thus John Blank of John is readily distinguished from John Blank of James and Richard Blank of Richard. This custom, evincing so great a need for a third name, obtained (as it does still) among that very class of country gentlemen who were as far removed from real democracy as any one well could be, whose names were known to every child in the community, and who seldom left the Eastern Shore for more than a few days, except when, in youth, they went to New England or Old England to be educated.

— I don't know that anybody has as yet denominated Mr. Mallock a moralist, but it seems to me that since his late contribution to the Nineteenth Century he may very properly be called one. The article referred to is entitled A Familiar Colloquy, and is a bright and lively conversation on art and literature between three ladies and two young men, who have met by chance at the house of a fashionable London lady. The leading and more serious part of the talk is by Gage Stanley; he and his cousin have just returned from the Grosvenor Gallery, and each recounts his impressions. The school of modern British art represented by Burne Jones, Alma Tadema, and Tissot is severely criticised. To Gage Stanley these painters "seem spiritually color-blind. They paint evil with no consciousness of sin, and good with no admiration for virtue." And further, he says, "Look at Burne Jones's women. Would they suffer for any one's sake if they could help it? The only sorrow they know is the languor of exhausted animalism." Of one of Tissot's women: "Look in her eyes. Can you find a thought in

them of anything beyond her own pleasure, or perhaps a fretfulness that at this moment she is too weary to be pleased?" All these paintings, he thinks, are but an exemplification of a change which is gradually affecting the world, — a seeking after personal happiness at the peril of morals. Ruskin is here quoted as showing that a truly great artist is always moral. And the line from one of Shakespeare's sonnets, —

"Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream,"

is given as an appropriate motto for the "diseased desires" shown in the whole series of Burne Jones's paintings. From pictures they turn to discuss poetry, and Swinburne fares as hardly in the hands of Gage Stanley as did Burne Jones. That work which Mr. Henry James Jr. has called "Gautier's one disagreeable performance," and which Swinburne has immortalized with a sonnet, is here styled "the foulest and the filthiest book that ever man put pen to," and further denounced at length too great to quote.

In this article more than in anything else Mr. Mallock has written, there is a serious earnestness which cannot be misunderstood, — a crying out against the impure and immoral tendencies of modern art and poetry, and a striving after higher ideals of morality and virtue.

Without theology and faith, morality cannot stand. It is because we have lost faith that our morals are lax; it is faith that theology will have to battle for in the future; and to do this, he says, "it must provide itself with quite new weapons." Mr. Mallock moralizes in this manner not without a purpose, for if he is not a Roman Catholic, he at least argues for that faith. In fact, all his writings show a desire to demonstrate the insufficiency and immorality of the practical part of all philosophical systems as rules of life, and the all-sufficiency of the Roman Catholic religion.

— In view of the important part the so-called Mormon Problem has played in national politics, it is perhaps a little remarkable that the literature of the Latter Day Saints, apart from that of a controversial nature, has attracted so little attention. Familiarity with their poetry, for instance, may be said to be almost confined within the limits of modern Zion. Religion, as the expression of man's highest spiritual nature, has in ancient and modern times inspired the muse to some of the loftiest strains. It is but natural, therefore, that we should feel some interest in the poetical outpourings of a religious fervor, — the most remarkable in some respects since the days of Mahomet. We offer the reader a few results of our researches. Taking the Mormon hymn book and opening it at random, let us say at hymn 341, we find the following: —

"How swift the months have passed
Away! 'T is conference again,
And Zion's untold thousands come to
Swell the joyous strain,
To wake the echoes slumbering
Through Utah's blest domain,
As the saints are marching on victorious."

It may be claimed, however, and with justice, that hymnology is not always the highest style of literature, even of a distinctively religious system. We will therefore turn to the poems of John Lyon, an enthusiastic Scotch convert, who may be called the poet laureate of Mormonism. His volume, entitled The Harp of Zion, was published in Edinburgh about twenty-five years ago, but we know of no American reprint of it. We have never seen a copy outside of Salt Lake City, and are unable to say how large a circulation it has in the Gentile world. The following may serve as an example of his style: —

"Go, then, and tell to all the tidings true,
That heaven on earth is now commenced anew!
That Brigham wears the crown of Utah's star!
That couns'llors rule, and people from afar
Gather in crowds from Ephraim's promised land,
Where God's own word shall all the world command!"

The following is an extract from an Epistle to Joseph Linforth, to be found in the same collection: —

"But mark how Mormonism rules
Without such crime-inspiring tools
By which the poor are flayed!
Its priests provide with their own hands
For all necessities' demands
By working at their trade.

There each one judges what is right
By God's unerring word;
The couns'lor pays nought for his light,
The poor dread not the sword;
But peace still ne'er cease will
Where seers and prophets dwell,
But rancor and hanker are Gentilism's Hell!"

In the poetry of this latest dispensation, a system boasting of contemporary apostles, seers, prophets, and revelators, personal tributes naturally form an important part. These lines To President Brigham Young, from poems by E. R. Snow, lose none of their interest or sublimity by reason of the prophet's subsequent death: —

"A responsible station is surely thine,
And the weight of your calling can none define:
Being called of the Lord o'er the Twelve to preside,
And with them o'er the church and the world beside.

"Like Elisha of old, when Elijah fled
In a chariot of fire, you have lost your head!
Lost your head? Oh, no; you are left to prove
To the gods your integrity, faith, and love.

"You have gain'd, like Elisha, a rich behest;
For the mantle of Joseph seems to rest
Upon you, while the spirit and power divine
That inspired his heart are inspiring thine."

To the same sweet singer we are indebted for An Address to Earth. The title is perhaps a little suggestive of Bryant, but I think that the quotation I offer will relieve the poetess of any charge of plagiarism: —

"When Enoch could no longer stay
Amid corruption here,
Part of thyself was borne away
To form another sphere.

"That portion where his city stood
He gained by right approv'd,
And nearer to the throne of God
His planet upward mov'd.

"And when the Lord saw fit to hide
The '*ten lost tribes*' away,
Thou, earth, wast severed to provide
The orb on which they stay."

I have reserved for the last the following strain from the Harp of Zion. It is entitled Mormon Triumph: —

"Though fiends have killed our prophet
And scattered thrice the saints,
And holy men still scoff it,
A Mormon's heart ne'er faints,
Ha, Ha!

"But we will preach them sermons,
And show them right from wrong;
For none know truth but Mormons,
Although our word seems strong!
Ha, Ha!"

— I am a warm friend of the dramatic art. Last spring, after spending over two years in Germany and France, where I had passed scores of delightful evenings in the excellent theatres of those countries, I visited London for the first time. The enjoyment of the English drama naturally took a high place among my anticipated pleasures in the greatest city of the world. I was disappointed. English seemed somehow to have a common, vulgar sound when spoken on the stage. Actors went through their parts in a business-like way, and apparently the chief thing in their minds was a thought of what an utter absurdity it would be for the audience to fancy that it was beholding real life; they seemed to be intent upon producing the impression that they were *actors*, and not human beings. It was painful to hear how they all spoke cockney. I went to see Toole, who is famed in London as a great low-comedian. With any one but an Englishman his claim to that rank would chiefly rest on his habit of introducing some gag or piece of broad by-play to raise a laugh; this in turn seemed so to please the actor that he lost no opportunity to drag in the same piece of business throughout the evening. The sorriest part of it all was that the public laughed as heartily at the twentieth repetition of a stale joke as when it was first heard. I was reminded of an ancient English tragedy in which the arch-villain was punished by his coronation with a red-hot iron crown. This produced such a tremendous sensation that in the course of the drama the crown was reheated something like a dozen times, and every villain, together with a few of the virtuous men, came to an end through its means. The stage methods of to-day show that the English public has not yet outgrown its primitive childishness. With nearly all actors there was a constant misplacing of accent, so that whole sentences became almost meaningless. There was hardly a trace of the charming naturalness of German comedy-acting, or of the sparkling vivacity of the French. The English stage gentleman is modeled upon the cad, while the lady has evidently

formed her ideal in the London Alhambra. It has frequently been asserted that the presentation of comedy has spoiled the English actor for classic or ideal acting. I believe neither this nor that other talk about the unfitness of the Anglo-Saxon nature for acting. It would be nearer the truth to say that the presentation of farce and burlesque has spoiled the English actor for realistic comedy. One evening I went to the Haymarket Theatre. The first piece was termed a comedy, and was played off in the usual clownish fashion. Then John Gilbert's delightful fairy comedy, The Palace of Truth, was given; a charmingly poetical drama, at the same time brimming with rich humor. To my surprise, the same actors who in the sham comedy had so roused my disgust now entered into the spirit of the real comedy with warm, earnest feeling. There was no more trace of misplaced accent; the blank verse was recited smoothly and with understanding; the players showed that they had a thorough appreciation for the poetry of their parts; and humor was no longer buffoonery. This went to prove that the real fault of the English stage was that it was weighted with a load of false traditions prescribing that whatever was intended to be realistic must be shown in a convex mirror and distorted into a burlesque image of nature; and that whenever actors are allowed a chance to raise themselves into regions of idealism, where they are no longer hampered by these traditions, they instantly become natural, their own imagination being more loyal to true dramatic principles than the traditions which trammel them. My first impressions caused me to regard English players as a set of soulless blockheads; but I now saw that it was their training which was at fault, and that they themselves had the feeling for sentiment and perception of the ideal in art common to the entire Anglo-Saxon race.

Returning home, I found the American theatre encumbered with similar faults. There was the same stagey tone, unlike anything heard in real life, the same misplacing of accent, and although cockney was not prevalent an unpleasant change had come over the English heard behind the foot-lights. It is well known that there are differences in pronunciation in various sections of the United States; that in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and in the West there are marked distinctions in accent. Now the combination system has brought together players from all parts of the country, and it is not uncommon to hear nearly all the different American accents from members of the same company, — or troupe, which is perhaps a better name for these wandering organizations. Nowhere is purer English spoken than in Boston, and it is not pleasant when we hear words like *half*, *laugh*, and *draft* spoken flatly like *cat* and *hat*, *calm* pronounced *cam*, or the *h* dropped from words like *where*, *which*, and *what*. I noticed that Madame Janauschek, in spite of her perceptible foreign intonation, spoke better and more agreeable English than almost any member of her very poor supporting company. In France and Germany the stage language is the standard in pronunciation, but the foreigner who should visit our theatres in the expectation of learning the correct English pronunciation would have a bewildering variety of styles to choose from. The farcical manner of acting is also characteristic of the American stage. Actors are not so completely the slaves of tradition as in England, but, notwithstanding, very few choose to be true and natural, although the success of these few shows a public appreciation of truth to nature. There is very little idea of the value of delicacy of handling, of nice touches, and of fine portrayal of character. Our actors seem to be inspired with mortal fear lest the audience may not perceive how funny they are, so they exaggerate and give coarse, clumsy caricatures of character; their pictures are broad, crude daubs instead of well-defined, carefully outlined sketches. I recently saw an adaptation of a French play; one of the characters was a habitual newspaper reader, and the actor knew no better way to portray this peculiarity than by lugging around huge armfuls of

crumpled newspapers wherever he went. Again, I saw an adaptation of one of Benedix's German comedies, arranged for two popular comedians. Benedix was a playwright rather than a dramatist, and his works are generally good examples of skillful construction upholstered with very commonplace language. The adaptation was given a "local tone" by garnishing it with American slang and vulgarity, and the home-baked, domestic flavor of the original, which was the chief characteristic and great charm of the piece, was spoiled by the introduction of a deal of extravagant and furniture-smashing business. The two comedians were simply boisterously funny; their impersonations were typical of no human beings ever met with in America or elsewhere, whereas the originals were good pictures of their corresponding German types.

This lack of well-trained actors is a matter that calls for earnest consideration. Study abroad is considered essential for good artists in almost every other profession, and why should not actors do likewise? They should not go to England, but let them spend at least a year in France and another in Germany.

— Dosia is said to have had a great success in Paris, and I bought it, as I always buy a French novel, for a midsummer journey; but I consider myself egregiously cheated. Dosia, in my opinion, amounts to nothing at all. It certainly is not brilliant; neither is it lofty. It is not dramatic; neither is it a clover-scented idyl. It is a Russian story, but so little localized that the scene might have been laid anywhere else without injury to the tale. And this want of background and flavor of the soil is not made up, as in some great writers who believe in "people, not things," by vividly painted strong characters, men and women whom you remember. Dosia herself is a very harmless little tomboy; the princess is one of your eminently meritorious women, who calmly entraps Pierre, talks to him about "les machines de son exploitation agricole," lends him instructive books, and sends him home with "un gros bouquin sous le bras. C'est l'usage de la maison." And Platon, her brother, insufferably priggish, like Miss Warner's heroes, is so plainly advanced on the very first page as the man and jailer for poor Dosia that you cannot even pretend not to see it. There are no delineations of character, then, and no background; unless indeed we take for that purpose a sort of Russian seesaw, or rather more like what in the Southern States is called a jogging-board, I suppose. In the last chapter all the characters are seated upon this plank in a row, en famille, and, like "un vol d'hirondelles perchées sur un fil télégraphique," they disappear, hop! hop! As to plot, there is only what strikes an American as an absurdity. Dosia while still a school-girl, having become furiously unhappy one day because her horse has been taken from her, beseeches her cousin to carry her with him when he goes; her cousin being Pierre, who is but little older than she is. Pierre is not especially in love with Dosia, although she is "jolie comme un cœur," but consents because she is so unhappy. They start together in his tarantass, driven by a postboy, while it is still daylight, and drive only a short distance through the early evening; by that time they have irretrievably quarreled, the postboy is tartly ordered to return, Dosia's mother supposes that her madcap daughter had taken a fancy to go a little way with her cousin, and that is the end of the escapade. The end of the escapade? By no means. For if there is any plot in this sketchy book, it is that very escapade. It continually looms up as something terrible, a blot in the past of poor Dosia, dark as Erebus to the solemn Platon, her lover. His sister, the princess, who is somewhat "emancipated," and has liberal views, hazards the remark that it was but "un enfantillage." But Platon, who knows the whole story and precisely what happened to the very number of breaths, gloomily replies: "Cependant, pour celui qui l'épousera, cet enfantillage n'est pas sans conséquence." Even the princess gives in before this view of the case. Farther on, he thinks of her freak as a "sou-

venir qu'elle voudrait plus tard pouvoir effacer de sa vie au prix de tous les sacrifices." He goes out into the garden where she first spoke to her cousin, and gives himself up to "l'affaissement complet du désespoir." And, finally, the end is attained only by Dosia's tears-and-ashes confession that last year she was guilty of "a fault" which would cost her "the happiness of her life;" namely, a two hours' ride with her cousin in the tarantass, in the presence of the postboy. "Après cela, monsieur, je ne suis plus digne de votre estime." And then, not without a good deal of the air of a man who forgives much, Platon decides to take her.

Some people say they enjoy "light stories;" but, light or heavy, I think stories should have some taste. We have a good many novels like rice pudding; others are Roman punch; others, *liqueurs*. Dosia is like white of egg, with the sugar left out.

— In whatever degree the poets of the present day may be found to differ from those of fifty years ago, there is certainly a very slight similarity between the respective verse scribblers of either epoch. The ancient poetaster was a very pronounced character in his way. Of course, he had one quality which is common to so many of his race, and that was a most profound and irreversible conviction regarding the general emptiness of human affairs. Personally, he leaned with considerable fondness toward the possession of such attributes as glossy dark curls, a pale complexion, and a Byronic collar. He was usually a most incorrigible wanderer. It was his peculiarity that he never traveled; he was perpetually "wandering." Ruins, graveyards, and places somewhat unpopular with the multitude being his principal stopping-points, it was doubtless for this reason that scrip and staff were preferred to the usual modes of conveyance. But it was astonishing and indeed melancholy to observe how slight an amount of mental benefit ever seemed to result from his visits to foreign countries. He appeared to glide amid Venice in a gondola, or ruminate amid the Pisan Campo Santo, or explore the Roman Colosseum, for the sole purpose of stating these facts in his verse with a nonchalant contempt, as matters of no earthly consequence whatever. After his third stanza the reader frequently had a sense of this unhappy writer having been pretty nearly everywhere on the inhabited globe, and having carried away with him from each place the most saturnine if not dyspeptic impressions. His immedicable pain was even proof against a trip to the ruins of Babylon, not to say Ecbatana or Persepolis. He produced in you, although after a somewhat more scholarly fashion, the impression of Charles Reade's lunatic who so untiringly shrieks forth that "everything is nothing, and nothing is everything." He had an extraordinary passion for writing his proper nouns with capital letters. Sometimes he would tell his mysterious Lady that when Flattery's whisper 'mid the dazzling throng should pour its hollow tale in Beauty's ear, O then, perchance, *et cetera*, with the proper rhymes for "throng" and "ear." Sometimes it would be an announcement to the effect that he sped to meet the heartless Foe, whose shafts, however fierce they rang, could deal no anguish by their blow more bitter than Affection's pang! The pathetic distress of this ill-starred being was in every annual and "keepsake" throughout the land. He would be wildly rushing to battle in the "Maiden's Garland" this week, and roaming 'mid climes of the olive and fig in "Fancy's Nosegay" the next. Sometimes his Farewell or his Stanzas to —— would be set to music, and young girls in dresses that barely touched the ground, and with a single camellia in their hair, would play the songs before spinnets and feel immensely thrilled as they did so. They would think how desperately attractive a creature such and such a poet must be, provided it were really his picture on the title-page of the song, representing a cloaked personage, very tall of stature, and with bowed head and folded arms, perfectly unoccupied in the neighborhood of a sunset and a partly shattered column.

The verse scribbler of to-day is quite

often represented by a wholly opposite sort of individual. He is one about whose dress nothing more peculiar manifests itself than an occasional marked seediness. He, too, is broken-hearted, — but from a widely different cause. No special circumstance of feminine scorn or infidelity concerns him. It is with him, as with his predecessor, a case of everything being nothing, and nothing everything; no particular heart-blight is to be blamed for this agreeable impression. Nothing so mild as "affection's pang" is talked about by our modern poetaster; it is rather "the wild, keen passion of parting," with this gentleman, or "the close-clinging kiss that consumes," or something equally high-spiced and alliterative. He is always extremely alliterative; and always a little more so, it is observable, when he has nothing at all to say. This latter event being one of considerable frequency, his verses sometimes remind us of those famous lines which begin, —

> "An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
> Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade,"

and so on, until they reach the letter Z. And with all due respect intended toward the ladies of this gentleman's acquaintance, it would nevertheless often appear as if most of them were, to phrase the matter with mildness, a trifle reckless in their deportment. But then it should be remembered that after all they are constantly depraved in a classic way. Very often, too, they are mediævally immoral, which of course makes a difference. Their delineator is always either classical or mediæval. He would not, under any circumstances, deal with any subject that has not clinging about it the glamorous mist of at least three hundred years. He is so resolutely Greek, so inflexibly archaic, that one sometimes wonders how he manages ever to do anything so outrageously modern as to jump into a street car or to read a morning paper. He is fond of saying "I wis" and "I wot," and "therewithal," and "gat" for "got," and "straight" for "straightway." He thinks it a most desirable thing to have said of you by your critics that you are hopeless, believe in nothing, have been utterly disappointed with the general plan of things, hate the present, and were too evidently not born for it, but that your genius, notwithstanding its bitterness and morbidity, is an unquestionable fact. All these comments our modern poetaster has read regarding certain men who have written remarkable verses in the present day, and he aspires to have the same said of himself at some future time. Hence those pitiless, red-lipped sirens, whose kisses are a deadly delight; hence those diatribes against the iron implacability of fate; hence those tendencies toward *renaissance*, and those æsthetic refusals to notice any era later than the sixteenth century.

— After laughing heartily over an incident in Mr. Mallock's New Republic, where a young man of gentle birth and refined culture was frightened away from asking the hand of a fascinating young country girl by hearing her say that she was "*partial* to boiled chicken," I was not a little surprised to find the following phrase in Hallam's Middle Ages: "A solicitude to avoid continual transitions, and to give free scope to the natural association of connected facts, has dictated this arrangement, to which I confess myself *partial*." (The italics are my own.) There can be no two opinions about the inelegance and incorrectness of the expression, yet it seems a little odd that even the superrefined society of the New Republic should consider it so utterly damning as to be a crucial test of a person's gentility, while so guardedly precise a writer as Hallam apparently saw nothing in it that was beneath the dignity of his style.

— In the Contributors' Club, July Atlantic, 1878, in the article on the Kearsarge Mountain, it is stated that Captain Winslow who commanded the Kearsarge gunboat (famous for its sea fight with the Alabama) was a native of New Hampshire.

Captain John A. Winslow who commanded the Kearsarge was born in Wilmington, North Carolina, and educated as a citizen of Boston, Massachusetts.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Mr. Westcott, the author of The Historic Mansions and Buildings of Philadelphia,[1] has already been favorably known as an antiquary, his Official Guide-Book to Philadelphia, issued at the time of the Exhibition, being the best guide-book to the city and a thorough piece of work. In the present volume he has gone leisurely over the ground which was there sketched, and has furnished thirty-five monographs of famous buildings and sites connected with the history of Philadelphia and of Philadelphia families. As this city was the most conspicuous city in the country during the most historic period, there can be no question that it furnishes the richest material, especially of a social kind, for a volume of antiquities. Watson in his Annals had already gathered a great variety of facts and reminiscences; he was a veritable magpie, collecting glass and diamonds with equal avidity, and his time was a very uncritical one. He preserved a great deal that might otherwise have been lost, and undoubtedly did much to excite a local pride, but since his time investigations have been made and results published which afford a much fuller and more accurate fund of information than Watson possessed. Mr. Westcott has drawn freely from many sources, and we wish that he had furnished his book with more precise references to his authorities. While the work is readable to the mere pleasure-seeker, it is too full to be regarded simply as a book of gossip. It appeals to the student, and for this reason ought to have been fortified abundantly with references. Indeed, there is sometimes, with all the array of names and dates, a perplexing absence of definiteness with regard to the exact condition of the several buildings noted at the present date. Why, to take a flagrant instance, did the author omit to state the present condition of Independence Hall, and the efforts so successfully made to restore it to its proper condition? And in other instances we are obliged to look sharply and draw inferences, in order to determine whether a building has or has not been wholly destroyed. We are not all Philadelphians, unfortunately, and we do not get at these matters by instinct. It would puzzle a reader, after following Mr. Westcott's minute investigation of the question in what house it was that the Declaration of Independence was written, to determine whether the house he fixes upon is now standing and recognizable or not.

Mr. Westcott is no worse than most antiquaries in this respect; he is better than most. Yet we never read such books — and this is one of the liveliest — without wishing that the same material might be presented freed from the excessive detail of unimportant names and dates, so that the story of each house or family should be given in picturesque, memorable form. We do not ask for a Hawthorne, — he is not to be had for the asking, — but surely some of our young writers might well take this rich local material and throw it into simple, animated narrative. It would be good practice for them, — much better than spinning webs from their own inexperienced lives and imaginations.

— Mr. De Mille's[2] and Mr. Hill's[3] books start from very different theories of the best methods of instruction, and consequently, while treating the same subject, they repeat one another wonderfully little. Mr. De Mille, for his part, in discussing the Figures of Relativity, strings together the Synœceosis or Enantiosis, the Exergasia, the Paradiastole, etc., etc., defining them and giving examples which few would suspect of bearing such long names. "Every sweet has its sour, every evil its good," is a case of Enantiosis.

> "Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'T is folly to be wise,"

illustrates Antimetabole. The objection to this treatment of every sentence is obvious; the memory is burdened with a long list of really useless terms which are of absolutely no service to the student, and only disgust him with an important part of his educa-

[1] *The Historic Mansions and Buildings of Philadelphia.* With some Notice of their Owners and Occupants. By Thompson Westcott, author of The Official Guide-Book to Philadelphia, A History of Philadelphia, etc. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates, 822 Chestnut Street.

[2] *The Elements of Rhetoric.* By James De Mille, M. A. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

[3] *The Principles of Rhetoric and their Application.* By Adams S. Hill, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard College. With an Appendix, comprising General Rules for Punctuation. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

tion. Moreover, this intricate classification fritters away a pupil's time and attention, and cannot fail to confuse him. What is wanted for the pupil is working knowledge, a quick sense to determine what forms of expression are to be avoided and what to be used. The fewer rules that can be given for this object the better, and it is for his brevity in this respect that Mr. Hill deserves praise. There are, of course, many studies in which dry details are of primary importance, but rhetoric is not one of them; it should be learned through the ear and the taste, and not by mediæval text-books. So far as it goes, — and in its own way it goes pretty far, — Mr. De Mille's book is full, but of its suitability for a text-book we have grave doubts.

Mr. Hill's Principles of Rhetoric, on the other hand, pays very little attention to the minutiæ of the subject, to its anatomy, so to speak, but is wholly devoted to the plain and sensible discussion of the art of speaking and writing correctly. Of course, a certain amount of classification is necessary, and this is to be found. There are numerous examples given of the most common errors. The rules are as few as possible, and are made plain by frequent and varied illustrations; so that the book is really entertaining as well as instructive. Moreover, Mr. Hill avoids the common mistake of trying to bind all language by a hard and pact rule; speakers and writers are given a certain amount of leeway, and pedantry is as carefully shunned as slovenliness.

His intelligent treatment of idioms, and the acceptance of custom as an arbiter of correctness, make his book as valuable to the general reader as to the student. This is a proof of its excellence; for every human being who cares for improvement is anxious to speak and write properly, and not merely to collect on the end of his tongue Greek names for figures of speech. Mr. Hill's collection of rules cannot fail to commend itself to every one; it is simple and sensible. Different persons may take exception to different statements here and there, — some, for instance, would accept *had better* and *had rather* without a murmur, — but the reader will always find due allowance made for variety of taste and custom. There is here none of the arrogance that so often mars books on language. As a text-book it is excellent; the pupil is taught without knowing it, not by printed rules, but through his intelligence. The manual is one of moderate size, yet it covers a good deal of ground. The rules for punctuation are brief and thorough, and have already received the approval of the public.

— Mr. Ruskin is seen at his best in the Lectures on Engraving,[1] which appear in the American edition reprinted from the seventh volume of his collected works. The technical part of his subject he handles with ease and presents with perspicacity; the historical view is well defined, and the ethical relations are set forth with moderation. There are few passages of strained interpretation, and the main lines of the subject are never lost sight of. In a word, the lectures are actually what they purport to be, lectures on engraving; yet any one who is familiar with Mr. Ruskin's manner will know that they are not addressed to dilettanti, but to students who are bound to remember that the graver is in a man's hand, and urged not by blind force but by choice.

The distinction between engraving on wood and engraving on metal is illustrated in a way to relieve the subject of its merely technical aspect, and to give the elementary principles of the twofold art a very forcible and genetic character. Mr. Ruskin is always seeking for principles, but he is not always so fortunate as here in stating the absolute foundations of art. By a simple reminder that engraving has to do with the process and not with the mechanical multiplication of results, he frees the subject at once of much that is confusing, and furnishes the reader, who has not before considered the matter, with a prime argument for the permanency of the art of engraving, in the face of the various chemical and mechanical processes which seem to be rendering the art obsolete. The whole relation, moreover, of the technics of art to design is admirably and concisely stated in this paragraph: "The theory of art is soon mastered; but 'dal detto al fatto, v'è gran tratto;' and, as I have several times told you in former lectures, every day shows me more and more the importance of the Hand. Of the hand as a Servant, observe, — not of the hand as a Master. For there are two great kinds of manual work: one in which the hand is continually receiving and obeying orders; the other in which it is acting independently, or even giving orders of its own. And the dependent and submissive hand is a noble hand; but the independent or imperative

[1] *Ariadne Florentina.* Six Lectures on Wood and Metal Engraving. With Appendix. Given before the University of Oxford, in Michaelmas term, 1872. By JOHN RUSKIN, LL. D. Plates. New York: John Wiley and Sons. 1873.

hand is a vile one. That is to say, as long as the pen, or chisel, or other graphic instrument is moved under the direct influence of mental attention, and obeys orders of the brain, it is working nobly; the moment it moves independently of them, and performs some habitual dexterity of its own, it is base."

In accordance with this principle, Mr. Ruskin pronounces most of modern popular wood-engraving to be base. Taking the work required in ordinary cross-hatching, he estimates that to get two inches square of shadow the engraver has to cut clear about 1050 interstices. "Now calculate," he says, "or think enough to feel the impossibility of calculating, the number of wood-cuts used daily for our popular prints, and how many men are night and day cutting 1050 square holes to the square inch, as the occupation of their manly life. And Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the North Americans fancy they have abolished slavery!" In like manner he exclaims, when dealing with metal-engraving, "I know no cause more direct or fatal, in the destruction of the great schools of European art, than the perfectness of modern line engraving."

Although Mr. Ruskin barely touches the subject, it seems plain that he refers much of what he regards as the decadence of engraving to the separation of the functions of artist and engraver. A more just discrimination would be one which looked not to the union of the two functions in one man, but to a truer coöperation of the two men. The engraver is a translator: he may be a literal translator, grammatical and accurate, and inasmuch as the designer's work disappears in its original form the translation will carry with it the inevitable hardness of the engraver; he may himself be an artist, when the translation will have a beauty which is not wholly the gift of the designer. Neither can do without the other, but it is not necessary, nor even surely always desirable, that both parts of the art should reside in the same man. The mischief is done when the engraver is treated as a hand that has no head. Unless the engraver be in some sort the interpreter of the designer, the designer himself loses part of the value of his design.

The special criticisms in the book are many and valuable, nor are they all of art; the caustic manner in which the young lady clinging to the cross, in a popular picture, is treated is something more than destructive criticism of a picture, and the interpretations of Holbein's Dance of Death are full of significance. The mention of this leads us to speak of a bit of immorality in the American edition. Two fac-similes from Holbein's wood-cuts are given, and Mr. Ruskin calls them "very marvelous ones," applying the term to the fac-similes, and in a foot-note he adds, "By Mr. Burgess. The toil and skill necessary to produce a fac-simile of this degree of precision will only be recognized by the reader who has had considerable experience of actual work." Now these words are just when used in the English edition. But nothing is said in this reprint which would lead the reader to suppose that they do not apply to the engravings before him. As a matter of fact, the engravings in the American edition are reproductions of the fac-similes, and the value which Mr. Ruskin assigns to Mr. Burgess's work is wholly lost. He points out the diffused warmth in one subject, the diffused twilight in the other; but it is utterly impossible to discover these values in the American wood-cuts. Now if the American publisher had stated frankly that he could give his readers only a blurred copy of Mr. Burgess's work, by means of transfer or photo-engraving, his readers, though they might have grumbled, would at least have been dealt with honestly. The other cuts are bad enough beside the English originals, but this case is more gross. It is a great pity that Mr. Ruskin's works should be known to American readers principally through a medium that destroys some of the most important illustrations of his meaning.

— With the many condensations of Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson we confess at once that we have no patience; what is wanted is an amplification of that book, with ampler records of the great man's talk. When we consider that we have the full account of but little more than two years of his life, we can only lament that Boswell was ever indifferent or careless. As to thinking him too full in his report, that is something passing comprehension. Mr. Stephen's book[1] is not one of the kind we have been condemning, although it skims all the cream from all the chronicles, from Boswell, Mrs. Thrale, etc., and serves it in a very attractive form. This manipulation leaves on the reader rather a desire to learn more, than the conceit that he knows all that need be known and can spare himself the trouble of plodding through Boswell. Mr. Stephen has divided his book into six

[1] *Samuel Johnson.* By LESLIE STEPHEN. *English Men of Letters.* Edited by JOHN MORLEY. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

chapters, which treat of Johnson's childhood and early life, of his literary career, of his relations with his friends, of his position as a literary dictator, of the closing years of his life, and of his writings, in the order that we have named. The author's noteworthy literary skill has enabled him to make a very smooth and readable book, and his thorough knowledge of the eighteenth century is of continual service in throwing light upon the narration. There are no marks of especial research, but there is everywhere intelligent use of the copious materials and good judgment of the men whose names occur. What was already picturesque is made even more picturesque by Mr. Stephen's treatment, and by his many additions from the other biographers. His work, too, is accurate; we have noticed but one or two trifling slips: on page 14, Walmsley did not say "one Johnson," but, "one Mr. Samuel Johnson;" and it is only a misprint that always gives us Francis Barker for Francis Barber.

Dr. Hill's volume[1] has a very different aim: the author makes no endeavor to draw a complete picture of Johnson and his position; he seeks to correct some errors, to fill up some of the gaps in our knowledge of the subject, and he has brought together a good deal of valuable information. In the first place, there had been no certainty regarding the length of Johnson's residence at Pembroke College, Oxford, and it had been roughly stated, following Hawkins's and Boswell's estimate, as about three years; but Dr. Hill has shown, what Croker suggested, that it lasted but fourteen months. More than that, he has written a very interesting chapter descriptive of Oxford in Johnson's time, made up of Whitefield's account of his experience as servitor, of extracts from a gentleman-commoner's diary, and other contemporary testimony, with a full account of the political troubles and of the early days of Methodism. Dr. Hill also takes to pieces some of Macaulay's inaccurate statements about Johnson, bringing up countless instances of his genial qualities to outweigh his reviewer's one-sided judgment; and in treating of what Carlyle said, he shows how far removed Johnson was from being the despised, unknown scholar during the last twenty-five years of his life, and what a favorite he was in high society. Macaulay's denunciation of Boswell, too, is criticised, and a good deal of new evidence from Boswell's other writings and from his commonplace book is brought in which will be unfamiliar to nine readers out of ten. To be sure, Boswell's reputation for foolishness, which he himself established on an imperishable foundation, is left where it was, but the poor man receives more credit than Macaulay gave him for the service he has done the world. There are full chapters, moreover, on Topham Beauclerk and Bennet Langton, and one, not so good, on Goldsmith. Thus, it will be seen, the lover of Johnson will find some important additions to his store of knowledge about that great man for which he must be grateful. Dr. Hill is not a remarkable writer nor a novel thinker, but he has chosen an interesting subject, he has endeavored to treat it as it deserved, and his industry has made his book valuable, and indeed, one might almost say, indispensable, for the student of the literature of the last century. For, besides the subjects mentioned, there is a discussion of Lord Chesterfield's relations to Johnson, and of his famous letters, as well as a chapter entitled Johnson and Cowper, which is, however, of no great value.

As the author says, he has only consulted books which are in every one's library, but he has done this intelligently, and he has done more than this in describing Oxford and in defending poor Boswell; even to do no more than he claims for himself is already something, for it is not every one who can collect and collate various bits of testimony, and this Dr. Hill has done with commendable discretion. We hope that he will give us the other volume on the same subject which he half promises, and for the preparation of which he is so well fitted by his knowledge and his justice.

[1] *Dr. Johnson: His Friends and his Critics.* By George Birkbeck Hill, D. C. L., Pembroke College, Oxford. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1878.

French and German.

Mr. Julian Schmidt has collected in a single volume[2] a number of essays which, or some of which, have appeared in various periodicals during the last few years. Most of them would naturally have found a place in another volume of the Bilder aus dem Geistigen Leben unserer Zeit, but the subject of one of the most important, Byron, can in no sense be said to belong to our time, and hence it is, apparently, that this new book has been given a new title. We

[2] *Portraits aus dem Neunzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von Julian Schmidt. Berlin: Wm. Hertz. 1878.

have so often spoken in these pages of Julian Schmidt's many qualifications for the post of a critic of general literature that there is no need of repeating what will be perfectly familiar to those who are interested in current German literature. It will be sufficient to say that in these essays may be found the same intelligence and fair judgment that invariably mark his work. He has always his opinion concerning every author or book that he writes about, and this opinion he expresses with great clearness and abundant illustration; while the whole is made impressive by a touch of omniscience, for Mr. Schmidt's reading is wide and careful.

The essay on Byron is the first in order, and to us who speak the language of Byron possibly the most noteworthy. For many years Byron has had more influence on the Continent than he has had in his own land, but there are signs which seem to show that the English are abandoning the habit of stopping their ears against this melodious singer. The affectations which were so much more readily perceived in Byron's character than his really fine qualities are at length taken less seriously than they once were, and some of the things that he most detested in England have disappeared from the political condition of the country, if not altogether by means that he would have proposed or favored. There is more freedom in that land, for instance, than in many parts of Europe, and history has shown that he was more nearly right in his political feelings than were his enemies. More than that, time has caused much to be forgotten that clouded the poet's fame, and his poetry can now be judged on its own merits.

Schmidt, in addressing a German public, does not find it necessary to begin with the apology or explanation that an English writer would be pretty sure to start with, for the British prejudices have no existence on the Continent. He fully understands the great importance of Byron in a wide view of literary history; he writes of him not merely as a poet whose melody, command of language, and use of imagery have to be decided upon by the application of the rules of rhetoric, but as a man who by those means left a mark on the development of the world.

"With Lord Byron," the essay opens, "begins a chapter in the history of European literature; he has left his mark on everything that has been written since his day. But, at the same time, we notice something strange in him; he is not like a contemporary, but rather like a leader of an intellectual movement which has already become historical. This movement, which swept through Europe, stood more or less consciously opposed to the previous wave of enlightenment." What he means by that is the general tendency arising in the English Revolution at the end of the seventeenth century, taught by Locke, aided by Spinoza and Becker in the Netherlands, by Leibnitz, and opposed by the Catholic countries, which changed from theory to practice in the French Revolution. It had sought to free men from prejudice of all kinds, religious, national, and social, and to teach them the laws of nature. "Its animating force was eudemonism, its main tool skepticism. The reaction began in both of these points."

Napoleon seemed to carry out the principles of the Revolution in fighting against the various nationalities, yet his despotism was, of course, its strongest opponent. Germany and England both began to pay attention to the past, and to enjoy a new life which had nothing to do with those principles that had been trying for a hundred years to reform the world. Materialism and a hard and fast proof that everything was for the best in the best of worlds gave way to a different philosophy and to a different appreciation of the world's history. Chateaubriand led the way in France, and there is much in Byron that reminds one of that famous writer. As Schmidt says, "Just like Chateaubriand, Lord Byron disliked his government; he was a liberal and admired Napoleon, but, in just the same way, he was always proud of being an English nobleman, behind whom were so and so many men-of-war. He had a magnificent fancy uniform made, which stamped him for what he was. What he put into verse in Childe Harold has but slight reference to the foreign nations he visited; the most conspicuous things are the traces of English glory." The analogy is carried out still further, and it is an interesting one to notice.

Comparisons of this sort are always noteworthy, because they cover more ground and are more likely to be accurate than would be one that, to take this case as an example, treated Byron as simply the product of English influences alone. He was not that; he was one link in a great chain, and although this does not explain his genius it throws light on the methods in which this found expression. To make this method of study valuable, much hard work is required, and a very good amount of knowl-

edge, as well as of critical judgment, and in none of these is Julian Schmidt lacking; he is a cosmopolitan critic. The literatures of different countries are bound together by a great many ties; they are affected by many remote causes; it is only by careful study that these can be made clear, and yet it is essential that this should be done in every literary history. Of course, this is merely one of various ways of studying a writer, and no rule, whether it be one showing the influence of climate, etc., or of foreign models, can destroy the importance of what lies under the writer's hat; and Schmidt goes on to a careful consideration of Byron's poems.

Thus, in speaking of Byron's tales, he says, "The turn of the general taste contributed a good deal to the dark coloring of the figures. The poet found Rembrandt's hues beautiful, and hence he made use of them; then, too, they had already been successful. Scott's Marmion is in reality just such a character as Byron, designed to some extent in imitation. . . . Volney's hypochondriacal Ruines was a favorite book of the thinking world." Space is lacking for a complete analysis of this essay, which closes with a brief retrospect of the effect Byron had on various German writers, and especially on Heine. After speaking of the enormous differences between him and Byron in their character and circumstances, Schmidt says that if we were to read a stanza from Childe Harold and one from Don Juan, the same thought being often found repeated in the later poem, in a different way, we should then have a good idea of Heine's best poetry. In comparison with Byron, he goes on, Heine's voice is weak; he is seldom successful in his *tours de force*, and the farcical termination of his tragic poems gives one the impression of hearing a voice suddenly changing into a a falsetto. Byron had a wonderful fluency, while Heine's manuscripts show with how much care and slowness he wrote what read like impromptus; but Byron, although he knew the world well, and knew nature, was inferior to Heine in cultivation, to use a much-abused word, for the German poet had been through the school of Romanticism and the Hegelian philosophy; so that while the English poet's mental horizon is somewhat limited, the contrary is true of the German. "When Byron undertakes to dream . . . he is a nobleman, an Englishman, he is a liberal; and all the time that he is striving to dream in matters not of this earth, the interests of the aristocracy, of Great Britain, of liberalism, keep thrusting themselves in, and he is proud of preserving his own identity even in his dreams." With Heine, it is the other way. "The dream-world of nixies, bears, and ghosts seems to him the real home of his soul, while Judaism, liberalism, and Prussia are like a nightmare to him, from which he would like to awaken." Schmidt adds to this a striking remark about Byron's full, melodious verse, which far surpasses in force anything that Heine ever wrote; so that one feels in reading him as if he were standing near the poet and were carried away by his charm, while with Heine there is no poet near us; we seem to have the melody and the mood within us. This is an exceedingly neat statement of something that has been more often felt than defined.

The whole essay, of which but a few fragments are here mentioned, deserves careful study. The rest of the volume is of the same high merit. There is a long paper on Carlyle, making a careful comparison between him and Emerson, and going over all of his writings. There are shorter papers on Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Kingsley, among English writers, and George Sand, Daudet, Zola, and Flaubert among French authors. There are also essays on Wagner — Schmidt is by no means a fervent disciple of that great and good man — and Feuerbach, and a most entertaining paper on Fürst Pückler, some of whose amusing if not valuable writings appeared in English, and were reprinted in this country many years ago. A few less important essays complete the volume. It is clear that the mere mention of these tempting titles must suffice, and it is to be hoped that some of the many readers of German will take up this volume, which is as agreeable reading as it is instructive. Literary essays of this kind are always popular, and it is well worth the reader's while to find out what is said by a critic who, with Scherer and Matthew Arnold abroad, and Mr. Lowell at home, holds the highest place. Schmidt's merits are indeed very great, and without making odious comparisons it may yet be possible to say that he has the additional virtue of writing often. All the others use their pens, from one reason or another, very seldom, while he is continually working, and we cannot be too grateful to him for this. In knowledge, judgment, and intelligence he stands among the very best, and he gives the world more to read than any. This volume is perhaps the best of all of those containing his essays.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S

LITERARY BULLETIN

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., *Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on the fourth page.*

Library of British Poetry. — The superb volume of British poetry edited by Mr. Fields and Mr. Whipple excites special admiration for the great abundance of good poetry it contains, and for the admirable taste and skill with which it has been edited. The *New York Tribune* in a review of the work (evidently by the Nestor of American critics, Dr. George Ripley) says: —

The magnificent collection of British poetry presented to the public in this volume will not disappoint the expectations that were called forth by the announcement of the names of the editors in the original prospectus. Few of our American scholars combine, in so high a degree, the qualities essential to the successful preparation of a work this character. Thoroughly versed in the poetry both of an earlier and later day in English literature, uniting the habit of studious research with the diligent practice of the literary art, trained to the exercise of the critical faculty in the spirit of generous and wise appreciation, rather than of cynical and sullen disparagement, and with the fine sense of spiritual beauty in its most delicate and subtle expression, which is at once the condition and the evidence of high mental culture, the editors have produced a volume which gave large scope to these traits, and which presents a noble example of their felicitous application. The work extends from the middle of the fourteenth century to the present year, including specimens of the wonderful development of poetic genius in its singularly varied forms from Chaucer to Swinburne, which has illustrated that pregnant period of the intellectual life and activity of the British islands. . . . . Taken as a whole, the volume may be commended as worthy of a choice place on the family book-table, and on the shelves of the student or lover of the glorious treasures of English verse.

The *Boston Advertiser* remarks: —

There is every reason why the book should become the standard collection of British poetry for home use. . . . . It required a knowledge of English history and English thought, of the nature of the soil from which the poetry grew; in brief, the book required the educated and cultivated taste of one who knows and loves English literature. It is this background of preparation, the richly stored mind and the mature judgment shown in the selections, which makes the book a real literary work.

The *New York Express* observes: —

The portrait illustrations enhance its interest and value, making it altogether the completest, the best selected, the most useful collection of British poetry we have.

The *New York Evening Post* pronounces the work "the best that editorial diligence and skill have yet given to the public," and predicts that it will probably become "a well-nigh universal favorite in the households of this country."

The New "Bodley" Book is greeted with a unanimity of praise and delight that must make a profound impression upon Santa Claus. The *Boston Advertiser* remarks: —

The author of the Bodley books, in the new number of the series, "The Bodleys on Wheels," has fully sustained the excellence of the previous volumes and, we think, improved upon them. This book is really delightful.

The *Transcript* says: —

The "Bodleys on Wheels," of course, means the Bodleys traveling by carriage, and a jolly journey indeed it was which they made. It was a tour in the Bodley carryall through Essex County, the party starting from Cambridge and striking across to Salem; from there following the coast to Gloucester and round Cape Ann; then passing through Essex and Ipswich and Rowley to Old Newbury and Newburyport. Returning, they follow the Merrimack up to Haverhill, and come home by way of Andover, Reading, Stoneham, and Medford. In all these places, and along the roads between them, there is much to be seen that is historically interesting; enough, at least, to provide the Bodleys, great and small, with material for abundant conversation. There are a score or more of capital illustrations, which make the volume additionally attractive, while the cover is such a departure from the conventional style of binding as to attract the attention of the most color-blind.

Mr. Whittier's New Book, "The Vision of Echard and Other Poems," is so handsome a volume that everybody who appreciates tasteful book-making should examine it. But the chief charm of a book by Mr. Whittier is what the book contains. The *Boston Journal* well summarizes and characterizes the contents of this volume as follows: —

Among them are several memorial pieces, — notably that to General Bartlett, — several poems of

occasion, such as the hymn at Lexington, and the Centennial hymn, one or two ballads in which narrative and meditation are charmingly blended, and not a few of those poems — so profoundly characteristic that they would be recognized anywhere — which embody Mr. Whittier's sweet and spiritual philosophy, and reflect the serenity and trustfulness of his inner life. The nervous vigor and fire and the trumpet-toned ring which marked Mr. Whittier's earlier verse, and especially his anti-slavery poems, have departed with the occasion which called for them. In their stead we have a tenderness of feeling, a subtility of thought, and a grace and finish of diction which make his poems ministers of beauty and messengers of comfort. Mr. Whittier's readers do not simply admire or appreciate — they love his verse, and the noble and gracious spirit which breathes through it.

"The Europeans." — This story, which attracted so much attention while appearing in the ATLANTIC, has been issued in a volume uniform with Mr. James's "Roderick Hudson" and "The American." It is quite within bounds to say that it is one of the most noteworthy of recent novels. The *New York Evening Post* says: —

The story is destined to strengthen Mr James's reputation as a novelist more than anything he has done heretofore.

And the *Christian Union* remarks: —

Mr James's analyses of character are always entertaining reading, and nowhere more so than in this clever story.

Mr. Aldrich's New Book is not so good as if it were wholly his own, but is so bright that he will readily be pardoned for translating "The Story of a Cat" into excellent English. It has been filled full of silhouettes that tell the story a second time very picturesquely, and altogether it makes a book that is sure to attract no little attention, and to be in demand for filling the holiday orders of Santa Claus.

The Life of Lord Bacon, which Mr. Spedding wrote with so exhaustive fullness, has been judiciously pruned of matter not essential to a clear and comprehensive understanding of the career and character of Bacon, and of the influences and circumstances amidst which he lived. It is virtually Mr. Spedding's condensation of his own work, and is unquestionably one of the most instructive biographies ever written. One needs to be acquainted with this to appreciate fitly the gigantic stride made by Bacon in his more important works. Whatever spot may rest on his record as Chancellor, his fame as a thinker and writer is unsullied and permanently brilliant.

British Poets, Riverside Edition. — The latest additions to this issue of the British Poets are Spenser's works in three volumes, and Southey's poetical works in five volumes. The next will be the English and Scotch Ballads in four volumes. This edition is admirably suited for libraries, public or private, both in book-making and in the far more important matter of contents.

Literature of India. — Professor Albrecht Weber's admirable "History of Indian Literature," which has just been published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., is the only adequate record that has yet been made of the literature of India. It condenses into a single volume the results of nearly thirty years' study, and is indispensable to students who wish a survey of the entire field of Vedic, Sanskrit, and Prakrit literature. Professor Charles R. Lanman, of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, writes: —

The book is filled with results of the most profound scholarship and keenest criticism; and if the English translation adheres to the plan of the second German edition, it is also an epitome of the history of Oriental studies in this department for the last five and twenty years.

This American edition was translated from the second German edition.

Richardson's "Primer of American Literature" meets the criticism which is predestined to be made on every such book, that it praises this one too highly, does not praise that one enough; gives too much space to one, too little to another; mentions authors who have not earned this honor, and omits some who have. Other critics have read it with better appreciation. The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* says: —

It would be difficult to conceive how the history of American Literature, from the discovery of America, could be more admirably summarized

The *St. Louis Evening Post* remarks: —

This little volume, with its modest title, is really a sort of encyclopædia of American authors and will be an invaluable hand-book to writers and readers, as well as to the student who seeks a clear and concise knowledge of American literature.

A Superb Holiday Book. — Dr. Holmes's remarkable poem read at the Centennial of Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., June 10, 1878, has been chosen by Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co. for the subject of an elaborate and beautiful Holiday book. The poem is in every way characteristic of the author, effective in description, humorous and pathetic in reminiscence, kindly and generous in personal allusions, and depicting school-boy life as it presents itself to the recollection of a man who is growing old in years but who retains all his youthful freshness of feeling. This charming poem, which lends itself very readily to illustration, will be embellished with many designs by eminent American artists, and will form one of the most attractive gift-books of the coming season.

Stories for Young Girls. — Miss Jewett's "Play-Days" is a treasury of good stories that young girls will delight in. Among these are stories of The Water Dolly, Prissy's Visit, Nancy's Doll, The Best China Saucer, Half-Done Polly, Woodchucks, The Kitten's Ghost, The Pepper-Owl, The Yellow Kitten, and others that will entertain little readers charmingly. Those who have read "Deephaven" will understand what a treat is in store, not only for youthful readers who appreciate dolls and whatever is dear to the young girl's heart, but for all who enjoy simplicity, sincerity, and a delightful way of telling stories.

"**Sweetser's Artist Biographies**" continue to engage the interest of the press and the public. Of the two latest issued, Guido and Van Dyck, the Boston *Congregationalist* says: —

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The next volumes in the series will be devoted to Turner and Leonardo da Vinci.

"**Mother Goose**" **in Holiday Dress**, such as she is going to wear in Houghton, Osgood & Co.'s edition which is nearly ready, is an irresistible grandam. Mr. Kappes has drawn new pictures of Old Mother Hubbard going to the Cupboard, The Cat and the Fiddle with the Cow in full jump over the Moon, The Crooked Little Man, The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe, The King with his dainty dish of four and twenty Blackbirds, and others of the immortal stories or songs, — and these have been printed in colors with very great care and skill. The result is a book that young and old will find exceedingly entertaining, and that cannot fail to be a prime favorite among gift-books for children the coming Holiday season.

"**Poems of House and Home**" is the title chosen by Mr. John J. Piatt for a new volume, to be published in November. It includes such pieces as he wishes to preserve of those he has written since the publication of his "Western Windows;" and, as suits the title, the poems are largely domestic in theme, — cheerful, tender, hopeful poems. They will peculiarly merit the praise bestowed by a distinguished critic on some earlier pieces of Mr. Piatt's: "The lovely home-feeling of many of the poems seems to hang a new garland on every domestic altar." They will also justify the remark made by the *Boston Advertiser* in noticing his previous volumes: "They are noteworthy for two qualities, singularly true and pure sentiment, united with exquisite fancy and a rare artistic sense."

A Political Compendium. — Mr. Ben: Perley Poore, who has spent many winters in Washington, and has an almost unequaled familiarity with the records of the Government, has prepared an important work, entitled: "The Political Register and Congressional Directory: a Statistical Record of the Federal Officials, Legislative, Executive, and Judicial, of the United States of America, 1776–1878." It is divided into three parts; the first containing a register of the several Congresses, from 1776 to the present, giving a complete list of the senators, representatives, and delegates who served in each, and their residences. The second is a record of the successive Administrations, including the Presidents, Vice-Presidents, the members of the Cabinet, and the heads of bureaus in the various departments. The third part is devoted to the Supreme Court; and the fourth contains full statistical sketches of those who have been registered in the three preceding parts. This sketch of the plan of Major Poore's work will suggest its great value.

Mr. Cook's Lectures, published in three volumes within the past year, have gained a very large circulation in numbers, and a very wide circulation geographically. They have gone all over America, to Europe, and an order recently came from Melbourne, Australia, for hundreds of copies. The vigor and boldness with which Mr. Cook has grappled with the largest questions of science, the most abstruse points of metaphysics; and the remarkable eloquence which has fused all his learning and logic and "thoughts that breathe" into "words that burn," have naturally excited general admiration wherever these lectures have been read.

Mr. Cook is now revising for early publication the lectures he delivered in Boston during the fall and winter of 1877–78. These will form three volumes, to be entitled "Conscience," "Heredity," and "Marriage." The first, which will be published with the "Preludes on Current Events," in November, contains the striking lectures on "Conscience" which produced so profound an impression on the Tremont Temple audiences, and which have been read with an interest beyond admiration wherever the newspaper reports have gone. The other two volumes will appear later in the season.

Dr. Putnam's Sermons. — The announcement that Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co. will soon publish a volume of sermons by Rev. Dr. George Putnam will be to many one of the most welcome announcements possible. Dr. Putnam preached forty-eight years to the First Religious Society of Roxbury, and during much of that time he was one of the leading preachers in New England. Distinguished strangers visiting Boston went to hear him, and not a few of them felt what Thackeray said after hearing him: "It seems to me I never heard any preaching before." His power as a preacher was of the most genuine character, based on solidity of thought, a profound knowledge of human nature, exceedingly strong commonsense, remarkable felicity and force of expression, and a dignity that exalted both speaker and hearer and lent an unforgetable emphasis to his discourses. From the thousand sermons he wrote, a selection has been made of such as best represent his characteristic thought and utterance, and it is safe to promise that they will prove one of the most valuable contributions to religious literature that America has given to the world.

Mrs. Whitman's Poems. — The recent death of Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman has recalled public attention to the noble and loyal character of her relation to Edgar A. Poe, and perhaps more to the value and charm of her poetry. Occasional pieces by her have shown how genuine was the quality of her

poetic gift; and there must be many who will gladly welcome a volume containing all her poems. This is now in press, and will be issued in November by Houghton, Osgood & Co.

The Spanish Armada. — An interesting book has just been produced by the Heliotype process, — a *fac-simile* of the engravings of the tapestries in the British House of Lords representing the several engagements between the famous Spanish Armada and the English fleet. Many portraits are included, plans of the sea coast of the British Islands, and of the places where the actions occurred; and the original descriptive letter-press is copied with all its quaintness of expression and typography.

Prince Deukalion. — Mr. Bayard Taylor, before his appointment as United States Minister to Berlin, had completed a dramatic poem, "Prince Deukalion," in which he depicts the development of religion through the paganism that surrounded Christianity during the first centuries, the Romish Church during the Middle Ages, the orthodox Protestantism and science of the nineteenth century, and forecasts its future. It is a profoundly thoughtful poem, and challenges the earnest and unprejudiced attention of intelligent readers. Though crowded with thought, it is pervaded with the truest poetic feeling and grace. It will be published in November by Houghton, Osgood & Co.

"**Drift-Weed**" is the name chosen by Mrs. Celia Thaxter for a new book of poems to be published by Houghton, Osgood & Co. in November. It includes the poetry she has written since the publication of her previous book of "Poems," and will meet a hearty welcome from her many readers. Mrs. Thaxter is the poet-laureate of the seaside; the movement, the suggestions, the joy and the tragedy, in short, the *poetry* of the ocean, as viewed from the shore, are quite marvelously embodied and interpreted in her verse.

The Goethe Gallery, comprising Kaulbach's celebrated "Female Characters of Goethe," will be the special Heliotype Holiday book this season. This series of engravings is so well known and so popular among all who admire Goethe, or who appreciate beautiful pictures, that their perfect reproduction in Heliotype, at comparatively small cost, cannot fail to be welcomed by the art-loving and Goethe-admiring public. The book will contain descriptive letterpress, and will be brought out in the same sumptuous style with the Heliotype galleries of previous years.

Dr. Clarke's Last Book on "Visions" excites general and profound interest among thoughtful people. *The Christian at Work* says: —

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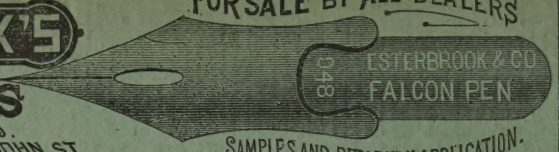

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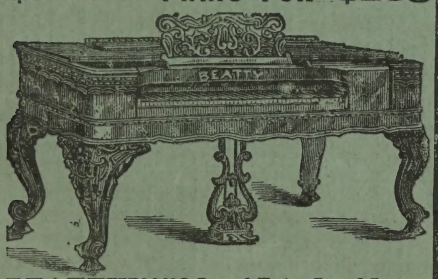

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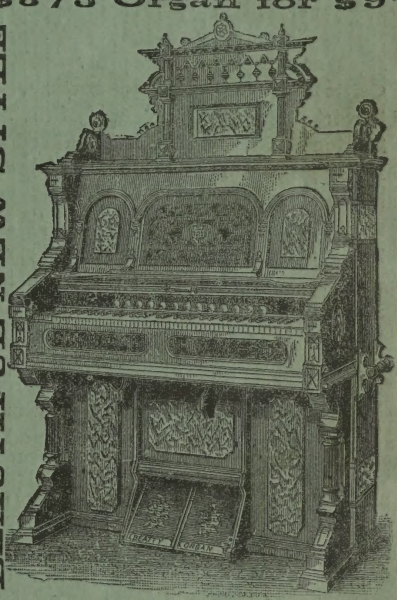

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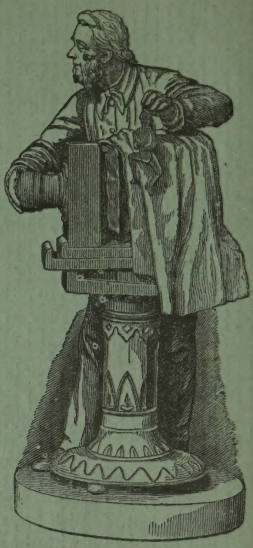

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. XLII.—DECEMBER, 1878.—No. CCLIV.

FLORENCE, AND ST. MARY OF THE FLOWER.

II.

THE feast of St. John Baptist, on the 24th of June, was the chief religious festival of Florence, and was celebrated with special solemnity and splendor. Every year, fifteen days before the feast, proclamation was made through the city that all those who in past time had been accustomed to make offering on St. John's Day should be ready with their offerings as usual. On the evening of the vigil of the feast the whole city was astir. The podestà and the captain of the people with their attendants, the consuls, notaries, and chamberlain of the Art of Calimala, accompanied by the chief and best men from each warehouse and shop of the guild, together with the consuls of all the other Arts, went in solemn procession to the church, every man bearing a candle of prescribed weight to be offered at the altar for the fabric and adornment of the edifice. The procession, representing the dignity and wealth of the city, was increased by deputations from the villages and towns of the territory of the state, each under its respective banner, and by the nobles who came from their outlying castles and strongholds, with bands of retainers, to add their offerings to those of the citizens, and to manifest their devotion to the saint. Two merchants of the Calimala were deputed to receive the offerings, to keep a list of the places represented and the persons present at the altar, and in case of the absence of any of those accustomed to make offering to take measures that the default should afterward be made good. (Arts. v., x., xxvii.) The offering was regarded as a debt, and the whole transaction was conducted on a basis of established rules. It was provided, moreover, by the statute of the commune, that a portion of the salaries of the podestà and the captain of the people should be annually set aside for the work. Another source of income, however small, arose from the custom of release by the commune of a certain number of criminals annually on St. John's Day, who were presented at the altar of his church, their pardon being thus granted not only as an act of mercy pleasing to the saint, but also as involving a pledge on their part thenceforth to live without offense, for which the most sacred sanction was required. Every criminal thus released and presented at the altar was obliged to make an offering of six pence (*sei danari*) for the use of the church.[1] (Art. xxvii.) Many were the bequests of the pious,

[1] This excellent custom prevailed in many of the Italian states. But in different cities criminals were presented at the altars of different saints. There is a sonnet by Guido Orlandi, a contempo-

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and most careful provision was made in the statute for the proper administration of the houses and lands that might thus come into possession of the opera.

Two of the best merchants of the Art were annually appointed by the consuls under the title of Officers of the Mosaic Work of St. John Baptist (*Officiali dell' Opera Moyse di santo Giovanni Battista*), whose duty it was to provide for the doing of whatever in the way of building, repair, or ornament might appear to them for the good and honor of the beautiful fabric.[1] The work was to be "the best and most beautiful that can be done for the honor of God and the blessed St. John." (Art. xii.) Two good men were also appointed each year to have charge of the banners which were hung within the church, as well as of the triumphant carroccio, or car of war, of Florence, which was under the especial protection and guardianship of St. John Baptist. They were to see to maintaining the carroccio in good order, with all its due appurtenances, and were to provide a suitable place for its safe keeping, its masts only being kept within the church itself. (Art. xxii.) The sentiment which the carroccio inspired, and the honor done to it as the symbol of the warlike power of the free commune, are well indicated by these provisions. To the Florentines the car and its banner were sacred; to defend it at all hazards was the highest duty, to die for its safety was the noblest sacrifice to the genius of the dear and reverend city, for whom no sacrifice could be too costly.

As a portion of their duty as guardians of the church of St. John, and trustees of its property, with that of the other institutions of religion and charity committed to their charge, the Art of Calimala undertook to defend it against the encroachments of the clergy, who, it would appear from numerous provisions, set up claims or sought to obtain papal privileges or concessions interfering with the rights of the Art. The consuls of the Art were instructed to resist such pretensions by every means in their power, and if need arose were authorized to spend a thousand marks of the money of the Art, or more if they saw fit, to secure "that the said works should remain free and quiet under their guard and protection." And in order that the rights of the said works may be preserved entire, "the consuls shall be represented by a procurator at the court of Rome, who shall zealously appear in audience to oppose whoever may attempt to obtain any brief or privilege contrary to these rights." (Art. xvii.) It was still further ordered, that the consuls of the Art should summon before them the chief and best men of the following companies of merchants, namely, the Bardi,

rary of Dante, in which, speaking of Dante's own party in the state, he says, for them,

"No pardon can be claimed,
Excepting they be offered to St. John."

And these words are striking because this was the very condition attached to that recall to Florence which Dante received with the other exiles in 1316, and which he rejected with the noblest scorn. There is not a manlier voice to be heard than Dante's in the letter in which he refuses terms which would imply that he was guilty toward his country: "If Florence is not to be entered by the way of honor, I will never enter it." "Quidne? Nonne solis astrorumque specula ubique conspiciam? Nonne dulcissimas veritates potero speculare ubique sub cœlo, ni prius inglorium, immo ignominiosum populo, Florentinæque civitati me reddam? Quippe nec panis deficiet." This offer of recall came to Dante at the court of Can Grande at Verona. Many of his companions in exile submitted to its ignominious terms, and on St. John's Day, the 24th of June, 1317, the Tosinghi, the Manelli, the Rinucci, and others walked as criminals and penitents in the procession, with mitres as the mark of their infamy upon their heads, with candles in their hands, and being presented at the altar, and having made the due offering, were relieved from the penalties that had been pronounced against them. This is said to have been the first time on which persons condemned for political offenses were thus freed from punishment.

[1] These officers derived their name from the mosaics with which the tribune and cupola of the church were encrusted, and which were the principal works of the kind of which Florence could boast. The earliest of them were designed and executed, as an inscription in the mosaic reports, by a Franciscan friar, Fra Jacopo by name, in 1225, and they still remain, almost as perfect as when first set in place, interesting and instructive memorials of the practice of the arts at that date in Florence, and of the types of representation of sacred subjects derived mainly from Byzantine tradition, but inspired with a new life. See Vasari, Vita di Andrea Tafi, and in the Le Monnier edition of Vasari's Lives, Firenze, 1846, the commentary on the Life of Tafi, vol. i. p. 287. The inscription referred to closes with these verses: —

"Sancti Francisci frater fuit hoc operatus
Jacobus in tali pre cunctis arte probatus."

Peruzzi, Acciaiuoli, Bonacorsi, Biliotti,[1] and all others that have dealings in the court of Rome, and should order each, under oath, and under fitting penalty, without fail to see to it that the partners of their companies who dwell in and follow the court of Rome studiously adopt the needful measures with their friends that the church and board of works of St. John Baptist may be exempt and free from every impost, procuration, or levy of whatever nature of the clergy of Florence. "And that messer the Bishop of Florence, or the clergy of the cathedral church of Florence, or any one else, whether in their name, or his own, or that of any other person, shall in no wise intermeddle with or interfere in any matter concerning the said church or opera, except in so far as permitted by the consuls of the merchants of Calimala, and the other men of the said Art, under whose guard and protection the said church and opera are directed, maintained, and governed with pure faith."

"And the said consuls are further required, every year, in the month of January, to elect and depute four of the best and most sensible merchants of Calimala, with every general and special power and authority to inquire, discourse, treat, and arrange with all and singular men, persons, nobles, places, congregations, and communities of whatever condition or dignity they may be, how, and by what way, mode, and order the opera and the church of St. John may be best maintained in honor, beautiful, free, and exempt, and be watched over, *in perpetuo*, honorably, to the reverence of Almighty God, and of his mother, and of the said St. John, and to the good state of the commune of Florence and of the most pure Art of the merchants of Calimala." (Art. xxiv.)

Similar provisions to those of this statute in regard to the administration of the trust reposed in the Art by the commune undoubtedly existed in those of the other chief Arts. The share that the Arts took in the erection, decoration, and preservation of the sacred and beautiful buildings of the city trained and disciplined the perceptions of the citizens, and quickened their sympathies for the works of their artists and artisans. Every new structure was a school of the eye and the taste of the Florentines, and the effect was to make them competent in judgment and quick in interest in matters of art as no other modern community has been, while "the chief and best merchants" formed a body of patrons and employers of artists unmatched in intelligence except by the merchant nobles of Venice. No wonder that the fine arts flourished under such conditions, and that the city secured for three centuries such expression of her sentiment, her creed, and her life as no no other city ever enjoyed for an equal length of time.

The Art of Wool, on receiving charge of the structure of the Duomo, at once proceeded to make provision for the work, ordering that in every warehouse and shop of the craftsmen of Florence a box should be kept wherein a certain sum — the pence of the Lord — should be put on occasion of every sale or purchase. "In the beginning," says Villani, "this amounted to two thousand lire a year."

The records of the work now undertaken on the Duomo are lost, but on the 12th of April, 1334, a vote memorable in the history of the building was passed by the magistracy of the republic, appointing the most famous artist of all Italy, Giotto, as chief master of the work of the cathedral, and as overseer of the construction of the walls and of the other works of the commune; since, so ran the preamble, "in the whole world no one more competent for these and many other things can be found than master Giotto di Bondone of Florence, painter, and to the end that he may be received in his own land as a great master, and one held dear in the above-named state, and that he may have reason for making his

[1] The Bardi, the Peruzzi, and the Acciaiuoli were at this time the leading bankers of Europe. Their establishments were very numerous, and their affairs as brokers and money lenders on a vast scale. Their wealth and credit gave them great power. They received the papal dues in all parts of Europe, transmitting them through their branch houses to the head firms in Florence and in Rome.

abode continually in it, by which very many may profit from his knowledge and teaching, and no slight honor result to the city."[1] Florence showed her wisdom in thus choosing the most original and imaginative of her artists for the master of her works. He justified her selection, and the judgment of posterity has approved it. A hundred years later, Lorenzo Ghiberti, the maker of the bronze doors of San Giovanni, which were esteemed beautiful enough to be the doors of paradise, writing his Commentaries on Art, said, "Giotto saw that in art whereto others had not attained; he brought nature into art, and grace therewith, not overpassing just limits. He was most skillful in every art. He was the finder and discoverer of the great learning that had lain buried for about six hundred years. When nature has the will to concede anything, she concedes it without stint. And this man abounded in all things."[2]

Giotto gave himself to his new office with the effectual ardor of genius. He accomplished, indeed, so far as can be learned, little on the Duomo itself, but in spite of engagements on other work within and without the city, he speedily designed and began the construction of the most exquisite building of modern times, the one in which the doctrine of the ancients is most completely and beautifully harmonized with the spirit and fancy of the modern times, — the unsurpassed bell tower of the Duomo, known and admired of all men as the Campanile of Giotto, the most splendid memorial of the arts of Florence.

On the 18th of July, 1334, scarcely more than three months after his appointment, the foundations of the campanile were laid with great pomp and religious ceremony.[3]

The tower so quickly begun was rapidly pushed forward, and it may have reached somewhat more than a third of its proposed height when, in January, 1337, Giotto, "who in life," says Vasari, "had made so many and such beautiful works, and had been not less good Christian than excellent painter, gave back his soul to God, to the great grief of all his fellow citizens, not only of those who had known him, but also of those who had only heard of him; and he was buried, as his virtues deserved, with honor, having been during his life loved by every one, and especially by men excellent in all the arts," — by Dante, for example, and by Petrarch. He was buried in Santa Maria del Fiore, on the side nearest the campanile, which is his enduring monument.

After his death there is a wide gap in the annals of the Duomo.[4] To his godson and pupil, the noted painter, Taddeo Gaddi, and to the sculptor, Neri di Fioravante, was intrusted the oversight of the work on the campanile. But there is no evidence concerning its progress or as to the date of its completion.[5]

The plague of 1348 desolated Florence and, indeed, all Tuscany. Boccaccio, whose famous narrative gives a most impressive picture of the horrors of the pestilence, declares that between March and July more than one hundred thousand persons, as is believed, died within the walls of Florence. The number may be exaggerated, but the mortality was frightful in its amount and terrible in its effect. However, the spring of vitality in Florence was unexhausted by it, and after a period of confusion, dismay, depravity, and recklessness, the city regained its self-control, and recovered more rapidly than its weaker neighbors from the blow which had checked but

[1] Gaye, Carteggio, i. 481.

[2] Secondo Comentario del Ghiberti, in Le Monnier's edition of Vasari, vol. i. p. 18.

[3] Villani, Cronica, lib. xi., cap. 12. Vasari in his Life of Giotto gives an interesting account of the masonry of the foundations, and of Giotto's designs and models for the tower. He states that Giotto's salary from the commune was one hundred golden florins annually. In the decree appointing him the amount of his salary is not fixed.

[4] The design of the ornamental façade which partially covered the front of the building, and which was taken down in 1488, was long ascribed by tradition to Giotto. But from documents first published in 1863, by Signor Cesare Guasti, the keeper of the archives of the opera, it seems certain that he had no hand in it, and that its execution was not begun till at least twenty years after his death. See Opuscoli di Belle Arti di Cesare Guasti, Firenze, 1874, pp. 45, seqq.

[5] It was not finished in 1355, as appears from a vote of new sums for its building. Gaye, Carteggio, i. 508.

had not destroyed the sources of its prosperity.[1] The plague had been accompanied, as one of its natural consequences, by a sudden outbreak of religious superstition. Immense sums had been given and bequeathed by dying men to the church and to public charities, to purchase salvation. And, when the regular order of life was once more reëstablished, the church found itself richer than ever before. This, together with the increase of the devotional temper among the people, and the desire of the community by works of piety to secure exemption from future calamity, may serve to account for the fact that a few years after the plague, in 1357, we find record of the adoption of a new design for the Duomo on a grander scale than that of the building planned by Arnolfo, and involving in its execution the remodeling and in part the entire destruction of the work hitherto accomplished.[2] Francesco Talenti, an architect of great ability, was now the chief master of the works, and the new plan seems to have been mainly due to him. The authorities in charge of the building, however, not merely took council in regard to the proposed changes with the most skilled masters and the most intelligent laymen, but submitted their designs to popular inspection and criticism.[3]

How far the main features of Arnolfo's original plan may have been preserved in the new design, it is impossible to say. The scale was so altered that the proportions of the building were changed. The general character of the existing work bears the stamp rather of the middle of the fourteenth than of the close of the thirteenth century, but there are many anomalies and irregularities of design which give evidence of the difficulty experienced by Talenti in fitting his new design to the old work. His genius was not equal to the solution of the problem by modifications and adaptations which should give no sign of being makeshift expedients, but he succeeded in giving to the building such a general disposition of parts, and on a scale of such magnitude, as to secure the impression of power and grandeur, and thus atone for the defects and irregularities of special details.

Talenti's design involved the lengthening of the church by more than one third, the increase of the height of the aisles, and a great increase in the diameter of the octagon at the intersection of nave and transept.

The first stone of the new building was laid with ceremony on the 5th of July, 1357. From that time for another term of sixty years the work continued in progress, sometimes pushed forward with zeal, sometimes allowed to drag along with but slack and remiss effort at completion. The nave with its four enormous bays was first constructed. The building of the choir advanced but slowly, and the commune from time to time turned the funds intended for the work to other ends of public utility. Thus in 1368 they were applied to the construction of facing walls on the bank of the Arno, and in 1376 to the building of the Loggia de Lanzi, from Orcagna's beautiful design, as the site for the ceremony

[1] One consequence of the plague has not been remarked as it deserves by the historians. In the confusion that followed the extinction of many important families and the enforced vacancy of many offices, vast numbers of documents were lost or wantonly destroyed. To this cause is doubtless due the dearth of records concerning the early history of the Duomo.

[2] This great change in plan has been overlooked till recently, most writers following the account given by Vasari, and supposing the present building to be essentially constructed on the original design of Arnolfo. A passage from the Istoria Fiorentina of Marchionne di Coppo Stefani, who died in 1385, published by the Padre Ildefonso di San Luigi in his Delizie degli Eruditi Toscani, Firenze, 1781, vol. xiv. p. 30, in which the chronicler describes the undertaking of the new building, seems to have lain unnoticed. The true facts were first brought out by the Cavalier Camillo Boito in his book entitled Francesco Talenti: Ricerche storiche sul Duomo di Firenze dal 1294 al 1367, Milano, 1866. They have since been more fully illustrated with documentary evidence in a series of interesting communications by Signor C. I. Cavalucci, which appeared at Florence in the newspaper La Nazione in the course of 1871, under the title of Cenni Storici sulla edificazione della Cattedrale Fiorentina.

[3] See, for curious illustration of this, the order for hanging the design of the new façade on the front of the building on the day of St. John, 1357, Guasti, op. cit. p. 50; and for other instances of de sire to secure the expression of trained and popula opinion, Boito, op. cit. p. 30, and Cavalucci, Cenn Storici, 20 Marzo, 1871.

attending the induction into office of the chief magistrates.[1] But as the century came near its close the main groundwork of the building, as it now exists, was drawing toward completion, and a commission was appointed in 1393 to consider the difficult question of how the cupola and dome, which should close the central space, should be constructed.

The plan of the building was peculiar. It was alike novel and powerful in conception. The central nave and the two aisles are not crossed by a transept, but are stopped upon a vast octagonal central space, from which at the east, the north, and the south are built out three pentagonal tribunes or apses, which, as seen on the outside, give to the church the common cruciform shape. The proportions of the interior are on an enormous scale, by which the apparent size of the building is diminished rather than increased. There is nothing either in the general conception or in the working out of the details which corresponds with that principle, characteristic of the best Northern Gothic, of complex organization in which each minor part contributes to the vital unity of the whole edifice. The Duomo presents, on the contrary, an assemblage of separate vast features arbitrarily associated, rather than united by any law of mutual relation into a completely harmonious whole. Nor does it display that lavish wealth of fancy in ever changing variety and abundance of detail which gives inexhaustible charm to a true Gothic edifice. But it is impressive within from its mighty breadths of space, and from the stately and simple, though barren, grandeur of its piers and vaults and walls.

The effect of the building from without is imposing from its mass, but in a near view it is only on the east that the lines compose into forms of beauty. The front remains still without an ornamental façade, but the rest of the walls is encrusted, after the old Tuscan style, with simple rectangular patterns of white and red marble, interrupted by the rich decoration of gable and pinnacle over the doors and windows. It is all gay and exquisite and rich, but without as within there is a lack of fancy, and even the delicate refinement of the inlaying and the carving does not compensate for the absence of noble controlling decorative motives, and of harmonious concord of line.[2]

It is when seen from a distance that the full worth and power of the great cathedral force themselves upon the beholder. Looking down upon Florence from one of the neighboring heights, the beautiful city seems to lie gathered under the shelter of its mighty Duomo. The vast stretch of wall is ample for the house in which the whole people shall gather, and lifting itself above the clustering towers and belfries of palaces and churches, the unrivaled dome crowns the edifice, and with its noble elliptic lines not merely concentrates the scattered forms of the buildings beneath and around it far and near, but to the inward eye seems equally to concentrate all the divergent energies of the historic life of Florence, and lift them along its curves to the foot of the cross upon its heaven-reaching summit. It seems of equal date with the mountains that close the background to the landscape of which it forms the central interest; and they may well look upon this work of man as one not unworthy of their guardianship.

There is no part of the story of the Duomo more interesting than that which relates to the building of the dome that Brunelleschi's bold hand lifted over the city. It was one of those feats of art which mark an age, and remain forever memorable and admirable. "Meglio di te non posso" ("Better than thee I cannot"), said Michelangelo, considering how the dome of St. Peter's should rise, — and the glorious dome of St. Peter's is in truth not better than the dome of St. Mary of the Flower. The world had never seen such a dome before. It was not merely a *tour de force;* it was not merely larger, it was more beautiful,

[1] Gaye, Carteggio, i. 534, 536.

[2] The horizontal lines of surface decoration break injuriously upon the vertical lines of the windows, and the forms of the highly ornamented gables are curiously inorganic.

than any dome the Romans or the Byzantines had built.

In his most entertaining life of Brunelleschi, Vasari gives a long and animated account of the work. The story is full of picturesque circumstance and detail, and has long been current as the accepted tradition. But Vasari is not the most trustworthy of narrators, and the original documents relating to the work that have been recently published show that much of his account is little more than a lively fancy piece. The general impression to be got from it of Brunelleschi's character, and of the conditions under which he did his work, is very likely correct enough. It conforms in the main to that made by an anonymous biography of Brunelleschi, written by a contemporary, from whose narrative Vasari, indeed, drew largely, and it is confirmed in many respects by the conclusive evidence of the works themselves.

As the body of the church approached nearer and nearer to completion, it was plain to all men that the master question of the whole structure must now be attacked. How shall a cupola to cover the great octagonal central area be constructed? The space to be covered was enormous, the least diameter of the octagon being one hundred and thirty-five feet. The question had occupied attention for many years. It was matter of frequent discussion among the artists of Florence, so many of whom combined the knowledge and even the practice of architecture with the practice of sculpture or of painting. Brunelleschi, who was born in 1377, and who from childhood gave himself to art, must have been all his life familiar with the problem, and Vasari reports that when, after the competition in 1401 for the bronze doors of the baptistery, in which Ghiberti had won the prize, Brunelleschi and Donatello determined to go to Rome to study, one object which Brunelleschi especially sought, but of which he said nothing even to his companion, "was to find out a way, if he but could, of vaulting the cupola of S. Maria del Fiore." [1]

This journey of Brunelleschi and Donatello to Rome at the very beginning of the fifteenth century, to study there the remains of ancient art, for the purpose of learning "the good ancient style," is one of the capital dates in the history of the modern Renaissance. They were the men in all Florence of deepest nature and most original genius, and they were not spoiled by their admiration of antique models; but they opened a dangerous road for successors of less native force, who, charmed with the perfected excellence of classic work, turned from the paths of nature and independence to those of artificiality and imitation.

For many years, if we may trust Vasari, great part of Brunelleschi's time was spent in Rome. He had sold a little farm that he owned at Settignano, near Florence, to obtain the means of living, but falling short of money after a while at Rome, he turned to the business in which he had served his apprenticeship and gained sufficient for his wants by work as a goldsmith, continuing the while his diligent study of all the remains of ancient architecture, and especially of such structures as the Pantheon and the Baths. From time to time he returned to Florence, and gave such proof of his quality that when the moment arrived at which a determination must be taken as to the cupola, he was sent for — such at least is Vasari's story — by the overseers of the work, to come to counsel with them concerning it. "And when he had come, the board of works of Santa Maria del Fiore and the consuls of the Art of Wool being assembled, they told Philip all the difficulties in regard to the cupola, from the greatest to the least, which were made by the master builders who were there in his presence at the audience with the others. Whereupon Philip said these words: 'Gentlemen, overseers of the works, doubtless great things are always difficult to accomplish; and, if ever anything were difficult, this affair of yours is more difficult perchance than you are aware; for I do not know that even the ancients ever vaulted a vault so terrible as this will be. And I, who have often thought on the armatures required within and without, and

[1] Vasari, Vite, etc., Le Monnier. T. iii. p. 202.

what means could be invented so that men could work on it with safety, have never succeeded in solving the difficulty, and I am dismayed not less by the breadth than the height of the building. If, indeed, it could be covered with a spherical dome, the mode might be adopted which the Romans employed in constructing the dome of the Pantheon at Rome; but here we must adopt an eight-sided design, with such joints and bindings of masonry as will be most difficult to execute. But remembering that this temple is dedicated to God and to the Virgin, I have confidence that we setting to work in memory of him, he will not fail to infuse knowledge where it falls short, and to supply strength and wisdom and intelligence to whomsoever he may be who shall undertake the task. But in what can I assist you, the work not being mine?' "

Brunelleschi finished his address, according to Vasari's report, by recommending that the best architects, not merely Tuscan and Italian, but German and French, or of whatever nation, should be summoned to meet at Florence to consider and advise how the work might best be accomplished. This counsel pleased the consuls and the board of works, and Vasari goes on to tell the story how the Florentine merchants who were established in France, in Germany, in England, and in Spain were commissioned to obtain from the rulers of those countries the most experienced and valiant geniuses in the land, and to spend whatever sum of money might be needed for sending them to Florence. Much time passed before this could be done, but at last, in 1420, all these masters from beyond the mountains were assembled in Florence, together with those of Tuscany, and all the ingenious architects of the city, among them Brunelleschi himself. On a certain day they all met at the works of Santa Maria del Fiore, together with the consuls and the board of works and a choice of the most intelligent citizens, and then one after another spoke his mind as to the mode in which the dome might be built. "It was a fine thing to hear the strange and divers opinions on the matter." Some advised to build up a structure from the ground to support the cupola while it was in process of building. Others for the same end proposed heaping up a high mound of earth, in which pieces of money should be buried, so that when the work was done the common people would carry away the earth for the sake of what they might find in it. Others again urged that the cupola be built of pumice stone for the sake of lightness. Only Philip Brunelleschi said that the dome could be built without any such support of timber or masonry or earth, and was laughed at by all for such a wild and impracticable notion, and growing hot in defense of his ideas, and being told to go, but not consenting, he was at last carried by main force from the assembly, all men holding him stark mad. But at a subsequent meeting, the counsels still being confused and divided, Philip, as Vasari calls him, overcame all his adversaries by the force of his arguments. They urged him to show them the model he had made of the structure, but this he refused, and finally proposed to them that the man who could prove his capacity by making an egg stand on end on a smooth bit of marble should receive the commission to build the cupola. To this they assented. All tried in vain, and then Philip, taking the egg, played the trick which Columbus was not ashamed to repeat. "And so," says the simple biographer, "it was resolved that he should have the work." (Vasari, iii. 209.) In this account Vasari does injustice to the sense and judgment of the men in charge of the work, not less than to the tested ability of Brunelleschi. But his narrative is curious as an exhibition of his uncritical and unhistoric spirit, and of the growth in little more than a hundred years of a legend of Brunelleschi in which the real facts disappear under the transmuting touch of fancy.

But Brunelleschi was a man of such force of originality, and his personal genius was so strictly sympathetic with the prevailing qualities of the spiritual life of Italy in his time, and so clearly

representative of its tendencies, that the real facts concerning him are of more value and interest than any fiction, however entertaining. His anonymous biographer, who seems to have been well informed concerning him, says that Brunelleschi being in Florence in 1417 — he was then just forty years old — was much consulted, and to their great satisfaction, by the board of works and chief masters and other officials, in regard to the means to be adopted for building the cupola. And this is confirmed by the first entry on the books of the opera in which his name occurs. On May 19, 1417, it was voted to give to Filippo di Ser Brunellesco, *pro bona gratuitate* for his labor in making drawings, and for employing himself concerning the cupola, ten golden florins.[1]

On the 19th of August of the next year, 1418, notice was given by public proclamation through the city that whoever might wish to make a design or model of the vault of the chief cupola, or of anything pertaining to the manner and perfection of its construction, he should do so within the next month; and during this time should he wish to speak with the authorities in charge of the work, he should be well and graciously heard. And if any one should make a design or model that should be adopted, or in words give advice that should be afterward followed in the work, he should be recompensed with two hundred golden florins; and if any one should expend labor or make anything for the said cause, even though his model were not adopted, his work should be fairly paid for by the board of works. The term for the preparation of designs and models was afterwards extended to the 12th of December.[2]

On the next day a grand council assembled in the church to examine the models that had been presented. There were fifteen in all; among them one by Ghiberti, another by Andrea Orcagna, a third by Pesello, and one by Brunelleschi.[3] The others were by men with names of less repute; but it is plain that the competition had called out the best ability of Florence. No immediate conclusion was arrived at. The various models required deliberate consideration. Toward the end of 1419 the Art of Wool, "considering that the time is at hand for providing with all solicitude and diligence for the construction of the cupola, and considering the importance of the work and how much it concerns the honor of the commune and the aforesaid art," appointed four citizens to act as *solicitatores et conductores hedificii prelibati.*

The four commissioners entered on their work with zeal; a new exhibition of designs and models seems to have been made in March, 1420, and the final result of the long discussion and deliberation was that the model offered by Brunelleschi was preferred to all others, while that of Ghiberti held the second place.[4]

Probably about this time Brunelleschi presented to the four citizens a written statement which has been preserved, in slightly different form, both by Vasari and by the anonymous biographer, descriptive of his model, and of the method of construction of the cupola, for on the 16th of April, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, and the vice-chief master, Battista d'Antonio, were elected to oversee the construction of the cupola, each at a monthly salary of three golden florins.[5] Full powers were given to them over the work.

[1] This entry is printed by Cesare Guasti in the useful and carefully edited collection of documents published under the title of La Cupola di Santa Maria del Fiore, illustrata con i Documenti dell' Archivio dell' Opera Secolare, Firenze, 1857, page 17

[2] Guasti, La Cupola, etc., page 15.

[3] See, for list, Guasti, page 192.

[4] The documents relating to these transactions are scanty, and their tenor is not altogether clear. There is nothing in them to confirm Vasari's story of the council in which foreign as well as native artists took part. The names of those who were paid for designs are all of Florentines. There is no shred of evidence that Brunelleschi's plans were ever taxed with folly; on the contrary, on the 24th of April, 1420, ten florins were voted to him "for his labor and the time spent in having a model made according to the wish of the four citizens of the cupola, and for his trouble in frequently meeting others who had been summoned to consult respecting the said model from the 20th Nov'r to the present time." (Guasti, La Cupola, etc., page 27.)

[5] The choice was made by the consuls of the Art of Wool, the board of works of the Duomo, and the four officers of the cupola. The decree appoints

The Florentine men of business had long since learned the importance, first, of choosing capable and trustworthy agents, and then of leaving them unimpeded in the discharge of the duties committed to them. The whole course of procedure in regard to the construction of the cupola indicates the foresight and good judgment of the men who had it in charge. It is a splendid exhibition of the fine qualities of Florence, at a period when her streets were alive with the varied activities of flourishing commerce, when her people were still confident in their own powers, full of restless vivacity of mind, and when a group of such artists as the modern world had never seen were ennobling her with the products of the emulous rivalry of their genius. In 1420, when the cupola began to rise, Donatello, the most imaginative of the earlier Florentine sculptors, was thirty-four years old, at the height of his power; Fra Angelico, the tenderest and most devout of her painters, was a year younger; Ghiberti, the most picturesque of sculptors, was forty-two; Filippo Lippi, whose masculine genius could not be shut in by the cloister from the world, was an idle boy of twelve; Masaccio was an incomparable youth of nineteen; Luca della Robbia, who was to open new and delightful ways for sculpture, was a youth of twenty, beginning the practice of his art; Paolo Uccello, the inventor of perspective, was twenty-three; and Benozzo Gozzoli and Piero della Francesca were babies in arms.[1] It was a wonderful assemblage. Each man was stimulated by the work of his fellows to his best achievement, and the community was quick to recognize and to reward. Vasari complains that in Florence every man made profession of knowing in matters of art as much as the skilled masters themselves. There was, doubtless, as in other times, ignorant and carping criticism, but there were also true delight and genuine interest among the people in the works with which every day their city was made more beautiful and more dear.

At the time of the appointment of Brunelleschi and his two associates, eight master builders were also chosen for the work. Preparations were actively made, the necessary frames and stagings were constructed, and on the 7th of August the work of masonry was actually begun, three lire, nine soldi, and four denari being spent for a cask of red wine, a flask of Trebiano, bread, and melons, for a collation to celebrate the event. Brunelleschi had at length reached the point of his desire, and from this time, for more than a quarter of a century, he gave his thought and his days, with little interruption, to the fulfillment of his immortal design. The skill, the boldness, the novelty of the work still awaken the admiration of professional architects. His dome alike in its design and in its construction is one of those commanding works of genius that, while they embody and express the modes of feeling and the disposition of an age, are yet so conceived and executed as to have always a fresh contemporaneousness, through all later time. There are few buildings in the world of which this can be truly said.

As the work went on it fell more and more into Brunelleschi's hands. In 1425 his salary was increased to one hundred florins a year on condition that he should always be present at the works, while Ghiberti's salary remained fixed at three florins a month with the condition that he should spend at the works at least one hour of every working day.[2]

Brunelleschi and the others "in provisores dicti operis cupole construendi, et ad providendum, ordinandum, et construi, ordinari, fieri et hedificari faciendum, a principio usque ad finem, ipsam majorem cupolam et hedifitium, illis hedefitiis magisteriis muramentis modis formis et condictionibus, et illis sunptibus, et aliis quibuscunque, de quibus et prout et sicut eisdem videbitur convenire et expedire indicabunt, predicta eorum intelligentie atque prudentie conmictentes usque ad ipsius cupole perfectionem et complementum." (Guasti, La Cupola, etc., page 36.)

[1] Beside these may be mentioned Jacopo della Quercia born 1374; Gentile da Fabbriano born about 1370; Michelozzo Michelozzi, who built the palace of Cosmo de' Medici, the Palazzo Riccardi, born 1391; Antonio Squarcialupi, the first musician of his time, born 1380.

[2] Vasari reports Ghiberti as jealous and incompetent; and indeed his own expressions concerning his share in the work are such as to awaken suspicion that his conceit led him to feel himself the rival of Brunelleschi, while his statement as to his salary is inconsistent with the evidence of the rec-

There are many details in the records which, though not bearing directly upon the building, afford a lively impression of scenes and incidents connected with it. Vasari says that Filippo, finding the builders lost much time in going down for food and drink, owing to the vast height of the edifice, arranged a cook shop and room for sale of wine and refreshments in the cupola itself. We find among the records several instances of men killed by falling from the bridges and scaffolds, and in 1426 an order is issued by the board that, considering the dangers which daily threaten the master masons who are employed on the wall of the cupola, on account of the wine that is necessarily kept in the cupola, from this time forth the clerk of the works shall not allow any wine to be brought up which has not been diluted with at least one third of water.

In 1423 a wretched war began between Florence and Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan. It was carried on by mercenary troops, and cost Florence far more in money and in honor than in the blood of her citizens.[1]

Such a war was at once sign and proof of a decline in public morality and in personal character. It was a forerunner of a long series of political calamities. The people were heavily taxed to meet the expenses of the war, which dragged on wastefully for five years. The funds devoted to public works were greatly curtailed. The means for pushing forward the building of the cupola fell short, and in 1426 twenty-five out of forty-three master workmen were dismissed, and other economies were practiced. The war over, in 1428, the work was again resumed with spirit, and in 1432 had reached such a point that Brunelleschi, *provisor cupole*, was desired to make a model of the closing of the summit of the cupola, and of the lantern that was to stand upon it. Two years later a commission was given to Donatello and to Luca della Robbia to make, each of them, a head in clay, *prout eis et cuilibet eorum videbitur melius et pulcrius*, to serve as a model for a head that should be cut in stone to form the central boss of the cupola.[2]

It was on the 12th of June, 1434, that the great cupola was closed over the central space of the Duomo. It had grown slowly, marvelous in the eyes of all beholders who saw its curves rise bending over the void without apparent support, with no centering or armature, but held suspended in the air as if by miracle. Brunelleschi may well have regarded his work with proud satisfaction. His fame was assured; henceforth his work was chief part of Florence. But though the cupola was closed, there was much work still to be done upon it, and two years yet were required for its completion.

At last, on the 30th of August, 1436, while all the bells of the city were ringing their peals of joy, a solemn service was held in the cathedral, the Te Deum Laudamus was sung, and the Bishop of Fiesole, attended by the clergy and a long procession of the people, mounted to the completed cupola to bestow upon it a formal benediction. Among the entries in the journal of expenses of the board of works is one for seventy-two lire, twelve soldi, and six denari spent on this day for trumpeters and fifers, and for wine and bread and meat and fruit and cheese and macaroni and other things given to the masters and workmen of the opera, and to the canons and priests of the church, to celebrate this festival and benediction.[3]

ords of the opera. He says at the close of his Second Commentary, "Few things of importance have been done in our land which were not designed or ordered by my hand. And specially in the building of the tribune [cupola] Filippo and I were partners [*concorrenti*] for eighteen years at the same salary whilst we were carrying on the said tribune." (Le Monnier's Vasari, vol. i. p. xxxvii.) Now there was a period of six months in 1425 when Ghiberti was dismissed from the works, and his salary was never more than three florins a month. It is not improbable that his retention on the works was a piece of policy on the part of the board to prevent his active opposition, and to secure the voices of his numerous admirers and friends. Vasari tells a pleasant story of Brunelleschi's humorous mode of forcing Ghiberti to show his incompetence.

[1] The battle of Zagonara, in July, 1424, was almost bloodless, but its cost to Florence was estimated at 300,000 florins, a sum equivalent to at least 1,500,000 dollars. Cavalcante; Storia, l. ii., c. xiv Ammirato, lib. xviii.

[2] Guasti, La Cupola, etc., page 88.

[3] Guasti, La Cupola, etc., page 90

The deliberation and foresight of the overseers of the work were again exhibited in their conduct in respect to the lantern which the dome required at its summit. Although Brunelleschi had given a design, and might be expected to know better than any other man what sort of edifice was needed, and how it should be constructed, the board threw the field open to all comers, and in reply to their demand received six models, which they proceeded to examine with the aid of judges whom they called upon to assist them. No more judicious means could have been taken to secure approval of the design finally adopted, and Brunelleschi had no reason to dread the competition. Besides a general council of masters in theology, of many learned men, of architects, goldsmiths, and masters of many other arts, and many citizens, other more private meetings for deliberation were held, in which two architects, two painters, two goldsmiths, one mathematician, and two intelligent citizens skilled in architecture took part. The result of all these and other councils was that Brunelleschi's model was adopted by a unanimous vote, as the best in form, the strongest, the lightest, and the best designed to resist storm; and Philip was selected to put it in execution, but he was first to be urged to lay aside all ill feeling, to accept correction of his model in some slight respects, and to take whatever might be good and useful from the other models which had been presented. The whole procedure was conducted with admirable sense, tact, and discretion.[1]

The new commission to Brunelleschi was given on the last day of 1436. But the work on the lantern does not seem to have been speedily begun. There were great difficulties to be overcome, and there was much else to be done upon the church in order to render it fit for the daily services and the splendid ceremonies of holidays, "*quod totum populum clamat magno desiderio.*"[2]

[1] Guasti, La Cupola, etc., pages 93–95; also La Metropolitana Fiorentina illustrata, Firenze, Molini, 1820, pages 29–32.

[2] Guasti, La Cupola, etc., page 89, doc 259.

More than six years afterwards the consuls of the Art of Wool were still deliberating how the difficulty, which was very great, of raising stone and marble to the top of the dome and of supporting it there in sufficient quantity for the construction could be overcome. They found no other way but to appoint Philip, who said he could do the work, sole overseer for the term of his life, but no longer, adds the cautious scribe, (*pro tempore et termino duraturo eius vita durante et donec vixerit, et non ulterius*), at a salary of a hundred florins.[3]

Brunelleschi had of course not designed a work which he could not execute. His plans were ready, the proper machines were made, and marble from the quarries of Campiglia and Carrara had already been abundantly provided. It would appear that the actual work of construction was not begun till 1445.[4]

Once begun it would go on rapidly. But the master was not long to direct it. "Finally," says Vasari, "Filippo, being now very old, that is, sixty-nine years old, in the year 1446, on the 16th of April, went to a better life, after having toiled greatly in the performance of works which made him deserve on earth an honored name, and obtain in heaven an abode of peace."

His body was laid at first within the campanile, but in February of the next year order was taken that it should be buried within the cathedral, and that the marble slab in the pavement above his grave should bear the words Filippus Architector.

With Brunelleschi's death the interest in St. Mary of the Flower as a work of religious devotion, of civic pride, of artistic genius, comes to an end.

Begun at the close of the splendid revival of intelligence and imagination with which the Middle Ages end, it was finished during that less original and less vital Renaissance with which the modern epoch begins. The campanile is the last living word of the earlier time; the

[3] Guasti, La Cupola, etc., pages 48–50, docs. 93 and 95.

[4] See Baldinucci, Vita di Filippo di Ser Brunellesco, Firenze, 1812, page 278. There is no documentary evidence.

dome the first word of the later. The campanile is the fresh expression of native energies; the dome the not less fresh expression of energies that drew nurture from ancient times and foreign soil. The curves of the dome clasp the modern to the classic world. It was Brunelleschi's chief desire, says Vasari, to bring back to light good architecture, the good old orders, in place of the German and barbarous style which was in vogue. And he succeeded. The first stone of Brunelleschi's dome was the tombstone of Gothic architecture.

Charles Eliot Norton.

THE OTHER FELLOW.

THE senator had made his bargain, but he still pondered it dubiously at odd moments, and occasionally played with a disposition to break it.

"Of course I am free to cut loose," he muttered, lolling back in his easy-chair with the air of a man who tries to believe that he is master of the situation. "At all events, I am not bound to stand by my bond, if the — the Other Fellow does n't stand by his."

He had an aversion, we may suspect, to thinking distinctly of his partner in agreement, or to calling him by his name. Hence perhaps it was that, even in the solitude of his own room, even in the privacy of his own soul, he alluded to him as "the Other Fellow."

"It is a monstrous offer," continued Senator Wesley, puffing away at a thirty-cent cigar. "I have n't the least idea that he can carry it out. If he does n't fulfill it to the minutest particular, I shall feel perfectly free to cut loose from him."

But as he thought over the events of the day it seemed to him probable, and even alarmingly certain, that the Other Fellow was indeed discharging his part of the compact. The same men who up to yesterday were sending him urgent dunning letters had mailed him thankful receipts and solicited a continuance of his custom. Who paid them? His banker had not only returned him his protested notes canceled, but had notified him that a draft of ten thousand dollars had been passed to his credit. Who sent it? The senator smiled as he thought how astonished Mr. Bursary must have looked over that paper, and how he might perhaps have smelt of it to see if he could detect an odor of brimstone.

Moreover, how was it that Mace, the importer, had all of a sudden taken a fancy to give him baskets of champagne and boxes of Havanas? Did the old fellow want some change made in the tariff? Or had he set his grocery soul upon the project of getting a United States senator to one of his dinner parties? Or were these showers of luxuries results of the princely interference of the Other Fellow? At all events, — and here Mr. Wesley took a cautious, investigating puff, — there seemed to be no flavor of sulphur in the cigars. Had he perceived such a taint, how quickly would he have thrown down the abominable weed, and abjured his tremendous bargain! At least, so he thought, and quite distinctly, too, absurd as the thought seemed. Meantime, it is not at all certain what he would have done in such a case. There are times and circumstances when a certain sort of man would rather smoke brimstone regalias than none at all.

Presently the senator fell into a more cheerful, and, as he said to himself, a more rational frame. Why should he wonder at his newly-blossomed prosperity, and attribute to it any roots deeper than the healthful soil of earth? Had he not simply accepted yesterday even-

ing the presidency of the Great Consolidated Railroad Company? Was not his honest, above-board salary therefrom a clear twenty thousand a year? Was he not at the head of one of the wealthiest and most influential combinations of capital in the whole republic? And voters, too! — voters by the wardful! There were ten thousand workmen, more or less, under his direction; they could turn the scale in more than one congressional district which he named to himself; they might change the political complexion of a potent State which he knew of.

To be sure, his duties as president were rather nominal than real; he was something like the queen of England, — he was a ceremony. He knew nothing whatever about railroads; could not say whether locomotives were high-pressure or low-pressure; could hardly tell an H rail from a T. Nothing whatever would he have to do with purchases, or rates of fare, or payment of coupons, or division of profits. It was some other fellow — and probably *that* Other Fellow — who really had rule. His own business was merely to let himself be called president, to lend all the dignity of his character and office to the Great Consolidated, and to see that its interests did not suffer in the councils of the nation. For these things was he to draw his twenty thousand a year, and to get that respectable commission on the new bonds, second mortgage.

All the same, his power was indisputably great, and his revenue promised to be enormous. No wonder that merchandising men hurried in their receipts, and reverentially begged him to order more. Probably the Great Consolidated had traded at their counters over night, or had simply and straightforwardly drawn its auriferous finger over his debits. Likewise with Bursary the banker, and Mace the importer. There was no need of supposing anything other-worldly, or even extraordinary, to account for the fact that a railroad president, with ever so much a year, should find himself out of debt. No wonder, either, that all of a sudden all sorts of men should obviously regard him with increased deference; no wonder, for instance, that his brother senators had that day hearkened to him with an attention and respect which they had never before accorded.

As he thought of these things, and of the solid pecuniary causes which undoubtedly lay at the bottom of them, he drew a deep sigh of repose and satisfaction. What a restfulness there was in being out of debt, and especially out of that confounded land speculation, with its mire of sinking values and of mortgages! What a joy it was to have his pockets once more full, and in fact running over! What a luxury to smoke such cigars, and not even think of the expense sufficiently to say, Curse it!

"I have made a ten-strike!" he laughed aloud. "And I am one of the youngest members of the senate; yes, and upon my soul one of the best-looking."

He was indeed, as United States senators go, a man of considerable personal charms. More than one lovely feminine lobbyist had called on Senator Matthew Wesley with the intent of captivating, and had gone away captivated, feeling that she would gladly give up her claim and its shadowy millions for the slenderest chance of that man's impecunious love. More than one youthful lady, fresh and undefiled from the bosom of her home, had watched him with bright eyes from the gallery, and said to her intimate friend, or shyly thought to herself, "Is n't he splendid!"

Well, the place perhaps lent its glory to him, and added to the brilliance of his natural halo. To my masculine optics he was not so much beautiful as uncommonly good-looking. His broad shoulders, capacious chest, and mighty limbs needed about twenty pounds off to make them Apollonean. There was the merest atom too much of double chin appended to his otherwise comely aquiline countenance. His expression was manly and intelligent, certainly, but a little too domineering, and a little hardened. On the other hand (what was *then* unusual in our upper house), he retained in his cheeks something of the

smoothness and bloom of youth, and sported on his head an abundant crown of glossy hair. Take him all in all, — his upright vigor, his chestnut curls, and his senatoriality, — he might fairly be called a handsome man, if indeed one ought not to say splendid.

Of a sudden the senator's cigar, though only half smoked out, tasted badly. It seemed to him that there was, in fact, a flavor of brimstone about it. He threw it into the fire, where, instead of burning quietly, as a cigar should, it blazed up in a blue flame and disappeared almost in a moment. What was the matter with it, — or with him? He had only heard a strange foot in the passage and an extremely gentle tap on his door. The most commonplace circumstances will sometimes affect us singularly, and give us irrational, not to say unearthly, impressions. Healthy and muscular and broad of chest as the senator was, it cost him an effort to say audibly, "Come in."

The man who entered did not seem the sort of man to inspire fear. He was, to be sure, attired in solid black from head to foot, like that mysterious personage who frequented the witch-meetings of early New England, and whose office it seems to have been to record the names of neophytes in a large volume. But, after all, it was only a morning-suit of black cheviot; it was such a suit as many a quiet business man wears to his office. And *that* — a quiet business man — is just what he would have been taken for by any one who did not know better, as perhaps the senator did.

The appearance of the stranger was not only quiet, but at first sight very attractive. His expression was vivacious, cultivated, and agreeable, barring that he sometimes threw out a glance of startling keenness, verging on the dissective and satirical. His carriage was graceful, noiseless, alert, supple as dancing, and yet daintily well bred. His features were Oriental; his complexion a dark and clear pallor; his eyes black, serene, and penetrating. It was impossible to guess his birthplace, unless indeed he might be a Philadelphian, or possibly a Baltimorean. It was equally difficult to divine his age, except so far as to say that he seemed to be in the prime of life. The smile with which he entered was so courteous, and at the same time so clever, that any one who did not know him (as the senator did) would have called it fascinating.

"You have a charming suite of rooms," he said, glancing with the air of a virtuoso over Wesley's carved furniture, bronzes, and other costly nick-nacks.

"Yes; and preciously am I in debt for them!" grumbled the senatorial sybarite, who could not help wanting to quarrel with something or somebody, so fretted was he by the presence of his visitor.

"I should suppose that all that must now be by-gones," smiled the — the Other Fellow.

I may as well state here that I have only an unsupported suspicion as to the real name of this personage, and shall therefore usually mention him by the title which was oftenest accorded to him in Wesley's thoughts and conversation.

"It *is* a by-gone matter, — the financial embarrassment, — is it not?" he added, in a tone of business-like insistence, qualified by his gracious smile.

"Oh — yes — certainly," stammered the senator. "I forgot myself. I am so used to being dunned, you know! The truth is that I have n't heard the cry of the creditor to-day, and suppose I am out of the woods."

"I thought we must have seen to all those little matters," nodded the visitor. "Of course, too, you got a notice from the bank, — one half of your salary paid in advance."

"But, really, you ought to have taken the bills out of the ten thousand," urged the honorable, who was curiously anxious not to be paid too much, and indeed felt just then as if he would like not to be paid anything.

"Oh, trifles, trifles!" smiled the Other Fellow. "You don't yet know what it is to be president of a railroad. We don't count so close in our corporation.

And now, — if you will excuse me, — as to business? "

The conscript father turned deadly pale before this suggestion. It seemed as if he must have understood that "business" meant nothing less than mounting a chariot of fire and dashing into the mouth of a volcano, or some still hotter orifice.

"I have hardly been able to do much as yet," he gasped. "Only talked a little in private with senators."

"Yes, very good," bowed the Other Fellow approvingly. "The most telling work is done in private. Of course you have n't had time to accomplish much. You can't expect to build your Rome in a day."

The senator cringed. He was of honorable descent, and he represented a most honorable ancient State, and he had hitherto been an honorable legislator. It did not at all please him to have this bill — this huge piece of jobbery and trickery and bribery — called *his* Rome. And yet, on reflection, so it must be. Was he not president of the Great Consolidated, and in receipt of its unstinted salaries and perquisites?

"It will hardly do for you, the chief of our corporation, to speak or vote in favor of our bill — your bill."

The visitor said this with a brisk, clear, positive utterance, which was evidently the natural speech of a clear, prompt, vigorous mind.

By way of assent the senator shook his head — his big and once virtuous and still respected head — with great energy.

"By all means not," responded the Other Fellow, in a tone which was thoroughly business-like, though not without a flavor of the sardonic. One might divine that, even while he felt obliged to treat of legislative corruption in a sensible and practical spirit, it still afforded him entertainment.

"Well, let us hear what you have to suggest, secretary," observed the honorable. "I should like to see exactly how far your views accord with mine."

The actual manager of the Great Consolidated was not abashed by this assumption of independence and even of superiority on the part of the nominal manager. In his lucid, instructive, professional way, and smiling his sarcastic yet playful smile, he went on to give the conscript father a policy.

"You will of course be an example of modesty, self-abnegation, and dignity. It will be well to say, in a few of your best sentences, that, as a legislator, you can do nothing for this bill. But in private, as an interested individual, as the lawful trustee of our interests, you must necessarily be our advocate. You know all these gentlemen, and you have the right to approach them, and you will not fail to use it. There must be confidential communications, hopeful views and expectancies, suggestions of public profit; yes, and of private profit. There must be argument where argument is best, a promise of voters where those are needed, and something on the nail where that has to be. Of course, no one expects you to bother with scrip and greenbacks. Give me the names and probable amounts, and I will see to the settlements. We must not be nice, and we must not be stingy. The directors don't expect to get much work for nothing. Carpet-baggers, etc., must live, as well as other men."

"And you really think we will have to allow some dirty jobbery?" groaned Wesley, staring weakly at the secretary. He had hitherto proudly imagined himself a man of immense moral muscle; but he felt very feeble as he gazed into the depths of those intelligent eyes, and into the mazes of that sardonic smile.

"What is the other company allowing? The other company must be beaten. You have heard of the necessity of fighting fire with fire."

"I should think a lady might push some of these inquiries with advantage," sighed the honorable, looking about him for somebody to hold the hottest end of his poker.

"I will send you half a dozen," said the Other Fellow, the scoff of his smile softening into mocking hilarity. "Dear, lovely, innocent creatures! There is nothing like an Eve for a tempter."

Even the troubled senator could not help grinning for a moment. He had been sorely and also amusingly beset by apple-offering Eves during his term in the Eden of state-craft.

"Well, it must be done, and it will be done!" he declared, much cheered by this hope of help from guardian angels.

"I trust so; no reasonable doubt of it," replied the visitor. "And now as to your personal affairs? Has everything been cleared up?"

"Everything. I don't know why I should n't be perfectly jolly. Only a bachelor is apt to be lonely, I suppose you know. I shall have to set up either a wife or a valet."

"Both are procurable. I should recommend the valet, as being the least trouble."

"Exactly. Yes, I want a valet, or rather a man of all work: a fellow who can cook as well as shave and brush clothes; a fellow who can do a lot of things," insisted the senator, feeling a grim need of distractions. "Yes, I want a valet, — a Frenchified sort of valet."

"So I have understood," said the Other Fellow.

Mr. Wesley stared. How had the man understood it? Not heretofore from the senatorial lips, certainly.

"And I have taken the liberty to bring you just the person," continued the secretary: "a man who can shave, make a *vol-au-vent*, do anything. He is waiting in the hall below."

The senator did not want to say "Call him up," but, somehow or other, he could not help saying it. Thereupon appeared, gently stepping and obsequious, a tall, brown, grave man of uncertain age, glossily black in hair and duskily black in eyes, and clothed, like the secretary, in black from head to foot. His name, he said, was Blasorious, his parentage Transylvanian, and his native language Latin. But he spoke English without hesitation or foreign accent, and professed besides a knowledge of several other vulgar tongues.

"I don't know about hiring a college professor," remarked the senator, somewhat daunted by so much learning, and moreover instinctively afraid of this sable Blasorious.

"I only profess couriership," meekly bowed the linguist. "I am merely a courier, glad to turn valet. I shall be humbly thankful to enter your service, sir."

The senator did not want him. He looked from the black suit of the courier to the black suit of the railroad secretary. It seemed to him that there was a dark and wizard conspiracy between these two sombre costumes. But all the same, and for reasons which he could not formulate, he engaged Blasorious.

Then the interview terminated, and the honorable Wesley presently retired to rest, if rest he could find in those days.

In the morning, thanks to Transylvanian cookery, he had a most delicious breakfast. There was, to be sure, one ugly moment. It was when Blasorious removed the covers, and the senator, looking up at his dusky eyes, seemed to see sparks issuing from them, followed by a very little smoke. For a breath he half expected that blue flames and an odor of sulphur would arise from the dishes. But the exquisite flavor of the breakfast made amends for that instant of disagreeable foreboding. There never had been, to his knowledge, such ambrosial *café au lait*, such a *biftec aux pommes*, such a *galantine de volaille*, such a bottle of sauterne. Wesley went up to the senate hall in high spirits, and fought (confidentially) for the Great Consolidated like a Trojan.

In the evening an equally wonderful dinner, all French and strange and exquisite, restored his jaded powers. Only there was Blasorious glooming over the table like an Afreet, and sparkling and smoking altogether too much out of his awful eyes. The senator began to call him (quite to himself at first) "Blazes." He thought seriously of discharging him, in spite of his unparalleled cookery and handiness. But there were reasons against that; he never quite understood what they were, only that they were sufficient. One act of independence, however, he did allow himself: he de-

cided that he would not revel in the company of Blazes alone. It became his habit, in these opulent days, to invite a friend or so to dinner, and frequently to breakfast. And of these guests, by the way, the secretary was never one. *He* was only another Blazes, even more distasteful than the Transylvanian himself, and not to be seen on any account except under stress of necessity.

We must not forget, in these scenes of affluence and festivity, the bill of the Great Consolidated. We lack, it is true, the space and the necessary familiarity with affairs of statesmanship to speak of it as fully as it deserves. But we can say that it prospered, thanks to the eloquence (confidential) of our senator, and to the outspoken, manly, noble utterances of patriots who saw the need of just such a measure. It went smoothly from stage to stage; it was read a first time, a second time, and, for aught I know, a tenth time; it throve in a style fit to gladden the heart of a nation. Not understanding the minutiæ of all this success, we had better thus record it in one satisfactory lump.

But the senator had to work hard to secure his triumph. He had to buttonhole in the halls, and to beckon into the cloak-room, and to circulate from desk to desk, and to dine and wine at his lodgings, not a little. He had to see a great deal of certain ladies who saw a great deal of certain honorables. It was all very trying to him until he met Mrs. Wilhelmina Norman, the pretty young widow of an army officer, left on the world with only a four-hundred-dollar pension, and driven thereby to take such gleanings of labor as might be dropped in her way by careless mankind. She was a lobbyess, alas, but a very interesting one, and also very pitiful, — Mr. Wesley did not divine how interesting and pitiful until one day, after a private and strictly business interview with her, he noted that her delicate blonde face was pale and weary, and that her blue eyes had the humble pathos of eyes which have recently wept.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Norman?" he inquired, with great gentleness, for she put him in mind of a sister whom he had lost, — lost out of the world. "I am afraid you are overworking on our account. Are you ill?"

The voice of compassion sapped the barriers of womanly reserve, and tears flowed in spite of a struggle to bar them, though they flowed silently. Oh, the sensibility to pity and tenderness of a woman from whom a great love has been withdrawn, leaving her alone in life!

"Ah, my dear lady," said the senator with compunction, "I have done harm instead of good! I beg your pardon."

Little by little the story of her grief, or rather of a single one of many griefs, came out. She had been treated with an impertinence, which she would not describe, by a man so great that she hardly dared murmur his name.

"And it is all because I am in this business!" she sobbed, hysterically. "Oh, I hate it! I hate it!"

The senator was not a good man himself, but he reddened with wrath over the tale. Yet what could he do? The influential personage in question could not be punished, and must not even be affronted. Nor could poor, pretty Mrs. Norman be spared from her thorny but all-important labors. The bill, the priceless bill of the Great Consolidated, was at stake.

"Ah, my dear lady," he groaned, "I pity you! It is a horrid shame. You are too good for this work. But that is just it. It is your very innocence and freshness and modesty that make you strong here. These men are used to brazen women, and are little influenced by them. But you, — just because you are a lady in demeanor and soul, — you are potent. You are the mightiest of all our helpers. I will see that you are well rewarded for your trouble, — yes, and your troubles. Don't abandon us."

The result of this interview, or rather the result of the senator's compassion and gentleness, was that Mrs. Norman believed him to be one of the best of men, and gave him her simple confidence and worship. And because she did that, and because he became aware

of it, he began to put her higher in his soul than all other women.

If Wesley could in these days have seen only Mrs. Norman, or even only his comparatively tough and unsympathetic table intimates, he would have been, on the whole, a comfortably minded legislator, in spite of his hated labors for the Great Consolidated. But there, at every meal, indeed haunting his lodgings at all hours, was that infernal, smoky-eyed Afreet of a Blasorious. There, too, dropping in every evening, was that sable-suited, sardonic secretary, the most potent and intimidating sprite of the two. By the way, it was impossible for him to justify to himself or to anybody else the singular fear in which he held these two beings. They did not seem to produce any special impression upon his habitual guests or his chance visitors. He felt tolerably sure of this, for he watched anxiously to see. From time to time, moreover, he would sound people on the subject.

"Odd-looking fellow, that valet of mine," he observed to paunchy, crimson-wattled Judge Mulberry, — taking good care, of course, that Blazes was out of hearing.

"Yes, rather; what is he?" gobbled Mulberry, pitching into the *perdreau truffé* at a tremendous rate.

"A Transylvanian. Speaks Latin as his mother tongue."

"Bless my soul!" stared Mulberry. "By Jove, I 'd keep a Latin professor of cookery myself, if I could afford it. Wesley, you ain't going to send off that partridge yet, are you? The next dish can't be half so good."

"But have you ever remarked his eyes?" inquired the senator, helping the judge to the remaining perdreau. "I half think the man is a gypsy."

"What 's the matter with his eyes?" mumbles Mulberry, his great mouth full of partridge and truffles.

"Why, really, I hardly know," stammers Wesley. "Perhaps it 's the expression: something like sparks, you know, followed by smoke."

Mulberry's own eyes (which certainly had no sparks nor smoke in them, being altogether too watery) were lifted in astonished inquiry to his entertainer's face.

"Look here, Wesley!" he warned, in a stertorious voice. "You 'd better look out for yourself. Your nerves are getting out of order. A number of men have remarked it. Come, now, shove that burgundy over here, and ring in your next course and go at it like a man."

"Ah — well," sighed the senator *incompris*, tinkling his solid silver bell (chased with the figures and names of the four evangelists), and then averting his eyes from the door, so that he might not see the entering Blasorious.

The rest of his dinner passed in something like a great sandy desert of thirst. Mulberry drank everything on the table, except water, and really risked going home tipsy, all to spare his friend's nerves. Then, still out of pure kindness, he hiccoughed, "Wesley, my boy, let 's go to the theatre and see the ballet."

"Very good," agreed the senator. "Anything to get away from that confounded Blazes!"

"What! Your man?" stared Mulberry. "If you don't like him, why don't you ship him?"

The unhappy president of the Great Consolidated made no reply. It was impossible to explain to his friend, and in fact it was impossible to explain to himself, why there was no possibility of turning off Blasorious.

"I did n't mean Blazes," he stammered. "I was thinking of that Other Fellow; I mean that confounded secretary. He is here nearly every evening."

"Oh! I dare say. Business out of hours be hanged! I never attend to anything after session."

"And then he is such a disagreeable chap!" continued Wesley, plaintively.

"Disagreeable?" dissented Mulberry. "I don't find him so. One of the most gentlemanly, entertaining, bright fellows that I ever met. I 'd like to have him along."

The senator did not take up the question. If he had gone into it, and had

stated what he suspected as to the secretary, or even what he had plainly discerned in him, Mulberry would simply have pooh-poohed at it all, and advised him, with his burgundied breath, to take care of his nerves.

"Staggering old crapulence!" he said to himself, looking askant at his wheezing, heavy-footed friend. "He has three bottles in him this very minute, and preaches austerities and macerations to me."

At this moment Blasorious entered, and said, in his bass-drum voice and excellent English, "Gentlemen, the carriage is ready."

"What!" exclaimed Wesley in downright terror, remembering that he had not ordered a carriage.

"That's all right, Blazes," put in the undisturbed Mulberry, as little surprised as three bottles of wine need be. "You are the softest-footed and quickest-witted man in your line of life that I ever saw. There's a dollar for you. I wish it were a hundred."

Blasorious thanked him in grateful double-bass, and pocketed the gratuity in the most commonplace fashion, as if he had been any ordinary domestic.

They now went out to the carriage, the judge bunting against the senator several times during the brief journey, and meanwhile lecturing him on the perils of the jovial bowl.

"What are you staring at, Wesley?" he demanded, when they reached the pavement.

"I wanted to see who that was on the box," explained the senator, with the air of a man who is not yet quite free of suspicions.

"Why, it's the coachman, of course!" grumbled and gasped Mulberry, as he struggled into the vehicle with the aid of Blasorious. "Hang these Washington carriages! Their doors remind me of the eye of the scriptural needle. Only an anaconda can twist into one without scraping his coat-tails off. What are you craning out of the window for, Wesley?"

"Who was that got on to the box?" asked the senator, actually trembling with terror. "I'm sure that somebody got on to the box."

"Let him, and let him stay there!" puffed the judge. "No room for him inside, after we're in. I dare say it's some bosom friend of the nigger, — or perhaps an applicant after your signature."

"Oh, it's that infernal Blazes!" groaned Wesley. "What is he following *me* for?"

"Going to spend that dollar on a ticket, probably. But why should n't he attend us? We shall want him to help us out, with all this blubber and burgundy aboard."

"Oh, well — it's all right," sighed the senator, wearied of his comrade's stupidity, and attributing it to the three bottles. "I don't care so much for *him*. I was afraid it was the Other Fellow."

"Well, I was n't," said the judge, and chuckled a good deal over his own wit, which, by the way, seemed rather vapory to him next morning.

It is not necessary to describe the stale marvels of the theatre. One can perhaps best give an idea of the entertainment by stating that Judge Mulberry went fast asleep in his box, and snored out a whole wine cellar of opinions, while the senator passed his time in anxiously watching the audience to see if he could discern the dreaded visage of the Other Fellow. It was surely not a pleasant life that he was leading. I hardly know which he liked least, — his yesterdays, or his to-days, or his to-morrows. And yet he was flush of money and potent in great affairs and high in dignity; he was an object of jealousy to more than one stronger man, and of envy to many a happier one.

Perhaps his health was shaken a little, though he would not admit it. He certainly did not look quite well, — not as well as a few days previous, when he was "poor but honest." He was as broad and muscular as ever, but there were haggard lines on his countenance, and there was an anxious expression in his eyes. His doctor, old Wedderburne, met him, stopped him, stared at him,

and said, "Working too hard, ain't you? Do you sleep well?"

"Now look here!" protested the senator peevishly, "I suppose Mulberry has been talking to you about me, confound him!"

The doctor said, "No," but Wesley did n't believe him. He was quite confident in these days that this man and that one and the other one talked about him, and always to his disadvantage.

"Oh, I know Judge Mulberry!" he laughed excitedly. "He 's a babbling old busybody. He 's been spreading a report that my nerves are shaky. A man always says that of his friend when his own hide is as full as a Spanish wine-skin."

Old Wedderburne roared, rubbed his hands prodigiously over the joke, and kept on studying the senator out of the corners of his wrinkled eyes.

"Very good on Mulberry," he giggled. "I shall have to tell him that. By the way, Wesley, don't you really need a little stimulus?"

"Well, perhaps I do," conceded the senator. "I *am* taking something."

"Yes — what?" asked the doctor. "That 's the main point. What *kind* of stuff is it?"

Little by little Wesley confessed to light potations of various *good* wines, with a glass of brandy and water now and then, or possibly whisky instead.

"Too much variety," gently commented old Wedderburne. "Mixing drinks in that way won't do. You 'll spoil your stomach next, and then you won't sleep. Which one of all these things suits you best?"

"I — I think whisky — good old Bourbon."

"Then stick to plain whisky, senator. Try that, — just for a while, you know, — and put a little quinine in it. You know our air, — very malarious. Good morning."

"Confound these doctors!" muttered the senator, as he hastily walked off in the opposite direction, though he was going nowhere in particular. "Always hinting that a fellow is an interesting case! However, I 'll try the whisky, — yes, and the quinine. Does he want to gag me down to a thimbleful? What does Mulberry go talking about me for! What does he know about it! If he were in my place, and saw the people I have to see, he would get into a hogshead of mixed drinks and live there."

Turning a corner, he stumbled upon Blasorious, marching along with a cigar box under his arm, all with the most commonplace air possible. How can even a superior man endure such encounters with equanimity and patience? For a moment the senator forgot his terrors in his rage, and broke out upon the valet like an indignant lion.

"What do you mean, sir?" he demanded. "I want to know, once for all, what is the purpose of this behavior!"

"I was carrying home these regalias, sir," replied Blazes, apparently much dismayed, as well as astonished. "You sent me for them, sir."

"That 's all right," quavered and choked the senator. "But that is n't what I 'm talking about. *You* know as well as *I* do. What are your eyes so infernally black for? And what makes you sparkle them so?"

If Blasorious were an imp of any sort, he was certainly a timorous one, or else he had a knack of counterfeiting timidity. Looking more surprised than ever, and also more alarmed, he stammered out, "A great many people in my country have black eyes, sir. I did n't know that I sparkled them."

"They sparkle like Tophet!" declared the senator. "And that is n't the worst of it; you make smoke come out of them."

Blasorious, apparently in utter confusion of mind, rubbed his optics with the back of his hand.

"Oh, that 's the way you stop it, is it?" stared Wesley. "Well, now, don't let 's have any more of it. Carry the cigars home. And look here! let me have quinine and whisky for dinner, or I 'll know the reason why."

Blasorious, who had probably never before heard of such a table drink, gave him so broad a stare that the senator

trembled even in his moment of victory, and was glad to turn away.

"There he goes, blazing and smoking again!" he muttered. "One of us two will burn up some day. But I'll talk to him about it. I *will* speak. I'm not going to be flamed at and vapored at in silence. And I'll speak to the Other Fellow, too. I don't care what he is. I'll say my say about these things, if I *am* nothing but a human being."

That evening the secretary of the Great Consolidated called on him to discuss the chances of the bill. He was as clear, as business-like, as clever, and, one might say, as epigrammatic as usual.

"Everything has been done that a corporation can do," he said. "I believe that you have done everything that a senator can do. Nothing is left but prophecy. Shall we win?"

"How can I tell?" grumbled Wesley, who had resolved, as we know, on some sort of rebellion against — one hardly knows what. "Why do you expect *me* to prophesy?"

"When a man can't see through the veil himself, it is a relief to get another man to pretend to see through it," smiled the secretary.

"Look here, now, I'm tired of this," protested the senator, though with less pluck than he had hoped to muster. "What 's the sense of your saying, *We men!* You know what you are, and you know that I know."

"True, in this business, I am not a man, — I am an agent," conceded the Other Fellow, without changing a muscle of his *spirituel* countenance.

"Yes, you *are* an agent, — a devil of an agent!" said Wesley, turning pale. "Then, what do you talk about being a man for? I call it hypocrisy, I do. I don't like it."

"Oh, I have certain claims to the character," the secretary continued to smile, though he looked a little surprised, — perhaps at being detected, the senator thought. "I have my human motives and objects. I want to accumulate property for the sake of — well, its influence. That is passably human."

"Property! influence! My gracious, how little I seem to care about those things now!" groaned Wesley. "A week ago I was mad to be mighty and rich. And here I am both, and I don't care. What is wealth? A delusion!"

"Almost the only real property that we have is the yesterday which we enjoyed and have n't yet forgotten," philosophized the Other Fellow.

"Did you enjoy your yesterday?" sternly asked the senator. The poor, bewildered, horrified man was thinking of indefinite periods passed amid wailings and gnashings of teeth.

"It would n't seem very fine to a United States senator."

"How would it seem to a senator of hell?"

It appeared to Wesley that he had the fellow there. But the secretary merely smiled, lit another of the corporation cigars, and replied, "Senator, you are a deeper man than I even supposed. I am not accustomed to meet congressmen who interest themselves in other-world mysteries. Some day I should like to take a drive with you, and compare philosophies and theologies. Just now — well, I must get back to the office. Good night to you."

Office! *Where* was his office? Where did the hypocritical wretch pass his nights? Our poor friend Wesley believed that it was deep under ground.

Really, it must be very uncomfortable to have familiar acquaintance with a demon or two, though ever so high-toned in their demeanor, and courteous in their approaches, and instructive in their conversation. Just think of such an Avernian couple, free to drop in upon you at any moment; shedding a faint scent of brimstone through your rooms in spite of all their eau de Cologne; sparkling and smoking occasionally out of their too brilliant and expressive eyes; taking an interest in your temporal welfare, which makes you tremble all the more for your futurities; and treating your natural fretfulness with the composed urbanity of a cat playing with a disabled mouse! It is my belief that no man who finds himself delivered to such

company can be otherwise than extremely miserable.

In these distresses the senator went much for comfort, as troubled men do go, to a woman. Under immense grief we often forget to cry for help, and long mainly for sympathy. When we most keenly feel that we are failures, then do we most need the presence of a worshiper. In poor little Mrs. Norman, who knew well what pangs there are in sorrow, the afflicted senator found one who could divine and could soothe. Moreover, she bowed before him; she undisguisedly looked up to him as the greatest man of her acquaintance, if not of her era; to him, the consciously fallen and prostrate, she offered the fragrant incense and sweet sacrifice of adoration.

To a congressman who is utterly cast down and bruised in spirit, there may be something inexpressibly soothing and precious in the love of a female lobbyist. And that consolation — altogether ineffective practically, but still brimming full of mercies — was the possession of our harassed senator.

"I wish you were well," the fair, gentle little lady said to him. "If you were only well, you would be happy. You are so able, so influential, so successful! If you could get rid of this — this something that preys on your strength, you would be perfectly contented and cheerful. Don't you know that you would?" she insisted, with that pretty smile of mingled authority and propitiation which is characteristic of the woman who has been married.

The senator was so attracted by the smile that he answered tenderly, "I should still lack one thing to perfect happiness."

Mrs. Norman half divined his meaning, and a rose or two bloomed in her cheek. But he did not continue in this happy, pastoral strain. Of a sudden, the flood of his troubles rolled back upon him, and he began to talk, or rather babble, about them, in the broken fashion of one who speaks out of a nightmare.

"But, Mrs. Norman, I can't get well, as you call it. You don't know my — my complaint. It is one that people don't cure of. Nonsense! I am well enough. It is n't health that I want. It is ease" —

"What?" whispered the lady, full of eagerness to know and to console.

"Persecution," he dared to explain. "I am followed and watched," he added, looking about him. "There is a conspiracy. Oh, it is useless to talk, — useless to tell you this. You can't help. For Heaven's sake, don't repeat this!"

But Mrs. Norman must talk. "Followed?" she inquired. "Why don't you inform the police? How dare anybody conspire against a United States senator! *Do* let me talk about it. Perhaps I can advise, woman as I am."

It overjoyed her to think, or hope, that perhaps she could help him. The emotion sent new roses into her delicate cheeks, and a liquid radiance into her blue eyes, making her momentarily beautiful. The senator, deeply touched and interested, leaned forward, seized her slender hand, and imprinted on it a kiss of gratitude, near akin to love. Then, seeing that he had greatly agitated her, he said, "Forgive me. I could not help thanking you at once. You shall know some day how much I respect and prize you."

Mrs. Norman's breath came so thick that for twenty seconds she could not speak; and during that brief interval the sombre flood once more rolled over the senator's head.

"Ah, there are too many of them!" he groaned. "At first there was one; then only two; but now there are half a dozen. The police!" he scoffed; "what could the police do? If we had archangels for police, to be sure! But I don't know of any angels in Washington. I don't believe one has been here these twenty years, — except you, Mrs. Norman."

"And I am a lobbyist," she laughed, seeking to turn all into a joke, and so distract him from his troubles.

"There are worse people than lobbyists," he said grimly, "and some of them are United States senators. No wonder I am followed and compassed

about with a great cloud of — oh, such witnesses!"

Glancing here, with an air of fixed horror, at one end of her tiny parlor, he rose suddenly and hurried away, scarcely muttering a good night. Running to her window, she presently saw him walking rapidly down the street, occasionally looking over his shoulder. Then, before seeking her rest, she knelt down and sobbed a prayer for him.

The senator had told the truth in his sad confessions to the only being for whom he now cared. During the last twenty-four hours the creatures who haunted and harassed him had increased in numbers and waxed mighty in power of torment. Besides the secretary and Blasorious, there were other black-vestured personages who seemed to have the right to follow him everywhere, walking close behind him in the streets, sitting opposite him in the street-cars, and even intruding among the sacred arm-chairs of the senate-chamber. Often and often he wondered what his fellow-members and fellow-citizens thought of seeing him attended by such a sombre committee. "Will it be supposed," he said to himself, with a desperate laugh, "that I am running for the presidency of Tophet?"

On the morning after the above interview with Mrs. Norman, while he was making his last appeals (confidential) to his fellow conscript fathers in favor of the bill, one of these fuliginous gentlemen attended him at every step, whispering the keenest suggestions and the aptest phrases. It is impossible to describe his horror at this dark proximity, or his wonder at the wicked cleverness of these assistances. How glad he would have been to get rid of the creature, and yet how poorly he would have argued without him! In vain did he shake his head, wave his hand majestically, and mutter, "Go out of the cloak-room!" The agent — or whatever we ought to call him — seemed to know that he was privileged, and would not depart. And, what was strangest of all to Wesley, he could not perceive that other senators objected to the fellow's presence, or appeared in the least surprised at it.

The bill passed. With all this marvelous lobbying, how could it help passing? It went to the House, and Senator Wesley went with it, and the dusky agent also. There likewise it passed, and without debate. It was as good as law. The corporation of the Great Consolidated rejoiced in all its members, from the sprucest white-cravated director down to the greasiest oiler of axles.

But did the successful and now opulent president share in the wide-spread gratulation? He hastened away from the scene of his triumph with the air of a rogue who believes himself followed by detectives. Seeing the secretary — that awful Other Fellow — approaching him with a smile of congratulation, he actually dodged down a side hall, and ran away from him, his face wearing an expression of horror which passers-by never forgot. Reaching the city, he entered a lawyer's office, and made his will, down to the very witnessing and sealing. His whole estate, one is agreeably surprised to learn, he left to Mrs. Wilhelmina Norman.

Next, he stopped in at old Wedderburne's office, not so much because he thought himself in need of medical care as because he wanted to shake off a tall man in black velvet, who followed him persistently.

"Well, Wesley, how are you to-day?" asked the doctor, staring at him with rather an unpleasant fixedness.

The senator leaned forward, and replied in an agitated whisper, "Is that fellow a friend of yours?"

"Which fellow?" murmured Wedderburne, without even turning to look in the direction indicated.

"Why, good Lord! this foreigner here; this chap in the opera costume, — long feather in his cap."

"Speak out, senator," said the doctor, cheeringly. "You need n't restrain yourself on his account. There 's no harm in the poor, silly fellow, and I don't think he understands English."

"And there 's his infernal dog!" groaned Wesley, with unallayed terror. "That infernal, big, black brute of a dog! By Jove, it 's Mephistopheles! No,

it is n't; it 's Blazes. It 's Mephistopheles and Blazes in one. Doctor, I always suspected it."

He said this with such an agony of conviction and horror that the seasoned old physician felt tears of pity come into his eyes.

"Now, look here, my dear friend, don't be worried," he said. "There 's no harm in these chaps. Plenty of men have seen them, and have n't been hurt by them. Don't get agitated about a simpleton in fancy-ball costume. I know how to manage those jokers."

"But what are you going to do with him?" pleaded the trembling senator. "There he stands, the infernal scoundrel, waiting for me. And there are more of them in the street. Don't you hear them? They 've been calling after me all the way from the Capitol."

"Let them call," said Wedderburne. "You are too tired to attend to their nonsense now. You are worn out, senator, with this incessant work. What you want is sleep."

"Sleep! I can't sleep. Give me some whisky, doctor. Perhaps I could sleep on your sofa, if I had some whisky."

"Try a little chloral first. The whisky can wait."

With much difficulty the doctor persuaded his patient to take a dose of chloral, and then gently led him home. Blasorious opened the door, and the senator uttered a shriek. Wedderburne whispered some errand to the valet, and the latter hurried away at his usual speedy pace.

"You see I can manage these fellows," nodded the doctor. "Now, come upstairs with me. I 'll put you to bed and sit up with you."

But the senator could not sleep. "Where is the whisky?" he begged. "I can't shut my eyes without it."

At last a wine-glass of liquor was given him, strongly dosed with bromide of potassium.

Now came a dolorous struggle between the strength of the medicine and the strength of the possession. The senator tossed and tumbled for hours, cursing his haunting tormentors, striving to rise and fly from them, praying piteously for strong drink, and then again cursing, or weeping. Eventually he fell into a succession of short dozes, from which he started up screaming with terror. After each waking the doctor gave him beef tea, or other small doses of nourishment. But still the persecutors came, and the immense horror continued. The room swarmed with men in black costume, attended by huge black dogs or indescribable monsters. The personage whom Wesley chiefly dreaded, however, was the secretary of the great railroad corporation, or, as he constantly called him, the Other Fellow.

"Don't let him in!" he implored. "Don't let him come near me! He brought all the others. He commands them. They only want to carry me away because he bids them. There! don't you see him sitting in the window? He wants me to jump out with him." Then, after a long pause, addressing the tempter, "Jump out yourself, if you like it!"

"That 's right," observed the doctor, almost smiling. "That 's the way to treat those fellows. Now try a little more beef tea, Wesley, and then take another nap."

There was a slumber now which seemed likely to last. The doctor leaned back in his chair, watched his patient with eyes of satisfaction, and smiled like a seraph. He believed, with the great joy of a physician in such moments, that he had beaten a terrible malady. Five minutes later Judge Mulberry softly entered the room, and whispered to him that Mrs. Wedderburne had been taken seriously ill.

"How can I leave this man?" gasped the doctor. "You know what has got him."

"Oh, I know, — expected it," said the judge. "Go and look to your wife, and come back here. I 'll see to Wesley."

But the judge was elderly, and had dined copiously. After a time — he never knew how long — he awoke from a refreshing nap, and found his patient gone.

The next that was known of the senator he knocked gently, about ten in the evening, at the door of Mrs. Norman's parlor. He was dressed with unusual care, and there was a pleasant smile on his face.

"Why, Mr. Wesley!" she exclaimed, delighted to see him, late as it was. "Come in. How well and gay you are looking! Success suits you, does n't it, now?"

"Yes, I am very well and very happy," he replied, gazing about him with a rapt expression, as though the air were full of ravishing sights. "And I am all the happier for not being too late to see you, my dear lady."

A sweet illusion had come over the terrible judgment which afflicted this unhappy misdoer. It is possible enough that for him, as for other men who have been in his lamentable case, the figures of demons and tormentors had changed delusively into shapes of celestial sweetness and brightness, perhaps playing on those golden harps which Bunyan heard ringing from the walls of the heavenly city.

"I am perfectly happy," he repeated, still smiling. "I should say that the air was full of fairies, — lovely fairies. And you are the loveliest of them all."

She laughed heartily, and also blushed heartily, as she was wont to do. She had not a suspicion but that he was speaking with jocose exaggeration, and talking of fairies figuratively, meaning thereby pleasant thoughts, or triumphant hopes.

"And now, my dear child, I have one simple thing to say to you," he added, fixing his eyes upon her with indescribable longing and tenderness. "I have learned to admire you and love you. Will you be my wife?"

All unknowing that this was a voice out of the land of shadows and great darkness, she leaned forward in obedience to its irresistible summons, and lay upon his heart. He put his arm around her, drew her firmly against his breast, and kissed her once. Then, of a sudden, he started; his face assumed an expression of unutterable aversion and horror; he stared at her neck as if he saw it twined with deadly reptiles.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, pushing her from him. "And *you*, too!"

In the next moment he had reached an open window, and disappeared through it with a loud cry.

Mrs. Norman shrieked also, but she did not faint. In one minute she had rushed down three stories and reached the granite pavement below. There she saw Blasorious lifting up the body of her lover, and gazing with a fixed, dusky stare into his lifeless eyes, while from a carriage which halted at that moment came a darkly-attired personage, whom she recognized as the secretary.

"Is he dead?" she asked a dozen times, with loud sobs and gaspings, while they lifted the suicide into the vehicle. "Oh, what made him do it?"

"An overworked brain," whispered the secretary out of the window, "is what we shall have to say. Drive on!"

J. W. DeForest.

ONE OUT-OF-DOORS.

A GHOST — is he afraid to be a ghost?
A ghost? It breaks my heart to think of it.
Something that wavers in the moon, at most;
Something that wanders; something that must flit
From morning, from the bird's breath and the dew.
Ah, if I knew, — ah, if I only knew!

Something so weirdly wan, so weirdly still!
O yearning lips that our warm blood can flush,
Follow it with your kisses, if you will;
O beating heart, think of its helpless hush.
Oh, bitterest of all, to fear we fear
Something that was so near, that was so dear!

No, — no, he is no ghost; he could not be;
Something that hides, forlorn, in frost and brier;
Something shut outside in the dark, while we
Laugh and forget by the familiar fire;
Something whose moan we call the wind, whose tears
Sound but as rain-drops in our human ears.

Mrs. Sallie M. B. Piatt.

SHERIDAN AT WINCHESTER.

As it has been recently stated that the story of Sheridan's ride at the battle of Cedar Creek is a fiction, and as many other late statements in the newspapers about the Shenandoah Valley campaign of 1864 under Sheridan are incorrect, it seems due to the memory of the brave dead and gallant living officers and men of Sheridan's army that some one should give an authoritative account of the campaign and the man, and especially of the fight at Cedar Creek. I shall therefore relate in brief the facts of the campaign, merely premising that I was on Sheridan's staff and present at all the battles.

During the whole war the Shenandoah Valley offered to the Confederates an easy road north, being supplied with railroads and a macadamized turnpike, probably at that time the best road in the South. The valley itself was very fertile, and, notwithstanding the fighting for three years, in 1864 it was full of supplies, which, on account of the open country, their troops could easily gather and transport. On the west the mountains were difficult to pass, and nobody wanted to go that way. To the northeast lay Washington, and northward the road to Baltimore. Philadelphia was up a valley equally practicable with the Shenandoah itself, and in fact a continuation of it, flanked by the same two ranges of mountains, with the watershed, of course, in an opposite direction. Still the decline in each valley was so slight that the terms *up* and *down* were strangely mixed; generally it was called *down* the Shenandoah towards Staunton (perhaps because we are apt to associate the terms *down* and *south*.) Across the Blue Ridge lay the counties of Loudon and Fauquier, a beautiful rolling country, generally open, but well supplied with woods and a network of small roads besides good turnpikes. Here was the home of Mosby's battalion, and in spite of all attempts to drive him away here he remained, during the whole war, master of the situation, ready to harass our lines of communication south by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad and the roads towards Richmond; and by crossing the Blue Ridge he was at once on the flank of our army in the Shenandoah. It probably took, all through the war, in one place and another, twenty thousand men to watch Mosby's command. Seldom remaining to fight, he was ubiquitous, and the amount of property he destroyed and the number of prisoners he captured

during the war were something marvelous. No wagon train could move unless strongly guarded, and even then was almost at his mercy.

There seemed to be for our arms something akin to fatality in the Shenandoah Valley. It witnessed during the war many battles and gallant fights, but also for us several sad disasters and retreats. Especially was it expensive to us in the material of war. The captures by the Confederates were so considerable that it could almost be said to be to them an arsenal, besides providing enormous supplies of provisions for their armies.

What happened in 1861, 1862, and 1863 in the valley has frequently been described, with the wonderful doings of Ashby, Ewell, Stonewall Jackson, and others on the Confederate side, and the campaigns of Banks, Shields, Milroy, which surely deserve the term remarkable.

Stonewall Jackson achieved great reputation for his marches, fights, and captures there, and the valley gave more renown to him than to any other general of either army, excepting Sheridan. The avenue to and from Antietam and Gettysburg, for Lee's troops, was by the valley.

In the spring of 1864, General Hunter, with a rather heterogeneous command, marched up to near Lynchburg, for a time having everything his own way, but he met no well-organized Southern troops. Finally, in July, Lee detached Early, who hustled Hunter out in quick time, crossed the Potomac, and advanced through Maryland towards Washington, where he came within a hair's-breadth of taking the city. His advance caused a panic at the North, and gold reached its highest figure, 285, in consequence.

The sixth and nineteenth army corps, the one from Grant in front of Petersburg, the other from the James (being then on ships just from New Orleans), were dispatched in haste to defend the capital, and arrived in the very nick of time. Early pushed back through Maryland, retired only across the Potomac, and from there again menaced Pennsylvania and Maryland. Washington drew a long breath of relief, and the chiefs there now determined to take the valley in hand in earnest. The sixth corps crossed the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap, having a lively little affair at the ford across the Shenandoah. Sheridan was summoned from the front of Petersburg, and two of the three divisions of his cavalry joined him in the valley. Making his head-quarters at Harper's Ferry, he quickly assembled his forces, and prepared for the work allotted to him. In one week he was ready, having under him three divisions of the sixth corps (under Wright), two of the nineteenth (Emory [1]), and two of the eighth (Crook [2]); two divisions and a brigade of cavalry under Torbert, and one (Averill) afterwards detached.

On his taking command of the army in the valley the Middle Military Division was created for General Sheridan, — a large command, including generally all the Middle States, and Virginia north of the James. Orders were issued from General Grant to General Sheridan carefully to watch the valley and Early's army, but to avoid a general engagement, unless forced into it. Consequently our army advanced to Battletown (Berryville), and up the valley to Newtown and Middletown; then retreated to Charlestown and Harper's Ferry, closely followed by Early, who was reinforced by a large body of cavalry and Anderson's division of Longstreet's corps, fighting meanwhile only skirmishes, which were almost always to our advantage. Several of these were worthy of especial mention, as entire infantry regiments were charged and captured by our cavalry on two occasions.

Early now retreated via Charlestown

[1] A fine specimen of the old United States army officer. Though Sheridan's senior by many years, he showed none of the jealousy so common during the war among West Point officers. He handled his corps well, and at Cedar Creek received a handsome compliment from Sheridan.

[2] General George Crook, a fine officer, graduated from West Point, an intimate friend of Sheridan. During this campaign he had a rather motley command. At Winchester and Fisher's Hill his men did splendid work.

across the Opequan, and with headquarters between Winchester and Martinsburg he occupied the line of the Opequan Creek. Sheridan continually engaged Early's attention by reconnoissances, and advanced up the valley to near Battletown. Early was equally active, and threatened attacks frequently. But Early's game was essentially one of bluff. He was attempting, with an inferior force, to occupy too much ground, and September 19th found him spread out from Winchester nearly to Martinsburg, with Sheridan's army well concentrated at Battletown, only ten miles from Winchester, and with the Opequan Creek between. General Sheridan had repeatedly and in vain requested leave to attack, and General Grant finally came up from Petersburg to Charlestown, where Sheridan met him, and demonstrated to him the state of affairs and the good chance to fight and defeat Early. Grant at last gave the coveted permission, arrangements were made, and in two days the battle of Winchester was fought. Early not only did not "force the battle," as is stated in some papers, but was surprised, and came very near total destruction.

Our army marched at two A. M., September 19th. The march to Opequan Creek was soon made, and before daylight the sixth corps was across. The passage was difficult, as the descent to the creek from the east towards Winchester is steep; the creek had to be forded; and on the west side is a defile, heavily wooded, of about two miles before ground is reached where a line of battle can be formed. About noon the sixth and nineteenth corps deployed, and advanced without waiting for the eighth corps, and the battle of Winchester commenced. The sixth corps, on the left and centre, was carrying all before it, but the second division of the nineteenth corps (the first being in reserve) was taken in flank by the Confederates and very roughly handled, and had to retreat, the enemy not advancing. A long lull followed until the eighth corps came up. Meanwhile our cavalry, crossing several miles down the Opequan, advanced against the Confederate cavalry, and driving it in pursued it towards Winchester. At about one hour before sunset our three corps advanced, and the cavalry came in on the enemy just outside Winchester. Our two attacks were consequently at right angles. The cavalry rode over an infantry division (Wheaton), while our infantry swept the enemy before them in wild confusion. Nightfall alone saved Early, who took to flight, leaving in our hands three thousand prisoners, five guns, and seven colors. Winchester was full of his wounded, who, deserted by their surgeons, were left to our care.

The next day, by marching all night, Early took up his position at Fisher's Hill (the strongest one in the valley, and one considered impregnable). It is a hill just beyond Strasburg, running across the valley, and so steep towards the south as to be almost a precipice for about a mile each side of the turnpike road. Towards the west the elevation is less and the slope more gradual. Following close upon Early's heels, our troops came up and posted themselves in his front. Sheridan at once carefully reconnoitred his position, and on the 22d, making little attacks on Early's front, he sent Crook with the eighth corps round his left flank to feel of him. Early, not relying on the natural strength of the position, had thrown up considerable works and dug rifle-pits. His guns were placed behind breastworks, and even embrasures were constructed. Our cavalry were sent up the little valley (Luray), and only the infantry and artillery were opposite Early.

After sending Crook out on the right, General Sheridan, with a few of his staff, sat on his horse, about the centre of our line, eagerly watching the enemy to note the effect of Crook's attack. The opening guns were fired late in the afternoon, when suddenly the enemy were seen to falter and retreat. Sheridan exclaimed, "By God, Crook is driving them!" and immediately ordered a general advance. Our troops rushed forward down one side, up the steep hill, across the rebel works, and in a moment,

as it were, the position was taken, and Early's army, two days after Winchester, again defeated, with a loss of twenty-one guns and some twelve hundred prisoners. The general and officers of the staff with him dashed forward with the troops, and entered the works with them. Captain Martin, of the staff, captured a gun with his own hands; and an infantry soldier, not having his gun loaded, in the excitement knocked the driver of a cannon, who was trying to get it away, off his horse with a stone, and took the piece. Sheridan personally urged on the troops, and kept with the advanced guard all night. In a late newspaper article it is even stated that Sheridan was unequal to handling an army; that in fact he blundered on his success; and one is left to believe that he was a coarse, swearing trooper, fit only to command a company, or at most a regiment, of cavalry. Probably during the whole war no general made a better disposition of his troops in a battle, or a better plan for a battle or campaign. In one respect Sheridan was especially remarkable: that was in himself watching the troops in battle, seeing for himself what was done, and taking instant advantage of the chances that offered. Darkness and our want of cavalry saved Early from utter ruin. Our army followed Early all night, a constant skirmish going on between our advance and his rear, and no halt was made until Woodstock was reached. Early's army, in sadly demoralized condition, managed to get away, pursued by our army as far as Staunton. Every day we captured stragglers in large numbers; the whole country about was full of them, and quantities got away across the mountains to the east and west, joining Early further up the valley. Our main army halted at Harrisonburg, the cavalry going to Staunton. While we were here came the order from Washington to destroy all the mills, forage, and provisions, and to retreat, leaving behind us a country incapable of supporting an army. Nobody who was one of that army will ever forget the scenes of our retreat. By day the smoke obscured the sun; by night a lurid sky reflected the glare of burning barns and stacks of grain and hay for twice twenty-four hours. Early's army was supposed to be ruined, if not annihilated. But on the 8th of October, towards evening, came the familiar sound of artillery, and again appeared the Confederate cavalry (this time commanded by Rosser), sharply following up our army. Next morning about four A. M., at head-quarters at Strasburg, General Torbert, in command of all our cavalry, rode up on his beautiful gray horse, with large staff, colors, and escort. Dismounting in front of the log fire, he found Sheridan impatiently pacing up and down in front of his tent. Torbert advanced with "Good morning, general." Sheridan drew himself up, faced Torbert, and said, "General Torbert, get upon your horse, and don't let me see you again until either you have beaten the rebel cavalry, or they have beaten you!" Torbert got on his horse, and rode rapidly off without saying a word. The noise of artillery soon told of the opening attack. Just outside Strasburg is a hill thickly wooded. In a line running north and south the trees were felled, forming a notch between the dark spruces. The rebels had made this for a signal station. Our signal corps occupied it. Soon the flag waved down, "three guns captured;" again, "five guns captured." The firing grew more distant, and finally became inaudible. But the little flag waved down to us at head-quarters the welcome news, growing successively more welcome and glorious, until the captures by our cavalry grew to eleven guns, wagons, prisoners, etc.; or, in the language of the report, "all the rebels had on wheels."

That fight was known to our men as the "Woodstock races," as our cavalry pursued Rosser ("the saviour of the valley") twenty-six miles, through Woodstock, capturing from him all his artillery, and his head-quarter wagons among the rest. Next day General Custer, who, as always, was conspicuous in the fight, and who captured Rosser's luggage, appeared at head-quarters in a new suit of his, as a Confederate general. After

this it was long before the Confederate cavalry was seen again.

The sixth corps now went towards the army of the Potomac at Petersburg, and it was thought that Early's army would not again attempt to move down the valley; but they had got no further than the crossing of the Shenandoah River by White Post, on their way to Alexandria, before Early became demonstrative, and the sixth corps rejoined Sheridan at the line of Cedar Creek, near Middletown, taking position upon the right of the line. Sheridan posted his army across the turnpike on the north side of Cedar Creek, in a position unassailable on the front: the nineteenth corps in the centre, the sixth on the right, and the eighth on the left. The land was higher at Middletown and upon the left of the turnpike to Cedar Creek than upon the right; and it was also high along the creek, with a defile in front and a steep descent to the rear. On this ridge was placed the artillery of the nineteenth corps, with the infantry in camp in the low land to the rear. A wide plain extended from there, parallel to the creek, to the road, and for about a mile to the rear. The eighth corps was in camp on the heights on the left of the road, between Middletown and Cedar Creek, on barren hills overlooking the wooded valley to our left and front, and also looking to the right down across the plain in the rear of the nineteenth corps position. The cavalry was on our right and rear, guarding the back road and all the approaches from the right. Evidently, then, our left was the only assailable part of our position, and here the pickets were well out in front and to the left on the creek, and the position a commanding one. The army lay in this place about a week, getting up supplies, and resting after the severe marches of the past month. As our force outnumbered Early's, and was moreover in admirable condition after its victories, it might well feel secure in its strong position. The question now was how to hold on to the valley and yet send away the sixth corps to the army of the Potomac. It was proposed to fortify the line of Front Royal and Cedar Creek, and supply an intrenched camp from Alexandria by opening the Manassas Gap Railroad through Loudon County by way of Manassas Gap to Front Royal. General Augur was sent from Washington with troops along the line of the railroad into the heart of what was known as Mosby's Confederacy (where his command now consisted of nearly sixteen hundred men and a battery of guns), to open the railroad. General Sheridan was ordered to cross the mountains, meet Augur, and proceed to Washington, to arrange a plan for holding the valley on the line proposed. Taking a few members of his staff, he went across the Blue Ridge to Washington, and was on his way back, having got as far as Winchester, on the 19th of October.

Early displayed considerable activity about the 16th of October, moving his men about, and sending some infantry almost up to our cavalry pickets on the right. On the 18th, Gordon's division moved to our left, and at night made the march with great caution, — even dispensing with canteens on account of noise, — through the woods, to a point across the creek near our picket line, on our extreme left; Early, meantime, moving up the balance of his army close to our lines in front, ready to cross the bridge over the creek at the turnpike.

On the morning of the 19th, an hour before dawn, Gordon attacked our pickets with his main force, and immediately followed them into our positions, allowing no time for an alarm. The attack was a perfect success, Crook's troops being surprised in their camps and in their tents. Sleeping men were killed, and in half an hour the eighth corps became a disorganized mob, fleeing wildly down the valley pike through Middletown. For the rest of the 19th of October, the eighth corps was *hors de combat*. Gordon captured many prisoners and several guns in his attack, cleared the bridge across the creek, and allowed the balance of Early's army to cross unopposed. From the position of the eighth corps, and from the turnpike where Early now was, the Confederate

army could look down upon Sheridan's head-quarters across the plain, in rear of the nineteenth corps artillery, and he could enfilade all our position with the fire of his guns. General Crook dashed off to try to rally his corps. General Wright rode to Sheridan's head-quarters, and, seeing the condition of things, at once marched his corps to the left and formed a new line. But Early had already captured eighteen guns, the entire camp of the eighth corps, and much equipage, etc., from the nineteenth corps, who were obliged to leave their camp in haste. Here Early's troops failed. So far their attack had been bold, well planned, and perfectly successful. But now came a disastrous halt to plunder the captured camps.

The nineteenth and sixth corps had not lost a man, and marched out to the fight in perfect order. The sixth corps in advance commenced the fight just to the right of Middletown, and held the enemy in check, the first division being principally engaged. The nineteenth corps was on our right. The cavalry under Torbert crossed to our extreme left, and occupied the pike. The army was not well handled, though, and General Torbert for a long time received no orders, marching to the pike on his own responsibility. The troops were steady, and all expected orders to advance; but instead our line gradually fell back, followed slowly by the enemy. At about three P. M., on General Emory's front was open, descending ground for more than a mile, nearly to where the sixth corps had been encamped. He marched sullenly to the rear, to the crest of a hill looking down on Early's troops slowly advancing in line of battle. As they approached, the artillery threw shot up the long hill. The writer of this article was at this time with Emory. He looked at the advancing enemy, and at his troops, who had hardly fired a shot all day. Then he said, uttering the thoughts of the entire army, "What will Sheridan say! It is a d——d shame to retreat until we are beaten, and I'll be d——d if I retreat any further!" He ordered his men to make a breastwork of rails along the crest of the hill, and was giving directions to defend it, when orders came from General Wright to retreat, and almost immediately to the left could be seen, coming out of some woods, the head of two columns with the colors of the first and second divisions of the sixth corps. I rode for a while with General Wheaton at the head of the first division, sixth corps, talking of the sad event of the day, until the valley pike came into view across some fields. It was at once noticed that men in considerable numbers were going up the pike to the front, and others were galloping about in excitement. I rode across at full speed, and coming up to an infantry soldier asked what was the matter. He said, "Sheridan has just ridden up the pike. I guess there 'll be no more retreat to-day." In a few moments I met Thony Forsythe, Sheridan's chief of staff, who told me to go as quick as I could to Newtown, form a guard, and bring up every man I could. All along the road were abundant signs of panic, — guns without caissons, abandoned wagons, and stragglers by hundreds. In about two hours I brought up nearly three thousand men, all disorganized, but ready to join their colors now. Sheridan, once up with the troops, stopped the retreat, re-formed his line of battle, rode along the lines saying a few words here and there, and about half an hour before sundown made a general attack, furious and successful at all points. Early's men made a fierce resistance, but were charged by infantry and cavalry, and were soon in complete rout, followed by our cavalry, who pursued them as far as Fisher's Hill, capturing a great quantity of prisoners and material of all sorts. Three times (in the three large battles of this campaign) the critical point of the battle came just at sundown, and night came to Early's aid. It is a fact that on each occasion his army was demoralized, and at the mercy of Sheridan had daylight lasted. At Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek the final attack was of so impetuous a nature that Early's men were literally "whirled up the valley." Here, too, the excellent roads, flanked com-

monly by open fields, helped his retreat. Such defeats in Eastern Virginia would have meant annihilation. Early's troops, admirable at all points, were especially strong in marching; the same could be said of the Confederate army generally. They marched habitually with no stragglers and with great rapidity; and they subsisted on food which would have demoralized a Union army, and could fight like heroes on an empty stomach. Fisher's Hill and darkness as usual saved Early's army. Early's generals all were brave men, but one deserves especial mention, — General Ramseur, of North Carolina, who commanded a division in this campaign. On several occasions he was very conspicuous; but this evening, when the final attack was made, and his troops became unsteady, he rode out alone a distance in front of them between the lines, encouraging his men by word and example. It was not the only time he had been seen to do the same thing, but here it cost him his life. He fell mortally wounded, and later was brought to Sheridan's head-quarters, where everything was done that was possible to render him comfortable, General Custer, a classmate at West Point, being especially attentive. He died during the night. General Sheridan that night slept where his head-quarters had been in the morning. The old Hite House[1] was full of wounded and dying men, friends and foes, and slippery with blood, and the dead lay thick around.

The next few days the trophies were collected on the plain in front of head-quarters: forty-nine guns, fifty-two caissons, many thousand of small-arms, with a great quantity of army wagons and ambulances, and about eleven hundred prisoners and five or six stand of colors. The number of prisoners was but a small part of all captured, as hundreds escaped in the darkness.

This battle ended the campaign, and soon after, on the plan of fortification being abandoned, the army withdrew to Winchester, and the sixth corps went to Petersburg. Numerous engagements also took place besides those mentioned. Our cavalry were almost always marching and fighting, and distinguished themselves greatly. In fact, during this campaign the Confederate cavalry may be said to have received their death blow. Towards the last they were quite unable to stand up before our horsemen. Even Mosby lost his artillery.

In the eleven weeks from the date of Sheridan's taking command to the battle of Cedar Creek he fought three battles, and almost daily some smaller affair, capturing during that time eighty-nine cannon and over nine thousand prisoners from the Confederate army, defeating them in every engagement, except that morning at Cedar Creek. Sheridan's army was numerically largely superior to Early's, but the campaign would have been otherwise impossible. Mosby, with sixteen hundred men and guns, was always on his flank, besides other guerrilla bands. As he advanced he was obliged to garrison the larger towns, and his wagon trains had to be very strongly guarded to keep up his line of communication and supply, which at times extended from Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg to Staunton.

Until "Winchester" he kept strictly on the defensive, according to instructions, merely marching up and down to keep Early's attention occupied; but when the word was given to take the offensive he displayed a wonderful activity. At head-quarters it was always a wonder how he could do his work; apparently he never slept, and during a battle or march he never had a tent or head-quarters established except where occasion called him. His staff passed a score of nights in the saddle, the only opportunity to lie down being in the dust or mud of a road during a temporary halt.

In a battle he was everywhere, and saw everything for himself. At Fisher's Hill victory would have been otherwise impossible. At Cedar Creek it was his

[1] Built by one of General Washington's officers, about 1800, in a commanding position overlooking the beautiful valley from Blue Ridge to the mountains on the west, — a fine example of the houses of that time. It was of stone, with a broad piazza and colonnade. The estate originally reached, it was said, from mountain to mountain, and must have contained several square miles of land

personal presence that turned that disaster into so brilliant a victory. Usually retired and reticent, he would, during a battle, become ablaze with enthusiasm. He was always affable, and would hear what one had to say; but woe to the officer who displeased him. Doing his own full duty, he expected the same from all under him, and he got it too; and therein lay his strength. He had no favorites but the men who best carried out his orders. His orders to Torbert on the morning of the Woodstock races were characteristic, and what happened at Five Forks in putting Griffin in command of the fifth corps was to be expected of him.

He became as thin as a greyhound during the campaign. He always wore his major-general's uniform, and with it the dignity of the position. He was the beau ideal of a general. He rode two horses, a gray and a black; both very large, powerful, and fleet animals. The former was said to have belonged to General Breckenridge, and to have been captured in one of the Western battles. Both horses had a peculiar Kentucky gait, — something between a walk and a trot, — which caused no little anguish to, and frequent strong language in quiet from, his staff, who to keep up were obliged to take that exasperating gait, a jog-trot. When this was continued nearly all day, the effect, good perhaps for the digestion, was anything but soothing to the physique and temper. On the 19th of October the black was the horse ridden, and the popular chromo, Sheridan's Ride, gives an excellent idea of the horse, except that the horse, in proportion to his rider, was really far larger.[1]

Much has been said in the newspapers about Sheridan's profanity, and one might really suppose he had studied in some Falstaffian school. I can only say I did not notice it. When the emergency required it (and sometimes strong language was felt to be not only a relief but a necessity) he could, like many men in all callings of life, rise to the occasion in language as in deed; but I never observed any peculiar profanity in the man, while usually he was not only moderate in the quality but particularly so in the quantity of his language.

It is but fair to say that some officers of the sixth corps staff state that before (and it is only claimed that it was *just* before) Sheridan came up General Wright had issued orders for the army to advance. But it is certain that it *had not advanced*, and that it was in retreat when Sheridan rode up the pike.

The eighth corps took no part worth mentioning in the battle of Cedar Creek after the surprise of the morning. What fighting was done up to the final attack was by the first and second divisions (the first especially) of the sixth corps (the whole corps handled with great ability by General Getty), which had had a very severe fight just to the right of Middletown early in the day. All the rest of the fighting until Sheridan gave the order for the final attack was desultory, our troops slowly giving ground, and obliquing towards the pike and our rear.

The surprise of the morning gave Early the command of the pike. Why he did not force his troops down that fine road, which for two miles, being on a ridge, commanded all the country round it, is a mystery. It was worse than folly. Not a man in blue for over an hour was on that road; it led to our rear, and would have cut us off from our base and from reinforcements, and compelled our troops to retreat by the back road.

Some rebel cavalry were for a time in Middletown. With a guard of thirteen of our scouts in rebel uniform, about an hour after the surprise, I rode into the town, and sat watching the men in gray, expecting to see the head of a column of Early's men each minute. Just afterwards Wheaton's division came up, and opened his fight with the enemy. Riding towards our right, away from the pike, I came upon our cavalry, Torbert in command, who rode rapidly towards me, awaiting orders. He said he had his men all ready, but did not know what had taken place, and had received no orders whatever all the morning from

[1] This horse has just died, October, 1878, at Chicago

any one. I briefly gave him the news, and advised him to lose no time in gaining the pike and holding it, which he at once did. In the final attack and victory our cavalry held the left along the pike. The fields were open and fenced with stone-wall, and Kershaw's division of Longstreet's corps defended the line. It is needless to say the fighting was desperate while it lasted. Our cavalry mounted, and charged the choicest infantry of the Confederate army in open country across stone-walls, and did it successfully. Here fell, mortally wounded, General Charles R. Lowell (then Colonel Lowell, commanding reserve brigade of cavalry), who died the next morning in Middletown. No man ever distinguished himself more in a short time than this brave and accomplished officer.

All the battles in the valley were in an open country, with few fences and good roads. It was a frequent remark with officers that they "never *saw* a battle before." Here the whole field lay before them like the stage of a theatre. The scenery was wonderfully beautiful, the weather perfect, and the whole campaign exciting and full of incident. I think those who went through it will always recall it with pleasure (if war can ever be called pleasant). Certainly, if not the most successful, it was the most brilliant campaign of the war.

The battle of Winchester caused gold to fall from 230 to 191.

In closing I wish to state that this article has been written entirely without consulting General Sheridan, and without his knowledge.

Benjamin W. Crowninshield,
Major 1st Mass. Cavalry.

SAVING VERSUS SPENDING.

THE "HARD TIMES:" TWO THEORIES AS TO THE CAUSE AND THE REMEDY.

When the present "hard times" are discussed, two wholly antagonistic theories are advanced as to their cause and as to their remedy. On the one hand, it is claimed that the real cause of our trouble is that we have been extravagant and wasteful, and that, in order to make good the waste of the past, we should now be as saving and economical as possible. On the other hand, it is said that the cause of our present distress cannot be past extravagance and waste, for such causes ought to lead to a general *scarcity*, rather than abundance, of the products of labor; that the most peculiar and conspicuous symptoms of the present distress are the large stocks of all kinds of goods which have been waiting for consumers, and the large numbers of people who have been unable to find employment; that saving and economy on the part of those who are not compelled to such a course by poverty will increase rather than diminish the amount of unsalable articles and the number of the unemployed, and will injure our condition rather than improve it; and that, consequently, a liberal expenditure of public and private resources is not to be condemned, but encouraged. In order to judge fairly as to the respective merits of these two theories, it is well to consider what the true purpose of saving is, and to what extent the policy of saving may reasonably be carried.

FUTURE SPENDING THE ONLY RATIONAL OBJECT OF PRESENT SAVING.

From the point of view of the political economist, there is no virtue in saving except so far as some material benefit may be expected to result from it, and it is impossible to suggest any such benefit other than the acquirement of the means, either for ourselves or for others, of future spending. We refrain from consuming to-day all the fruits of to-day's labors only that we, or those in whose

welfare we are interested, may be able to enjoy the benefit of an increased consumption in the future. All the saving of the generations of the past has been a profitless loss of comfort and enjoyment, unless the present and the future are to derive from the results of such saving increased comfort and increased enjoyment. And so, also, it is profitless and unreasonable to save in the present, except that there may be greater opportunity to enjoy and spend and consume in the future.

THE MEANS BY WHICH PRESENT SAVING AIDS FUTURE SPENDING.

If, then, we conclude that the only reasonable object of saving is the acquirement of the means of future spending, we are led next to consider the ways in which saving can promote this object.

The simplest way, of course, is by the accumulation and storage for future use of food, clothing, etc. At the present day there is comparatively little room for the operation of this method. Formerly it was wise to lay up large stores of grain, for example, in order to guard against a bad season; but now, when any portion of the world can call upon all the other portions for a supply of any article of which it may find itself temporarily in need, the accumulation and storage of more than a year's supply of any article of daily consumption is ordinarily useless, and tends, on the whole, to loss rather than to gain.

The principal and most effective method of providing by present saving for future spending is through what economists have called "productive consumption;" that is, by employing labor, not directly in the creation of articles for immediate use, but in the creation of articles which will be the cause and means of further production, as in the making of tools and machinery with which labor may be aided in its work and rendered more efficient. Plows and other simple agricultural implements were among the earlier results of productive consumption; factories, railroads, and steamships are among the more important of the later ones. Through these means saving, by immensely increasing all kinds of production, has immensely increased all kinds of consumption, and the self-denial of our ancestors has given us all our factories, railroads, and steamships, and has enabled us of to-day to enjoy ten or a hundred fold the comforts and luxuries that would have been possible had that saving not taken place.

THE LIMIT OF THE POWER OF SAVING TO AID FUTURE SPENDING THROUGH PRODUCTIVE CONSUMPTION.

Productive consumption being found to be the chief means through which saving can accomplish beneficial results, it next becomes important to consider whether there is any limit to the good that saving may effect in this way, and, if there is such a limit, to determine where it lies. But as we have seen that the only rational object of productive consumption is the creation of articles of ordinary or unproductive consumption, the extent to which the former can reasonably and profitably be carried must be limited by the existing or anticipated amount of the latter; and as the *unproductive* consumption of a community is always dependent upon and limited by, first, the desire to consume unproductively, and, secondly, the ability to obtain the articles for such consumption, the extent to which *productive* consumption can at any given time be profitably carried must be limited in the same way.

As society is at present constituted, however, the unproductive consumption of a large part of the community is limited solely by the extent of their ability to obtain the articles of consumption, without reference to the extent of their desire to consume. Large numbers of the poor are compelled by their necessities to consume unproductively all that their wages enable them to purchase, and it is chiefly the wealthier classes whose will or choice has any power to influence, at any given time, the amount of unproductive, and through it the profitable amount of productive, consumption. The wealthy may, according to their own desires, claim for them-

selves more or less of the comforts and luxuries of life; and if all who have this power should choose to deny themselves all comforts and all luxuries, and to restrict themselves to absolute necessities, the unproductive and, *as a necessary consequence*, the productive consumption of the world would, both of them, be greatly reduced. There would be comparatively little use or occasion for factories, railroads, and steamboats, or for any of those things which the wealthy seek to own as "profitable investments." It follows that if the rich, either from a desire to grow richer, or from a desire to favor productive, as more useful or more worthy than unproductive, consumption, should generally adopt a policy of extreme self-denial, they would defeat their own ends, and, by destroying the opportunities for profitable productive consumption, make themselves poorer instead of richer than before.

REVIEW. STATEMENT OF THEORETICAL CONCLUSIONS.

We have seen that saving is to be approved only so far as it leads to subsequent spending, and that it does largely accomplish this result, mainly by affording opportunity for productive consumption; but that, as the extent to which productive consumption can at any given time be profitably carried is limited in a great degree by the extent to which men, and especially the richer classes, *abstain* from saving, it is possible that this much-extolled policy of saving may be carried to such a point as to destroy the efficiency of the principal means by and through which it can promote its only rational object, future spending; and that, consequently, when carried to this point, it ceases to effect any good result, but rather tends to defeat the only ends for which it may rationally be practiced at all.

APPLICATION OF THEORY TO THE FACTS.

Having shown theoretically that saving, though generally beneficial and worthy to be encouraged, may possibly be carried too far, — so far indeed that its benefits will be changed to injuries, — we are now prepared to examine the circumstances of the present times, in order to learn whether the indications are that the tendency to save is to-day deficient or in excess.

It is very evident that productive consumption is now and for some considerable time has been quite unprofitable; that factories, railroads, steamships, and warehouses bring very small returns to their owners; that the market-rate of interest has been, and still is, unprecedentedly low; and that capital has long been wholly at a loss as to how it should employ itself. These facts surely indicate that the field for profitable productive consumption has been for the time nearly exhausted; that its temporary limit has been nearly reached; and that a larger amount of unproductive consumption is required before that limit can be advanced. The correctness of this conclusion is plainly shown, also, by the surplus stocks of all kinds of products and manufactures which are now, and have long been, waiting for consumers, and by the enforced idleness of the thousands of laboring men who have found that their labor was not in demand for the supply of either productive or unproductive consumption. Then, again, the hard times have been felt most seriously in England, America, and Germany, while France has been substantially exempt from them; the explanation being that France, having had its territory devastated by war and its capital depleted by the subsidy paid to Germany, has had large room for productive consumption, and small capital to devote to it; and hence productive consumption has there been very extensive and very profitable. All available capital has been employed, and the laborers have all been busy; those who have been released from supplying unproductive consumption having been in demand for the supply of a profitable productive consumption. Germany, however, undertook to grow rich by devoting the millions of the French subsidy to productive consumption, which was thereby carried to such an excess that its profit was

destroyed. And thus we find a simple explanation of the otherwise inexplicable mystery of the prosperity of the vanquished and the distress of the victorious nation, after their recent tremendous struggle.

RECENT EXPERIENCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

The history of the United States during and since the war affords an illustration of the way in which productive consumption may be overdone, — built up to an extent too great to be supported by its always necessary substructure of unproductive consumption. During the war unproductive consumption was carried on to an unprecedented degree, and the effect was that the opportunities for productive consumption also were very largely increased, and, by consequence, rendered very profitable. There was an urgent call for every man's labor. No one who wished to work was allowed to remain idle. Every man who wished to save, to accumulate wealth, found all about him opportunities for so doing. These extraordinary inducements to exertion kept every man's industry up to the highest point, so that the production of the country was marvelous, and, although there was an immense waste in the war, there was still a large surplus of products, — sufficient to enable the great mass of the community to consume much unproductively for their own immediate comfort, and yet to leave the country, at the termination of the war, at least as full of buildings, factories, and railroads as it was at the beginning.

When at length the war ceased, everything was arranged to meet an immense demand for unproductive consumption. If our people could then have said to themselves, "Now that this great waste of the war is at an end, we can enjoy much more of the comforts and luxuries of life than before; indeed, we *must* do so if we would keep our machinery employed and our people busy," — if they could have said this, and could have acted accordingly, all would have gone on smoothly. But in fact they, or those of them who by their wealth had the power to act according to their own desires, did say, in effect, "We have got rid of this sad waste of the war; we have been getting rich in spite of the waste, but now our possibilities of enriching ourselves are far better than before; we will not sit down just yet to enjoy ourselves, but will postpone for a while our days of enjoyment and of ease, in order that we may first add a little to our wealth." The failure of this attempt of our rich men to become richer lies before us to-day. Their factories had been very profitable, and they sought to increase their profits by building more factories. Their railroads had returned them large dividends, and they sought more dividends of the same kind by more railroads of the same kind. But it never occurred to them that unless a new unproductive consumption arose, to take the place of that which had ceased with the war, even the *former* amount of productive consumption would be too great to supply the wants of the people, and that, for the profitable support of their *new* factories and *new* railroads, a still further increase of unproductive consumption would be needed. They contributed, as has been said, but little themselves to this needed increase of unproductive consumption, and as the poor found but little opportunity or possibility of contributing to it, that increase was never brought about; and it soon began to be perceived that productive consumption was overdone, and that its profit was for the time ruined and lost. Factories of all kinds produced immense stocks of goods which could not be disposed of; their owners competed with each other, and sold their goods at less than cost, and finally, in many cases, shut up their factories and discharged their hands. Then we began to have an actually *diminished* unproductive consumption, where we had needed an increased one. The rich, having lost their "income," felt that they must "economize." The poor, having lost their employment, were forced to do so. This universal economy increased, by its reaction, the original trouble, and thus we went on from bad

to worse, until it seemed that we were on a road that led, without any turning, straight to destruction. To-day, however, we are hoping, as indeed we have hoped before, that we perceive signs of a change. The nations of Europe, by their wars and preparations for war, have been indulging in an increased amount of unproductive consumption, and have been calling upon us to supply the materials for it. The farmers of the West and some of the manufacturers of the East have begun to feel again that they may increase their expenditures for daily comforts and daily luxuries; and as their demand for such things increases, we may hope that the machinery of production will get once more in profitable motion, and, by employing those now unemployed, will call forth still further demands for articles of daily consumption. As daily consumption increases, the labor of all men will gradually be brought into action, and we shall have once more a busy and happy people, all at work, and all enjoying the fruit of their labor; and not, as we have seen them within the past few years, one half idle, while the other half were engaged in a futile attempt to save and lay up for the future more than the constitution of human affairs allowed them to accumulate with any profit either to themselves or to others.

EXPERIENCE OF THE DUTCH AND THE ENGLISH.

Upon reviewing the history of the past, we find that the present is not the first time that productive consumption has approached near its limit, — not the first time that the thrift of a people has been so great that they have nearly exhausted the field of profitable productive consumption. In former times the Dutch were a very energetic, industrious, and thrifty people, and in their days the machinery for aiding production was comparatively limited. Their means of productive consumption were confined mostly to the building of ships and the carrying on of foreign commerce; and they were so desirous of acquiring wealth that they exhausted their opportunities for productive consumption to such a degree that their investments produced for them but a very small percentage of profit, as is shown by the low rate of interest that ruled among them.

So also the immense wealth that England has acquired by the thrift of her richer classes has made her home productive consumption, for many years, bring so little profit that the rate of interest that borrowers can afford to pay, and that lenders are glad to take, has long been very low. In fact the greater part of the surplus wealth of England has for many years been applied to increasing the productive or unproductive consumption of foreign nations, induced thereto by their often illusory promises of future return for present benefits.

EFFECT OF MACHINERY TO INCREASE THE POWER OF PRODUCTION.

The great improvements in machinery and in the means of communication and of transportation, which have been brought about within the last fifty years, have marvelously increased mankind's power of production. A comparatively small number of laborers could to-day supply all the wants of mankind, if those wants had not, within those fifty years, largely increased; and it is only because those wants — that is, the demand for consumption — have largely increased that the majority of mankind are not to-day idle instead of busy. That demand, however, has not kept pace with the supply, for the reason that the power of increasing the demand has come principally to the rich, and but slowly to the poor; and this power of the rich has, by their choice, been turned to the increase of the demand for productive consumption, — for factories, railroads, and warehouses. This, as we have seen, they have carried to such an extent that productive consumption has been overdone, and its profits reduced to a very small percentage.

It seems probable, indeed, that in the future the rate of profit of productive consumption will be permanently diminished, wealth increasing, on the whole, more rapidly than the possibilities of its

profitable investment; and as this result is developed, we may expect that wealth will turn itself more to the acquisition of things which, although not productive of income, are a permanent source of comfort or pleasure to their possessors; that there will be an added tendency to spend large sums in the purchase of land, in the erection of residences, and in the purchase of paintings and other works of art. And although the opportunities for increased unproductive consumption come first to the rich, they must extend speedily to the poor. All that is needed is that the poor shall be kept busy, and the rest will take care of itself.

Just at the present moment the poor are strongly tempted to try desperate remedies for the improvement of their condition. They see a world overflowing with good things; they are anxious and willing by their labor to increase the supply of those good things, and to earn the right to share in the enjoyment of them; but they are forbidden to touch them, although they are going to waste before their eyes. What wonder that they think that there is something rotten in a constitution of affairs that brings about such a result? What wonder that they are ready for desperate remedies? But let us have once more the work of consumption and production in full action, — a world full of busy men consuming the products of their own labor, — and the talk of communism, instead of being, as now, largely prevalent among the laboring classes, will again be confined to a small number of persons, partly theorists, and partly men who are discontented by reason of failure caused by their own incapacity or folly.

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

The preceding arguments would seem to show that, in the present constitution of society, the world, in order to be prosperous and happy, must be busy both in producing and in consuming the products of its own labors; and that if those who have by wealth acquired a control over labor do not use that labor, either selfishly in ministering to their own present comfort and enjoyment, or generously in ministering to the comfort and enjoyment of others, we shall necessarily have a more or less idle world, in which the rich *will* not, and the poor *can* not, enjoy themselves as they reasonably might. Mankind's power of production is now immense compared with what it has been in the past, and consequently its power and possibility of enjoyment of life are equally large; and it is certainly an important question whether mankind may wisely and profitably avail itself of all its varied possibilities of rational enjoyment, or whether its present duty lies chiefly in the direction of self-denial. The latter doctrine is continually preached to us, and we are constantly told that we must deny ourselves present enjoyments if we would regain our lost prosperity. But if the arguments adduced above are sound, there is to-day neither merit nor prospective benefit in increased saving; there is nothing but evil and loss in abstaining, more than we have been and are doing, from the consumption and enjoyment of the good things of life.[1]

Uriel H. Crocker.

[1] The following references to works on political economy are given for the benefit of any who may wish to read what has been written by others upon the subject considered in the above article. Much of what is referred to below was written with special reference to the condition of England after the termination of its wars with Napoleon, — the condition of England at that time having been very similar to the recent condition of the United States, and the problem, then as now, being to explain a general distress in the midst of a general overplus of all kinds of products.

Wealth of Nations, by Adam Smith: Book I., chap. ix., Of the profits of stock; Book II., chap. iii., Of the accumulation of capital, or of productive and unproductive labor. Principles of Political Economy, by Rev. T. R. Malthus: chap. vii., s. 3, Of accumulation, or the saving from revenue to add to capital, considered as a stimulus to the increase of wealth; s. 10, Application of some of the preceding principles to the distress of the laboring classes since 1815, with general observations. Political Economy, by Dr. Thomas Chalmers: chap. iii., On the increase and limit of capital; chap. v., On the possibility of a general glut. Treatise on Political Economy, by Jean-Baptiste Say: Book I., chap. xi., Of the formation and multiplication of capital; chap. xv., Of the demand or market for products. Letters to Mr. Malthus on various subjects of Political Economy, particularly on the

COLONEL DUNWODDIE, AND OTHER NOVELS.

OUT of one dozen brand-new native American novelettes, one, and one only, and that one full of literary faults, moves us by its earnestness, stimulates thought by the civic and social questions on which it bears, and revives the dream of a new school of fiction. The rest are, for the most part, so slight in their pretensions that it seems brutal even to discountenance them. Theirs is the infallible appeal of weakness and simplicity. They are so light, so short, so deprecatory and *ingénus*, that they fairly stir one's chivalous instincts. We repudiate the idea of quenching the smoking flax, although forced to admit that there may be a deal of this sort of smoke with very little fire.

There is something naïve and trustful in the very modesty of some of the themes. One writer tells us how six young ladies and one young gentleman spent the summer together at Nantucket,[1] boating, bathing, and reveling in all the regular sea-side delights. The situation is not forced, — this being, in fact, the usual numerical proportion of the sexes at places of summer resort; nor is probability violently outraged by the upshot of the story, in which the hero finds himself restricted to marrying one out of the six. He selects the damsel whom he has saved from drowning, probably because with her he felt most like a hero; but more recent graduates can answer better than ourselves for the beauty and veracity of the culminating scene: —

"'This is so much better than being drowned,' said Edgerton, emphatically. And her smile was not a contradiction."

Referring to a former speech of hers, he asked, maliciously, "'Does it seem so peculiar to get married as it did, Addie?' . . . As Edgerton kissed her, she cried, 'Look, you jealous sea! You would have drowned him. See what you have gained! He is kissing me before you.'

"'But we must cross the sea once more. Better not anger it,' he said.

"'I am not afraid, — not with you, for you have beaten it; but I shall never dare come down here alone again.'"

This is rather meek for a mermaid; but elsewhere, in the conversation, there are gleams of humor and common sense, and some loving and even striking portraiture of the aspects of sea and shore. The Nantucket Idyl is a romance if it is anything, but we have not been able to discover what claim Brief Honors[2] has to be so considered. It is the tale of a great life insurance company, and of the marble halls in which its directors dwelt. Casual mention is also made of a young man who was for a while in the employ of the company, and then dismissed therefrom, and of a young woman in a French bonnet; but these familiar symptoms come to naught. The young man is jilted inferentially, but his heart is not broken; neither does the company become bankrupt, which would seem to be the least that can be expected of an

Causes of the General Stagnation of Commerce, by Jean-Baptiste Say. Principles of Political Economy and Taxation, by David Ricardo: chap. xxi., Effect of accumulation on profits and interest; chap. vi., On profits. Elements of Political Economy, by James Mill: chap. iv., s. 1, Of productive and unproductive Consumption; s. 3, That consumption is coextensive with production. Principles of Political Economy, by John Stuart Mill: vol. i., Book I., chap. v., Fundamental propositions on capital, s. 3; chap. xi., Law of increase of capital, s. 4; vol. ii., Book III., chap. xiv., Excess of supply; Book IV., chap. iv., Of the tendency of profits to a minimum; chap. v., Consequences of the tendency of profits to a minimum. Chapters on Political Economy, by Prof. Bonamy Price: chap. iv., Capital. The Economy of Consumption, by Robert Scott Moffat. Principles of Political Economy, by J. R. M'Culloch Pt. I., chap. ii., s. 3, Accumulation and employment of capital; chap. vii., Causes of gluts; Pt. III., chap. vii., Circumstances which determine the average rate of profits; Pt. IV., Consumption of wealth. Article on Industrial Reconstruction, by Edward Atkinson, in the International Review for July–August, 1878.

[1] *Six to One.* A Nantucket Idyl. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

[2] *Brief Honors.* A Romance of the Great Dividable Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1877.

insurance company in the way of romance. The tone of the writer is vaguely sarcastic, and the mysterious indictment of the insurance system, which the tale is supposed to envelop, was penned several years ago, as we learn from the preface, and then cautiously withheld from publication. One wishes that the Horatian method had been yet more strictly followed in this case, for as a tract the book is pointless, while as a story it is inane.

The China Hunter's Club[1] records the adventures of a band of inquisitive and resolute enthusiasts, who "raided" on the cupboards and buffets of a certain rural district for specimens of old English and early American pottery. They went through a great deal of dialect to get a very little china, and out of thirty-two well-executed illustrations of their discoveries, two or three only have any intrinsic beauty. All that it really imports a student of pottery to know about the date of these pieces and the history of their styles is contained in the preface, by Mr. Prime, — perhaps even a little more than is important. For when Mr. Prime records his belief that "the day will come when ceramic specimens showing our first steamships, our first railways, the portraits of our distinguished statesmen, soldiers, and sailors, the opening of our canals, the various events of our wars, and our triumphs in peace will rank in historical collections with the vases of Greece," we can only hope, for the æsthetic honor of our nation, that our Washington jugs and Pittsfield plates will be subjected to no such comparison. And when he assumes that Oriental porcelain was almost unknown here before the Revolution, it is evident that he has received no hint of those treasures of Ind, especially the spoils of Louisburg, which still shine resplendent in the well-preserved buffets of old mansions in southwestern Maine.

The mention of this locality reminds us of Mr. Tenney's Agamenticus,[2] of which eccentric and seemingly not quite responsible tale the sombre scene is laid there. Out of the buffets themselves, he may be convicted of the same sort of historic misrepresentation of which Mr. Judd was guilty in his original but ghastly story of Margaret. Mr. Tenney's picture of domestic life in the last century in the coast towns overlooked by Agamenticus Mountain, Kittery, York, Eliot, and Wells, is a very repulsive one. He makes it out to have been at once stern and squalid, brutally immoral among the poorer folk, and lacking, even in the more affluent homes, all the amenities and some even of the decencies of civilized life. Now there is perhaps no other region of equal extent in New England where there are so many and so conspicuous traces of pre-Revolutionary wealth and refinement. There are a dozen ancient mansions in York alone where the fine antique furniture, the family portraits and old English engravings, the quaint and admirably wrought brass and silver, and the carefully illuminated coats-of-arms testify to a taste, in matters of household art, better, because unconscious, than the best of our day, and to a frank and simple pride in an honorable ancestry. These treasured relics tell a truer tale than Mr. Tenney's wayward imagination. They are even a little pathetic in the proof they offer that there was more of elegance in the lives of some of the dwellers in this nook of the coast in the middle of the last century than now. Mr. Tenney's researches into local history appear to have been considerable, and a gleam of ready humor lights him on his way; but unluckily he has gotten him a theory quite similar to that whereby Carlyle squared his history of Frederick the Great. He wills that old Parson Samuel Moody, whom he introduces under the name of David Benson, shall have found Agamenticus, or York, in a state of exceptional sin and misery, and not only christianized but civilized the place during his vigorous pastorate of nearly

[1] *The China Hunter's Club.* By the Youngest Member. New York: Harper and Brothers 1878.

[2] *Agamenticus.* By E. P. Tenney. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles P Dillingham. 1878

fifty years. The truth we conceive to have been quite otherwise. York was early civilized by commerce and an usually frequent and direct communication with the old country; while Samuel Moody, powerful and picturesque figure though he was, and well worth commemoration in song and story, exemplified, in the most high-handed and tyrannous fashion, precisely that phase of the Puritan spirit which set itself in sternest opposition to the gentler humanities. His son Joseph, usually known as Handkerchief Moody, whom Mr. Tenney calls Sewall Benson, and whose tragic story was vaguely idealized by Hawthorne under the name of The Minister's Black Veil, was the spiritual victim of his god-fearing but unmerciful father. It was the stern coercion of the latter to a life from which he shrank which clouded the sensitive mind of Joseph, — not remorse for having accidentally killed a playmate in boyhood, which there is no good evidence that he ever did. There is not, in all our annals, a better subject for a psychological study, nor one more strikingly illustrative of time and scene, than the tale of these two remarkable men, so alien though so near of kin, and of their cruel action upon each other; and we owe Mr. Tenney a slight grudge for having clipped and shorn and *dried*, to suit his own speculative views, a theme so capable of poetry and pathos. Mr. Tenney can himself be very poetic and very moving when he will. In his earlier book, Coronation, there were passages of intense tenderness, and some nobly imaginative word-painting of scenery on the New England coast; but in Agamenticus, though the book is manly and sometimes entertaining, we see only the ruder and more whimsical aspects of his mind; and "story, God bless you! he has none to tell you" in either book, or quite forgets it after the first few chapters, if he began with one.

Two more of our ephemeridæ, Bluffton [1] and The Crew of the Sam Weller,[2] have also a distinctly religious purpose, — a fact which will secure them a wide circulation among that numerous class who crave some sort of spiritual sanction or association for even their sports and dissipations. Bluffton is so very audible and emphatic a book that it ought to be easy to characterize. It has decided literary merits, a concise, clear style, energy in narrative, animation in dialogue. There is no subtlety of characterization, but a certain broad and sure discernment of human differences. And yet the book leaves an unpleasant impression, due mainly, we think, to its tone of ineffable conceit. The story is that of a young man educated for the ministry in the straitest sect of the religion of the fathers, who adopts "radical" views, loses his first parish in consequence, and then takes charge of a less orthodox one, — a kind of typical church of the future. The form of the story is autobiographical, and the main event is treated as something new in history and of cosmic importance. Never was confession of unfaith more boastfully made, and seldom has unfaith confessed itself so shallow. The very beginnings and commonplaces of modern scientific skepticism are proclaimed with a grand air of intellectual daring and Promethean revolt. The *a b c* of that school of biblical exegesis which may be termed *destructive* is recited loudly and solemnly, as if it were a formula which might probably take the speaker to the stake. The hero has an ardent love affair on his Caucasus of Bluffton, the tale of which is well told but for a taint of coarseness, which reappears yet more offensively in the unpleasant and incredible episode of life in New York, whereby the author seeks to enhance the interest of his plot. We close Mr. Savage's book with the feeling that he has some little literary good in him, but small chance of literary improvement.

The Crew of the Sam Weller is latest of that legion of lively tracts with which Mr. Habberton has flooded his fatherland since Helen's Babies was so rapturously welcomed by the public of railway readers. The book, as we said, is relig-

[1] *Bluffton: A Story of To-Day.* By M. J. Savage. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1878.

[2] *The Crew of the Sam Weller.* By John Habberton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons

ious, but it is not moral. A young bank defaulter, of engaging appearance, first spends all the money which he has stolen, and then runs away from civilization, assumes an *alias*, and ships on a Mississippi flat-boat for New Orleans. The scenes on this boat are as "realistic" in their squalor as any in Tourguéneff, and so far, it may be supposed, "good art." A something happens there, however, undreamed of in the philosophy of the Russian: the hero is "converted" by the influence of a messmate, and very properly desires to return to New York and give himself up to justice. But when the bank directors, at whose meeting he presents himself, learn that though he has squandered their money he has "got religion," they decline to proceed against him, and cheerfully bid him go free. Here, truly, is a valuable suggestion for the cashier of the period. The same mixture of active piety with extremely passive morality may be observed in Miriam's Heritage,[1] the third number of Harper's New Library of American Fiction. It is a kind of amplified and aggravated Sunday-school book, whose chapters are supplied with long poetical captions from Walt Whitman, Mrs. Hemans, John G. Saxe, and — Mollie Moore! The mother of Miriam — the young lady with the heritage — is the most earnest and didactic person whom we have encountered in romance for many years. To a wandering army officer who claims the hospitality of her sylvan home she remarks, apropos of *checkers*, "All games of chance appear to me foolish, if not sinful. There are, of course, games of skill and tests of memory which are amusing, and may be beneficial if not so absorbing as to cease to amuse. But on temperance I can imagine but one opinion among sensible people. A human being unable to control appetite is lower than a beast! But I do not believe there is such a being. . . I heard a man say it was as easy to quit drinking as to open his hand. Suppose the liquor was *even that near* his lips; he opened his hand, and glass and liquor were on the ground." No wonder the major "started to his feet, and walked up and down the room" before he said, "Had I met you before, madam! Had anybody said this to me twenty years ago! But now I fear it is too late." And yet when Miriam is sent away from the guardianship of this austere mother to a celebrated school, where she becomes a prodigy of book-learning, the fact is mentioned with playful indifference, as if it were a rather pleasant local peculiarity, that teachers and pupils alike had the habit of repairing their rapid waste of nerve and brain substance by an enormous consumption of opium. The only *palliating* circumstance about Miriam's Heritage is that it acquaints us with the great beauty and rich material resources of a not very well known region in the Middle States; and Mag,[2] the fourth volume of the same series, a rather graceful and entirely harmless little story, after the manner of the philanthropic Dickens, gives us an attractive glimpse of an equally interesting country a little farther south.

Two volumes of collected tales, by justly distinguished writers, — a second series by Saxe Holm[3] and Bret Harte's Drift from Two Shores,[4] — suggest the thought in common that the practice of reassembling fugitive sketches puts an author's work to a peculiarly severe test. He who escapes the charge of monotony under such circumstances must have a very versatile mind. For there is a certain trade-mark of the spirit which he cannot help affixing to every narrative of human experience which he tries to make symmetrical and complete. His theory of life, his way of looking at the great fundamental facts of it, have to be reiterated just so often as he closes the story of a career. Of course, too, if he be not Shakespeare (and the chances are against that), he has fully fathomed only a limited number of human types, and

[1] *Miriam's Heritage.* A Story of the Delaware River. By ALMA CALDER. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

[2] *Mag.* A Story of To-Day. Harper's New Library of American Fiction. New York. 1878.

[3] *Saxe Holm's Stories.* Second Series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

[4] *Drift from Two Shores.* By BRET HARTE Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

these must reappear. A book once a year, or better, once in two years, provided we like the author and his men and manners, is all very well; but when the same "small passage of few notes" is repeated "o'er and o'er for all one summer morning," "the ear," as Mr. Tennyson justly observes, "wearies to hear it." It is no use remonstrating with Mr. Bret Harte, who planted himself long ago on his inalienable literary right to give his readers just as little as they will take for their money; and moreover that brisk barbaric stave of his was so odd and electrifying when first he tried it that it will bear a good deal of whistling even yet; but with the distressingly "authentic" cadences of Saxe Holm it is not so. Whoever she may be, she is tender and sympathetic; she is discerning, and sometimes highly dramatic; she writes good English, and has a fine eye for color; but she is incessantly and morbidly sentimental. Secretly or ostentatiously, her people all *mope*. And what is worse and less natural, her men mope more than her women. Man, in the majority of these gentle and graceful tales, play sthe part of a patient victim; woman, that of a foreordained and unwilling destroyer of his peace. It is very sad and very tiresome, and not at all like life. It is hard to say which tries us more, — the cheerful helplessness of the hero, or the mournful self-complacency of the heroine. On the whole, we think we like the woman less, because we do not believe in her. For all her meek airs, she knows very well what she is about. In the midst of a somewhat superfluous display of piety and purity, she reveals the conscious coquette. Madame Guyon was her prototype; Madame de Krüdener shows what, under favoring circumstances, she may come to. And we ought always to remember, concerning the mental fickleness of her lover, that we are invariably made to see him — so to speak — through her medium.

To many readers this will appear to be captious and exaggerated criticism of work which is far enough above our republican average; but the point of it is that it is only in Massachusetts that the Saxe Holm stories declare their limitations so plainly, and awaken in us so strong an antagonism. Taken singly, their faults of tone, especially their frequent tendency to *flat*, are almost imperceptible. The best tale in the last series, Farmer Basset's Love Story, is a very good story indeed, and prettily told. Even here, we do not like the heroine so well as the author appears to do, and Miss Fanny's descent in full dress upon her rustic visitor appears to us not so much "kind and wise" as snobbish and histrionic; but we are glad that, for once, the lover shares our discernment, and behaves like a man; and the brief notes on his two marriages are full of real pathos. My Tourmaline, which has been a more admired story than Farmer Basset, does not please us nearly as well. There are no such wax and parian under-graduates, we are happy to believe, as those who descended upon that Maine village on that autumn night; and if there were, they would never have been rusticated, nor, in any case, have adopted the daughter of a defunct tramp, and taken her with them to the parsonage; nor would any actual Maine clergyman and his wife have received the impossible trio in and coddled them indiscriminately; nor would the tramp's daughter have proved to be an angel, nor even wanted to be one. The author means to invest the latter part of her tale with a dreamy and mystical air associated with the occult properties of the tourmaline; but she succeeds only in showing that an important geological discovery was treated with the most ignorant and careless folly, while the mild incantations of the foundling heroine with her "stonie" merely suggest that the child was predisposed to chorea, and *indicate*, as certain of our physicians are wont to say, beefsteak and mud-pies. In Joe Hale's Red Stockings a healthier tone is recovered, and the character of the child-woman at the light-house is humorously conceived and charmingly developed. But if Saxe Holm is capable of a sustained effort, she should make her next book consist of but one story; and if she

has already twice proved herself capable, her third effort should have the fine style and firm realism of Mercy Philbrick and Hetty's Strange Story, without their far-fetched sentiment and distorted morality.

The patient patriot who has accompanied us thus far in our review of late American fiction may now, if he will, have some minutes for refreshment, and regale himself on a few English reprints, or a translation from the French, German, or Russian. He will find Mine is Thine and Less Black than we 're Painted [1] second or third rate English tales, of the most amusing and agreeable order, full of picturesque situations and piquant events, brisk in conversation, sustained in interest, abounding in humor. They contain no grand studies of character, but some clever sketches and two or three delightful caricatures. In Mine is Thine there are descriptions of a gillies' ball in the Highlands, and of the achievements of a French marquis at a stag-hunt, fit to revive the spirits even after Saxe Holm. And if Mr. Payn makes too many small jokes in his own person, and stoops from an author's proper dignity in the affluence of his merely verbal wit, even this is better than a corresponding affluence of verbal dullness. It is curious to observe, in passing, in both these prosperous and sprightly young writers, how their language is impregnated with the phraseology of Tennyson. They quote him incessantly: often consciously, with inverted commas; more often, it is clear, quite automatically. They get as many *mots* out of In Memoriam as Gail Hamilton and the clergy get out of the Bible. It is a straw tending to show that the laureate has been one of the great influences of this generation.

Gabrielle,[2] by Henry Gréville, has been already noticed in these pages under its original title of The House of Maurège. The name of Sherwood upon the title-page is a guaranty for the excellence of the translation, and the book is refined and charming, but it is more like other French novels than Dosia. The trail of the Gallic serpent is over it, and the tread of the German elephant is in all the pages of Margarethe,[3] where the high-souled *dramatis personæ* talk skeptical philosophy, and experiment, timidly, in elective affinities. In Pillone,[4] that old-time favorite the Neapolitan brigand returns to the stage after a long vacation, and the brief tale of his romantic adventures is told with spirit, and may fairly be called interesting. In The Cossacks,[5] on the contrary, there is no echo of old romance, but only "music of the future," so called, — loud, unmelodic, strange, and terrifying, yet having a unique power of fascination. The translator expresses in his preface the modest hope that his work "may contribute a little to the better knowledge and understanding not only of the Russians, but of the most maligned and misunderstood portion of them, — the Cossacks." If it does not do this, it makes a striking and even thrilling contribution to our ignorance. How keen, how wild, how primitive and lawless, how ante or extra human, is the Caucasian life which Count Tolstoy portrays! There is a *reek* about it, like the smoke of the peat which they burn there, dense and blinding, but not wholly unpleasant or unclean.

We understand perfectly why Tourguéneff should admire this tale, and call it the most perfect in Russian literature. It is Tourguéneff with a freer and fiercer poetry, less his contemptuous *ennui* and arid sophistication. There is a chapter of soliloquy by the hero, Dimitri Olenin, on occasion of his going out stag-hunting in the wild woods quite alone, which

[1] Harper's Library of Select Novels. 1878. *Less Black than we 're Painted.* By James Payn. *Mine is Thine.* By J. C. Lockhart.

[2] *Gabrielle; or, The House of Maurège.* Translated from the French of Henry Gréville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brother. 1878.

[3] *Margarethe; or, Life Problems.* From the German of E. Juncker, by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1878.

[4] *Pillone.* From the Danish of Wilhelm Bergsöe, by D. G. Hubbard. Wayside Series Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. 1878.

[5] *The Cossacks.* A Tale of the Caucasus in 1852. By Count Leo Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by Eugene Schuyler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

is a literary revelation in its artless and solemn, one might almost add shameless, intensity. The book seems very well translated in the descriptive parts, but poorly in the conversational, where we cannot help suspecting that the blunt and inconsequent speeches of the characters were sometimes as meaningless to the translator as he makes them to ourselves. We would gladly — for the novel deserves to be dwelt upon — take space to illustrate it by quotation, especially of the aforesaid soliloquy, but must reserve all the little space that is left us for a tale which touches us more nearly: for the one bright exception to the tameness of our home products; for that oasis in the great American desert on which, in the beginning of this not too flattering *résumé*, we promised ultimately to land our readers.

Number five in Harper's New Library of American Fiction is entitled Colonel Dunwoddie, Millionaire.[1] It is a story of Southern life since the war, and it is Southern in spirit to the heart's core; but we cannot imagine anything better fitted to warm the best hearts among ourselves towards that devoted region than this revelation of what is in the best of theirs. We should say that the author had not read many novels, at least of late, and we can well understand that he has had something graver to do. He tells his tale with a grand carelessness of literary effect, which is more than compensated, however, by the intensity of emotion that underlies it. We remark, in the first page or two, that he says *will* for *shall*, and "this made it that much more natural," etc., but we soon cease to be critical about trifles. For we are introduced to a hero who presently becomes as real to us as Colonel Newcome, and hardly less dear; a chivalrous, fiery, faulty, tender soul, the outlines of whose character are so finely and firmly drawn for us, at the very outset, that all his previous and all his subsequent career, every act, word, project, chimera, blunder, and triumph, become logical, natural, necessary. We understand perfectly that our colonel "did not believe in secession as a remedy for acknowledged wrongs," and that "he made powerful speeches against it: one in the brick court-house in Clairsville, where he lived, wherein he reached a pitch of eloquence which inspired him with the first hope he ever had that he really possessed genius;" and we understand equally well what follows. "But he did not prevent the war. With many others, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, he abhorred the impending epidemic of civil strife; yet, when it came, with all others from the Gulf to the St. Lawrence, he also took the terrible fever. Precisely two months after his great speech, he made, in the same court-house, another speech, the reverse of the former, and far more vehement, and on the strength of it a company was raised, of which he was unanimously elected captain. He had been a whig of the school of Henry Clay, — of Washington, rather. During the war he enshrouded himself with the smoke, and deafened himself with the cannon to everything like deliberate thought or theory, making the fighting the exclusive business of his head as well as his hands." Compare this account with the record of many a war democrat at the North, — say the chief pride of Massachusetts herself, the lamented General Bartlett. Surely, the children of these two classes of men are closely akin, and those who chance to be the heirs of victory ought first to confess and most imperiously to insist upon the tie. Colonel Dunwoddie (and that we instinctively speak of him as historic is in itself a tribute to a new and unnamed author's power) is introduced to us at the lowest ebb of his *post-bellum* fortunes, in the midst of what seems a death-grapple with a merciless and, if you will, avenging fate. Around him, in drawing only less masterly than that of his own strong character, are grouped his family, with their bright and varied promise and the blasting conditions of their lot, his few social equals, the feeble and mournful remnant of a perished aristocracy, and the mass of his poverty-paralyzed towns-people. The chaotic

[1] *Colonel Dunwoddie, Millionaire.* A Story of To-Day. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878

elements of a disorganized civilization are shown us in all their fierce disorder: the childish freedman intoxicated by his sudden elevation, or, if loyal, thoughtful and manly like Anderson Parker, doomed inevitably to be crushed in his effort to mediate between the two races; the vicious and treacherous half-caste; the unprincipled foreign adventurer. Let the reader lose himself in this book for half an hour, as he surely will if once he opens and reads, and he will understand better than ever before the expiation thus far wrought out for the civic crime of '61. The author strives, almost painfully, to write with moderation; to promote by his tact a better understanding of his section at the North; to disregard the cruel mortifications of the present, and fix his gaze upon the possible future. He cannot, for conscience' sake, help making his Northern immigrant a scoundrel, or, technically speaking, a *scalawag;* but he anxiously assures us that the colonel's peerless and saintly wife was also of Northern extraction, although it must be owned that she had become pretty fully imbued with strictly Southern sentiments. But the finest part of his work, and on the whole the most interesting, is that in which he develops the differences between the old type of high-born Southerners, both men and women, and the new. The contrast between the colonel himself and his son Horace, and that between Emeline Anderson and her mother, are drawn with extreme skill. The new aims and multiplied activities of the young are shown; the pride of personal effort and achievement replacing that of irresponsible command. And if these two heroic young people are fair specimens of the "new South" already growing into manhood and womanhood, and if the vigor and fervor and sound reason of the present romance may be taken to foreshadow what is yet coming thence in the way of literature, we need not be ashamed of feeling carried along at least half-way with the vehement colonel himself when he forecasts the future in this wise: —

"'Don't misunderstand me! The South is the best part of America; its people the noblest, its resources the greatest. It is wholly against nature that the rest of the country should have surpassed the South, as in some things it has done. Mere science, invention, what is called energy, may belong by natural laws to colder latitudes. It is so in Europe. But the government of this republic belongs to the South. It had it in large measure from the first, and would have held it still had it not been for the folly of a few when Lincoln was elected. It will assuredly come into possession of it again, to hold it henceforth. But that is not what I care for most. The South is the Italy of America. It should always have been the region of art, of song, as it has been of eloquence. Don't mention it, Horace, but slavery paralyzed us. All that is past. Henceforth the South is to be all that Greece, that Italy, has been. Not only to America, my boy, to the whole world! Mark what I say!' And Horace felt a thrill of pride as his father paused in front of him, erect, inspired."

"'All these miserable little squabbles will perish with my generation. The next will revere us as a race of heroes, but it will also pity us. Be broader than I am, my boy, but always be Southern. *Don't make money your chief object.* Never lie, cheat, or steal *when you are in Congress.* Never be mean. Be energetic, but be honorable. Never let your honor be suspected, as when, for instance, any indebtedness is concerned. Treat women with all deference, but detest strong-minded females. Be a gentleman, Horace, — a gentleman.'"

"Fresh from his experiences when away, Horace felt, but it was with indignation at himself, that there was something more old-fashioned and obsolete in his father than he had thought; yet he loved him the more, with a tenderer respect and affection."

We would gladly quote from other of the colonel's passionate harangues, or, better still, the simple but terrible death scene of Anderson Parker. The Uncle Tom of the new dispensation, a broader and higher creature in every way than

his predecessor, brutally murdered too, like him, witnesses a no less moving testimony when he only mutters at rare intervals during his last delirium, "I done the best I knew how, O Lord." We do not purpose farther to unfold the plot of Colonel Dunwoddie, nor even to tell the reader how he came and ceased to be a millionaire. The plot is a good one, and is very nearly new, and there ought to be a law protecting authors from the infringement, by reviewers, of their patent right to mystify their readers. If the reviewer be also thought in this case to have encroached a little upon the province of the orator, he can only plead once more the extreme and rather exciting rarity of a strong and solemn sensation occasioned by a work of fiction. In the friendly rivalry, supposed to be typified on the striking cover of Harper's new series, between the pumpkin and the cotton boll, the fleecy boll remains for the present abundantly triumphant over its massive Northern competitor. We sincerely hope that the author of Colonel Dunwoddie, to quote the words of his brief preface, will feel warranted by the success of his present venture in portraying "more fully a region, the varied interest of whose past and present is exceeded only by the abundant promise of its future."

Like unto Like[1] is a production as triumphantly feminine as Colonel Dunwoddie was gravely and somewhat clumsily masculine. It aims to deal with the same stern facts and perplexing political problems, flashing over the waste places of Southern society the restless light reflected from a brilliant but seemingly shallow mind. We say seemingly, for the novel is not only very feminine but very young, and to youth and aptness, ambitious of great themes, what may not yet be added in the way of depth and power? Meanwhile, Like unto Like must be content to owe to its *girlishness* its greatest charm. There is a fine flow of spirits through its open pages; a certain sweetness even in its smartness; keen perceptions, quick emotions, false conclusions, inopportune merriment and palpable coquetry where it should be gravest; a naïve parade of a little learning; a frank rebound of impulsive anticipation following hard after the lavish disaster with which the tale is made to close. There is some fine writing in it, and much poor writing, and a little which is very good.

The people of Yariba are described in lively fashion, with captivating touches of always good-humored satire, and the Southern provincial town is so new a field in fiction that the sketch has a singular freshness of interest. Nevertheless, as in the case of the Gulf city so graphically described in Mr. Baker's Year Worth Living, the more faithful we feel the picture of society to be, the less we find it hopeful, for the general level of the civilization portrayed is surprisingly low. The class whose claims to fine breeding are so confidently asserted is represented as not merely unlettered, like the happy "Barbarians" of Mr. Matthew Arnold's native isle, but undignified and unmannerly. Squire Barton, the head of one old family and constant eulogist of the Yariba stock, has a style of language and a grade of wit which would discredit the "shiftless" lounger of a New Hampshire village grocery. Van Tolliver, the hope of another sceptred race, whom the author evidently herself admires as a flower of Confederate chivalry, is a fickle and slightly sordid lover, and an arrogant boor. If this be indeed the true type of the rising generation of Southern gentlemen, then, setting aside the heavier crimes alleged against their class, we must hold them convicted of having somehow forfeited the best of their privileges, those finer and more fantastic moral graces of which almost all other aristocracies have contrived to make a dazzling display. But we would rather believe Horace Dunwoddie to be the true type.

The heroine of Like unto Like, Blythe Herndon, is a fine, lovable, and sufficiently credible creature; but her love story, though told with effusion and vehemence, does not greatly move us. We

[1] *Like unto Like.* A Novel. By Sherwood Bonner. Harper's Library of American Fiction, No. 9. 1878.

are not made to comprehend why she should ever have loved, or thought she loved, the hardy freethinker and free-doer, alien in traditions and nearly twice her age, in whom, despite all that is told us of his practical philanthropies, we cannot help remarking a touch of brutality. That she should soon have ceased to love him was inevitable, and the ghostly grandmother's anathemas are superfluous, and therefore a little grotesque. On the other hand, if the author herself means her hero and heroine for types, and if her title, Like unto Like, signifies a final and fatal incompatibility between the Northern and Southern spirit, then the display of wide sympathies and dispassionate views, especially in the animated and really admirable chapter where Blythe takes the evidence on political questions of five differing friends, is, as the French would say, *demented*.

Shall we say, however, that Like unto Like, though a book of slight performance, is one of abundant promise? Its hopeful features are a certain unconscious originality over and above that which the author affects, the delightful naturalness and unforced humor of the dialogue, and the mental activity which finds itself perpetually allured toward large views and lofty considerations. Its less favorable qualities are its feebleness of characterization; its lack — more complete even than is usual among our native romances — of dramatic and constructive power; a kind of commonness even in the author's most cherished personages; and a seeming levity of soul, which tends to cheapen, for merely melodramatic effect, situations and conceptions which are in themselves essentially tragic and terrible, — like the episode of the heroine's murdered sister, and the pious vengeance of the implacable grandmother. On the whole, we find that the book interests in its author rather than in itself, and will hardly lead farther afield the wandering glances which have essayed to peer beyond Mason and Dixon's line for the long tarrying portent of the Great American Novel.

THE SPIDER.

Spinner of the silken snare,
Fell Arachne in your lair,
Tell me, if your powers can tell,
How you do your work so well!

Weaving on, in light and dark,
Segment and concentric arc,
Lace-like, gossamer designs,
Strict to geometric lines,

Perfect to the utmost part,
Occult, exquisite of art, —
How are all these wonders bred
In your atom of a head?

Propositions here involved
Wit of man has never solved;
Demonstrations hard to find
Are as crystal to your mind.

How, in deepest dungeon glooms,
Do your Liliputian looms
Work such miracles as these, —
Faultless, fairy filigrees?

Careless flies that hither flit
Come to die; but there you sit,
Feeling with your fingers fine
Each vibrating, pulse-like line;

Eager to anticipate
Hourly messages of fate, —
Funeral telegrams that say,
Here is feasting one more day!

Spider, only He can tell
How you do your work so well,
Who in life's mysterious ways
Knows the method of the maze.

H. S. Cornwell.

PICTURES AT THE EXPOSITION.

THERE is no great abundance of military art in the Exposition. It is a very prominent production of these last years, and has been reduced to an almost photographic accuracy, very different from the pure romancing of the old school; but there is very little of it to be seen at the present time. The troops have been disbanded, or discreetly masked for the moment, not to mar the harmonies of the occasion. It is the same in the Salon, the annual exhibition of the year. There is no splendid triumph at Versailles, with the Thor-like emperor and his chancellor in the midst; none of the burly Germans of Sell bringing in their prisoners; none of the brilliant episodic victories with which Detaille and De Neuville, in fighting the contest over again, have endeavored, so far as lay in paint and bristle brushes, to retrieve the fortunes of the day. There are spirited things of Protais, a color-guard rallied with sternly-set faces around its standard, an outpost of Berne-Bellecour firing from a rifle-pit; but no enemy in sight, nobody worsted, nothing to say whether it may not be 1859 as well as 1870, or simply the practice ground at Vincennes.

Military art not strictly archæological and decorative — like the funeral parade down the mountains, in the snow, of Charles XII., in the Swedish department, and Piloty's passage of Wallenstein to Eger, in his red sedan-chair, surrounded by steel-helmeted soldiers, in the German — confines itself to combats from which acrimony may be thought to have pretty well evaporated with age. Napoleon's campaigns in Egypt figure for considerable. Then there are Meissonier's Cuirassiers of 1805. It was the year of Austerlitz, — a famous year for troops of all kinds. They are not engaged. The long front standing at rest, complicated above and stem-like below, as if it were some peculiar grain crop mowed up to an even line, is not different from what I saw it at the annual review at Longchamps, in June. The

picture is of considerable size for this master, who has the habit of contriving his extraordinary detail, down to the smallest swelling vein on the neck of a high-spirited horse, in a very small compass. I like it none the worse for that. The feat of writing the Declaration of Independence on a postage-stamp is not entitled to more respect in itself, as a matter of art, than the ability to do it on the side of a house.

One would imagine that Inkermann would be an unpleasant reminiscence, with Russia as a fellow exhibitor. Notwithstanding, there it is in considerable force, perhaps with the idea of some wholesome bearing upon the present condition of affairs. Sir Francis Grant has painted the Duke of Cambridge riding up the hill, followed by the familiar British grenadiers in their bear-skin shakos; and Miss Thompson, the young lady made so suddenly famous by her Roll-Call four years ago, has a Return from Inkermann, which has not quite the strong character of the former picture in the faces, but still enough to make it an important work. The circling birds of prey, that relieve, with their sweep in the air, the formal straight line of the Roll-Call, follow on into this. John Paul Laurens, — French, I need not say, — whose fancy takes him by preference to the barbarous magnificence of the Merovingian kings, presents a dramatic, very real, military death-bed, Marceau lying in state among a sympathetic group of Austrian officers, into whose hands he has fallen as prisoner. It is quite a new thing in composition. The figure, lying upon a couch in full uniform, is boldly foreshortened towards you, feet first.

The statue of his royal highness the Prince of Wales, raised aloft on horseback, is a most excellent piece of modeling and bronze casting, at the very entrance to the fine-art department. It is the most peaceful of statues. It commemorates nothing more illustrious than his holiday trip to India, being offered by Sir Albert Sassoon, native baronet to the loyal city of Bombay, for that purpose. There is nothing more stirring in the bas-reliefs than his gracious reception of delegations from the common schools, and of young rajahs laden down with costly gifts. This is what we have got to come to when our friends of the universal peace congress have their way. You are inclined to quarrel with this statue. It ought not to be so splendid and so imposing. No blood has been spilled. None of the savage, fearless things have been done that entitle to such honors. It must be admitted, as a matter of reason, that this excursion, which if it did no good did no harm, was preferable to the exploits of the early governors-general engaged in the conquest. It is prejudice and not logic that has to be overcome. But when finally, without recalling too much Malthus and John Stuart Mill, war has disappeared, the only contingency, almost, in which there still remains a willingness to make sacrifices for a sentiment, we are going to have a very pretty carnival of selfishness, are we not? It is a matter that does not exactly press, perhaps. There are complications still in Herzegovina, and Italy does not make it a secret that Trieste is naturally Italian territory.

Having begun with British statuary, let me finish with it, and the statuary in general. You cannot but admire extremely numerous examples in which the closest study of life has resulted in a simple grace and dignity parallel to the classic; but it is, for the most part, a kind of bleached painting. It aims at the same effects. It imitates textures of wool, linen, hair, and flesh. The pupil of the eye is undercut, to give an expression of intelligence. Some of the smiling faces follow you around the room with an almost disquieting reality. This is the reverse of the case as it was with David under the first empire. It was painting then that had become sculpture, as may be seen in many a stilted, frigid canvas at the Louvre.

It is the delight in pure lines, their infinitely subtle composition and transitions as the point of view is changed, that makes sculpture a coördinate branch. When it attempts to compete with painting, in textures and complete realization, it is not without its charm, if temper-

ately managed; but it has to take a secondary rank. Lefeuvre's Jean d'Arc, the peasant child in the woods, with a distaff, hearing her mysterious voices, might be borrowed from Jules Breton.

The slender figures of young boys may be noted as an especial preference for the moment. They are swimmers, fishers, — one in a straw hat with a brim, — Davids, Saint Johns; Ishmael perishing in the desert; a young Aristotle, by Degeorge; and a Julius Cæsar in almost the same attitude, by Civiletti, in the Italian department, sitting in his classic chair, lost in mature thoughtfulness over some manuscript, making part of the education for his future greatness.

It is a rather formidable thing to enter this half mile of galleries. We are going to accost what the world has esteemed the most beautiful, the worthiest of costly representation, for ten years. It is even better than this. There have been admitted not a few works of much more than that age, in which there was a peculiar national pride. Thus there come, under this condition, Frith's celebrated Railway Station and The Derby Day, which could not have been painted far from 1850. They were looked upon in their time as a remarkable attempt to make something of modern out-of-door civilized life, which had up to that time been left aside as desperately hopeless. It was not much that they could make of it, you decide, with the bonnets and crinoline of the date. As to expression, in which the numerous small figures were thought to be especially "cute," it is but caricature to what can be done now, in the movement of which the admirable work in the London Graphic is an index.

The word "modernity" has been coined for the professors of something tolerable in civilized life as it is, and they are rather looked askance at. I do not think they should be, for making a valorous effort to be of their time, inasmuch as it has not been determined in all the other departments as yet that it is not the greatest and most glorious of times. It was not archæologically, as their large body of imitators, with costumed models, seem to think, that Van Ostade, Van der Helst, Terberg, and De Hoogh painted their cavaliers playing cards, with pages bringing wine on a tray, and their burgomasters in steeple-crowned hats. There were courtiers making sweeping reverences before Gérome, and ladies in satin in rich interiors before Willems; but they were contemporaneous people and their houses, and not studio tableaux.

For civilized masculine dress I see no one yet who does not hurl himself cruelly against an obdurate wall in attempting it. There are more rows deep of spectators at the Salon around Garnier's picture of The Liberator of the Soil than any other. It is an incident of the assembly at Versailles. The minister of the interior speaks from the tribune of certain members who had formed part of the body to which was due the settlement of the disastrous war. The left and centre arise thereupon in mass, and, with *applaudissements* of the most *vives* and *chaleureux*, point to M. Thiers, who sits modestly among them. "It was he! He is the Liberator of the Soil!" they cry. This was really a warm and inspiring moment in the affairs of the state, but oh how dreary, for an august effect, all these concentric rows of black, with white dots for the faces, and smaller white dots for the enthusiastic, pointing hands!

There are notable illustrators of modernity with feminine fashions, which, following more the contour of the human figure, lend themselves with much grace, for the moment, to art. The principal is De Nittis, exhibiting patriotically as an Italian, but a thorough Frenchman of Paris and the Salon. He is followed by Ducq, Poirson, Ballavoine, Saulnier. They paint you lady-like figures, with a twist of blonde hair, bending over the platform to look for an expected train, or promenading, in ulsters, on a pier at the sea-side. The painting is solid and flat. The sea is usually of a greenish tinge, and there are just those agreeable touches of white for the crest of a breaker that denote mastery. De Nittis has the faculty of painting very full street

scenes — Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly, Paris at the Pont Royal — with something like their natural diversity of transactions and every-day colors, without becoming merely spotty and *bizarre*, and without having to secure breadth by reducing everything to a monotone. When you find one of the regulars trying his hand at a street, it is either this, or he must throw something Titianesque — high-colored garments of red and blue — into it. You could not deny that they might be found there, in the foreground, on some especial occasion, but it is not the every-day glimpse.

The modern inspiration is not lacking in any of the countries. Bockelmann uses it for a German bank failure, depicting excellently the varied expressions of the groups gathered around the closed doors, and Menzel for forging a shaft like Weir's; Savitzki for a common gang of laborers on a Russian railway; Boks, of the Dutch school, in a little comedy of the interior, in which the master and mistress, returning from a visit, have found a soldier's fatigue cap on the drawing-room table, and all the servants are wondering, with varied astonishment, how it could possibly have got there. It does not seem that the best of these have by any means drawn out of the field all that it is capable of.

It is the English department that you enter first, and the large portrait figures, or portrait-like *genre*, that first call you to regard them. Sant's typical family of young Englishwomen of the middle class, in white, pretty and homely, just as it happens; Millais's more artificial trio from the haughtier circle at the top, and his retired mariner read to about the northwest passage by his daughter; Stone's My Lady is a Widow and Childless, in which she is shown walking desolately in her park, in sight of the happiness of a common laborer in front, whose blooming wife and babies have brought him his lunch to the trench he is digging; Leslie's visit of a young girl, in Gainsborough costume, to her old boarding-school, where she is surrounded with gentle envy by her former school-mates, have the trait in common of a generous scale. The subjects are of a minor character, by the French standard, but the implicit local belief in their worthiness is testified to by the liberal masses and bold outlines. Add to these, by all means, the graphic parterre of ancient heads in Herkomer's view of the Pensioners of Chelsea Hospital.

This English art shows the most genial appreciation of domestic and perhaps of rural life, though not of pure poetic landscape, where the palm, I think, goes to the French. There is a dash of fox-hunting and gentlemen who like to get themselves up in Scotch costumes to go to the moors and the trout streams in August; in general, a view of the national character not contradicting that presented in Punch and the best literature. The English think very highly of their art themselves. They put it under glass, and fix its value at such prices that our dealers can afford to bring over very little of it to show us. It has the general fault of over-ruddiness of color. Most of the complexions are spoiled by it. It is only one or two, like Herkomer and Mark Fisher (an American), who have caught the secret of the delicious silvery grayness which is the leading characteristic of the French. There is a fondness in the newest school for a sort of water-color "stipple" finish. It is not easy to explain just what stipple is without a brush, but it is to cover the surface over as much as you can with small touches, crossed this way and that. It gives a loose and at the same time a woolly texture. Bonnat does it in the backgrounds of his portraits. I have been inclined to take it for a modern variation, and should be so still, except that in sliding through over the smooth floors of the Louvre again, the other day, to see how the schools of the present correspond to the old distinctions, I found that David's Madame Récamier is stippled all over, and is perhaps the model of the manner.

The two important side branches of Alma Tadema, for one, and the Burne Jones school for the other, are very different from the rest. Alma Tadema has an original vein of affection for clas-

sic life and the Pharaohs. He recovers every detail of their manners by an exhaustive study; but it pleases him, in calling the ancient figures to life with a charming color, to leave in them a suggestion of the friezes and the papyrus manuscripts. He is not of the English except by residence, and has nothing in common with them. He is not more of his birthplace, Belgium, however. He is one of the figures wholly original. Burne Jones, Stanhope, and Watts, on the other hand, are struggling with some serious idea which is not classic, and although more mediæval than anything else is not that either. Above all, it does not care for decorative color. The bodies are attenuated, the flesh greenish; no rugs; no spangled tunic on this unseductive Vivian cajoling the enchanter Merlin; even no weird darks against light, — nothing but monotone. I know what it is. I have felt that way myself. It is a protest. You want things to be different. You want something to happen. Walt Whitman has felt that way. It is a "yawp over the roofs of men."

It is not a state peculiar to the spiritual English, this. Something corresponding to it, though more imitative and not satisfied to eliminate the sentiment of beauty, is found in other nations. Gebhardt, of the Germans, paints a crucifixion as meagre as Cranach's, and Kaulbach *fils* and Schraundolph small portrait-figure groups, on an antique, large-grained canvas, that recall Holbein. The French do it with the very sweet modern religious art of Humbert, Perrault, and Bouguereau. It is not perhaps strictly religious. It has the air rather of being glad of an opportunity to deal with beautiful myths for a sentimental effect, and Bouguereau does not hesitate to have all sorts of classical nudities along-side of his Holy Families. They revive the mediæval paraphernalia, and add the perfect modern technique. Humbert's Madonna is composed in a chair, against a banner, with a gold circle around her head, like John Bellini and Cima Conegliano. There is the innovation of a scarlet robe of the richest hue instead of the usual blue. She is not a Madonna, but a splendid princess, with a grave, intellectual beauty.

There are persons who pass Bouguereau with a grimace, as if he were something painful to look it, — as if he were assafœtida, or a Gorgon with snaky locks. When you learn what is the matter, it is that he is waxy; he is simply pretty instead of impressive. It is true that there is an ideal delicacy in the complexions, which will be improved when the mellowing of fifty years has passed over it; but I do not see how any one, though, captivated by subtler masters, he may not want it for himself, can fail to recognize the merit of this splendid and costly article. It is honest, straightforward drawing and painting, — the artificiality apart, — and particularly useful for us as students, I should think, since we have not had near enough of this very thing, and are not ready for subtleties on an extensive scale.

You find yourself very vacillating in this long promenade, so full of charms. How often are you forsworn the very instant after having pledged unchangeable fidelity! You will have no portraits but those of Millais and Leighton until you come to Emile Levy and Thirion. You join Canon and Angele in Austria only to desert to Leubach and Kaulbach in Germany, and again to Bischof in the Low Countries. The grounds shall invariably be Vandyke brown, or Indian red, or drab, or sea-green, or a tapestry in large figures, and cold while the figure is warm, — or at least *vice versa*. You will be pensive forever in the late autumns of McEntee, or by the leaden waves of Mesdag, until you breathe the fragrance of the flowering almond-tree with Defaulx, or gather the glowing harvests with Segé. There shall be no time of day but sunset, and no country but the Orient. You will believe in nothing you cannot see with Billerary, finishing every dock-leaf in his foreground to take hold of; or you will deliver yourself to the mysterious gleams of sentiment and color of the Corots, Burne Joneses, Fortunys. It is only the hard lot of the honest peasants of Jules Breton and

Israels that is deserving of real sympathy, and again your fancy goes dancing with Bacchantes, or prances gallantly in the triumphal entry of an emperor.

What is to be done about this? Cosmopolitanism, good friends. There were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in Horatio's philosophy, as Hamlet said to him, and it is the case still. Moonlight is nice, but early dawn is not bad, and noonday has its advantages. One can like *consommé de volaille à la royale*, and *cotelettes d'agneau regence*. If the maker in most art and literature is bound to go around always in the excellent little circle he has created, to repeat the same charming face, the same trick of light, the same nefarious rascal always coming to a magnanimous end, it is not so for the spectator. He has no such limitations.

It is a sybaritic education, all the same, — this promenade. When you have finished it, and returned from the large saloon of Germany at the further end, it is with a colder and more judicial glance the eye catches along the glowing walls. You are ready to quarrel about a secondary color in a shadow, and as likely as not to join the sedition against Bouguereau now with alacrity. But what is really the right of it? Is there no better, no best; no decision to be come to among the numerous schools which there must be, displaying their merits side by side? I should say this: that the nation would have the greatest art which had the most facilities and the habit of the most rigid study of the human figure. I should prove it from the vast quantities of powerful work exhibited by the French. They have both the condition and its result. It is to this that you have always to return, — the straightforward study of the human figure. There are no lines, no gradations of light and shade and color, so subtle and difficult. There is but little that can escape whoever is thorough master of them. It is from this that styles ought to germinate according to the individuality of the artist. None of the pleasing, continually recurring side variations is capable of founding a school. Their charm is in their strangeness. Repetition is ruin.

The vividly realized nude is a large element in French art, and in the others but moderate. There are some who, having acquired the power, have no imagination with which to put it to use. These regard the realization of the model as a sufficient object in itself. But for the most part it is touched with genuine poetry. Henner paints milk-white Dianas seen as if through a mist, with a single gleam of light upon the silken hair. Nothing could be less objectionable. It keeps alive the classic myths, and creates a grandiose art. The dead Orpheus, head downwards; the Adam and Eve chased from Paradise; the twisting groups from Milton struggling in the air, have their sentiment, but who can doubt that they are done most for the luxury of the foreshortenings, the astonishing daring of the poses?

The French public, educated by so long a course of archæology, must have a very tolerable idea of the subjects by this time. They are educated, too, by good art criticism in their daily papers, down to the Petit Journal. They make intelligent remarks, even those of quite a humble order. "*Tons clairs*," says, for the usual monosyllable, a middle-aged rough blouse, passing on, not particularly interested, from the Danaides of Leroux. But "Wot rubbish!" cry the next comers, a couple of small London tradesmen, hurrying through in a pleasant state of excitement on an excursion ticket. "Why, they 're a-pourin' water *hin!*" So they are, the poor Danaides! — an interminable procession of them, advancing in white through an arid plain, to the task that is never finished and never will be, with a most pathetic melancholy. One has fallen completely, in front, broken by the heavy jar. Another is weeping, as they go, on the shoulder of an elder sister, who can have but scant reassurance to give her.

If the troops are withdrawn and there is little slaughter in the open field, it is perhaps that the havoc in detail is all the fiercer. The department of horrors

is recruited from all history with impartiality, and is satisfied with nothing less than Titanic dimensions. Orestes hides his shuddering head from the pursuing furies; Ixion is racked upon his wheel; Nero tries, on a writhing slave, the poison which he intends for a destination of much greater importance. Monsieur Becker erects here again — where in the world does the man expect to get a purchaser for it? —the hideous scaffold of the sons of Rizpah, with the mother keeping off the vultures. I am somewhat horror-proof myself, having been kept awake at Brussels by the dreadful fancies of Wiertz, but these are tolerably searching. Wiertz has, among the rest, if you remember, in the museum constituted of his works, the thoughts and visions of a head cut off by the guillotine. He represents that it still feels and is conscious. There is the first moment, the second moment, the third moment. The third moment there is nothing but sinister flashes, circles, spots, and a reddish mist, to represent the last vestiges of sense.

It is easy to be impressive by terror. Hecatombs of Ixions could not offset the sweet impressiveness which is drawn by Jules Breton from the incidents of the commonest rural life. It is a couple of peasant maids at a spring; a gleaner with a bundle of grain on her head, dark against the sky; a family resting at noon under a tree, while the sun shines on the hay-field outside, where their work is awaiting them. He draws as well as Bouguereau, but without making the least parade of it. The figures are large; the lines of the simple clothing run like those of a statuary. The tone is low. Gray, blue, brown, and white are nearly all the colors he wants. He is fond of this dark against the sky, or objects within the circle of a shadow. There is a great mystery then. There is light, this part is brighter than that, a gleam on a cheek or a hand, but you are unable to tell where it comes from. It is local and reflected. It takes a master to seize it.

It is a tribute to the genuine inspiration of picturesque habiliments that it is not strangers alone who appreciate them. Italy makes a liberal use of its opportunities in this direction. Moradei's extremely real pair of peasant gossips set all the world laughing in sympathy. There is a grave Last Moments of Marcus Brutus, at twilight, in a thistle-grown garden, in the modern classic manner. Everything about Italy is particularly modern, for the rest. She does not stay at home entirely for her subjects, however. There is none of the Orientalists more pleasing than Pasini. He gives variety and the richest color to complicated groups of small figures, like the bands of two Arab chieftains meeting in the mountains for a parley, while keeping all the time a delightful simplicity. In the chamber with De Nittis is Michetti. If she had nothing else he would suffice to leave a charming memory of Italy. One of his pieces, an idyl of a stripling and maid minding turkeys, is almost as cheerful as you would suppose it possible to go in that direction. It is a veritable rainy day to that next to it. Imagine humming-birds, scarlet coral, lapis lazuli, — the brightest of everything. On a tender green hill-top of spring, against the bluest of blue skies and seas, a multitude of small, flat, nude figures are dancing to tambourines; lying with bluish vine shadows cast upon them; climbing in a blossoming tree, like blossoms themselves, and with circlets of the white flowers around their necks. It is a veritable chant, an uncontrollable shout of joy.

This is affiliated to the work of Fortuny and his friends, which goes to make up the Spanish-Roman school. Morino's quaint Don Quixote, in the memorable and never-to-be-forgotten adventure with the strolling players, is of almost the same brightness. The unfortunate knight sits, lance in rest, on his drooping Rozinante, in the distance, while the players hurl ribaldry and defiances at him from their cart on the hill, in the foreground. The strange apparel and the tinsel crowns of the king and princess furnish one of the best of bases that his fast-recurring illusions ever enjoyed.

You are sensible of a new *milieu* the

moment you enter the Spanish department from any of the others, though it is by no means so apparent when exchanging them for one another. It has the characteristic of a prismatic, entirely modern brightness and purity of color. It does not take black grounds, it appears, to force figures vividly out. Madrazo paints them upon pink, sea-green, or pearl-gray. The light is a real daylight. It is a question of only the smallest differences between the counterfeit presentments and the persons standing in the neighborhood, with whom you compare them. The Spaniards have a serious side, too. It is perhaps more or less an effect of their political fermentations that they hang up great canvases of Virginius, and the deaths of Lucretia and Seneca, in the ancient academic style. In this style the accessories were of but little account; it was the action. When done with such earnestness the subjects are probably intended as warnings to tyrants in general, down to date. There are savage ideas afloat, and it would be well to take heed on their own account.

The modern classical school, on the contrary, is archæological and decorative. The mode of buckling a cothurnus must be shown, and Cæsar must wear the very signet-ring he would have worn, and no other. I see nobody who does it more completely and magnificently than the Russian Siemaradski. He is an Alma Tadema magnified. Nero sits in the midst of a splendid court to witness the firing of his "human torches." They are martyrs, one an old man, another a lovely young girl, wrapped in straw, and fixed to tall posts to serve this purpose. It is not of the dreadful kind; the fires are only just being lighted by slaves going from post to post with ladders, and the suffering has not commenced. It is an imposing composition, the piled-up white marble terraces swarming with graceful figures, and it is colored with the French temperate richness.

This is not what you looked for so much in Russia. What we trace with the greatest interest in the less known countries is the delineation of national manners and local scenes. These are not lacking. There are harvesters in the country of Koursk; peasants bringing berries to the voyagers in a railway train; a dash of moonlight on the white walls of a lonely farm-house in Ukraine, with a great river winding through the unbroken forest, in the dark, below. There is not a national style. The artists learn at Paris, for the most part, but they inspire themselves with subjects of the country, which is the most auspicious of signs. Here comes a ragged, shaggy crew, harnessed like galley-slaves, hauling a trading-boat down the Volga. They are cheaper than steam, it seems, for this small traffic. This is their trade, when the wind does not blow, — breast-high through the shallows, and over the sand-bars, from village to village. One of them wears a red blouse, like the *garçon* in the Russian restaurant. The prevailing color is bright, without forcing. There is a Southern gayety in the scenes. It might almost be Naples.

Benjamin Constant's entry of Mohammed II. into Constantinople is so large a work that the bodies of the dead and wounded in the immediate foreground, over which the conqueror's gray charger is coming to trample, must be more than twice the size of life. But there is reserved, in the department of Austria, the surprise of a work that quite reduces this to mediocrity. It is Makart's, the artist who displays a genius for the most colossal art of all. His Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp is thirty feet long and eighteen high. Everybody sits down a long time before it. There is no point of view from which it can be seen as a whole. It is one of the splendid pageants on which the pen of Motley loved so well to linger. There is the cloth of gold, the pages and esquires, the heralds-at-arms in blazoned surcoats, the beauties in the balconies. The emperor, in silver armor embossed with gold, advances, with maidens strewing flowers before him. The air behind is dark with spear-points. It is all coming directly at you. There is a real excitement in sitting in front of such a procession. It is like looking up stream at

Niagara from the bridges at Goat Island. You feel as if you were going to be an Arnold Winkelried, resisting the onset, and struggling desperately against being trampled down. The coloring of the Austrians has a golden tinge, which for the moment makes the gray of the French seem chilly and the Spanish unreservedly frigid. There is something too much of it with the emperor. I find Mohammed preferable. It is better to leave a little to time. Veronese had not, we may be sure, to begin with, the mellowness of the year 1868.

There is no sharp line between Austria and Germany. The influence of Munich spreads out in many directions. The golden hue of the color continues, but with a greater delicacy. There is nothing florid and cloying about it. In the best examples, only a faint trace of amber is fused with the desirable, refreshing gray, and makes of it absolute perfection. The north of Germany, the studios of Berlin and Dusseldorf, is better represented here than Munich, but Dusseldorf is not the old-fashioned Dusseldorf of harsh and trivial finish. The later art of both has been propagated from the new movement, and does it no discredit. There must be many Frenchman who, having imagined in the great arch-enemy boorish instincts and a provincial inferiority in matters of taste, go through this department with misgivings and new lights. France is met fairly, upon her own ground. I confess to having been surprised at a certain trait. It is not the knowledge and vigor of delineation. It is a feeling for tender, refined loveliness. If the French instinctively attain to grace, the Germans strive for genuine beauty. There is nowhere else such calm, clear-eyed portraiture looking out at you with subtilized, fleeting expressions. The beauty that is preferred in the women is notably modest and pervaded by intelligence. In the great tableau of Makart — for I include the southern Germans — all of the faces are lovely, the knights, the young archers, the populace. He has not been able to force himself to put in the usual touches of deformity to give it point.

Knaus and Meyerheim have an excellent humorous talent. Riefstahl draws you with him to a simple funeral in the snowy heights of the real Alps, and Brandt to a richly-colored cavalcade of Cossacks crossing an enameled prairie in the spring-time. There is peculiar ability in textures. It delights to display itself — more charmingly perhaps in Bügel than any other — in the painting of sheep, of the ragged, unwashed kind, with full coats.

Belgian art is nourished by great traditions and by a generous school at Antwerp. It has not the advantage here, to give it the credit to which it is entitled as a whole, of the grand decorative works to which it is liberally called at home, as in the palaces of Brussels. I find Verlat, who is most prominent as to size, somewhat harsh, and overstrained in his mammoth views of Barabbas, and animals fighting. The charming large, rich-colored fishing boats of Clays, painted in a thick, smoothed paste, belong to the Dutch school, along-side, in spirit. One chamber is devoted, in great part, to Alfred Stevens. He does interiors, with figures having the true "society" air. He has a peculiar taste in quiet colors. They might be called "symphonies," what he does with plushes and satins of brown, drab, and gray, with a little pale red and blue. This is one of the new directions still widely open. Moore has, in the English department, some small specimens in pale blue and pearl. I have passed till now, in the French department, a Jacquet, which belongs particularly to this group. It is a sitting figure in a dreamy attitude. It is a symphony in the hues of wines, ruby and amber gleams and depths; the whole softened, melting, — exquisite!

But if it be only a matter of symphonies and tones that we are arrived at, in what are we better off than when dealing with the sulphur-yellow drawing-rooms of the English upholsterers? In little, except that human nature is comminuted, as it were, and mingled with this. Its intelligence, however frivolous, looks out of the midst, and gives the splendor an unending mystery.

The Scandinavian nations have their students at Rome, at Paris, and Munich. They paint the nude, the fantastic legends of the gods of Asgard, the savage fiords warmed by the glow of the short summer, with a thoroughness of execution and a sober charm of their own. Salmson, of Sweden, makes a pleasing large picture — I prefer to mention that at the Salon as displaying best his qualities — of four laborers hoeing. They are in a row, and all in the front plane. It is of an almost indolent simplicity; the lines are mainly horizontal, and there is scarcely an attempt at composition. Denmark shows, in the landscapes, a great deal of a metallic green finished in much detail, not unlike some of the work of W. T. Richards.

The Swiss republic, with its peculiar conditions, has produced no indigenous art, but only, as in literature, a nice general culture. Among the rest are shown two not at all complimentary portraits of Generals Sherman and Lee, purchased by the federal council with curious impartiality.

The Greeks keep alive the memory of Lord Byron, and their gallant naval combats with the Turks early in the century. They do not go farther back. If you wish to find the exact manner of the Pyrrhic dances, it is not here, but in the No. 9 of Alma Tadema.

The Dutch school is one to which the word can be applied with some confidence. There is assembled, principally at the Hague, a collection of artists who have both a spirit and a manner of their own. It is a modern spirit, having nothing to do with the classics, and little with the Middle Ages. It finds its satisfaction almost entirely in the exterior aspects of the country. It is the black-and-white cattle feeding on the levels, fringed with windmills, the moist, heavy atmosphere that forms clouds close down to the earth. We get transient gleams through it upon a patch of verdure, a red roof, a white window, with a delicious effect. The sea and the fishing boats, in the hands of Maris, Apol, Mesdag, are an important department. The boats are very bold, and colored as Clays does them for Belgium, but more sombre. The sea is strange, leaden, greenish, and thick; the sea of the Channel turbid, and never crystalline. Ribarz paints the same gleams and the red roofs exquisitely for Austria, and Masure is not the only one at Paris who approaches — as Daubigny did — the same kind of sea; but there can be little doubt of the origin of the manner in the country itself. Your sympathy is demanded for the life depicted, yet not disturbingly. The people are unhappy, but not in anguish. They walk by the sea, or sit with folded hands, with an air of reverie in their melancholy.

The art of the United States, — behold us arrived, at last, in the department which constitutes to the patriotic American his foreground, lingered over with an affectionate interest touched with sympathy. It has not suffered a sea change in crossing the ocean. There is the old element, — very quiet and not in force here, — imperfectly educated, and developed in provincial conditions. There is the new element, in train to be exceedingly well educated, reveling deeply in foreign picturesqueness, painting from a common stock of archæological and Oriental ideas, and not yet having gone in search, as it undoubtedly will, of national subjects. You would not know, from the walls, where you were. The painting is extremely good. If it were not for the overwhelming richness in the vicinity, it must be thought well of by everybody. A critic, who has deservedly compared our façade to a railway station in the Western wilds, finds here that "this is a people which has not yet arrived at the sentiment of art." But no, M. Hippolyte Gautier! It is a people of the quickest and most impressible, of an eager zest in art. But it has been so starved, it has had so few opportunities, — no government patronage; no great churches and municipal halls to decorate; no education, in so far as it is educated, except in small, domestic works. Something very radical and wholesale has got to be done with it before we can have a great body of strong painters, for at the present they

are produced, as our Western railroads were built, in advance instead of after the demand; but let nobody believe that it is not of excellent material.

One is ready to assert at the end that there are no national but only individual peculiarities, — no schools. It is not as in the great epochs of the past, when communications were difficult. The old master, shut up in his hill city, developed an art with sharp edges, which passed but slowly out of the territory. Everybody now has access to everybody else's picture, to borrow what he pleases from it. A Paris Salon is an epitome of what is done the continent over, if not the world over.

There is but one school. The way to judge of national standing is numerically. How many of these admirable artists has the nation in proportion to its population? But no, not yet. This is coming rapidly, but not quite come. You bear away still, though faintly, the domestic and moral tone of England; the raw, glowing colors of Spain; the expression of intellectual feminine beauty of Germany; the furtive sunshine and the thick, weird glance at the sea and its fishing boats of Holland; the mosaic view of life of the (Spanish) Italians; the scholarship and a certain grandiose seriousness of the French, as distinctive characteristics.

THREE TYPICAL WORKINGMEN.

THERE are many types or varieties of character among the workingmen of this country. As acquaintance with many individuals must precede any useful attempt at classification, I present these sketches of workingmen I have known without trying to determine in what degree they are typical or representative persons. Of course one can report only what he has seen. Workingmen are not equally communicative with everybody, and there are few observers who, to use a phrase common among the workingmen, can "put things together;" few who distinguish what is significant, or penetrate to the relations between the most familiar facts, or even remember and think about what they have seen. My acquaintance with American workingmen in different parts of the country has impressed me with the essential truth of the saying that the whole world is everywhere, and that although many things seem strange or unusual when first seen, continued observation reveals the existence of similar facts and instances almost everywhere. Of course the life of workingmen and their families varies in many of its features in different regions. There are observable diversities of type, in conditions and in character, as we pass from the mountain mining regions to the farms of the Western prairies or of New England. Manufacturing communities have their peculiarities. Changes in employment modify the character of the population. The establishment of a great factory employing a thousand men or women would produce important social and moral modifications in any community. Wide-spread changes in opinion also affect the prevalent type of character, and in time even the structure of society. The increased hostility to the churches which has been developed in some classes of our population within the last twenty years has already produced in many places a greater feebleness of community. There is not always now, on the part of the people living near each other, so general or vital coöperation for the promotion of the interests of the neighborhood as formerly existed; and the more definite and active opposition to Christianity in our time has already produced changes in

the administration of charity, and, what is more important, in the moral guardianship of the younger and more dependent members of many communities. There is often less interest on the part of society in the establishment of young men in business or profitable industry. Such shifting of currents and tendencies in the life and thought of the age often goes on for some time without being recognized, but no student of the subject believes that great changes can take place in the circumstances, occupations, opinions, habits, and educational conditions of any population without some resulting modification in personal character and the structure of society.

Strong drink is still the greatest evil in the life of multitudes of American workingmen, though the number of those who do not use ardent spirits at all has greatly increased during the last twenty-five years, and is still increasing. Yet there are workingmen everywhere who are fighting this appetite, and trying to throw off the bondage of the habit of indulgence. One such I have known for many years. He was born in New England, and was a member of the first company of soldiers who left Boston for the seat of war at the beginning of the rebellion. He was shot through the hand at Antietam, and receives a pension of five dollars per month from the government. Four or five of his children are in the public schools, and there are two or three smaller ones at home. He has been for several years a shoemaker, working in the large shops or "factories" of a country town. There seems to be nothing loose or defective in his original equipment; he has in almost every respect a fine nature; but he had a hard struggle for several years with the habit of social drinking. It beset him most severely in times of depression, when he was out of work, or after sickness in his family. His pastor once told me of having chanced to see him coming out of a saloon one day while the shops were closed. The clergyman met him with an impetuous expression of grief and disappointment that he should not have cared more for the trials and perplexities of his minister's lot, and should be willing to add thus to his burdens, mentioning several workingmen about whom he had long been anxious, and whom he had tried to encourage and fortify against the appetite for liquor. "If you workingmen go on in this way," he concluded, "how can I have strength or hope to try to do anything? It is enough to break a man's heart to see that nobody cares about what he is trying so hard to accomplish." The man's face grew white; he burst into tears, and said, "I did not know you cared so much about it as that. I will never go into such a place again." And the minister thinks he has kept his word.

The life of such a man has its trials and hardships. During many years past he has scarcely ever received more than enough for the subsistence of his family in time of health. He is now able, while working by the piece, to earn a dollar and a half per day. This, with the pension added, amounts at the utmost to about five hundred and thirty dollars per year. Out of this he must pay rent for his house, and provide all that his family can have to live upon. The closest economy consistent with health does not avail to save any considerable part of such an income. But sickness comes to all homes, and most frequently to those of the poor. When it visits a household like this, even if the workman is not kept from the shop by the illness of child or wife, there is unavoidably some increase of expenditure. There can be but very little increase without incurring debts, and in such circumstances how can debts ever be paid?

Then there are sometimes losses from other causes than sickness in the family. Two or three years ago this man worked for manufacturers who did not (perhaps could not) pay their hands promptly. My friend's children had been ill, and he was straining every nerve to make extra wages, frequently working fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. He had gone on thus for some months, when his employers suddenly closed their shop

and left the town. Other creditors seized the stock on hand, and the workmen were left unpaid. The amount due my neighbor was about one hundred and fifty dollars. I went to see him. He was depressed, of course, and indignant, but bore the stroke bravely. It was a serious matter for him. His wife was troubled and anxious lest her husband might, under such discouragement, yield to the temptation he had long withstood, and so lose the mastery of himself he had so hardly won. He was half sick for a day or two, but wise neighbors invited him and his family out for two or three visits. He soon emerged from his depression, and as soon as possible obtained work in another shop. Since then he has not been able to free himself from debt, but he told me recently that with a year of steady work and close economy he can pay all that he owes.

I asked him lately if he was attending the political meetings now being held nightly in the town where he lives. "No," said he; "I do not go at all this year. I joined the greenback people last year, listened to their speeches, and voted their ticket. But their talk has disgusted me. I told my wife they were depending on getting something out of nothing. We are all to be prosperous with very little labor. Now, I don't see how that can be. It may be that poor people are oppressed, and I think myself some things are wrong, and they are hard to bear; but as I look at it, it takes a deal of hard work to keep this world going on, and it seems to me these labor reformers would only make things worse. One thing I have noticed: I have been out of work sometimes for a few weeks, and even when we had plenty to live on the idleness did me no good." This man is growing in self-control and strength of character. He has a good wife, and his children are doing well in the public schools.

I have observed that workingmen who habitually drink even the lighter beverages, such as beer and ale, are usually more irritable at home, and are more frequently involved in domestic disturbance and unhappiness, than those who use no liquor. In the towns and cities the children of those who do not drink are commonly more intelligent, quiet, and well behaved than the children of parents who drink even moderately. This results largely, I suppose, from the fact that men who do not drink are at home at evening much more, and their family life becomes more social, intellectual, and active.

Another hardship and temptation for multitudes of workingmen arises from the fact that they have been systematically taught by all their guides that in this country men should "aspire" to the possession of nearly everything that appears in any way desirable. The old moral teaching, which emphasized intelligibly and without mysticism the strength which comes from the repression of desires, has been to a great extent disused. It is harder and more painful than formerly for workingmen and their families to "do without things." In very few communities has there been any example of moderation on the part of the more fortunate classes, and these are not without some degree of responsibility for the alienation and discontent recently apparent among workingmen. The unwillingness to begin where they are, and accept the facts of their situation, with the wearing, fruitless endeavor to live on a scale requiring an expenditure greater than their income, is perhaps the chief evil and error in the life of American workingmen as a class. (Of course this does not now apply to those who are entirely without employment.) Would that this evil were confined to the class of workingmen!

The next story is of a man who is now between forty-five and fifty years of age, who was born in New England. He was from boyhood an earnest abolitionist; was a common soldier and afterward a commissioned officer in the Union army; and has been a farmer and house-carpenter since the close of the war. In speaking of him I feel that I ought to begin with the fullest recognition of the many excellent qualities in his character. He is a man of most amiable and

kindly disposition; of great tenderness and benevolence to the poor, the sick, and all who are in distress; a faithful and sympathetic nurse when disease invades the homes of his neighbors; and ready to divide his last crust with those whom others neglect or abuse. He is what people call a well-informed man; his knowledge of what may be learned from the encyclopædias and from good books being above the average attainments even of "cultivated people." Yet he is poorly fitted for life in a world where effects depend upon causes, and most good things have their price in toil. My friend has always been greatly interested in the elevation of mankind, the improvement of society, and the progress of humanity, — to use three phrases which are very dear to him. But he has not been, and is not now, able so to apply and direct his own powers as to gain a subsistence for himself and his family. He once had a farm, which, if it had been managed wisely and cultivated with energy, would have been a sufficient means and source of support, a most comfortable and desirable home. But he could never begin his work at the right time, or follow it persistently after his tardy beginning.

In the late spring, when his neighbors were already plowing their corn, they would sometimes ask each other, "How 's the captain's corn?" And the usual reply would be, "The captain has n't planted yet. Fact is, he has n't got his plans made out for this season's crop." This reply hints at one of my friend's greatest difficulties. His plans are always so large and complex, and all his movements so deliberate, that it is almost impossible for him to begin even the simplest and most ordinary operations of the farm.

He is an inveterate reader, and has read many good books during the long summer days when his labor was sadly needed on his farm. He has always had an especial fondness for the speculative or theoretical side of the physical sciences, and is deeply interested in all labor-saving inventions, and especially in projects which promise great results from apparently trifling causes. He has almost boundless faith in the possibility of such inventions or discoveries. I think he would scarcely be staggered by the announcement that somebody had a plan to warm the polar regions of the globe and cool the tropics, or had found out how to evolve power enough from a pail of water to drive a railway train across the continent. He has a vivid imagination, but it has never been disciplined, or brought into relations with the facts of life. I think the greatest happiness of his life has been the study of the works of Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin. He is very familiar with these, and has eminent delight in Mr. Darwin's speculations regarding the origin and development of animal and human life. He has good conversational powers, and is a very interesting companion on a journey or in the social circle.

Yet this man, with all these endowments and with good health and ample strength of body and limb, has not been successful in life. He early began borrowing money for current expenses, for the means of subsistence, mortgaging his farm to secure the payment of these sums, which grew larger and larger, and were never paid. By and by the whole value of the farm was swallowed up, and he was dispossessed. He has many children, and the family would often have suffered sharply if it had not been for the patient, laborious industry of the wife and mother, who is not at all poetical or imaginative, who has no great plans or theories, but who has an old-fashioned, practical faith in hard work. For many years the family has in large measure subsisted upon the scanty proceeds of her work with her sewing-machine. If she had been seconded by equal industry and application on the part of her husband, they might now have been a prosperous family in a home of their own. Instead of this the man is hopelessly, fatally, in debt. His credit was gone long ago.

My friend has recently been profoundly interested in the science of government, and especially in subjects connected with the financial systems of dif-

ferent nations. He now attributes the loss of his farm to fatal mismanagement on the part of our government, and an evil discrimination in our national legislation against the workingmen and in favor of capitalists. His theories of these subjects need not be recorded here at length. They are essentially the same as those held by most of the men who think the way can be opened into a new Garden of Eden for mankind by entrusting the guidance and control of society to leaders who have not been spoiled by culture or knowledge. His expectations have, however, an Oriental richness of coloring, a breadth and sweep surpassing all that I have heard or read in the most sanguine predictions of the prophets of the national party. The opinions or theories of this class relative to financial subjects, and other matters connected with the government and the organization of society, however wild and baseless we may esteem them, are held naturally by their votaries. Our fellow-citizens who still display the characteristics of prehistoric thought are, in an important sense, logical and consistent. They think as they must think till they have a different education. These theories and prepossessions are coherent with their usual intellectual methods, and with the whole body of their thought. They are such as should have been expected, under existing circumstances, from a class with their equipment and education.

I think the failures of this life can be traced far back, if not entirely to their sources. My friend has always been, as he himself declares, a dreamer and idealist. When he was young he loved to indulge in reverie, — in beautiful and happy imaginings of a world unblighted by evil and suffering. It would probably have required, even in early manhood, strenuous self-restraint, a severe and protracted course of effort and discipline, to overcome this inclination to luxurious, indolent thinking. The habit has so long been firmly fixed that probably no endeavor of which he is now capable would avail to free him from this bondage, a bondage which is in some respects not unlike that of opium or strong drink. His neighbors cannot afford to employ him, because he so often forgets himself or his work. Even in such occupations as require the constant attention and reciprocal activity of two men, such as handling lumber or brick, he becomes oblivious, in the briefest interval, respecting the necessity of coöperation with his fellow-workman.

Our friend has never used intoxicating liquors, having been faithful to his habit of total abstinence even while an officer in the army. An old neighbor and faithful friend of his, who is in no degree blind to his faults, says that the captain would face all possible obloquy in support of an unpopular principle or cause, and that he would undoubtedly meet death unflinchingly at the hands of an angry mob, if that were the penalty for protecting a helpless woman or child from abuse, or befriending an oppressed negro or Chinaman; and my own acquaintance with the man leads me to regard this estimate as only just. He is capable of any devotion or sacrifice that would not require faithful, patient industry, and a recognition of the hard facts and conditions of human life in this world. He has always preferred illusions to truth.

At a meeting of a greenback club a few weeks ago, after our friend had made a speech in which representations of the woes of the unemployed millions of American workingmen were mingled with glowing millennial prophecies of the good time coming, "when the people shall have buried the capitalist and the politician in one wide, deep grave," an old farmer gave his neighbors his view of the state of the country: "The man who works for money and then saves it will have it, but the man who spends good working-days talking politics will never have much of anything. It 's well enough for neighbors to talk over these things on Saturday evenings down at the store, specially if there 's anybody there that knows anything about such matters; but a good many men about here would rather talk all day on the streets about the hard times and the meanness of the

bond-holders than to do an honest day's work. I have been farming here, in the edge of the village, for fifteen years. Before that I farmed in Northern New York. Have always hired one or two hands. Men do not generally work so well of late years as before the war. The high wages just after the war seemed to spoil a good many of them. They acted as if they thought they were working entirely for their own interest, and not at all for mine. One of my hands told me once — that was in 1865 or 1866 — that while he could make three dollars a day he would n't stand much orderin' around from anybody. I discharged him at once, for I thought he might soon conclude that he owned the farm, instead of me. I always hired men from New York (where I used to live), for six months or a year at a time, till three years ago my wife and I thought that as so many men here were out of employment, and there was real distress on account of it, I ought to give my neighbors a chance to do whatever work I had for hired men. But it has been unprofitable for me, and has not seemed to do them much good. I have not found many men who were ready to go to work at any particular time. Some who had complained bitterly of the hard times, and of not being employed, engaged to work for me, but they never came. Others came so late in the morning and worked so leisurely that it made me tired to see their movements. One man made greenback speeches to me nearly all one day; they were pretty good speeches, too, — of the kind. At night I paid him, and told him I did not feel comfortable in having a man at work in my fields who could speak so well as he. He was very poor, and needed every cent he could make, but I would have paid him pretty good wages to stay away rather than have him on my place. I have tried to have some men work for me who get help from the town in winter, but I never could get much out of them."

It is a little more than ten years since a sturdy young friend of mine, whom the neighbors called Jim, bought sixty acres of land about two miles from a thriving country town in one of the largest States. It was high ground, lying on the first "bench" or elevation above a river valley or "bottom," to use terms common in that region. It had been rendered nearly worthless for agriculture by the use of the upper stratum of clay over most of its surface in the manufacture of brick. Then it had been for a long time part of an unsettled estate belonging to non-resident heirs, and, as nobody took care of it, excavations were made upon it for earth to fill up low-lying lots, and for road-making, till it was as rough and uninviting a place as one would see in a day's ride, — made up mostly of irregular hillocks of clay, small ponds, and tracts of mire. At last it was to be sold, and this young fellow, who had just attained his majority, was the purchaser. He was an orphan, free after he was sixteen years of age to make his own living, and without a dollar in the world, or any possession but sound health and a strong will. He had at that time gone into the army, and after the war was over he had worked on the farms and in the stone quarries in the vicinity, and in these five years had saved enough to make a good first payment on this piece of land. He had now to improve his property and finish paying for it. He had a surveyor look over the ground and advise about drains. Then he bought a little scrub mule and an old cart, as he was determined not to go in debt for anything besides the land. He began digging down banks, opening ditches, and filling up ponds. He obtained permission to remove the earth thrown out in enlarging and extending a mill-race not far away, and engaged in carting this on to his land. He planted every foot of his ground that would produce anything, and labored early and late to bring more of it into a state of fitness for cultivation. When obliged to have money, he worked for a few days in the stone quarries. He put up a little cabin on his own ground, and brought an old negro woman from the town to keep house for him.

I sometimes saw him in those days,

going out to the cabin on Sunday afternoons for a little talk with him. The old woman went to church regularly on Sunday morning, and Jim went along, because, as he said, it kept fellows away whom he did not wish to associate with. I thought this a good reason, and did not press him for others. He did not use tobacco nor any kind of strong drink. "The fact is," he said, "vices are luxuries, and I can't afford to have any." I found that his reputation among the farmers and business men was excellent for industry and faithfulness. One old man told me that Jim lost less time in getting at his work than any other hand he had ever employed. "He 'll be in the middle of a job, goin' on steady and regular, while other men are sort o' preparin' to get ready."

Last year I visited Jim again. Walking out to his place, I met him driving a span of gigantic mules harnessed to a wagon-load of stone. He stopped his team, and sprang off his load, in order to greet me. Then, as there was a long reach of level road ahead, he invited me to share his seat, and we talked of old times, of the state of the country, and of his affairs. He had made the last payment for his place some months before, owned the team he was driving, and had made various improvements on the land, as he would show me in the afternoon. He told me, among other things, that a few years before he had bought, for a merely nominal sum, the privilege of cleaning the streets of the neighboring town, removing the sweepings to his place for their value as fertilizing material. He said the streets had not been cleaned before, in any thorough or systematic way, and that at first he could not induce even idle men who were in quest of employment to assist in cleaning them for good wages. "No," said one of the colored men, "I 'se had pretty hard times; I 'se had to git down pretty low, but I 'se never come to that." But Jim soon changed that by going into town on Saturday, when the streets were full of people, and loading up his cart before a crowd of wondering boys. One or two acquaintances jeered good-naturedly; but Jim soon extended his operations, and hired men and boys to collect the street-sweepings, litter from stables and barns, and rubbish from door-yards, all of which enriched his land, and left the town one of the cleanest I have seen, whereas it was formerly a very dirty one. "You see," said he, "my ground will bear a deal of fertilizing. It has a clay subsoil, and will keep all I give it."

In the afternoon we looked over his place together. There was hardly a trace of its old appearance left. All the ground had been brought under cultivation; a barn had been built, trees planted, and the cabin enlarged. I saw a work-bench under a shed, and stopped to look at the tools. "Yes," said Jim, "our workingmen buy too many things; buy things that they ought to make for themselves. I 've saved a good many dollars here, and have n't lost any time, for I should have to go twice to town for each job of repairing done there." In the house the furniture was nearly all home-made. (I have been in scores of the homes of unemployed workingmen, in different parts of our country, during the last five years, where the chairs, tables, and bedsteads were all worn out and breaking down, so that in many instances there was not a safe or comfortable seat in the house. Yet the furniture had all been bought of dealers at high prices, if we consider its quality and its capacity for use, — or rather for going to pieces, — and these workingmen were not able to repair it, or even to make new stools on which to sit while eating their food. They had been at work in shops, mills, or factories, and when these closed had so little power of self-help that months of idleness passed without anything being done to make their homes more comfortable. In such cases everything that comes into the house, or that is used about it, must be bought, and requires money for its purchase.)

The old colored woman was still housekeeper. On shelves against the wall I saw two or three volumes of Gray's Botanies, with some recent books on chem-

istry, geology, and mineralogy. "I thought I would learn something about my own ground and what grows on it. I have given very little time to these things, — a few minutes now and then after dinner, or while the mules were resting; but it has been a kind of rest to me when I was tired to look for things, and then try to learn about them after I had found them. I was surprised to find so many different kinds of plants on this small piece of ground. I have found several which the books say are rare, and it is likely there are many that I have not happened to see."

"Did you have no instruction?"

"Only from the books, at first, but they are very plain. All one needs is a start. I was plowing here one day, when a man came along and asked if he might walk over the field and look at what grew on my ground. I said, Yes, and asked if I might go along. So I let my team stand, for I thought it worth while to leave my work for an hour if I could learn something. The gentleman knew about plants, and gave me some good hints, and said the real good of such studies was in the discipline or cultivation that we get by observing and comparing things. It was an hour well spent. The gentleman advised me to make a list or record of all the plants and trees growing here, and also of the different minerals and kinds of stone; but I do not get along very fast with it. Sometimes I wish I could have been here before the place was worked over so much." There were many geological and mineralogical specimens in a little cabinet; a few of them such as would be highly valued by collectors. "I have come really to love the place," said my young friend, "but I am going to leave it soon."

"Why," said I, "why is that?"

"Well, it is getting to be very comfortable here, and easy, and I am too young for that. Whenever I see a rough, wild piece of ground, that has never had any chance, I feel like taking hold to see what can be made of it. We never know what is in such a wild, forsaken place till we begin to work with it; then the land seems to take hold and do the best it can. There 's a very rough place out among the hills, a few miles from here, that I should like to make a partnership with for a few years. It 's entirely different from this, so I shall like it for that. It 's full of rocks, and is very uneven, with another kind of soil, and I shall have to learn nearly everything new. I have concluded to buy it."

In the evening Jim harnessed his mules and drove me to town. As we left his gate I said, "You like mules best?"

He laughed, and answered, "They are not handsome, but in the mud and on rough ground they can do what 's wanted of them, and are worth more than fine horses. I think, sometimes, there 's a good deal of hard mule work wanted in this country. I know when I came here I needed about as much straightening out as this piece of ground; and you remember how it looked. The mules have helped me a little besides improving the place."

"Have you not wished you had some easier work? Some of your neighbors here, I believe, think men ought not to work so much or so hard."

"I do not know how it may be with others, — though I think most young fellows are much alike, — but it takes about twelve hours a day to keep me up to what a man ought to be. I am sometimes almost frightened to find how fast the weeds will grow in a fellow's disposition with a little idleness. All sorts of unprofitable and dreamy thoughts come up, and get stronger and stronger. It would not take long to feel meddlesome and envious and sour and discontented. I believe I should soon be a savage if it were not for hard work."

"Do you see much of other young men here?"

"Most of them belong to so many societies in the town that they have no time for anything but their meetings. They wanted me to join all of them, and I asked what they did. So they told me their course of proceeding for the evening. That might do very well for

one time, I thought, but they said they did the same things over again every time they came together, and that would not do for me. The young fellows that belong to these societies don't seem to know what to do with themselves when they are at home or alone."

"Do they seem to be well informed?"

"None of us are well informed. A few of us know a little of a good many things, but we know nothing to the bottom. And now this reminds me of what I have for a long time wished to ask you. What shall I read? What can I tell these young men to read? Some of them are not satisfied with the way they are going on. One day I was thinking how reasonable it was that I should know something about the ground I was working over every day, and I wished I could know about the history of this very spot all the way through the old ages, and how it had come to be what it is now. I thought it might help me to know what to do with it. And I should like to know about human society, especially in our own country, — about the changes and steps by which it has come to be what it is now. I can't find out very well what it is now, — what is the real condition of things. I see different people working in different directions. Some of these movements must be wrong, and I should like to know which I ought to help and work with. I can't read the great newspapers. They are too large, and it would take more time than workingmen can spare to read them. The writers seem to think people have nothing else to do but read their long articles. Is there any rather small paper that will tell the truth and explain things plainly, that I can read and show to the young men about here?"

(The same inquiry has been addressed to me hundreds of times during the last dozen years by workingmen in nearly all the Northern States, when I have conversed with them about the state of the country, and the interests and duties of their class. I have always had to answer that although we have a few invaluable publications which are organs of wise and sound thinking, they are for the most part addressed to the cultivated classes, and are more elaborate and bookish, as well as more costly, than reading for workingmen should be; and that there is as yet no means for the education of the workingmen which such a paper would supply. Of late I have to reflect that, although I cannot yet point workingmen to such a newspaper as they need, hundreds of thousands of them receive each week one that is devoted to the propagation of theories of government and a philosophy of life which, if generally accepted by its readers, must not only stimulate the growth of erroneous opinions, but also lower the tone and standard of character among American workingmen; and this organ of illusion and destructive error, although as large as our leading American newspapers, is supplied to subscribers for the price of twenty-five cents per year. Why should sound and wholesome teaching cost so much more than that which is mischievous? Although the exponents of prehistoric or uncivilized thought claim to be the friends and representatives of the poor, they are not without means for the propagation of their ideas. They give their publishing enterprises a vigorous support, and are ready to pay large sums for the services of acceptable speakers.) I told my young friend I thought there would be such a paper before many years had passed, and advised him to ask two or three of the most thoughtful young men to join him in taking one or two of the best newspapers, and to buy such numbers of the magazines as contain articles of special interest and value; and then we parted.

My observation of the life and thought of workingmen impresses me with the conviction that the cultivated men of the country are not, in a sufficient degree, in communication with the great body of the laboring people; and that a more direct and vital relation between them would be a great gain to both classes. The things which our best and wisest men are saying to each other should be addressed, and in suitable

forms of utterance might be addressed, to the workingmen of the nation.

There is danger that we shall accept as necessary and inevitable the permanence of the conditions which have produced our present difficulties; that even our leaders, those who "in their motion are full-welling fountain-heads of change," may not see how imperative is the need of a system of education that shall be so disciplinary of the mass of the people as to make them truly self-governing; or, in other words, to make purely democratic institutions compatible with progress in civilization. Existing means and agencies for the political education of our people are very inadequate. We have depended upon our common schools for results which they alone could not possibly produce.

I suppose few intelligent men now think our chief peril is from communistic outbreaks or revolution. But it is somewhat remarkable that people should so readily conclude that if we are not threatened by this particular danger we have no cause for apprehension; and that the condition and prospects of our country are therefore, on the whole, satisfactory and encouraging. About the utmost mischief in the power of communistic mobs would be the burning of some of our cities, and to accomplish even so much as that they would have to be aided by the accidental concurrence of many favoring conditions. But history shows us that nations have often been lulled into fancied security by their deliverance from one form of danger, while from sources unnoticed or deemed contemptible more serious mischiefs arose, and wrought lasting injury.

Are not the conditions of intellectual soil and atmosphere favorable for the growth of plausible fallacies, of illusions about what can be accomplished by legislation in "lightening the burdens of poverty and toil, and bringing back the days of prosperity to a suffering people," — illusions which will lead the minds of men away from the study of the real problems of the time, and make them more and more impatient and unteachable? May we not reasonably anticipate a long period of wasteful and often very perilous experiments (if we can rightly use the word "experiment" for what is the result of mere impulse and recklessness; for what is undertaken without foresight, carried forward without critical observation or intelligence, and looked back to when it is past with no increase of wisdom from experience), — experiments which will greatly exhaust the national vitality and resources, and which are therefore too costly to be undertaken if they can be avoided? But it is common among cultivated people, who feel, not unreasonably, a kind of awe of the vastness and complexity of our modern life, to urge that each of these mischievous fallacies and illusions "will play its part in the education of the people," and that the result of this educational process is what we must chiefly depend upon for the increase of wisdom among us, and for the development of such qualities in the national character as shall secure our continued progress in civilization.

Let us examine this briefly. We have need of clear thinking here. A trust in events, in general conditions, and in the influence of the total environment of society, as the chief means or sources of change, is one of the prominent features of modern cultivated thought. As it is now held, this trust, with the scientific and philosophical theories with which it is correlated, marks an important stage in intellectual and social evolution, but it admits of modification and farther development. We are apt to be somewhat dazed and bewildered by the modern revelations of the immensity of the universe. Everywhere we encounter a tangle and maze of elements, conditions, and relations, practically of infinite extent; and in the study of civilization, or the evolution of society, this impression of the slow working of resistless forces, through a limitless complexity of causes and effects, recurs continually, and with especial emphasis. If everything around us is the result of movements which began when the primordial atoms floated together, where is there room for us to put in our hand? What

can we do but wait for events? The moral or social world seems to many of the cultivated minds of our time a great stage for the vast spectacular drama of history. It is one of their illusions that they are only spectators and critics of the play. But the vast, eternal movement easily incorporates human and personal effort. A man's thought or work becomes, in the measure of his wisdom and personal vitality, a factor in the life of his time, a source of change, a cause which transmits some effect to the near future.

But, more specifically, men and nations are commonly educated by events only as the events are wisely interpreted and explained by competent teachers and guides. There is no magical power in the mere succession of occurrences of any kind to give men wisdom. One insanity or popular delusion may succeed another, leading to any number of disastrous experiments, and the masses may garner no stores of valuable experience from such fateful seed-sowing, unless the time brings forward teachers who can show to the people the meaning, origin, and tendencies of contemporary events; who can come to their work with a power of analysis which will enable them to distinguish the several factors of the life of the time, and a synthetic judgment by which to estimate the national character, position, and capabilities. The great need of our people to-day is precisely this wise interpretation of the events of the last twenty years, this competent explanation of current legislation and the other important factors of our national life and thought. Even partisans should be able to appreciate the fact that much of the prevalent dissatisfaction with the older political organizations has been produced by the partisan interpretations of political issues and events so persistently advanced by the newspapers and orators of both parties. The substitution of unreal for real issues has been so general that the people have nearly everywhere recognized it, and many of those whom they formerly trusted are not now believed even when they tell the truth.

THE LADY OF THE AROOSTOOK.

VII.

STANIFORD and Dunham drew stools to the rail, and sat down with their cigars after the captain left them. The second mate came by, and cast a friendly glance at them; he had whimsical brown eyes that twinkled under his cap-peak, while a lurking smile played under his heavy mustache; but he did not speak. Staniford said, there was a pleasant fellow, and he should like to sketch him. He was only an amateur artist, and he had been only an amateur in life otherwise, so far; but he did not pretend to have been anything else.

"Then you 're not sorry you came, Staniford?" asked Dunham, putting his hand on his friend's knee. He characteristically assumed the responsibility, although the voyage by sailing-vessel rather than steamer was their common whim, and it had been Staniford's preference that decided them for Trieste rather than any nearer port.

"No, I 'm not sorry, — if you call it come, already. I think a bit of Europe will be a very good thing for the present, or as long as I 'm in this irresolute mood. If I understand it, Europe is the place for American irresolution. When I 've made up my mind, I 'll come home again. I still think Colorado is the thing, though I have n't abandoned California altogether; it 's a question of cattle-range and sheep-ranch."

"You 'll decide against both," said Dunham.

"How would you like West Virginia? They cattle-range in West Virginia, too. They may sheep-ranch, for all I know, — no, that 's in Old Virginia. The trouble is that the Virginias, otherwise irreproachable, are not paying fields for such enterprises. They say that one is a sure thing in California, and the other is a sure thing in Colorado. They give you the figures." Staniford lit another cigar.

"But why should n't you stay where you are, Staniford? You 've money enough left, after all."

"Yes, money enough for one. But there 's something ignoble in living on a small stated income, unless you have some object in view besides living, and I have n't, you know. It 's a duty I owe to the general frame of things to make more money."

"If you turned your mind to any one thing, I 'm sure you 'd succeed where you are," Dunham urged.

"That 's just the trouble," retorted his friend, with a laugh. "I can't turn my mind to any one thing, — I 'm too universally gifted. I paint a little, I model a little, I play a very little indeed; I can write a book notice. The ladies praise my art, and the editors keep my literature a long time before they print it. This does n't seem the highest aim of being. I have the noble earth-hunger; I must get upon the land. That 's why I 've got upon the water." Staniford laughed again, and pulled comfortably at his cigar. "Now, you," he added, after a pause, in which Dunham did not reply, "you have not had losses; you still have everything comfortable about you. *Du hast alles was Menschen begehr*, even to the *schönsten Augen* of the divine Miss Hibbard."

"Yes, Staniford, that 's it. I hate your going out there all alone. Now, if you were taking some nice girl with you!" Dunham said, with a lover's fond desire that his friend should be in love, too.

"To those wilds? To a redwood shanty in California, or a turf hovel in Colorado? What nice girl would go? 'I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.' "

"I don't like to have you take any risks of degenerating," began Dunham.

"With what you know to be my natural tendencies? Your prophetic eye prefigures my pantaloons in the tops of my boots. Well, there is time yet to turn back from the brutality of a patriarchal life. You must allow that I 've taken the longest way round in going West. In Italy there are many chances; and besides, you know, I like to talk."

It seemed to be an old subject between them, and they discussed it languidly, like some abstract topic rather than a reality.

"If you only had some tie to bind you to the East, I should feel pretty safe about you," said Dunham, presently.

"I have you," answered his friend, demurely.

"Oh, I 'm nothing," said Dunham, with sincerity.

"Well, I may form some tie in Italy. Art may fall in love with me, there. How would you like to have me settle in Florence, and set up a studio instead of a ranch, — choose between sculpture and painting, instead of cattle and sheep? After all, it does grind me to have lost that money! If I had only been swindled out of it, I should n't have cared; but when you go and make a bad thing of it yourself, with your eyes open, there 's a reluctance to place the responsibility where it belongs that does n't occur in the other case. Dunham, do you think it altogether ridiculous that I should feel there was something sacred in the money? When I remember how hard my poor old father worked to get it together, it seems wicked that I should have stupidly wasted it on the venture I did. I want to get it back; I want to make money. And so I 'm going out to Italy with you, to waste more. I don't respect myself as I should if I were on a Pullman palace car, speeding westward. I 'll own I like this better."

"Oh, it 's all right, Staniford," said his friend. "The voyage will do you

good, and you 'll have time to think everything over, and start fairer when you get back."

"That girl," observed Staniford, with characteristic abruptness, "is a type that is commoner than we imagine in New England. We fair people fancy we are the only genuine Yankees. I guess that 's a mistake. There must have been a good many dark Puritans. In fact, we always think of Puritans as dark, don't we?"

"I believe we do," assented Dunham. "Perhaps on account of their black clothes."

"Perhaps," said Staniford. "At any rate, I 'm so tired of the blonde type in fiction that I rather like the other thing in life. Every novelist runs a blonde heroine; I wonder why. This girl has the clear Southern pallor; she 's of the olive hue; and her eyes are black as sloes, — not that I know what sloes are. Did she remind you of anything in particular?"

"Yes; a little of Faed's Evangeline, as she sat in the door-way of the warehouse yesterday."

"Exactly. I wish the picture were more of a picture; but I don't know that it matters. *She 's* more of a picture."

"'Pretty as a bird,' the captain said."

"Bird is n't bad. But the bird is in her manner. There 's something tranquilly alert in her manner that 's like a bird; like a bird that lingers on its perch, looking at you over its shoulder, if you come up behind. That trick of the heavily lifted, half lifted eyelids — I wonder if it 's a trick. The long lashes can't be; she can't make them curl up at the edges. Blood, — Lurella Blood. And she wants to know." Staniford's voice fell thoughtful. "She 's more slender than Faed's Evangeline. Faed painted rather too fat a sufferer on that tombstone. Lurella Blood has a very pretty figure. Lurella. Why Lurella?"

"Oh, come, Staniford!" cried Dunham. "It is n't fair to call the girl by that jingle without some ground for it."

"I 'm sure her name 's Lurella, for she wanted to know. Besides, there 's as much sense in it as there is in any name. It sounds very well. Lurella. It is mere prejudice that condemns the novel collocation of syllables."

"I wonder what she 's thinking of now, — what 's passing in her mind," mused Dunham aloud.

"*You* want to know, too, do you?" mocked his friend. "I 'll tell you what: processions of young men so long that they are an hour getting by a given point. That 's what 's passing in every girl's mind — when she 's thinking. It 's perfectly right. Processions of young girls are similarly passing in our stately and spacious intellects. It 's the chief business of the youth of one sex to think of the youth of the other sex."

"Oh, yes, I know," assented Dunham; "and I believe in it, too" —

"Of course you do, you wicked wretch, you abandoned Lovelace, you bruiser of ladies' hearts! You hope the procession is composed entirely of yourself. What would the divine Hibbard say to your goings-on?"

"Oh, don't, Staniford! It is n't fair," pleaded Dunham, with that flattered laugh which the best of men give when falsely attainted of gallantry. "I was wondering whether she was feeling homesick, or strange, or" —

"I will go below and ask her," said Staniford. "I know she will tell me the exact truth. They always do. Or if you will take a guess of mine instead of her word for it, I will hazard the surmise that she is not at all homesick. What has a pretty young girl to regret in such a life as she has left? It 's the most arid and joyless existence under the sun. She has never known anything like society. In the country with us, the social side must always have been somewhat paralyzed, but there are monumental evidences of pleasures in other days that are quite extinct now. You see big dusty ball-rooms in the old taverns: ball-rooms that have had no dancing in them for half a century, and where they give you a bed sometimes. There used to be academies, too, in the hill towns, where they furnished a rude but

serviceable article of real learning, and where the local octogenarian remembers seeing something famous in the way of theatricals on examination-day; but neither his children nor his grandchildren have seen the like. There 's a decay of the religious sentiment, and the church is no longer a social centre, with merry meetings among the tombstones between the morning and the afternoon service. Superficial humanitarianism of one kind or another has killed the good old orthodoxy, as the railroads have killed the turnpikes and the country taverns; and the common schools have killed the academies. Why, I don't suppose this girl ever saw anything livelier than a township cattle show, or a Sunday-school picnic, in her life. They don't pay visits in the country except at rare intervals, and their evening parties, when they have any, are something to strike you dead with pity. They used to clear away the corn-husks and pumpkins on the barn floor, and dance by the light of tin lanterns. At least, that 's the traditional thing. The actual thing is sitting around four sides of the room, giggling, whispering, looking at photograph albums, and coaxing somebody to play on the piano. The banquet is passed in the form of apples and water. I have assisted at *some* rural festivals where the apples and water were omitted. Upon the whole, I wonder our country people don't all go mad. They do go mad, a great many of them, and manage to get a little glimpse of society in the insane asylums." Staniford ended his tirade with a laugh, in which he vented his humorous sense and his fundamental pity of the conditions he had caricatured.

"But how," demanded Dunham, breaking rebelliously from the silence in which he had listened, "do you account for her good manner?"

"She probably was born with a genius for it. Some people are born with a genius for one thing, and some with a genius for another. I, for example, am an artistic genius, forced to be an amateur by the delusive possession of early wealth, and now burning with a creative instinct in the direction of the sheep or cattle business; you have the gift of universal optimism; Lurella Blood has the genius of good society. Give that girl a winter among nice people in Boston, and you would never know that she was not born on Beacon Hill."

"Oh, I doubt that," said Dunham.

"You doubt it? Pessimist!"

"But you insinuated just now that she had no sensibility," pursued Dunham.

"So I did!" cried Staniford, cheerfully. "Social refinement and sensibility are two very different things; the cynic might contend they were incompatible, but I won't insist so far. I dare say she may regret the natal spot; most of us have a dumb, brutish attachment to the *cari luoghi;* but if she knows anything, she hates its surroundings, and must be glad to get out into the world. I should like mightily to know how the world strikes her, as far as she 's gone. But I doubt if she 's one to betray her own counsel in any way. She looks deep, Lurella does." Staniford laughed again at the pain which his insistence upon this name for Lydia brought to Dunham's face.

VIII.

After dinner, nature avenged herself in the young men for their vigils of the night before, when they had stayed up so late, parting with friends, that they had found themselves early risers without having been abed. They both slept so long that Dunham, leaving Staniford to a still unfinished nap, came on deck between five and six o'clock.

Lydia was there, wrapped against the freshening breeze in a red knit shawl, and seated on a stool in the waist of the ship, in the Evangeline attitude, and with the wistful, Evangeline look in her face, as she gazed out over the far-weltering sea-line, from which all trace of the shore had vanished. She seemed to the young man very interesting, and he approached her with that kindness for all other women in his heart which

the lover feels in absence from his beloved, and with a formless sense that some retribution was due her from him for the roughness with which Staniford had surmised her natural history. Women had always been dear and sacred to him; he liked, beyond most young men, to be with them; he was forever calling upon them, getting introduced to them, waiting upon them, inventing little services for them, corresponding with them, and wearing himself out in their interest. It is said that women do not value men of this sort as much as men of some other sorts. It was long, at any rate, before Dunham — whom people always called Charley Dunham — found the woman who thought him more lovely than every other woman pronounced him; and naturally Miss Hibbard was the most exacting of her sex. She required all those offices which Dunham delighted to render, and many besides: being an invalid, she needed devotion. She had refused Dunham before going out to Europe with her mother, and she had written to take him back after she got there. He was now on his way to join her in Rome, where he hoped that he might marry her, and be perfectly sacrificed to her ailments. She only lacked poverty in order to be thoroughly displeasing to most men; but Dunham had no misgiving save in regard to her money; he wished she had no money.

"A good deal more motion, is n't there?" he said to Lydia, smilingly sunnily as he spoke, and holding his hat with one hand. "Do you find it unpleasant?"

"No," she answered, "not at all. I like it."

"Oh, there is n't enough swell to make it uncomfortable, yet," asserted Dunham, looking about to see if there were not something he could do for her. "And you may turn out a good sailor. Were you ever at sea before?"

"No; this is the first time I was ever on a ship."

"Is it possible!" cried Dunham; he was now fairly at sea for the first time himself, though by virtue of his European association he seemed to have made many voyages. It appeared to him that if there was nothing else he could do for Lydia, it was his duty to talk to her. He found another stool, and drew it up within easier conversational distance. "Then you 've never been out of sight of land before?"

"No," said Lydia.

"That 's very curious — I beg your pardon; I mean you must find it a great novelty."

"Yes, it 's very strange," said the girl, seriously. "It looks like the Flood. It seems as if all the rest of the world was drowned."

Dunham glanced round the vast horizon. "It *is* like the Flood. And it has that quality, which I 've often noticed in sublime things, of seeming to be for this occasion only."

"Yes?" said Lydia.

"Why, don't you know? It seems as if it must be like a fine sunset, and would pass in a few minutes. Perhaps we feel that we can't endure sublimity long, and want it to pass."

"I could look at it forever," replied Lydia.

Dunham turned to see if this were young-ladyish rapture, but she was evidently affecting nothing. He liked seriousness, for he was, with a great deal of affectation for social purposes, a very sincere person. His heart warmed more and more to the lonely girl; to be talking to her seemed, after all, to be doing very little for her, and he longed to be of service. "Have you explored our little wooden world, yet?" he asked, after a pause.

Lydia paused too. "The ship?" she asked presently. "No; I've only been in the cabin, and here; and this morning," she added conscientiously, "Thomas showed me the cook's galley, — the kitchen."

"You 've seen more of it than I have," said Dunham. "Would n't you like to go forward, to the bow, and see how it looks there?"

"Yes, thank you," answered Lydia, "I would."

She tottered a little in gaining her feet, and the wind drifted her slightness

a step or two aside. "Won't you take my arm, perhaps?" suggested Dunham.

"Thank you," said Lydia, "I think I can get along." But after a few paces, a lurch of the ship flung her against Dunham's side; he caught her hand, and passed it through his arm without protest from her.

"Is n't it grand?" he asked triumphantly, as they stood at the prow, and rose and sank with the vessel's careering plunges. It was no gale, but only a fair wind; the water foamed along the ship's sides, and, as her bows descended, shot forward in hissing jets of spray; away on every hand flocked the white caps. "You had better keep my arm, here." Lydia did so, resting her disengaged hand on the bulwarks, as she bent over a little on that side to watch the rush of the sea. "It really seems as if there were more of a view here."

"It does, somehow," admitted Lydia.

"Look back at the ship's sails," said Dunham. The swell and press of the white canvas seemed like the clouds of heaven swooping down upon them from all the airy heights. The sweet wind beat in their faces, and they laughed in sympathy, as they fronted it. "Perhaps the motion is a little too strong for you here?" he asked.

"Oh, not at all!" cried the girl.

He had done something for her by bringing her here, and he hoped to do something more by taking her away. He was discomfited, for he was at a loss what other attention to offer. Just at that moment a sound made itself heard above the whistling of the cordage and the wash of the sea, which caused Lydia to start and look round.

"Did n't you think," she asked, "that you heard hens?"

"Why, yes," said Dunham. "What could it have been? Let us investigate."

He led the way back past the forecastle and the cook's galley, and there, in dangerous proximity to the pots and frying-pans, they found a coop with some dozen querulous and meditative fowl in it.

"I heard them this morning," said Lydia. "They seemed to wake me with their crowing, and I thought — I thought I was at home!"

"I 'm very sorry," said Dunham, sympathetically. He wished Staniford were there to take shame to himself for denying sensibility to this girl.

The cook, smoking a pipe at the door of his galley, said, "Dey won't trouble you much, miss. Dey don't gen'ly last us long, and I 'll kill de roosters first."

"Oh, come, now!" protested Dunham. "I would n't say that!" The cook and Lydia stared at him in equal surprise.

"Well," answered the cook, "I 'll kill de hens first, den. It don't make any difference to me which I kill. I dunno but de hens is tenderer." He smoked in a bland indifference.

"Oh, hold on!" exclaimed Dunham, in repetition of his helpless protest.

Lydia stooped down to make closer acquaintance with the devoted birds. They huddled themselves away from her in one corner of their prison, and talked together in low tones, as of grave mistrust. "Poor things!" she said. As a country girl, used to the practical ends of poultry, she knew as well as the cook that it was the fit and simple destiny of chickens to be eaten, sooner or later; and it must have been less in commiseration of their fate than in self-pity and regret for the scenes they recalled that she sighed. The hens that burrowed yesterday under the lilacs in the door-yard; the cock that her aunt so often drove, insulted and exclamatory, at the head of his harem, out of forbidden garden bounds; the social and domestic groups that scratched and descanted lazily about the wide, sunny barn doors; the anxious companies seeking their favorite perches, with alarming outcries, in the dusk of summer evenings; the sentinels answering each other from farm to farm before winter dawns, when all the hills were drowned in snow, were of kindred with these hapless prisoners.

Dunham was touched at Lydia's compassion. "Would you like — would you like to feed them?" he asked by a happy inspiration. He turned to the cook,

with his gentle politeness: "There 's no objection to our feeding them, I suppose?"

"Laws, no!" said the cook. "Fats 'em up." He went inside, and reappeared with a pan full of scraps of meat and crusts of bread.

"Oh, I say!" cried Dunham. "Have n't you got some grain, you know, of some sort; some seeds, don't you know?"

"They will like this," said Lydia, while the cook stared in perplexity. She took the pan, and opening the little door of the coop flung the provision inside. But the fowls were either too depressed in spirit to eat anything, or they were not hungry; they remained in their corner, and merely fell silent, as if a new suspicion had been roused in their unhappy breasts.

"Dey 'll come to it," observed the cook.

Dunham felt far from content, and regarded the poultry with silent disappointment. "Are you fond of pets?" he asked, after a while.

"Yes," replied Lydia. "I used to have pet chickens when I was a little thing."

"You ought to adopt one of these," suggested Dunham. "That white one is a pretty creature."

"Yes," said Lydia. "He looks as if he were Leghorn. Leghorn breed," she added, in reply to Dunham's look of inquiry. "He 's a beauty."

"Let me get him out for you a moment!" cried the young man, in his amiable zeal. Before Lydia could protest, or the cook interfere, he had opened the coop-door and plunged his arm into the tumult which his manœuvre created within. He secured the cockerel, and drawing it forth was about to offer it to Lydia, when in its struggles to escape it drove one of its spurs into his hand. Dunham suddenly released it; and then ensued a wild chase for its recapture, up and down the ship, in which it had every advantage of the young man. At last it sprang upon the rail; he put out his hand to seize it, when it rose with a desperate screech, and flew far out over the sea. They watched the suicide till it sank exhausted into a distant whitecap.

"Dat 's gone," said the cook, philosophically. Dunham looked round. Half the ship's company, alarmed by his steeple-chase over the deck, were there, silently agrin.

Lydia did not laugh. When he asked, still with his habitual sweetness, but entirely at random, "Shall we — ah — go below?" she did not answer definitely, and did not go. At the same time she ceased to be so timidly intangible and aloof in manner. She began to talk to Dunham, instead of letting him talk to her; she asked him questions, and listened with deference to what he said on such matters as the probable length of the voyage and the sort of weather they were likely to have. She did not take note of his keeping his handkerchief wound round his hand, nor of his attempts to recur to the subject of his mortifying adventure. When they were again quite alone, the cook's respect having been won back through his ethnic susceptibility to silver, she remembered that she must go to her room.

"In other words," said Staniford, after Dunham had reported the whole case to him, "she treated your hurt vanity as if you had been her pet schoolboy. She lured you away from yourself, and got you to talking and thinking of other things. Lurella is deep, I tell you. What consummate tacticians the least of women are! It 's a pity that they have to work so often in such dull material as men; they ought always to have women to operate on. The youngest of them has more wisdom in human nature than the sages of our sex. I must say, Lurella is magnanimous, too. She might have taken her revenge on you for pitying her yesterday when she sat in that warehouse door on the wharf. It was rather fine in Lurella not to do it. What did she say, Dunham? What did she talk about? Did she want to know?"

"No!" shouted Dunham. "She talked very well, like any young lady."

"Oh, all young ladies talk well, of course. But what did this one say? What did she do, except suffer a visible

pang of homesickness at the sight of unattainable poultry? Come, you have represented the interview with Miss Blood as one of great brilliancy."

"I have n't," said Dunham. "I have done nothing of the kind. Her talk was like any pleasant talk; it was refined and simple, and — unobtrusive."

"That is, it was in no way remarkable," observed Staniford, with a laugh. "I expected something better of Lurella; I expected something salient. Well, never mind. She 's behaved well by you, seeing what a goose you had made of yourself. She behaved like a lady, and I 've noticed that she eats with her fork. It often happens in the country that you find the women practicing some of the arts of civilization, while their men folk are still sunk in barbaric uses. Lurella, I see, is a social creature; she was born for society, as you were, and I suppose you will be thrown a good deal together. We 're all likely to be associated rather familiarly, under the circumstances. But I wish you would note down in your mind some points of her conversation. I 'm really curious to know what a girl of her traditions thinks about the world when she first sees it. Her mind must be in most respects an unbroken wilderness. She 's had schooling, of course, and knows her grammar and algebra; but she can't have had any cultivation. If she were of an earlier generation, one would expect to find something biblical in her; but you can't count upon a Puritanic culture now among our country folks."

"If you are so curious," said Dunham, "why don't you study her mind, yourself?"

"No, no, that would n't do," Staniford answered. "The light of your innocence upon hers is invaluable. I can understand her better through you. You must go on. I will undertake to make your peace with Miss Hibbard."

The young men talked as they walked the deck and smoked in the starlight. They were wakeful after their long nap in the afternoon, and they walked and talked late, with the silences that old friends can permit themselves. Staniford recurred to his loss of money and his Western projects, which took more definite form now that he had placed so much distance between himself and their fulfillment. With half a year in Italy before him, he decided upon a cattle-range in Colorado. Then, "I should like to know," he said, after one of the pauses, "how two young men of our form strike that girl's fancy. I have n't any personal curiosity about her impressions, but I should like to know, as an observer of the human race. If my conjectures are right, she 's never met people of our sort before."

"What sort of men has she been associated with?" asked Dunham.

"Well, I 'm not quite prepared to say. I take it that it is n't exactly the hobbledehoy sort. She has probably looked high, — as far up as the clerk in the store. He has taken her to drive in a buggy Saturday afternoons, when he put on his ready-made suit, — and looked very well in it, too; and they 've been at picnics together. Or may be, as she 's in the school-teaching line, she 's taken some high-browed, hollow-cheeked, high-school principal for her ideal. Or it is possible that she has never had attention from any one. That is apt to happen to self-respectful girls in rural communities, and their beauty does n't save them. Fellows, as they call themselves, like girls that have some go, that make up to them. Lurella does n't seem of that kind; and I should not be surprised if you were the first gentleman who had ever offered her his arm. I wonder what she thought of you. She 's acquainted by sight with the ordinary summer boarder of North America; they penetrate everywhere, now; but I doubt if she 's talked with them much, if at all. She must be ignorant of our world beyond anything we can imagine."

"But how do you account for her being so well dressed?"

"Oh, that 's instinct. You find it everywhere. In every little village there is some girl who knows how to out-preen all the others. I wonder," added Staniford, in a more deeply musing tone, "if

she kept from laughing at you out of good feeling, or if she was merely overawed by your splendor."

"She did n't laugh," Dunham answered, "because she saw that it would have added to my annoyance. My splendor had nothing to do with it."

"Oh, don't underrate your splendor, my dear fellow!" cried Staniford, with a caressing ridicule that he often used with Dunham. "Of course, *I* know what a simple and humble fellow you are; but you 've no idea how that exterior of yours might impose upon the agricultural imagination; it has its effect upon me, in my pastoral moods." Dunham made a gesture of protest, and Staniford went on: "Country people have queer ideas of us, sometimes. Possibly Lurella was afraid of you. Think of that, Dunham, — having a woman afraid of you, for once in your life! Well, hurry up your acquaintance with her, Dunham, or I shall wear myself out in mere speculative analysis. I have n't the *aplomb* for studying the sensibilities of a young lady, and catching chickens for her, so as to produce a novel play of emotions. I thought this voyage was going to be a season of mental quiet, but having a young lady on board seems to forbid that kind of repose. I should n't mind a half dozen, but *one* is altogether too many. Poor little thing! I say, Dunham! There 's something rather pretty about having her with us, after all, is n't there? It gives a certain distinction to our voyage. We shall not degenerate. We shall shave every day, wind and weather permitting, and wear our best things." They talked of other matters, and again Staniford recurred to Lydia: "If she has any regrets for her mountain home, — though I don't see why she should have, — I hope they have n't kept her awake. My far-away cot on the plains is not going to interfere with my slumbers."

Staniford stepped to the ship's side, and flung the end of his cigarette overboard; it struck, a red spark amidst the lurid phosphorescence of the bubbles that swept backward from the vessel's prow.

IX.

The weather held fine. The sun shone, and the friendly winds blew out of a cloudless heaven; by night the moon ruled a firmament powdered with stars of multitudinous splendor. The conditions inspired Dunham with a restless fertility of invention in Lydia's behalf. He had heard of the game of shuffle-board, that blind and dumb croquet, with which the jaded passengers on the steamers appease their terrible leisure, and with the help of the ship's carpenter he organized this pastime, and played it with her hour after hour, while Staniford looked on and smoked in grave observance, and Hicks lurked at a distance, till Dunham felt it on his kind heart and tender conscience to invite him to a share in the diversion. As his nerves recovered their tone, Hicks showed himself a man of some qualities that Staniford would have liked in another man: he was amiable, and he was droll, though apt to turn sulky if Staniford addressed him, which did not often happen. He knew more than Dunham of shuffle-board, as well as of tossing rings of rope over a peg set up a certain space off in the deck, — a game which they eagerly took up in the afternoon, after pushing about the flat wooden disks all the morning. Most of the talk at the table was of the varying fortunes of the players; and the yarn of the story-teller in the forecastle remained half-spun, while the sailors off watch gathered to look on, and to bet upon Lydia's skill. It puzzled Staniford to make out whether she felt any strangeness in the situation, which she accepted with so much apparent serenity. Sometimes, in his frequently recurring talks with Dunham, he questioned whether their delicate precautions for saving her feelings were not perhaps thrown away upon a young person who played shuffle-board and ring-toss on the deck of the Aroostook with as much self-possession as she would have played croquet on her native turf at South Bradfield.

"Their ideal of propriety up country

is very different from ours," he said, beginning one of his long comments. "I don't say that it concerns the conscience more than ours does; but they think evil of different things. We 're getting Europeanized, — I don't mean you, Dunham; in spite of your endeavors you will always remain one of the most hopelessly American of our species, — and we have our little borrowed anxieties about the free association of young people. They have none whatever; though they are apt to look suspiciously upon married people's friendships with other people's wives and husbands. It 's quite likely that Lurella, with the traditions of her queer world, has not imagined anything anomalous in her position. She may realize certain inconveniences. But she must see great advantages in it. Poor girl! How she must be rioting on the united devotion of cabin and forecastle, after the scanty gallantries of a hill town peopled chiefly by elderly unmarried women! I 'm glad of it, for her sake. I wonder which she really prizes most: your ornate attentions, or the uncouth homage of those sailors, who are always running to fetch her rings and blocks when she makes a wild shot. I believe I don't care, and should n't disapprove of her preference, whichever it was." Staniford frowned before he added: "But I object to Hicks and his drolleries. It 's impossible for that little wretch to think reverently of a young girl; it 's shocking to see her treating him as if he were a gentleman." His behavior really gave no grounds for reproach; and it was only his moral mechanism, as Staniford called the character he constructed for Hicks, which he could blame. Nevertheless, the thought of him gave an oblique cast to Staniford's reflections. "This sort of worship is every woman's due in girlhood; but I suppose a fortnight of it will make her a pert and silly coquette. What does she say to your literature, Dunham?"

Dunham had already begun to lend Lydia books, — his own and Staniford's, — in which he read aloud to her, and chose passages for her admiration; but he was obliged to report that she had rather a passive taste in literature. She seemed to like what he said was good, but not to like it very much, or to care greatly for reading; or else she had never had the habit of talking books. He suggested this to Staniford, who at once philosophized it.

"Why, I rather like that, you know. We all read in such a literary way, now; we don't read simply for the joy or profit of it; we expect to talk about it, and say how it is this and that; and I 've no doubt that we 're sub-consciously harassed, all the time, with an automatic process of criticism. Now Lurella, I fancy, reads with the sense of the days when people read in private, and not in public, as we do. She believes that your serious books are all true; and she knows that my novels are all lies — that 's what some excellent Christians would call the fiction even of George Eliot or of Hawthorne; she would be ashamed to discuss the lives and loves of heroes and heroines who never existed. I think that 's first-rate. She must wonder at your distempered interest in them. If one could get at it, I suppose the fresh wholesomeness of Lurella's mind would be something delicious, — a quality like spring water."

He was one of those men who cannot rest in regard to people they meet till they have made some effort to formulate them. He liked to ticket them off; but when he could not classify them, he remained content with his mere study of them. His habit was one that does not promote sympathy with one's fellow creatures. He confessed even that it disposed him to wish for their less acquaintance when once he had got them generalized; they became then collected specimens. Yet, for the time being, his curiosity in them gave him a specious air of sociability. He lamented the insincerity which this involved, but he could not help it. The next novelty in character was as irresistible as the last; he sat down before it till it yielded its meaning, or suggested to him some analogy by which he could interpret it.

With this passion for the arrangement

and distribution of his neighbors, it was not long before he had placed most of the people on board in what he called the psychology of the ship. He did not care that they should fit exactly in their order. He rather preferred that they should have idiosyncrasies which differentiated them from their species, and he enjoyed Lydia's being a little indifferent about books for this and for other reasons. "If she were literary, she would be like those vulgar little persons of genius in the magazine stories. She would have read all sorts of impossible things up in her village. She would have been discovered by some æsthetic summer boarder, who had happened to identify her with the gifted Daisy Dawn, and she would be going out on the æsthetic's money for the further expansion of her spirit in Europe. Somebody would be obliged to fall in love with her, and she would sacrifice her career for a man who was her inferior, as we should be subtly given to understand at the close. I think it's going to be as distinguished by and by not to like books as it is not to write them. Lurella is a prophetic soul; and if there 's anything comforting about her, it 's her being so merely and stupidly pretty."

"She is not merely and stupidly pretty!" retorted Dunham. "She never does herself justice when you are by. She can talk very well, and on some subjects she thinks strongly."

"Oh, I 'm sorry for that!" said Staniford. "But call me some time when she 's doing herself justice."

"I don't mean that she 's like the women we know. She does n't say witty things, and she has n't their responsive quickness; but her ideas are her own, no matter how old they are; and what she says she seems to be saying for the first time, and as if it had never been thought out before."

"That is what I have been contending for," said Staniford; "that is what I meant by spring water. It is that thrilling freshness which charms me in Lurella." He laughed. "Have you converted her to your spectacular faith, yet?" Dunham blushed. "You have tried," continued Staniford. "Tell me about it!"

"I will not talk with you on such matters," said Dunham, "till you know how to treat serious things seriously."

"I shall know how when I realize that they are serious with you. Well, I don't object to a woman's thinking strongly on religious subjects: it 's the only safe ground for her strong thinking, and even there she had better feel strongly. Did you succeed in convincing her that Archbishop Laud was a *saint incompris*, and the good King Charles a blessed martyr?"

Dunham did not answer till he had choked down some natural resentment. He had, several years earlier, forsaken the pale Unitarian worship of his family, because, Staniford always said, he had such a feeling for color, and had adopted an extreme tint of ritualism. It was rumored at one time, before his engagement to Miss Hibbard, that he was going to unite with a celibate brotherhood; he went regularly into retreat at certain seasons, to the vast entertainment of his friend; and, within the bounds of good taste, he was a zealous propagandist of his faith, of which he had the practical virtues in high degree. "I hope," he said presently, "that I know how to respect convictions, even of those adhering to the church in error."

Staniford laughed again. "I see you have not converted Lurella. Well, I like that in her, too. I wish I could have heard the arguments, *pro* and *con*. It would have been amusing. I suppose," he pondered aloud, "that she is a Calvinist of the deepest dye, and would regard me as a lost spirit for being outside of her church. She would look down upon me from one height, as I look down upon her from another. And really, as far as personal satisfaction in superiority goes, she would have the advantage of me. That 's very curious, very interesting."

As the first week wore away, the wonted incidents of a sea voyage lent their variety to the life on board. One day the ship ran into a school of whales, which remained heavily thumping and

lolling about in her course, and blowing jets of water into the air, like so much garden hose, Staniford suggested. At another time some flying-fish came on board. The sailors caught a dolphin, and they promised a shark, by and by. All these things were turned to account for the young girl's amusement, as if they had happened for her. The dolphin died that she might wonder and pity his beautiful death; the cook fried her some of the flying-fish; some one was on the lookout to detect even porpoises for her. A sail in the offing won the discoverer distinction when he pointed it out to her; a steamer, celebrity. The captain ran a point out of his course to speak to a vessel, that she might be able to tell what speaking a ship at sea was like.

At table the stores which the young men had laid in for private use became common luxuries, and she fared sumptuously every day upon dainties which she supposed were supplied by the ship, — delicate jellies and canned meats and syruped fruits; and, if she wondered at anything, she must have wondered at the scrupulous abstinence with which Captain Jenness, seconded by Mr. Watterson, refused the luxuries which his bounty provided them, and at the constancy with which Staniford declined some of these dishes, and Hicks declined others. Shortly after the latter began more distinctly to be tolerated, he appeared one day on deck with a steamer-chair in his hand, and offered it to Lydia's use, where she sat on a stool by the bulwark. After that, as she reclined in this chair, wrapped in her red shawl, and provided with a book or some sort of becoming handiwork, she was more picturesquely than ever the centre about which the ship's pride and chivalrous sentiment revolved. They were Americans, and they knew how to worship a woman.

Staniford did not seek occasions to please and amuse the young girl, as the others did. When they met, as they must, three times a day, at table, he took his part in the talk, and now and then addressed her a perfunctory civility. He imagined that she disliked him, and he interested himself in imagining the ignorant grounds of her dislike. "A woman," he said, "must always dislike some one in company; it 's usually another woman; as there 's none on board, I accept her enmity with meekness." Dunham wished to persuade him that he was mistaken. "Don't try to comfort me, Dunham," he replied. "I find a pleasure in being detested which is inconceivable to your amiable bosom."

Dunham turned to go below, from where they stood at the head of the cabin stairs. Staniford looked round, and saw Lydia, whom they had kept from coming up. She must have heard him, but it would not do to recognize the fact. He took his cigar from his mouth, and caught up a stool, which he placed near the ship's side, where Lydia usually sat, and without waiting for her concurrence got a stool for himself, and sat down with her.

"Well, Miss Blood," he said, "it 's Saturday afternoon at last, and we 're at the end of our first week. Has it seemed very long to you?"

Lydia's color was bright with consciousness, but the glance she gave Staniford showed him looking tranquilly and honestly at her. "Yes," she said, "it *has* seemed long."

"That 's merely the strangeness of everything. There 's nothing like local familiarity to make the time pass, — except monotony; and one gets both at sea. Next week will go faster than this, and we shall all be at Trieste before we know it. Of course we shall have a storm or two, and that will retard us in fact as well as fancy. But you would n't feel that you 'd been at sea if you had n't had a storm."

He knew that his tone was patronizing, but he had theorized the girl so much with a certain slight in his mind that he was not able at once to get the tone which he usually took towards women. This might not, indeed, have pleased some women any better than patronage: it mocked while it caressed all their little pretenses and artificialities; he addressed them as if they must be in

the joke of themselves, and did not expect to be taken seriously. At the same time he liked them greatly, and would not on any account have had the silliest of them different from what she was. He did not seek them as Dunham did; their society was not a matter of life or death with him; but he had an elder-brotherly kindness for the whole sex.

Lydia waited awhile for him to say something more, but he added nothing, and she observed, with a furtive look: "I presume you 've seen some very severe storms at sea."

"No," Staniford answered, "I have n't. I 've been over several times, but I 've never seen anything alarming. I 've experienced the ordinary seasickening tempestuousness. The sea has its excuse for being, I 've no doubt, but it 's never been able to state it — to me."

"Have you — have you ever been in Italy?" asked Lydia, after another pause.

"Yes," he said, "twice. I 'm very fond of Italy." He spoke of it in a familiar tone that might well have been discouraging to one of her total unacquaintance with it. Presently he added of his own motion, looking at her with his interest in her as a curious study. "You 're going to Venice, I think Mr. Dunham told me."

"Yes," said Lydia.

"Well, I think it 's rather a pity that you should n't arrive there directly, without the interposition of Trieste." He scanned her yet more closely, but with a sort of absence in his look, as if he addressed some ideal of her.

"Why?" asked Lydia, apparently pushed to some self-assertion by this way of being looked and talked at.

"It 's the strangest place in the world," said Staniford; and then he mused again. "But I suppose" — He did not go on, and the word fell again to Lydia.

"I 'm going to visit my aunt, who is staying there. She was where I live, last summer, and she told us about it. But I could n't seem to understand it."

"No one can understand it, without seeing it."

"I 've read some descriptions of it," Lydia ventured.

"They 're of no use, — the books."

"Is Trieste a strange place, too?"

"It 's strange, as a hundred other places are, — and it 's picturesque; but there 's only one Venice."

"I 'm afraid sometimes," she faltered, as if his manner in regard to this peculiar place had been hopelessly exclusive, "that it will be almost too strange."

"Oh, that 's another matter," said Staniford. "I confess I should be rather curious to know whether you liked Venice. I like it, but I can imagine myself sympathizing with people who detested it, — if they said so. Let me see what will give you some idea of it. Do you know Boston well?"

"No; I 've only been there twice," Lydia acknowledged.

"Then you 've never seen the Back Bay by night, from the Long Bridge. Well, let me see" —

"I 'm afraid," interposed Lydia, "that I've not been about enough for you to give me an idea from other places. We always go to Greenfield to do our trading; and I 've been to Keene and Springfield a good many times."

"I 'm sorry to say I have n't," said Staniford. "But I 'll tell you: Venice looks like an inundated town. If you could imagine those sunset clouds yonder turned marble, you would have Venice as she is at sunset. You must first think of the sea when you try to realize the place. If you don't find the sea too strange, you won't find Venice so."

"I wish it would ever seem half as home-like!" cried the girl.

"Then you find the ship — I 'm glad you find the ship — home-like," said Staniford, tentatively.

"Oh, yes; everything is so convenient and pleasant. It seems sometimes as if I had always lived here."

"Well, that 's very nice," assented Staniford, rather blankly. "Some people feel a little queer at sea — in the beginning. And you have n't — at all?" He could not help this leading question, yet he knew its meanness, and felt remorse for it.

"Oh, *I* did, at first," responded the girl, but went no farther; and Staniford was glad of it. After all, why should he care to know what was in her mind?

"Captain Jenness," he merely said, "understands making people at home."

"Oh, yes, indeed," assented Lydia. "And Mr. Watterson is very agreeable, and Mr. Mason. I did n't suppose sailors were so. What soft, mild voices they have!"

"That 's the speech of most of the Down East coast people."

"Is it? I like it better than our voices. Our voices are so sharp and high, at home."

"It 's hard to believe that," said Staniford, with a smile.

Lydia looked at him. "Oh, I was n't born in South Bradfield. I was ten years old when I went there to live."

"Where *were* you born, Miss Blood?" he asked.

"In California. My father had gone out for his health, but he died there."

"Oh!" said Staniford. He had a book in his hand, and he began to scribble a little sketch of Lydia's pose, on a fly-leaf. She looked round and saw it. "You 've detected me," he said. "I have n't any right to keep your likeness, now. I must make you a present of this work of art, Miss Blood." He finished the sketch with some ironical flourishes, and made as if to tear out the leaf.

"Oh!" cried Lydia, simply, "you will spoil the book!"

"Then the book shall go with the picture, if you 'll let it," said Staniford.

"Do you mean to give it to me?" she asked, with surprise.

"That was my munificent intention. I want to write your name in it. What 's the initial of your first name, Miss Blood?"

"L, thank you," said Lydia.

Staniford gave a start. "No!" he exclaimed. It seemed a fatality.

"My name is Lydia," persisted the girl. "What letter should it begin with?"

"Oh — oh, I knew Lydia began with an L," stammered Staniford, "but I — I — I thought your first name was" —

"What?" asked Lydia sharply.

"I don't know. Lily," he answered guiltily.

"Lily *Blood!*" cried the girl. "Lydia is bad enough; but *Lily* Blood! They could n't have been such fools!"

"I beg your pardon. Of course not. I don't know how I could have got the idea. It was one of those impressions — hallucinations" — Staniford found himself in an attitude of lying excuse towards the simple girl, over whom he had been lording it in satirical fancy ever since he had seen her, and meekly anxious that she should not be vexed with him. He began to laugh at his predicament, and she at his mistake. "What is the date?" he asked.

"The 15th," she said; and he wrote under the sketch, *Lydia Blood. Ship Aroostook, August* 15, 1874, and handed it to her, with a bow surcharged with gravity.

She took it, and regarded the picture without comment.

"Ah!" said Staniford, "I see that you know how bad my sketch is. You sketch."

"No, I don't know how to draw," replied Lydia.

"You criticise."

"No."

"So glad," said Staniford. He began to like this. A young man must find pleasure in sitting alone near a pretty young girl, and talking with her about herself and himself, no matter how plain and dull her speech is; and Staniford, though he found Lydia as blankly unresponsive as might be to the flattering irony of his habit, amused himself in realizing that here suddenly he was almost upon the terms of window-seat or conservatory flirtation with a girl whom lately he had treated with perfect indifference, and just now with fatherly patronage. The situation had something more even than the usual window-seat advantages; it had qualities as of a common shipwreck, of their being cast away on a desolate island together. He felt more than ever that he must protect this helpless loveliness, since it had begun to please his imagination. "You don't

criticise," he said. "Is that because you are so amiable? I'm sure you could, if you would."

"No," returned Lydia; "I don't really know. But I've often wished I did know."

"Then you did n't teach drawing, in your school?"

"How did you know I had a school?" asked Lydia quickly.

He disliked to confess his authority, because he disliked the authority, but he said, "Mr. Hicks told us."

"Mr. Hicks!" Lydia gave a little frown as of instinctive displeasure, which gratified Staniford.

"Yes; the cabin-boy told him. You see, we are dreadful gossips on the Aroostook, — though there are so few ladies" — It had slipped from him, but it seemed to have no personal slant for Lydia.

"Oh, yes; I told Thomas," she said. "No; it 's only a country school. Once I thought I should go down to the State Normal School, and study drawing there; but I never did. Are you — are you a painter, Mr. — Staniford?"

He could not recollect that she had pronounced his name before; he thought it came very winningly from her lips. "No, I 'm not a painter. I 'm not anything." He hesitated; then he added recklessly, "I 'm a farmer."

"A farmer?" Lydia looked incredulous, but grave.

"Yes; I 'm a horny-handed son of the soil. I 'm a cattle-farmer; I 'm a sheep-farmer; I don't know which. One day I 'm the one, and the next day I 'm the other." Lydia looked mystified, and Staniford continued: "I mean that I have no profession, and that sometimes I think of going into farming, out West."

"Yes?" said Lydia.

"How should I like it? Give me an opinion, Miss Blood."

"Oh, I don't know," answered the girl.

"You would never have dreamt that I was a farmer, would you?"

"No, I should n't," said Lydia, honestly. "It 's very hard work."

"And I don't look fond of hard work?"

"I did n't say that."

"And I 've no right to press you for your meaning."

"What I meant was — I meant — Perhaps if you had never tried it you did n't know what very hard work it was. Some of the summer boarders used to think our farmers had easy times."

"I 'm not a summer boarder of that description. I know that farming is hard work, and I 'm going into it because I dislike it. What do you think of that as a form of self-sacrifice?"

"I don't see why any one should sacrifice himself uselessly."

"You don't? You have very little conception of martyrdom. Do you like teaching school?"

"No," said Lydia promptly.

"Why do you teach, then?" Staniford had blundered. He knew why she taught, and he felt instantly that he had hurt her pride, more sensitive than that of a more sophisticated person, who would have had no scruple in saying that she did it because she was poor. He tried to retrieve himself. "Of course, I understand that school-teaching is useful self-sacrifice." He trembled lest she should invent some pretext for leaving him; he could not afford to be left at a disadvantage. "But do you know, I would no more have taken you for a teacher than you me for a farmer."

"Yes?" said Lydia.

He could not tell whether she was appeased or not, and he rather feared not. "You don't ask why? And I asked you why at once."

Lydia laughed. "Well, why?"

"Oh, that 's a secret. I 'll tell you one of these days." He had really no reason; he said this to gain time. He was always honest in his talk with men, but not always with women.

"I suppose I look very young," said Lydia. "I used to be afraid of the big boys."

"If the boys were big enough," interposed Staniford, "they must have been afraid of you."

Lydia said, as if she had not understood, "I had hard work to get my certificate. But I was older than I looked."

"That is much better," remarked Staniford, "than being younger than you look. I am twenty-eight, and people take me for thirty-four. I'm a prematurely middle-aged man. I wish you would tell me, Miss Blood, a little about South Bradfield. I've been trying to make out whether I was ever there. I tramped nearly everywhere when I was a student. What sort of people are they there?"

"Oh, they are very nice people," said Lydia.

"Do you like them?"

"I never thought whether I did. They are nearly all old. Their children have gone away; they don't seem to live; they are just staying. When I first came there I was a little girl. One day I went into the grave-yard and counted the stones; there were three times as many as there were living persons in the village."

"I think I know the kind of place," said Staniford. "I suppose you're not very homesick?"

"Not for the place," answered Lydia, evasively.

"Of course," Staniford hastened to add, "you miss your own family circle." To this she made no reply. It is the habit of people bred like her to remain silent for want of some sort of formulated comment upon remarks to which they assent.

Staniford fell into a musing mood, which was without visible embarrassment to the young girl, who must have been inured to much severer silences in the society of South Bradfield. He remained staring at her throughout his reverie, which in fact related to her. He was thinking what sort of an old maid she would have become if she had remained in that village. He fancied elements of hardness and sharpness in her which would have asserted themselves as the joyless years went on, like the bony structure of her face as the softness of youth left it. She was saved from that, whatever was to be her destiny in Italy. From South Bradfield to Venice, — what a prodigious transition! It seemed as if it must transfigure her. "Miss Blood," he exclaimed, "I wish I could be with you when you first see Venice!"

"Yes?" said Lydia.

Even the interrogative comment, with the rising inflection, could not chill his enthusiasm. "It is really the greatest sight in the world."

Lydia had apparently no comment to make on this fact. She waited tranquilly a while before she said, "My father used to talk about Italy to me when I was little. He wanted to go. My mother said afterwards — after she had come home with me to South Bradfield — that she always believed he would have lived if he had gone there. He had consumption."

"Oh!" said Staniford softly. Then he added, with the tact of his sex, "Miss Blood, you must n't take cold, sitting here with me. This wind is chilly. Shall I go below and get you some more wraps?"

"No, thank you," said Lydia; "I believe I will go down, now."

She went below to her room, and then came out into the cabin with some sewing at which she sat and stitched by the lamp. The captain was writing in his log-book; Dunham and Hicks were playing checkers together. Staniford, from a corner of a locker, looked musingly upon this curious family circle. It was not the first time that its occupations had struck him oddly. Sometimes when they were all there together, Dunham read aloud. Hicks knew tricks of legerdemain which he played cleverly. The captain told some very good stories, and led off in the laugh. Lydia always sewed and listened. She did not seem to find herself strangely placed, and her presence characterized all that was said and done with a charming innocence. As a bit of life, it was undeniably as pretty as it was quaint.

"Really," Staniford said to Dunham, as they turned in, that night, "she has domesticated us."

"Yes," assented Dunham with enthusiasm; "is n't she a nice girl?"

"She 's intolerably passive. Or not passive, either. She says what she thinks, but she does n't seem to have thought of many things. Did she ever tell you about her father?"

"No," said Dunham.

"I mean about his dying of consumption?"

"No, she never spoke of him to me. Was he" —

"Um. It appears that we have been upon terms of confidence, then." Staniford mused, with one boot in his hand. "I should never have thought it."

"What was her father?" asked Dunham.

"Upon my word, I don't know. I did n't seem to get beyond elemental statements of intimate fact with her. He died in California, where she was born; and he always had a longing to go to Italy. That was rather pretty."

"It 's very touching, I think."

"Yes, of course. We might fancy this about Lurella: that she has a sort of piety in visiting the scenes that her father wished to visit, and that — Well, anything is predicable of a girl who says so little and looks so much. She 's certainly very handsome; and I 'm bound to say that her room could not have been better than her company, so far."

X.

The dress that Lydia habitually wore was one which her aunt Maria studied from the costume of a summer boarder, who had spent a preceding summer at the sea-shore, and who found her yachting-dress perfectly adapted to tramping over the South Bradfield hills. Thus reverting to its original use on shipboard, the costume looked far prettier on Lydia than it had on the summer boarder from whose unconscious person it had been plagiarized. It was of the darkest blue flannel, and was fitly set off with those bright ribbons at the throat which women know how to dispose there according to their complexions. One day the bow was scarlet, and another crimson; Staniford did not know which was better, and disputed the point in vain with Dunham. They all grew to have a taste in such matters. Captain Jenness praised her dress outright, and said that he should tell his girls about it. Lydia, who had always supposed it was a walking costume, remained discreetly silent when the young men recognized its nautical character. She enjoyed its success; she made some little changes in the hat she wore with it, which met the approval of the cabin family; and she tranquilly kept her black silk in reserve for Sunday. She came out to breakfast in it, and it swept the narrow spaces, as she emerged from her state-room, with so rich and deep a murmur that every one looked up. She sustained their united glance with something tenderly deprecatory and appealingly conscious in her manner, much as a very sensitive girl in some new finery meets the eyes of her brothers when she does not know whether to cry or laugh at their expected remark. Thomas almost dropped a plate. "Goodness!" he said helplessly, expressing the public sentiment in regard to a garment of which he alone had been in the secret. No doubt it passed his fondest dreams of its splendor; it fitted her as the sheath of the flower fits the flower.

Captain Jenness looked hard at her, but waited a decent season after saying grace before offering his compliment, which he did in drawing the carving-knife slowly across the steel. "Well, Miss Blood, that 's right!" Lydia blushed richly, and the young men made their obeisances across the table.

The flushes and pallors chased each other over her face, and the sight of her pleasure in being beautiful charmed Staniford. "If she were used to worship she would have taken our adoration more arrogantly," he said to his friend when they went on deck after breakfast. "I can place her; but one's circumstance does n't always account for one in America, and I can't make out yet whether she 's ever been praised for being pretty. Some of our hill-

country people would have felt like hushing up her beauty, as almost sinful, and some would have gone down before it like Greeks. I can't tell whether she knows it all or not; but if you suppose her unconscious till now, it 's pathetic. And black silks must be too rare in her life not to be celebrated by a high tumult of inner satisfaction. I 'm glad we bowed down to the new dress."

"Yes," assented Dunham, with an uneasy absence; "but — Staniford, I should like to propose to Captain Jenness our having service this morning. It is the eleventh Sunday after" —

"Ah, yes!" said Staniford. "It *is* Sunday, is n't it? I *thought* we had breakfast rather later than usual. All over the Christian world, on land and sea, there is this abstruse relation between a late breakfast and religious observances."

Dunham looked troubled. "I wish you would n't talk in that way, Staniford, and I hope you won't say anything" —

"To interfere with your proposition? My dear fellow, I am at least a gentleman."

"I beg your pardon," said Dunham, gratefully.

Staniford even went himself to the captain with Dunham's wish; it is true the latter assumed the more disagreeable part of proposing the matter to Hicks, who gave a humorous assent, as one might to a joke of doubtful feasibility.

Dunham gratified both his love for social management and his zeal for his church in this organization of worship; and when all hands were called aft, and stood round in decorous silence, he read the lesson for the day, and conducted the service with a gravity astonishing to the sailors, who had taken him for a mere dandy. Staniford bore his part in the responses from the same prayer-book with Captain Jenness, who kept up a devout, inarticulate under-growl, and came out strong on particular words when he got his bearings through his spectacles. Hicks and the first officer silently shared another prayer-book, and Lydia offered half hers to Mr. Mason.

When the hymn was given out, she waited while an experimental search for the tune took place among the rest. They were about to abandon the attempt, when she lifted her voice and began to sing. She sang as she did in the meeting-house at South Bradfield, and her voice seemed to fill all the hollow height and distance; it rang far off like a mermaid's singing, on high like an angel's; it called with the same deep appeal to sense and soul alike. The sailors stood rapt; Dunham kept up a show of singing for the church's sake. The others made no pretense of looking at the words; they looked at her, and she began to falter, hearing herself alone. Then Staniford struck in again wildly, and the sea-voices lent their powerful discord, while the girl's contralto thrilled through all.

"Well, Miss Blood," said the captain, when the service had ended in that subordination of the spiritual to the artistic interest which marks the process and the close of so much public worship in our day, "you 've given us a surprise. I guess we shall keep you pretty busy with our calls for music, after this."

"She is a genius!" observed Staniford at his first opportunity with Dunham. "I knew there must be something the matter. Of course she 's going out to school her voice; and she has n't strained it in idle babble about her own affairs! I must say that Lu— Miss Blood's power of holding her tongue commands my homage. Was it her little *coup* to wait till we got into that hopeless hobble before she struck in?"

"Coup? For shame, Staniford! Coup at such a time!"

"Well, well! I don't say so. But for the theatre one can't begin practicing these effects too soon. Really, that voice puts a new complexion on Miss Blood. I have a theory to reconstruct. I have been philosophizing her as a simple country girl. I must begin on an operatic novice. I liked the other better. It gave value to the black silk; as a singer she 'll wear silk as habitually as a cocoon. She will have to take some stage name; translate Blood into Italian. Wo

shall know her hereafter as La Sanguinelli; and when she comes to Boston we shall make our modest brags about going out to Europe with her. I don't know; I think I preferred the idyllic flavor I was beginning to find in the presence of the ordinary, futureless young girl, voyaging under the chaperonage of her own innocence, — the Little Sister of the Whole Ship. But this crepusculant prima donna — no, I don't like it. Though it explains some things. These splendid creatures are never sent half equipped into the world. I fancy that where there 's an operatic voice, there 's an operatic soul to go with it. Well, La Sanguinelli will wear me out, yet! Suggest some new topic, Dunham; talk of something else, for heaven's sake!"

"Do you suppose," asked Dunham, "that she would like to help get up some *musicales*, to pass away the time?"

"Oh, do you call that talking of something else? What an insatiate organizer you are! You organize shuffleboard; you organize public worship; you want to organize musicales. She would have to do all your music for you."

"I think she would like to go in for it," said Dunham. "It must be a pleasure to exercise such a gift as that, and now that it 's come out in the way it has, it would be rather awkward for us not to recognize it."

Staniford refused point-blank to be a party to the new enterprise, and left Dunham to his own devices at dinner, where he proposed the matter.

"If you had my Persis here, now," observed Captain Jenness, "with her parlor organ, you could get along."

"I wish Miss Jenness *was* here," said Dunham, politely. "But we must try to get on as it is. With Miss Blood's voice to start with, nothing ought to discourage us." Dunham had a thin and gentle pipe of his own, and a fairish style in singing, but with his natural modesty he would not offer himself as a performer except in default of all others. "Don't *you* sing, Mr. Hicks?"

"Anything to oblige a friend," returned Hicks. "But I don't sing — before Miss Blood."

"Miss Blood," said Staniford, listening in ironic safety, "you overawe us all. I never did sing, but I think I should want to make an effort if you were not by."

"But don't you — don't you *play* something, anything?" persisted Dunham, in desperate appeal to Hicks.

"Well, yes," the latter admitted, "I play the flute a little."

"Flutes on water!" said Staniford. Hicks looked at him in sulky dislike, but as if resolved not to be put down by him.

"And have you got your flute with you?" demanded Dunham, joyously.

"Yes, I have," replied Hicks.

"Then we are all right. I think I can carry a part, and if you will play to Miss Blood's singing" —

"Try it this evening, if you like," said the other.

"Well, ah — I don't know. Perhaps — we had n't better begin this evening."

Dunham looked embarrassed, and Staniford laughed. "You might have a sacred concert, and Mr. Hicks could represent the shawms and cymbals with his flute."

Dunham looked sorry for Staniford's saying this. Captain Jenness stared at him, as if his taking the names of these scriptural instruments in vain were a kind of blasphemy, and Lydia seemed puzzled and a little troubled.

"I did n't think of its being Sunday," said Hicks, with what Staniford felt to be a cunning assumption of manly frankness, "or any more Sunday than usual; seems as if we had had a month of Sundays already since we sailed. I 'm not much on religion myself, but I should n't like to interfere with other people's principles."

Staniford was vexed with himself for his scornful pleasantry, and vexed with the others for taking it so seriously and heavily, and putting him so unnecessarily in the wrong. He was angry with Dunham, and he said sarcastically to Hicks, "Very just sentiments."

"I am glad you like them," replied Hicks, with sullen apprehension of the offensive tone.

Staniford turned to Lydia. "I sup-

pose that in South Bradfield your Sabbath is over at sundown on Sunday evening."

"That used to be the custom," answered the girl. "I 've heard my grandfather tell of it."

"Oh, yes," interposed Captain Jenness. "They used to keep Saturday night down our way, too. I can remember when I was a boy. It came pretty hard to begin so soon, but it seemed to kind of break it, after all, having a night in."

The captain did not know what Staniford began to laugh at. "Our Puritan ancestors knew just how much human nature could stand, after all. We did not have an uninterrupted Sabbath till the Sabbath had become much milder. Is that it?"

The captain had probably no very clear notion of what this meant, but simply felt it to be a critical edge of some sort. "I don't know as you can have too much religion," he remarked. "I 've seen some pretty rough customers in the church, but I always thought, What would they be out of it!"

"Very true!" said Staniford, smiling. He wanted to laugh again, but he liked the captain too well to do that; and then he began to rage in his heart at the general stupidity which had placed him in the attitude of mocking at religion, a thing he would have loathed to do. It seemed to him that Dunham was answerable for his false position. "But we shall not see the right sort of Sabbath till Mr. Dunham gets his Catholic church fully going," he added.

They all started, and looked at Dunham as good Protestants must when some one whom they would never have suspected of Catholicism turns out to be a Catholic. Dunham cast a reproachful glance at his friend, but said simply, "I am a Catholic, — that is true; but I do not admit the pretensions of the bishop of Rome."

The rest of the company apparently could not follow him in making this distinction; perhaps some of them did not quite know who the Bishop of Rome was. Lydia continued to look at him in fascination; Hicks seemed disposed to whistle, if such a thing were allowable; Mr. Watterson devoutly waited for the captain. "Well," observed the captain at last, with the air of giving the devil his due, "I 've seen some very good people among the Catholics."

"That 's so, Captain Jenness," said the first officer.

"I don't see," said Lydia, without relaxing her gaze, "why, if you are a Catholic, you read the service of a Protestant church."

"It is not a Protestant church," answered Dunham, gently, "as I have tried to explain to you."

"The Episcopalian?" demanded Captain Jenness.

"The Episcopalian," sweetly reiterated Dunham.

"I should like to know what kind of a church it is, then," said Captain Jenness, triumphantly.

"An Apostolic church."

Captain Jenness rubbed his nose, as if this were a new kind of church to him.

"Founded by Saint Henry VIII. himself," interjected Staniford.

"No, Staniford," said Dunham, with a soft repressiveness. And now a threatening light of zeal began to burn in his kindly eyes. These souls had plainly been given into his hands for ecclesiastical enlightenment. "If our friends will allow me, I will explain" —

Staniford's shaft had recoiled upon his own head. "O Lord!" he cried, getting up from the table, "I can't stand *that!*" The others regarded him, as he felt, even to that weasel of a Hicks, as a sheep of uncommon blackness. He went on deck, and smoked a cigar without relief. He still heard the girl's voice in singing; and he still felt in his nerves the quality of latent passion in it which had thrilled him when she sang. His thought ran formlessly upon her future, and upon what sort of being was already fated to waken her to those possibilities of intense suffering and joy which he imagined in her. A wound at his heart, received long before, hurt vaguely; and he felt old.

W. D. Howells.

THE DEATH OF BRYANT.

How was it then with Nature when the soul
Of her own poet heard a voice which came
From out the void, "Thou art no longer lent
To Earth!" when that incarnate spirit, blent
With the abiding force of waves that roll,
Wind-cradled vapors, circling stars that flame,
She did recall? How went
His antique shade, beaconed upon its way
Through the still aisles of night to universal day?

Her voice it was, her sovereign voice, which bade
The Earth resolve his elemental mold;
And once more came her summons: "Long, too long,
Thou lingerest, and charmest with thy song!
Return! return!" Thus Nature spoke, and made
Her sign; and forthwith on the minstrel old
An arrow, bright and strong,
Fell from the bent bow of the answering Sun,
Who cried, "The song is closed, the invocation done!"

But not as for those youths dead ere their prime,
New-entered on their music's high domain,
Then snatched away, did all things sorrow own:
No utterance now like that sad sweetest tone
When Bion died, and the Sicilian rhyme
Bewailed; no sobbing of the reeds that plain,
Rehearsing some last moan
Of Lycidas; no strains which skyward swell
For Adonais still, and still for Asphodel!

The Muses wept not for him as for those
Of whom each vanished like a beauteous star
Quenched ere the shining midwatch of the night;
The greenwood Nymphs mourned not his lost delight;
Nor Echo, hidden in the tangled close,
Grieved that she could not mimic him afar.
He ceased not from our sight
Like him who, in the first glad flight of spring,
Fell as an eagle pierced with shafts from his own wing.

This was not Thyrsis! no, the minstrel lone
And reverend, the woodland singer hoar,
Who was dear Nature's nursling, and the priest
Whom most she loved; nor had his office ceased
But for her mandate: "Seek again thine own;
The walks of men shall draw thy steps no more!"
Softly, as from a feast

The guest departs that hears a low recall,
He went, and left behind his harp and coronal.

"*Return!*" she cried, "unto thine own return!
Too long the pilgrimage; too long the dream
In which, lest thou shouldst be companionless,
Unto the oracles thou hadst access, —
The sacred groves that with my presence yearn."
The voice was heard by mountain, dell, and stream,
Meadow and wilderness, —
All fair things vestured by the changing year,
Which now awoke in joy to welcome one most dear.

"*He comes!*" declared the unseen ones that haunt
The dark recesses, the infinitude
Of whispering old oaks and soughing pines.
"*He comes!*" the warders of the forest shrines
Sang joyously. "His spirit ministrant
Henceforth with us shall walk the underwood,
Till mortal ear divines
Its music added to our choral hymn,
Rising and falling far through archways deep and dim!"

The orchard fields, the hill-side pastures green,
Put gladness on; the rippling harvest-wave
Ran like a smile, as if a moment there
His shadow poised in the midsummer air
Above; the cataract took a pearly sheen
Even as it leapt; the winding river gave
A sound of welcome where
He came, and trembled, far as to the sea
It moves from rock-ribbed heights where its dark fountains be.

His presence brooded on the rolling plain,
And on the lake there fell a sudden calm, —
His own tranquillity; the mountain bowed
Its head, and felt the coolness of a cloud,
And murmured, "*He is passing!*" and again
Through all its firs the wind swept like a psalm;
Its eagles, thunder-browed,
In that mist-molded shape their kinsman knew,
And circled high, and in his mantle soared from view.

So drew he to the living veil, which hung
Of old above the deep's unimaged face,
And sought his own. Henceforward he is free
Of vassalage to that mortality
Which men have given a sepulchre among
The pathways of their kind, — a resting-place
Where, bending one great knee,
Knelt the proud mother of a mighty land
In tenderness, and came anon a plumèd band.

Came one by one the Seasons, meetly drest,
To sentinel the relics of their seer.
First Spring — upon whose head a wreath was set
Of wind-flowers and the yellow violet —
Advanced. Then Summer led his loveliest
Of months, one ever to the minstrel dear
(Her sweet eyes dewy wet),
June, and her sisters, whose brown hands entwine
The brier-rose and the bee-haunted columbine.

Next, Autumn, like a monarch sad of heart,
Came, tended by his melancholy days.
Purple he wore, and bore a golden rod,
His sceptre; and let fall upon the sod
A lone fringed-gentian ere he would depart.
Scarce had his train gone darkling down the ways
When Winter thither trod, —
Winter, with beard and raiment blown before,
That was so seeming like our poet old and hoar.

What forms are these amid the pageant fair,
Harping with hands that falter? What sad throng?
They wait in vain, a mournful brotherhood,
And listen where their laureled elder stood
For some last music fallen through the air.
"What cold, thin atmosphere now hears thy song?"
They ask, and long have wooed
The woods and waves that knew him, but can learn
Naught save the hollow, haunting cry, "*Return! return!*"

Edmund C. Stedman.

THE NATURE OF MUSIC.

Among the mistaken notions that have long prevailed in regard to music is the one that a taste for it may be planted and cultivated in almost any young person, and that some skill in musical execution may be attained by almost any one who will begin early enough and practice long enough. I say almost, because there are some young people of either sex who, joining to their natural incapacity of music a certain stolidity, a certain stubbornness, or shall we say a certain combination of self-knowledge and self-respect, prove so thoroughly impracticable in this respect that it has to be confessed that they have absolutely no talent for music. Such as these, however, are regarded by the holders of the notion aforesaid as the very rare exceptions, — exceptions which, they say, with admirable logic quite worthy of the notion it is intended to support, prove the rule.[1] It is gravely proposed by these people that music should be made a part of the routine of early education in all schools, and that all, or practi-

[1] As to the unreason and utter lack of meaning in the phrase "the exception which proves the rule," as commonly used, see Words and their Uses, Appendix.

cally all, children and adolescent persons should be taught to sing or to play at sight. It is admitted that they will attain to various degrees of proficiency in skill of music; but it is assumed that all or nearly all of them will acquire some executive ability, — enough to take part in concerted music; at least enough to have made the training a valuable part of education. It would be as reasonable to expect all the girls to have black eyes, and all the boys to grow to be six feet high. The great number of people who are wholly without musical perceptions, and who are born without even the germs of musical development, seems to be little suspected; as little as, until a few years ago, it was known that a very considerable proportion of the men and women around us had not only no eye for color, but could not distinguish the real difference between the very primary colors themselves. Still less does it seem to have been suspected that of those who have the musical faculty in a certain rather low degree, that is, the apprehension of rhythm and pitch, or time and tune, and the ability of receiving a certain kind of pleasure from certain forms of melody, there are many in whom all the experience and all the cultivation to which they could be subjected would not develop the capacity to appreciate the higher music.

It would seem that the fact that men and women are born with or without the musical faculty, or with it only in a certain degree, should be one of universal and undisputed acceptance, — one that should be assumed and acted upon in all inquiries or experiments in regard to the condition of the intellect or the phenomena of emotion. But it is not so. It has been a matter of general belief for a long period that music exercised a more or less soothing influence over the mentally insane. "Music cures madness" is another one of those silly sayings that are generally received and repeated and believed, partly because of their embodying what seems to be a general truth in a terse form, partly because of their alliteration, and partly because no one knows any reason why they should be true. Not long since, some of the patients in one of our public insane asylums were subjected to the influences of music by way of testing its effect upon persons in their condition. Upon most of them it seemed to have no effect at all, whether their insanity was melancholia or mania in any of its forms. Of those affected with mania, some were brought in with the paroxysm on, others in intervals of quiet; but all were alike unmoved by the music. They took little or no notice of it, and remained in their stolid or their raving state, as the case might be; and this equally whether the music was lively and spirited, or sad and tender.

This result was merely what might, or rather what should, have been expected. Indeed, the experiment decided nothing, and could have decided nothing; for as to the adage about music and madness, that is too absurd for the demonstration of its fallacy to be taken into consideration. The experiment could have decided nothing, because nothing was known of the conditions under which it was made. To test the effect of music upon the insane, the subjects of the experiment must be persons known to have been susceptible of musical impressions in a state of mental health. If these persons had been stone deaf from birth, the most visionary believer in the powers of music to "soothe the savage breast" would not have thought of experimenting upon their insanity by the performance of music in their presence. Need it be said that it would be as reasonable to subject the born deaf to the influence of music, with the expectation of consequent psychological phenomena, as to do the same with those who are born without the perception of melody and harmony? No case is insupposable; and it is supposable that insanity might develop musical susceptibility in a person who in a normal state was entirely without musical perceptions. But as this involves the absurdity of assuming that a defect of organization is remedied and supplied by disease, it may be dismissed without further consideration. Disease sometimes increases nat-

ural sensibility, even to a painful degree; insanity sometimes appears to bestow knowledge, always, however, by merely uniting a broken chain of memory; but there is, I believe, no case on record, nor is it consistent with reason that there should be a case, in which disease, which is disorganizing, enfeebling, and destructive, bestowed faculties not before possessed. Therefore, as I remarked before, the only way to test the effect of music upon the insane is to choose subjects known to have been musically sensitive in their sane condition. Whether this has been done, I do not know; but I will venture the prediction that when it is done the result of the experiment will be that music will be found to have just the same effect upon these persons, other things being equal, in their insane condition that it had upon them before the period of their intellectual disturbance. By other things being equal, I refer to their emotional condition. Lovers of music, however sensitive or however sane, are more easily moved by it at some times than at others, and in certain moods than in others; and if the insane subject of a musical experiment is by nature musically sensitive, and at the time of the experiment is in a condition of unusual emotional excitability, that excitability will cause an unusually quick and strong response to the influence of music, as it will to that of any other stimulus or irritant. The point is that intellectual derangement in a musically organized person will not blunt musical sensitiveness, or disturb musical perceptions.

How common musical incapacity is, how great its varieties are, and how frequently persons of rare intellectual and moral qualities are afflicted with this defect of organization, and suffer the loss of this incomparable pleasure, I believe to be not generally known with a knowledge which leads to any intelligent apprehension. It is admitted in regard to certain persons that they know nothing about music. Of these a conspicuous example is Dr. Johnson, of whom Macaulay says that he just knew the bell of St. Paul's from the organ; and like stories are told of a few other celebrated people. But these persons are regarded in literature (which is generally made by music-lovers, or by those who, like Bulwer and Helps, affect to be so) as intellectual monsters, *lusus naturæ*, — as much so as the Duke of Marlborough in his inability to tell red from green. As to this, by the way, the question naturally arises, When the beautiful Duchess of Cleveland blushed with love, when Sarah Jennings, less beautiful but more alluring, flamed with anger, did their cheeks turn deep green in the eyes of their admirer? — that is, the tint that to him was deep green? If so, what was the beauty that captivated him? If not, were the trees and the turf red, or the tint that to him was red? In either case, what a strange aspect would the world present to us of its color-seeing inhabitants if we were obliged to look through such eyes for a while at the face of man and of woman, and that of nature! From some difference of this kind I am sure the musically sensitive would suffer if they were compelled to listen with the ears of those who are music-deaf. Life would lose to them one of its greatest charms; and not only so, but it would seem that there was a "great gap in nature," — that a part of the cosmos had suddenly been extinguished. And so indeed for them it would truly be; for as far as the individual, at least, is concerned, phenomena exist only subjectively, from our consciousness of their nature.

The numbers of the wholly music-deaf are, I believe, generally very much underrated. Literature, at least that important part of it known as *belles-lettres*, having been made by music-lovers, and poetry — the poet having at first been a singer as well as a maker of verses — being filled with lauds of music and extollings of music lovers, and condemnation, implicit if not explicit, of those who have no music in their souls, a confession of a lack of interest in this art is one that demands no inconsiderable candor and courage. A man may own to an incapacity to appreciate pictures, or statues, or the beauty of architecture, as

he may say that he does not relax his mind over chess, or amuse his leisure hours with logarithms; and the admission will be regarded as not at all damaging, — as having nothing to do with his character. But let him say plainly that he does not care anything at all for music, — let him, in earnest, call ballad singing squalling, dramatic singing screaming, and violin playing scraping, — and he is set down by a very large proportion of his hearers as a coarse, hard-hearted, embruted person; not because of his lack of consideration for others, shown in the epithets which he applies to that which is so dear to them, but simply because he "don't like music." I have a great respect for the man who, in candid and not uncourteous terms, confesses that music has no charm or interest for him. He must have some manliness and independence of character; and he is quite likely to have as clear an intellect and as kind a heart as if music formed as great a part of the highest pleasure of his life as it does of mine, or that of any other of my sort. For, to tell the truth, many of us are miserable creatures. Nor is the quality of the music that we most enjoy the least indication of our mental traits or moral characters. The Heroic symphony, the C-minor, the ninth, the allegretto of the seventh, the Hallelujah chorus, the great largo in D-major, the andante of the Jupiter symphony, Stradella's *aria di chiesa*, — all these, and all that is of their kind, we may understand and enjoy with a delight that has in it something mysterious, something almost awful, so deep does it descend into unfathomable depth, so high does it mount into the soul's empyrean, so profoundly does it thrill us with a joy indescribable, incomprehensible; and yet we shall be mentally and, more likely, morally miserable creatures; no better than that one of our number who, having been a bad son and a hard-hearted husband, not long ago, in New York, habitually starved and beat and tortured his young daughters, to prepare his soul for the pleasure that he enjoyed, also habitually, at public and private performances of the best music. I think that the basest, most sordid, most selfish souls that I have ever met, as well as the noblest, purest, and most self-denying, have been among enthusiastic lovers of music of the highest order.

I have said that musical sensibility is the accompaniment of a certain physical organization. By this I do not mean that the pleasure derived from music is purely physical; unless, indeed, we are to resolve all sensation into consciousness of physical condition or action, direct or reflex, — a profound problem of physiological psychology which I should not discuss here, even if I felt competent to do so. Nor do I mean that musical capacity is dependent merely on nicety of ear. For the cases are common of persons who have the very finest perceptions of the relations of sound, and what is called a quick ear for music in a very remarkable degree, who are nevertheless capable of appreciating only the most trivial, shallow, and commonplace compositions. To them the great masters speak in an unknown tongue. To the strains of the seraphim, to the spheral harmonies, they are as deaf as adders. But they can tell, to the vibration of a comma, what is in tune or not in tune, and their time is as accurate as that of a transit pendulum. Their defect (for so it must be) is a defect of nature, of what we call the soul; meaning thereby we hardly know what, but something different from either the intellect or the heart.

It is a firmly-established fact that rhythm is man's first step toward music. He beats sticks or stones together at regular intervals. Then he makes a drum, which is generally at first only a block of resonant wood; and this erelong he accompanies with such song as consists in shouting his likes and dislikes, his hopes and his fears, in a more or less discordant fashion. He then contrives instruments of percussion of a somewhat more advanced order, — a dried gourd, with a string or two stretched over it, or some elastic prong inserted into it, — and upon these he thrums in monotone, or in disregarded discord. He stretches a dried skin over a hoop, and lengthens

his string or strings by adding a neck, and thus gets notes of different pitch, and the power to make them at will; and he now has his banjo. His song gradually becomes less monotonous, he makes a reed pipe, and thus he advances gradually toward music; but he is still very far away from melody, even of the rudest and simplest kind, and still farther from harmony. For the order of musical development is this: first, rhythm; next, melody; last, harmony. Now this order obtains as one of gradation even in the music and among the musicians of high civilization. To keep time is an absolutely essential qualification in a musician, — perhaps the most essential; but it is the lowest. The humblest and least musically gifted orchestral player must play in time; and he may do so with a perfection not surpassed by Joachim or Wilhelmj. On the other hand, the appreciation of melody is the commonest manifestation of musical organization; that of harmony belongs only to those having the finer and more comprehensive musical capacity. Indeed, in harmony and in the process of its enjoyment music seems to approach, if not to reach, the region of the intellect. The approach, however, is only in seeming. The pleasure given by harmony, like that given by rhythm, is dependent entirely upon physiological conditions and physical causes. Bad harmony does not offend the reason; poor harmony may satisfy the soul of the wise, and leave hungry them of feeble understanding. The science of acoustics, the mathematics of sound, not only may but must be violated by the writer of pleasing harmony. There is nothing so offensive to the ear as a succession of perfect fifths, — the only absolute concord. Nor have the so-called laws of harmony any other than a negative force in this respect. Harmony perfectly correct according to those laws, elaborate and, in the cant of musical criticism, "thoughtful," may be a weariness to the flesh and an oppression of the spirit; of no more meaning to the music-lover, saying no more to his soul or for it, than the thumping of the savage upon his drum. The English cathedral services, written in the last century by various Doctors Blow and the like, whose proper places were rather at the bellows than at the key-boards of their organs, are filled with tons of such exactly measured and carefully worked blocks of musical stupidity. If the pleasure derived even from counterpoint — that most elaborate form of harmony — were intellectual, such writing would give at least the satisfaction which is derived from a conformity to intellectual law; on the contrary, lacking other merit, it is offensive by very reason of that conformity.

Mozart at three years of age used to delight in sounding thirds upon the harpsichord; and many children of fine musical organization have done the same at almost as early an age. The pleasure derived by an infant from the sounding together of two notes at this interval has plainly in it not the slightest intellectual element. It charms, it soothes, it delights, by conforming exquisitely to the requirements of something in the organization of the child ; nothing more. Now the enjoyment given to the mature, finely organized, and highly cultivated music-lover is a mere development of that of the child in the sound of thirds. It has grown with his growth; it has become complex and profound; but it has not in the least changed its nature. Indeed, it may be safely assumed that the enjoyment of such a little child in this rudimental harmony is as great, in proportion to its capacity, as that of the strong man whose soul is troubled with sad delight at the Marcia Funebre of the Heroic symphony. The child's little cup is not only just as full as the man's deep reservoir, but it is brimmed from the very same spring of emotional pleasure.

The fact of the physical relations, if not the physical nature, of musical sensations will be apparent to any music-lover who is capable of watching and narrowly analyzing his own experience. It will be found to consist in some thing, some condition, some action, which is entirely apart from the intellect, and which has as manifestly a physical origin as the excitement from wine or from opium. The physical nature of these

sensations was early brought to my attention by an expression of a person of very fine musical organization (my own father), whom I often heard say that a discord in music made him feel as if some one were scraping his bones, — a feeling in which I am sure that many of my readers will sympathize. Now it is to be remarked that by a discord he meant not merely a combination of sounds which is not acoustically, or even musically, accordant; he meant a discord out of place, or rather a chord, either concordant or discordant, out of place. For in music discords properly used give no less pleasure than concords; and indeed the higher and greater pleasures of music are dependent rather upon discord than upon concord. Many lovers of music, who know nothing of its theory or of its mechanism, would be surprised to learn that some of the harmonies that please them most are a succession of discords rarely interrupted by resolutions into concord.

The non-intellectual character of the pleasure derived from harmony and its absolutely unintellectual significance may be proved by any thoughtful musician to himself by reflecting upon his own performance. If at the piano-forte his fingers are resting upon one chord, and he moves one of them; if he is playing string quartettes, and he moves one finger the distance of the eighth of an inch, the result being in either case the progression of a semitone in one part of the harmony, the effect may be a thrill of delight, or, if he is in error, a thrill of horror, in every musically organized person within hearing. A moment's reflection will show him that there can be no meaning in such a change, or only such as the limits of language oblige us to call a musical meaning. It can have no relations to the intellectual or to the moral nature of those who receive pleasure from it, or suffer pain.

A little incident that attracted my attention in a quartette party of which I was a member illustrates this point further. In the andante in F of Mozart's quartette in C, there is a passage in which the bass glides up from the tonic to the dominant, and then descends diatonically to the octave of the latter for a cadence on the chord of the seventh. Whenever we played this movement, just as the finger of the 'cello player struck the C, the second violin would wince and draw his breath through his teeth as if he were cut to the quick with a sharp knife, while his face beamed with pleasure. He was quite incapable of affecting this; for he was a very manly and simple as well as intelligent fellow; so independent, indeed, and above affectation that, although he had been for years a violin player and among musical people, he did not shrink from the avowal that he preferred Haydn's and even *(horresco referens!)* Charles Dancla's quartettes to Mozart's and Beethoven's. His sensations at the point in question were merely what all the rest of us felt quite as keenly as he did. We, indeed, happened to have a little more control over our nerves than he had over his; but we understood and sympathized with him entirely. Now if the 'cello player had given the C a quarter or an eighth of a note flat, this gentleman would have winced in the same way; but his face would have expressed not pleasure, but pain. Why? So far as his mind was concerned, the C a quarter of a note sharp or flat would have been a matter of no consequence. Apart from the question whether the passage itself had any intellectually appreciable meaning, his intellectual perception of the composer's design, his thought, as we say, would have been as clear with the C out of tune as in tune. It was a mere matter of sensation, — sensation subtle, if you please, and exquisite and refined to the ultimate pitch of subtlety and exquisiteness and refinement, but still sensation; nothing more or other. And this I found that he himself admitted upon reflection.

Two other examples will illustrate our subject in other directions. I remarked before that the beginning of music is in rhythm, and that the pleasurable perception of difference in pitch of sound is of later development. In other words, time comes before tune. These two fac-

ulties or capacities are not, however, developed with equality of progression, either in individuals or in the mass of mankind. On the contrary, they seem to be quite independent of each other, and even to coexist in the same person without any fixed relations of proportion or otherwise. All musicians know that some of their number are what is called better "timeists" than others, while some are distinguished from their fellows by a very nicely exact and delicate discrimination of pitch; playing or singing very precisely in tune, and detecting easily and with much annoyance any deviation from the true pitch by others. The union of both these faculties is necessary for high perfection in the mechanism of music. It is an interesting fact that the first of these faculties, time, may exist and be developed highly in a person who is entirely without the other. I know a man of superior intelligence, of unusual attainments, of fine social qualities, of a good heart, and of a fervid and glowing nature, who not only cares nothing and knows nothing about music, but who never can care or know anything about it, because he cannot tell the difference between one tune and another, except vaguely, by emphasis, accent. And this distinction serves only for a very loose discrimination between all airs in one measure and all in another, — between common time and triple time, or, for example, between 6-8 and 3-4. Not that he knows anything about time or about 6-8 and 3-4; but that there is some slightly perceptible difference to him, in movement or impulse, between a jig and a psalm tune. But he confessed to me frankly that he could detect no difference in sound between Yankee Doodle and Old Hundred. In brief, he is quite incapable of appreciating the differences of pitch in sound. Now it is remarkable that not only is he a highly educated man and one of uncommon intelligence, but he is specially addicted to poetry; and in poetry he is charmed by the music of the verse; and, yet again, he is singularly sensitive to quantity in Greek and Latin verse. His incapacity for music, which is total, is therefore manifestly not at all consequent upon any intellectual deficiency, emotional dryness, bareness of fancy, or coldness of imagination. His feeling for the music of poetry and for prosodic quantity shows too that the physical defect, whatever it is, that shuts him out from the world of music is a very narrow one, and is limited to the absence or to the inaction of that part of the inner ear which distinguishes high from low in sound, as a certain faculty in the eye distinguishes red from blue and red or blue from yellow.

In bringing forward my other example I shall seem to begin very far from my subject. A gentleman whom I know well made a mistake of two days as to the service upon him of a law paper, — a mistake upon a point which, being himself a lawyer (although not in practice), he knew was of such importance that inaccuracy upon it might cost him his case, or be at least productive of trouble and expense; and so it proved. This led him to observe himself, and he found upon examination that he never knew the day of the month, and if told it would forget it directly, so that his clerk said that nothing was more common than for him to ask the day of the month two or three times in the course of a morning, and even then to misdate a letter. This was the more remarkable as his memory was singularly tenacious, alike of facts, of faces, of names, and of numbers. After the lapse of years he could easily recollect all the features of a road over which he had walked, and on what part of a page to find a passage or even a word which had attracted his attention. He was a musician, and pursuing his self-examination he found in his musical execution or apprehension a defect similar to that which troubled him with regard to the succession of the days of the month, — a defect in time. His perception of it was perfect; and in the most complicated movements, *when he had once apprehended their construction*, he could trust himself like a metronome. But in case of a simple succession of notes all alike, that is, of the same pitch and length (passages of which occur in

all instrumental compositions), he could not trust himself surely for more than a bar or two; and it was much the same in passages of many bars' rest. If the element of form came in, — for example, a group of three or four notes, melodic or *quasi*-melodic, — he found that he could trust himself to a demi-semi-quaver on the second beat of a bar; but the simple succession 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so forth, without change of pitch or of duration, threw him all abroad, unless he made the most vigorous effort of concentration and memory; and even this sometimes failed, so that he was in the habit of neglecting the count and taking up his point by attention to the harmony and to the rhythm of the other parts. Here the manifest relation between the incapacity to remember the numbered succession of days otherwise all alike, and that to remember the passage of a succession of notes all alike, or of silent intervals necessarily all alike, seems to show clearly that the perception and mental measurement of the passage of time is a constitutional faculty, dependent upon some special organization. This man had what the former lacked entirely in regard to pitch of sound, and lacked what the other had in regard to time; and it is worthy of special note that he, being no less addicted to poetry than the other, and to the enjoyment of its music, was yet comparatively indifferent to quantity in the Greek and Latin poets, which the other so highly appreciated.

That some persons have "a taste for music," and that others have not, is no more to be announced by word of mouth or put into print than that some are tall and others short, some dark and others fair; but I believe it has not hitherto been asserted, or attempted to be shown, that their taste for music is, like their tallness or their shortness, their fairness or their brownness, the result of mere physical organization, and that music has no more to do with their minds or their morals than it has with their stature or their complexion. This fact, however, that musical susceptibility is purely the result of physical organization, has direct and intimate relation with the other, that music has no intellectual or moral significance. The two propositions are interdependent, complementary. The one involves the other. If musical sensibility is merely the accompaniment of physical organization, it must take its place accordingly among phenomena which have not only physical conditions (as some intellectual and moral phenomena have), but physical bases; and the exciting cause of musical sensation must also take its place accordingly among other material causes of physically pleasurable sensations: for example, a rose, the form, the color, and the perfume of which give great pleasure, — a pleasure not only so great but so subtle and so exquisite to persons of delicate senses and fine perceptions of beauty that their genuine, unaffected sensations have been made the occasion of the satire to "die of a rose in aromatic pain." But no one will pretend that the pleasure derived from the form and color or the perfume of a rose is other than sensuous, or has any other than a physical origin. No small part of the error that has prevailed upon such subjects is due to an ascetic contempt of sensuous pleasure and of the physical part of man, — a derogation unnatural, unhealthy, and on the whole of evil influence. This view of sensuous pleasures is one of the motives which has led men, in general unconsciously, to the belief that music has relations to man's moral and intellectual nature, and that it expresses or may express something more than mere emotion. To those who took the ascetic view of sensuous pleasure (and they were by no means confined to those of ascetic life or even of religious tendencies) it would have seemed monstrous to regard as physical in origin and sensuous in nature the pleasure derived from that great and mysterious aid to the expression of love and entreaty and adoration: the love of mother for child, of man for woman; the love of good men for God, and their desires and aspirations Godward; the heavenly adoration of cherubim and seraphim. But nevertheless the fact was

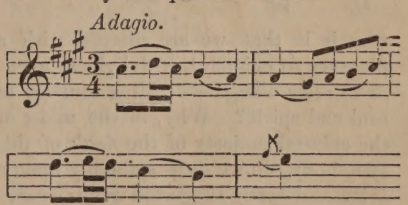
at one time that "the devil had all the best music." So, at least, said a music-loving divine; and his saying was true in so far that the devil had very good music, — and he always will have it so long as he is a devil. For music lends itself to deviltry just as to any other emotion that asks for pleasurable audible expression; and what is more, the same music may serve equally well both God and devil. There has been much outcry amongst those who wear their beards of severe and formal cut because of the transfer of opera music to the church choir. But rarely is there any good reason for this protest, except on the ground of association. An air which some of a congregation associate with the excitement of the theatre may be objectionable as a church tune on account of the thoughts and images which it suggests; but very rarely on any other. A sweet, slow air is a sweet, slow air, and nothing more or less. In its character it may be low or high, trivial or noble. But that character gives it its grade in art, and depends upon the grade of its composer's genius; it has nothing to do with its purpose or its meaning. There can be nothing inherently sacred in any succession or combination of sounds, although a melody, instrumental or vocal, in mass or in opera, may have what we call divine beauty. There is an antiquated style of harmony which has come to be called ecclesiastical, but by mere accident; for in the diatonic scale there are no strictly pious intervals.

In illustration, and I think in absolute proof of this, I refer again to Händel's Lascia ch'io pianga.[1] This has been used for church purposes; and there was never an air written better suited for devotional singing. It is quite safe to say that any musically sensitive person, however religious in temperament, who heard this air for the first time in church, would assume, without question, that it was "sacred music," and of a very high character; a conclusion which would be confirmed on learning the composer's name. But in fact the air comes from an opera; and into that it was translated from a ballet, Händel having composed it as a dance tune for the stately old Spanish saraband, in which the dancer accompanied himself with castanets. Does any one hear the castanets click when a fine soprano voice sings, —

> "Lascia ch'io pianga la cruda sorte,
> E che sospiri la libertà,"

or when, from choir and organ, this air is borne slow winging the words of Keble or of Newman?

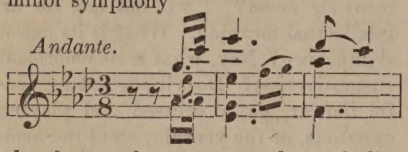
What then does the music of this famous air mean? I will not ask for an intellectual meaning. What is its moral significance? Nay, what is its emotional suggestiveness? Does it suggest a graceful dancer, gayly dressed and playing castanets, or the yearnings and the aspirations of an overburdened soul? Does any one who sings or hears it know? Did Händel know, himself? And when Händel wrote the music to the Messiah, and composed the grand fugal chorus which stands sixth in the first part of the oratorio, how did he determine what musical phrases would suggest and express what is conveyed by the words, "And he shall purify the sons of Levi"? And, in very deed, what is there in these words which demands or adapts itself to expression or enforcement or enlargement by beauty of sound? Why should this prediction be sung at much length? and what relation does a double fugue of florid figure bear to the announcement that the sons of Levi were to undergo the process of purification, or the fact that they stood in need, as some of them still stand in need, thereof? Some at least of my musical readers know this divinely beautiful air, the theme of the adagio of one of Haydn's quartettes in D: —



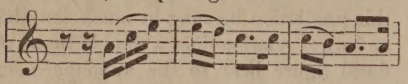
Will any one of them after playing it, or hearing it through to its "dying close," and feeling the while that they are dwelling in Elysium, tell me what it means, or

[1] See Absolute Music in Galaxy for March, 1875.

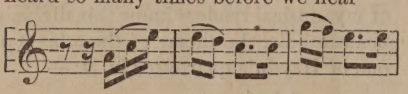
even what it expresses? I am sure that there are very few of the thoughtful among them who would not, after brief consideration, shrink from the undertaking. Hardly less sure am I that, if half a dozen of them were to attempt it without consultation, there would be half a dozen answers. For that exquisitely beautiful conception of Haydn's would lend itself to the expression of at least so many kinds of emotion. Why is it, when in this passage of the andante of the C-minor symphony



the oboe steals up to meet the coyly lingering flute, we follow with such exquisite delight its meek approach? The musician indeed may talk of passage from dominant to tonic, and suspended harmony of seventh, and inverted chord; but all that refers to mere processes of art, like the painter's conformity to laws of perspective, or the medium in which he mixes his colors. It helps us not one whit to the knowledge of what is meant by these three notes which give us such delight. And when, at the end of this movement, the passage



which has come always like a refrain after the theme, comes for the last time, and instead of hearing just what we have heard so many times before we hear



why is it that we are pierced with a pleasure so poignant, a delight so keen, as to seem like the dividing asunder of soul and spirit? Why, in the midst of the colossal majesty of the *finale* of this symphony, do we drop suddenly upon a brief and softly suggested reminiscence of the preceding scherzo? Who can tell why? but who has ever wished it otherwise? Could Beethoven himself have given any other reason than that so he felt it and so he willed it? He wrote a great concerto for the violin; can any one tell what it means, even what it expresses, particularly in the second and third movements? What does Bach's great chacone for the same instrument mean? Did any one, even hearing it as Wilhelmj plays it, ever attach to it any meaning or any shadow of any meaning? And yet it stands and will ever stand as one of the great compositions for the greatest of musical instruments. Who that has hung with a suspense of delight almost painful upon the long-drawn cadences of the andante of the Jupiter symphony has ever found in it a meaning, a suggestion, a revelation, I might almost ask an expression, of any feeling or of any mood of mind? Or who, venturing upon such an interpretation, will find another enthusiast to accept his reading? What can be hoped in this respect when Schubert says of the allegretto of the seventh symphony that we hear in it the wedding march and the opening and shutting of the pew doors! Shade of Beethoven! the barriers of the grave are impregnable, or you would have burst through them upon the world in Titanic fury at this assertion. That movement, so charged with the mystery of human sadness, so full of unresigned endurance, almost of woe, through which break at times vistas of a heaven of serenest joy! — and to have a man who is regarded as an eminent musician and critic talk to us of the slamming of pew doors! — what hope is there for us of any satisfying musical interpretation? Let us listen, commune with our own hearts, and be still.

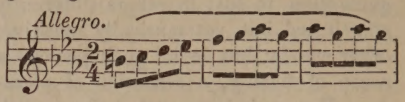
This difference of interpretation is itself also the consequence of a difference of organization, or at least of development, in the interpreters. It cannot be otherwise. For, as the Arab sheik said, the speaker is one and the hearer is another. What Händel, Mozart, or Beethoven utters, he utters for himself. Thus his own soul speaks to him what thus he speaks to his world of listeners. What they may understand depends not on him, but on them. They will feel and understand as it is given to them to do.

That adagio of Haydn s, first mentioned above, one of the fullest in expression that he wrote, may express love, or sadness, or religious fervor, or placid joy, according to the organization of the hearer. We can only be sure of this: that it is an expression of beauty which sprang from a certain mood of the composer's soul, and which will probably induce a like mood in persons of like organization to his; in others differently constituted but yet musically sensitive, other moods; but in all such persons a sense of beauty, a sensation of pleasure. For music is somewhat like a witticism, of which Shakespeare tells us that the prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the mouth of him that speaks it. And this difference of apprehension indicates and indeed implies also an entire inability on the part of some to apprehend and comprehend what is clear and beautiful to others. Which inability I believe to be largely congenital, and not much removable by education and culture. Carlyle says, propitiating opinion for Wilhelm Meister: "A picture of Raphael, a Greek statue, a play of Sophocles or Shakespeare, appears insignificant to the unpracticed eye; and not until after long and patient and intense examination do we begin to descry the earnest features of that beauty which has its foundation in the deepest nature of man, and will continue to be pleasing through all ages." This theory, which is prevalent, and which appears under another form in the notion about the superior strength of acquired tastes, I do not believe in, or at least I do not believe it to be of general application to those who have a natural capacity for art. It has some truth as applied to the appreciation of technical excellence, but none, I believe, in regard to the higher beauty, the imaginative, the poetic purpose of the artist. According to my observation, at the point of capacity of appreciation in this respect at which a man stands in early life will he stand throughout life. He may, and if he has a sensitive nature and the capacity of observation he will, not only advance in his appreciation of technical excellence, but confirm himself in his appreciation by study. But he who when confronted with a great work of art fails entirely to recognize its beauty is not likely to be brought to feel that beauty by reëxamination.

So, at least, I have found it. In æsthetics conclusions must be chiefly drawn from one's own experience and from the personal observation of others. I shall therefore not apologize for reference to such sources of knowledge. It is well known that the C-minor symphony was rejected by the Philharmonic Society of London upon the first trial after the receipt of the score from Beethoven. Yet it is certainly on the whole the greatest work of its composer, and the greatest existing symphony. Does it require study to appreciate it? Must there be long and patient examination to discern its beauties? I cannot think so. I grew up entirely out of the range of instrumental music, even of an inferior order. I had heard nothing orchestral but a few operatic overtures, when at about twenty years of age I heard my first symphony of any sort; and that symphony was the C-minor. My delight was unspeakable; and I understood the work, as I believe, perfectly. I afterwards by repeated hearing and by study (before two years had passed I had arranged this symphony from the score for piano-forte, flute, violin, and violoncello) discovered beauties of construction and of detail; but the poetic purpose of the work and the beauty of its musical ideas were as clear to me on the first hearing as they are to-day. My experience I believe to have been that of many others of my generation. *We*, if we had been a Philharmonic society, would not have thrown this score scornfully aside at the first hearing. And the number of those who are like-minded has, I believe, increased largely with advancing years; and that not because, or but indirectly because, of musical education and culture. I have found that this power of appreciation exists in others, as it did in me, entirely irrespective of cultivation or even of experience. I have had opportunities of observing two young persons who had

no musical education, and who heard little or no music of any kind in their home; and they, even before they were old enough to have such musical culture as comes from social experience, took to Mozart, and even more to Beethoven, like young ducks to water. No art pleasure to them was equal to that of hearing Beethoven's symphonies, which they understood and discussed intelligently at their first hearing of them. It is so with all art. Any person who, having the works of Shakespeare, or of Raphael and Titian within reach, does not feel and enjoy their beauty in the early years of adolescence, is not likely ever to attain to their appreciation. In music such facts as the rejection of the C-minor symphony by a body of experienced musicians, and its instant appreciation afterwards by music-lovers of no experience, show that the development of man with the progress of the ages fits one generation for the quick apprehension of that which those of an earlier generation would understand with difficulty if at all. There can be, I think, no doubt of the fineness and delicacy of Shakespeare's musical organization; and yet I believe that if he could be brought back to earth in all the fullness of his marvelous powers, and the quick intensity of his poetic feeling, he not only would not admire, but could not be taught to apprehend a Beethoven symphony. He belonged to a different period of musical development. Therefore when I read not long since in a leading newspaper that "the first tiresome Beethoven symphony given in this country was played in Boston on the 10th of February, 1841," I did not set down the writer of the paragraph as necessarily a man of stolid nature, or as incapable of the delights of poetry and art. I merely saw that his physical organization did not make him sensible to the pleasure of the higher music; and in that he not impossibly might find fellowship with Tennyson and Thackeray and Ruskin.

How, then, is it to be known that certain music is higher than other music? that what some persons, who perhaps have to a certain degree a pleasure in music, regard as a tiresome Beethoven symphony is really a grand work of art? I can only tell how I know it. I remember one afternoon when I was going about depressed in gloom, my heart like lead, weary of my life; there came into my mind suddenly, I know not why, I know not how, that mighty passage in the first movement of the C-minor symphony, beginning



and ending after about seventy bars with a return to the dominant theme of the movement. I had not heard the symphony, or indeed music of any kind, for some years; but this passage on the instant took possession of me as if it were uttered from the clouds, and kept possession of me all that afternoon and night until I slept, tramping through my brain with heroic tread; and it set me up like a tonic, so that the next day I was a man again, fit for work. But non-musical people might say this was purely personal to me; besides, I myself can see that the entrance of the passage into my mind might have been a consequence rather than a cause, — the accompaniment of a nervous reaction. Even in that case, however, the character of the passage receives an illustration from my experience. I have said that I can do no more than tell my readers how I know that certain music is great, and that other, in which many people find pleasure, is not. Of the beauty of this music, I mean that of Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and particularly of the second, the fourth, and the fifth, and of that of some of the elder Italian composers, I cannot dispute. It is a final fact, which I accept without question, as I accept the pleasure to my eye of red upon blue. I am content with this final fact. But, moreover, this music awakens in me, and in others of like musical sensibility, certain sensations or emotions; and because I feel that these sensations or emotions of pleasure elevate me and are of the same grade as those which I receive from the poetry of

Shakespeare and Dante, and the greater works of Raphael, Titian, and Michael Angelo, I rate the works to which I owe these musical sensations as of the same grade in art as those others to the effects of which theirs conform. I admit that although I have thought of the matter much, I can give no other reason for my belief in the superiority of the works of those musical composers.

This reason, however, will show that the acceptance of the opinion that musical sensibility is the result of physical organization, and that music is without intellectual or moral purpose or significance, does not imply a degrading judgment of the art. For it bestows upon the large number of those who are susceptible to it a pleasure so great, so invigorating, and so innocent that it adds largely to the sum of human happiness. And as all happiness gives elevation to man's character and dignifies his life, music has thus indirectly a moral value.

Richard Grant White.

OPPRESSIVE TAXATION AND ITS REMEDY.

NOTHING has been done relative to amending the law of taxation in Massachusetts, and nothing is likely to be accomplished, because the friends of reform do not act together. If citizens of influence in this State, who are deeply, vitally interested in obtaining a better system, would stir themselves so far as to mature some distinct plan, and then carry it to the legislature, there is abundant reason for believing that they would succeed in securing its adoption. Too much must not be expected at first, nor must too much be asked; but there are signs which indicate that public opinion is ripe for the correction of some at least of the grosser of the abuses which now exist. There are, in particular, three features of the present law which are peculiarly obnoxious, and which arouse almost universal discontent: the first is taxation of mortgages; the second is taxation of the stock of foreign corporations; the third is the arbitrary method of assessing real estate. A former paper was devoted to showing the iniquity and absurdity of taxing mortgages. That undoubtedly is the first grievance to be redressed. An act to exempt them is the first measure to be urged. Railroad and other corporate bonds are mortgages, and to tax them is as absurd, though not so oppressive, as to tax common mortgages. Yet the taxation of foreign stock is even more glaringly unjust, though it does not press quite so heavily upon the body of the people. A statement of the case is all that can be necessary, it is so very clear. Massachusetts corporations are taxed under a general law. The total value of the shares of each is found, taking them at the market price. The value of all real estate and machinery, which is locally assessed, is then deducted. Upon the amount thus obtained a tax is imposed at the average rate in use in the State for that year, and the sum so assessed is paid by the treasurer of the company directly to the treasurer of the commonwealth. The individual stockholder is exempt. This method is both simple and cheap, and on the whole it is just and satisfactory in its workings. Foreign stock is treated very differently. Corporations existing in other States are of course taxed at home, yet a citizen of Massachusetts who owns their stock is assessed here at full rates upon the market value of his shares, just as if his property were otherwise exempt. It would be an exactly analogous case if Boston undertook to assess stockholders of Massachusetts corporations on their shares, after the State had collected its tax from the companies. The double

levy is palpable. During the last ten years much money, belonging largely to poor people, has been invested in Western railroads. Most of these roads are not paying, and one reason of their prostration is unfriendly legislation. Notwithstanding, however, that the life is being taxed out of them at home, the stock is assessed again here. Many investors have little other property, and this extra burden has caused severe suffering. Even on the ground that taxes are the price of protection, this impost is absurd, for Massachusetts cannot and does not protect the roads against the grangers. Next to the exemption of mortgages, exemption of foreign stock should be urged upon the legislature.[1]

The method of assessing real estate is the third grievance. A citizen is now at the mercy of the assessor. His property may have any unjust valuation put upon it, but practically he can get no redress. There can be no reason why in this particular case a citizen should be denied a trial by jury. A man aggrieved by an assessment for betterments can demand a jury, and the system works admirably. A man aggrieved by an assessment for taxes ought to enjoy the same privilege.

With these changes the system would still leave much to be desired, but it would be an immense improvement on what we have now; and they are quite as much as it is possible to obtain.

Assuming, then, that this is the legislation to be sought, the main difficulty to be met would be the deficit in the revenue which would be caused by the exemption of such large classes of property. The first problem to be solved is how that deficit can be filled. To begin with, however, it is necessary to ascertain its probable amount, and as no statistics exist this is not an easy task. All that can be done is to rely on the estimates of the best authorities.

Mr. William Minot, Jr., and the Boston assessors seem to agree that about $50,000,000 represents the value of the mortgages taxed by the city. The valuation of Boston is about four tenths of the state valuation; hence it may be assumed pretty confidently that there are in the neighborhood of $125,000,000 of this class of property subject to municipal taxation in Massachusetts. This estimate exactly agrees with one made by Mr. Gleason, tax commissioner. The savings-banks hold mortgages to the amount of $116,241,038, upon which they are taxed by the commonwealth. Were mortgages exempted, they would undoubtedly urge a reduction of the present rate at which their deposits are taxed, on the ground that, as their range of investments is limited, to tax them at the established percentage on deposits which must be invested in untaxed securities would be an unjust discrimination. Conceding for the present the justice of such a demand, and that the savings-bank tax would yield less than it does now by a sum equal to three quarters of one per cent. on $116,241,038, the loss of revenue would be as follows: —

To the State by reduction of savings-bank tax . .	$871,807
To the city of Boston .	600,000
To all other municipalities	900,000
Total loss from exemption of mortgages	$2,371,807

What the loss would be from the exemption of foreign stock cannot be even approximately arrived at with any degree of confidence. There are no statistics nor any records from which a judgment can be formed. The larger part escapes assessment from the impossibility of tracing it to its owner, as Mr. Minot has shown. Mortgages are placed upon record, and can be traced. What loss would ensue would fall entirely upon municipalities, and it is pretty safe to assume that the value of the property withdrawn from actual assessment would not be more than half so large as the value withdrawn by the exemption of mortgages. On this basis,

Boston would lose a revenue of .	$300,000
All other municipalities . .	450,000
Total loss from exemption of foreign stock	$750,000

[1] The constitutional power of a State to tax personal property of its citizens situated in another jurisdiction is likely to come before the United States Supreme Court this winter in the case of Kirtland *v.* Hotchkiss on appeal from Connecticut. It is possible that the decision in this cause may settle the question.

The total deficit in revenue from these exemptions would be, in round numbers, $3,200,000. There can be little doubt that these figures are sufficiently liberal, because since the estimates on which they are based were made there has been a large shrinkage in values.

There are three ways of meeting this deficit: first, the rates may be raised on the property which remains subject to assessment; second, new taxes may be devised; third, the government may retrench.

The true method is that of retrenchment. The whole amount might readily be saved without impairing the efficiency of any branch of the public service. Though this assertion will hardly be disputed, it may be worth while to give a few examples of how money is wasted.

The yearly session of the legislature costs $257,000. The State would be better governed with biennial sessions, thus saving $125,000 a year. In 1876 New York maintained 21,424 of the best militia in the world for $275,000, or at the rate of $12.84 per man. Last year it cost Massachusetts $154,274 to keep up its wretchedly ineffective force of 4225 men, or $36.50 per man. On the New York basis, $55,000 would be a liberal appropriation. Sheer incompetence therefore costs the State $100,000 a year in this department alone. The old state-prison was in good condition. There was no substantial objection made to it except that the warden happened to dislike the site. The new prison is in a most unfortunate situation, at a very inconvenient distance from Boston; it is so badly built that convicts constantly escape, and it cost $857,548. The money might just as well have gone into the gutter.

It is said that the Danvers Hospital was for the benefit of Boston. However that may be, Boston does not use it. *On the contrary, the city now talks of building one expressly for its own patients.* There are a great many lunatic asylums in Massachusetts, considering the size of the State; a new one has just been built at Worcester, at an expense of $1,059,398. An asylum is no more needed at Danvers than it is in the moon, but it has cost $1,500,000. The balance sheet of the South Boston flats is an interesting document: —

Cost of flats	$235,696
Cost of filling flats . . .	728,088
Actual cost to date	$963,784
Appropriation for last year . .	200,000
Outstanding claims on file . .	250,000
	$1,413,784

A portion of this property is let to the New York and New England Railroad for $6000 a year. But before it could be let it had to be "planked," at an expense of $50,000. Planking lasts about seven years. The total return, therefore, under a seven years' lease, will be a bill of $8000. The Hoosac Tunnel can never benefit the State one dollar; still, it cost $18,000,000, the annual interest on which, at six per cent., is $1,080,000. The reason for building it was that it cost too much to haul freight over the grades of the Boston and Albany Railroad. A bounty of $80,000 a year might have paid for the extra hauling over the Berkshire Hills, which (although government bounties are very bad things) would certainly be cheaper than the tunnel expedient. Meanwhile the legislature does not seem to care whether it returns an income or not. These are a very few of the items which go to swell the state expenditure. There are many more of the same character.

But if the commonwealth is extravagant, what can be said of Boston? The Common and Public Garden alone cost $43,000 a year. For the repairs, improvements, care, cleaning, and sundry expenses of its real estate in Cambridge, Boston, and on the Bussey Farm, Harvard College paid $13,603 in 1876–77.

The estimated cost of the new Latin and High School building is $365,000. The great addition to Harvard College library, which is fire-proof, is capable of holding 300,000 volumes, is built of granite and shelved throughout, with its fittings and furniture, besides a new steam-heating apparatus for the old library as well as the new, cost $90,000. The fine new recitation hall at Cambridge is estimated at $99,000. Trinity

Church is the most splendid building in Boston; it is built upon a foundation of five thousand piles. To buy and drive the piles, to build the church and chapel, to decorate the church and put in the pews, cost, in round numbers, $385,000.

Last year Boston spent $700,000 quite unnecessarily on the sinking fund, mostly in buying up immature bonds, at an expense of $10,000. The present courthouse could be altered so as to give sufficient accommodation for business for many years to come. Nothing will serve but to buy land and have a new one. A portion of the drainage of Boston is defective, but the means taken to remedy it are little short of a public calamity. An enormous system of sewers has been devised which would be ample for London. Not only these sewers are to work by steam pumps but they will not accomplish the object of cleansing Charles River, for they do not carry off the drainage of Cambridge and Somerville. Apart, however, from their possible utility when finished, they are altogether out of proportion to present needs. The growth of Boston cannot be counted upon. It certainly will not grow if overtaxed. What was needed was the cheapest draining which would keep the city pure for the next ten or fifteen years. The interest on the money thus saved would have more than paid for a superb sewer for a city of one million people by the time it was needed. What this stupendous drain will finally cost no man can tell. The first appropriation is for $3,540,000. The city can certainly get on without a park, — or at least a large park, — and as certainly it cannot afford one. Yet the Back Bay swamp alone, upon which the new park is some day to stand, has cost already $295,000.

The list could be indefinitely extended, but it would be useless. The State and the municipalities are wasteful and extravagant to an alarming degree. They might reduce their expenditure $3,000,000 if public affairs were administered with even tolerable economy. Far from doing harm, nothing could be so healthy. The cost of government should be regarded in a liberal spirit, but the pressure of taxation is now so great that sharp economy is of the highest moment. Unfortunately, however, there is no probability that this method of meeting the deficiency would be even thought of. The only matter of practical importance is to find the easiest method of providing the funds to fill the gap.

Mr. Minot has suggested that local taxes should be levied exclusively upon real estate. The theory of the diffusion of taxes has been so ably explained, both by him and by Hon. David A. Wells, that any further discussion here would be out of place. Unquestionably they are entirely correct in the principles they lay down. Yet it is not clear that at present it would be wise to attempt so radical a change in existing methods. In taxation the habits of the people and the ease and convenience of the taxpayer are considerations of the first importance.

In these particulars the general laws under which the corporation and bank tax is collected have many advantages. They are economical, just, and popular. But whether or not their sphere *should be enlarged* opens up the whole question of the wisdom of the policy adopted toward the savings-banks and the mutual insurance companies; and of the wisdom of that policy there is room for graver doubt each day. Savings-banks were originally established as a charity toward the laboring class. They received sums too small to be invested elsewhere, earned by people ignorant of the care of money. The interest offered upon deposits was low, but the security was supposed to be perfect: as perfect as the promise of the government to pay its bonds; as perfect as in human affairs security can be. No enlightened State would tax such institutions. While they were restricted to this function they deserved to enjoy entire exemption. In process of time, however, the whole system changed. Savings-banks have long outgrown the limits of their legitimate business. After the war, when taxes increased, their partial immunity made

them desirable places of investment for capital. They grew apace, and they became greedy. In 1862 there were ninety-three banks; in 1875 there were one hundred and eighty. In 1850 the average to each account was $174.57; in 1862 it was $202.50; in 1875 it was $330.05. In the four years of depression, from 1873 to 1877, the deposits swelled from $202,195,343 to $244,596,614, and the average deposit from $303 to $330. In 1865 the rate of dividends was 4.75 per cent.; in 1875 it was 6.15; increase, 1.4 per cent. In those ten years the loans on mortgage increased from $15,534,568 to $120,171,268, or six hundred and seventy per cent. Probably in 1860 there were few depositors who did not belong to the class for whose benefit this charity was established. In 1876 the Labor Bureau stated that "the day-wage class deposited 44.8 per cent. of the whole amount placed in the savings-banks; it represented 57.7 per cent. of the whole number of depositors. Of the deposits under $300 at one time, the wage laborers deposited fifty-eight per cent. of the amount; of those above $300 at one time, 36.4 per cent. of the amount. The salaried, professional, and so-called capitalist classes made up the remaining percentages." (Labor Report, 1876, page 341.) The whole amount of deposits is $244,596,614. Of this, therefore, the laboring class own $109,579,283; while $135,017,330 are owned by persons who have no right to enjoy this privilege, and who use the banks principally as a speculation and as a means of avoiding taxation. That they have been so used is due solely to their having to pay only about half the tax with which other property is burdened. The result has been disastrous to all concerned. The rush of capital into the banks created competition among them. They became ambitious to make large dividends; they tempted depositors by unusual interest; they were eager for investments at high profits. In 1876, $119,466,579, or as nearly as may be one half of the whole amount of deposits, were loaned at seven per cent. and over. They speculated largely, and they speculated in real estate, which of all ventures is the most hazardous. Dazzled by the rates offered, they lent great sums upon property which in sober truth was worthless. At length the rotten fabric gave way. Banks of discount passed through their ordeal unshaken, but last winter the savings-banks fell with a crash. In agonized panic they besieged the legislature, and implored protection. To the lasting disgrace of Massachusetts protection was given them by the enactment of the notorious stay law, which can be properly described by no word but infamous. That law is as flagrant a breach of faith as was ever sanctioned by a legislature. It overshadows the Western granger legislation. The supreme court may possibly hold the act to be constitutional, but the stain upon the commonwealth must remain. As charitable institutions for the encouragement of thrift among working men and women, and while their name was a guaranty that perfect confidence might be reposed in the rigid good faith with which they kept their contracts, it was right that savings-banks should be exempted from taxation. As public trustees who receive and manage money with a view to profit, they are no more entitled to exemption than railroads or factories. The general welfare, on the contrary, demands that they should not be shown especial favor. Private trustees are not exempted; neither should public trustees be exempted. The one absolutely essential element in the management of trust property is that it should not be used for any speculative purpose whatever. But under the existing law strong inducements are held out to speculators, in the first place, to invest in savings-banks; and, afterward, to try to use them for their own ends. And further still, a just taxation of savings-banks as they now exist, and the exemption of mortgages, would put workingmen who are depositors and workingmen who are land owners on an equality. That subject has been already discussed, but now once more it must be urged that the policy which tends to put the owners of the soil at a disadvantage with any other class of citizens must be disastrous to a

republic. Savings banks are admirable as places for temporary investment, but are mischievous when they permanently engross the savings of the poor. The safety of the State requires that workingmen should own their own homes.

If savings-banks for the poor exclusively are thought desirable, they should be so conducted that the risk would be reduced to a minimum, with a correspondingly low rate of interest. Such institutions might be supplied by some system like that in use in Great Britain. Certain post-offices are designated throughout the kingdom to receive deposits of not less than one shilling for transmission to the central office in London. The money received is invested in the public funds. The depositor may apply to any post-office savings-bank for his money, which he must be paid, with interest, within ten days. These banks have been very successful, and apparently supply a want among the people. Between 1862 and 1875 their number increased from 2535 to 5260. In 1875 the amount of deposits was £26,127,967; the deposits made in 1875 amounted to £8,783,852; the whole number of deposits was 3,132,433. The average amount of each deposit was £2 16 1, and the average size of the accounts with interest was £14 3 5½. The interest paid by the post-office is only 2.5 per cent. The ordinary savings banks pay three per cent. Such institutions would of course be untaxed.

Were a similar system adopted here, the advantages would be immense. Poor men who looked for safety before all other considerations could find it, while at the same time the strongest popular motive would be given for defending the national credit. On the other hand, those who had confidence in the management of any ordinary savings-bank could invest their earnings as they do now. There would be a certain degree of risk, but they would be compensated for that by higher interest. They would be taxed like other people.

If these considerations are entitled to weight, the conclusion to be drawn from them is obvious. Savings-banks should be taxed under a general law as they are now, but at a rate which would put them on an equality with other corporations. Such a rate might very easily be determined each year, regard being had, of course, to the fact that their range of investments is limited by law, if under such a change of policy it should be thought necessary to limit them narrowly. As about half their deposits are in mortgages and government bonds, both of which would be exempted, and as their present rate is about half what other property pays, it would be probable that the revenue derived from them under a fair adjustment would not vary very much from what it is now.

The case of mutual insurance companies, especially life insurance companies, is still stronger. The tax commissioners of Massachusetts, in their report of 1875, page 175, thus explain the situation: "No tax is assessed upon these companies by the State except a specific imposition intended to cover the expense of the state valuation of their policies. The only taxes to which they are subjected are those upon their real estate and national bank-stock, and incidentally upon their investments in Massachusetts corporations; and these, as compared with the total value of their assets, are of inconsiderable value."

The gross assets of the mutual life insurance companies are $26,162,858; their real estate is valued at $2,073,130; assets less real estate, $24,089,728. Under the head of Taxes and Fees in the annual report a total payment is given of $39,875. How much of this is "taxes" and how much "fees" does not appear, but for present purposes it may be all credited to taxes. The tax on their real estate alone, at $12 on the $1000, comes to $24,877, leaving a balance of $15,000 for all other taxes. At savings-bank rates the tax on $24,000,000 would be $180,000; at the average state rate, $308,160. Mutual fire insurance companies have gross assets of $4,741,182. They pay $16,063 in taxes. At savings-bank rates they would pay $35,558; at the average rate, $60,876.

Were life insurance companies pressed for means and conducting a precarious

business, there might be some reason for this exemption. But the public has only too much reason to condemn their management. They notoriously charge their policy-holders exorbitant rates; they are wasteful in their expenditure, and throw away large sums of money upon costly buildings which do not and which cannot yield any adequate return. Worst of all, they are constantly disputing just claims upon the most frivolous pretexts. Under such circumstances there can be no reason why they should not bear their share of the public burdens. The only solid objection to such a course is that the companies have made their existing contracts upon the basis of the present law, and that the imposition of a tax might make performance impossible. Vested rights, of course, must be protected; but without doubt a tax might be devised which would secure a considerable increase of revenue without doing injustice to policy-holders.

Besides these sources of income there are various excises which might be used in Massachusetts with advantage. The best known instance is the Moffett tax upon the sale of liquor in bar-rooms, which is in use in Virginia. The official figures are not yet published, but it is stated in the daily papers that this tax has yielded upwards of $800,000 to the State during the last twelve months. If these figures are correct there can be little doubt that it would yield considerably over $1,000,000 in Massachusetts, for not only is Massachusetts much more populous and wealthy than Virginia, but the enforcement of a tax that depends upon police supervision is far easier in a small and densely peopled than in a large and thinly settled territory. Calculated upon this basis there would be no alarming deficit following the exemption of mortgages and foreign stock. For some time, at least, the yield of the savings-bank tax would not be materially impaired, and therefore the State would probably not suffer immediate inconvenience; while a reasonable increase of the rate now paid by the various trust companies could be relied upon to fill, partially at least, any deficit which might arise later. At the outset it was calculated that municipalities raised about $2,250,000 a year by taxing mortgages and foreign stock. The direct state tax is now $1,000,000. By means of the Moffett excise the commonwealth could pretty certainly more than make good this revenue. Therefore the direct tax could be remitted altogether. The very moderate sum of $250,000 might be collected from the mutual insurance companies, which would bring the total revenue provided for up to $1,250,000. There remains but $1,000,000 outstanding. A former paper was devoted to showing the mistake of severe taxation for the speedy payment of public debts. It was proved that Boston alone last year paid nearly $700,000 more for this purpose than the law requires, or than was necessary to redeem her bonds as they fell due. By a fair reduction in this item of expenditure the remaining $1,000,000 of deficit could be more than covered, and still allow for the maintenance of handsome sinking funds. Nor does there seem to be any sound reason for disputing the wisdom of such an economy.

By these means, apparently, Massachusetts might rid herself of two of her most ruinous and vexatious taxes, without materially raising the rate upon real property, without injustice, and without necessitating any considerable reduction in the actual outlay of government. Nothing will be done, however, unless public attention is directed to this class of questions. Citizens of influence and intelligence owe it to themselves and to their State to unite upon some scheme of tax reform, and to take means to bring that scheme before the people. So long as these questions are left to be tossed about at random in the legislature there can be no change for the better; indeed, the longer such a state of things lasts, the less likely any solid improvement becomes. The people grow callous to the discussion, and are taught to regard it only as the agitation of visionaries, — as akin to the interminable woman-suffrage wrangle, to which no human creature listens. When this stage is reached the battle is lost. And yet success is vital

to the prosperity of the commonwealth. These are no dreams of visionaries, but hard facts involving dollars and cents. Taxation is viewed by the people in a narrow light; they do not see its relation to their daily life. By discrimination, that is by taxing the same class of property at different rates, as mortgaged land is now taxed more than other land, and the stock of foreign companies is taxed more than the stock of domestic companies, certain people may be made to bear more than their share of the cost of government; but such impositions are in no sense taxes, they are confiscations. Under a just system, where all property of the same class bears the same load, no man can gain exemption. What he evades on the one hand he pays on the other. Exemption of the savings-bank means higher rates for the factory. What the laborer gains on his deposit of earnings he may lose many times over in wages. The sum which any citizen directly pays to the government is nothing, even to him, in comparison with the effect which a good or a bad system of taxation has upon the prosperity of the whole community. The poorest laborer is as keenly interested as the greatest capitalist. A wise impost may occasion him inconvenience, and even suffering at times, by taking from him money he can ill afford to pay; but in escaping this payment he may cause a tax to be levied which will ruin the factory in which he works, or which will sweep from the ocean the fleet in which he sails. By no one has the great principle on which taxation should be imposed been stated more lucidly than by Mr. Gladstone, when, as chancellor of the exchequer, he made his famous speech upon the tariff in 1860: "But I do not hesitate to say that it is a mistake to suppose that the best mode of giving benefit to the laboring classes is simply to operate on the articles consumed by them. If you want to do them the maximum of good, you should rather operate on the articles which give them the maximum of employment. What is it that has brought about the great change in their position of late years? Not that you have legislated here and there, taking off one penny or two pence in the pound of some article consumed by the laboring classes. This is good so far as it goes, but it is not this which has been mainly operative in bettering their condition as it has been bettered during the last ten or fifteen years. It is that you have set more free the general course of trade; it is that you have put in action the process that gives them the widest field and the highest rate of remuneration for their labor. . . . It is the price their labor thus brings, not the price of cheapened commodities, that forms the main benefit they receive. That is the principle of sound political economy applicable to commercial legislation, and that is the principle on which we will to-night invite you to proceed."

Brooks Adams.

A FLOWER IN A BOOK.

A WITHERED flower shall raise
A ghost of vanished days;
From crumbled leaves a rose,
All fragrant-souled, shall rise
Within the heart and eyes
Of one who, dreaming, knows
The dust that was a rose!

J. J. Piatt.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A GOOD deal has been written, of late, to show that Boston's claim to musical culture and taste is not quite so valid as had been supposed. Exactly what claims to such culture we Bostonians have made and still make I do not know; but they are probably not so large as have been imputed to us. I would by no means try here to gauge the musical culture of Boston, but humbly beg to suggest to those who have recently expressed such grave doubts as to its extent that the line of argument they have hitherto pursued does not in the least serve to invalidate any claim to musical culture, taste, or discrimination we might be pleased to make for ourselves.

It is a sufficiently notorious fact that for the last few years the Boston public has given very meagre support to worthy concert enterprises, both of our own artists and musical organizations, and of various celebrated performers who have visited our city. Neither Rubinstein, Von Bülow, nor Madame Essipoff succeeded in attracting paying audiences of a size at all commensurate with those artists' reputation or intrinsic excellence. It is generally understood that Theodore Thomas could not make his Boston concerts pay, and as for the Harvard Musical Association, Heaven help that earnestly working body, for surely we do not! We have not shown sufficient enterprise to admit of an efficient and permanent orchestra's being formed, so that the cream of our orchestral players have been forced to form private clubs for the performance of chamber music, and to travel through the country on concert expeditions in order to gain a decent livelihood.

This state of affairs is as deplorable as it is undeniably true. Its effect is in every way bad; Boston is fast falling from her position as a musical centre, in so far as opportunities for hearing good music well given are concerned, and is tending to take rank with Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other not musically influential cities.

This sad fact has been brought forward as an argument to prove our lack of musical culture. Yet it seems to me that it is in no way a fair criterion. It does not prove nor disprove one jot of the power of musical discrimination of our public. If it prove anything, it is that whatever of musical fibre there is in us is *only* culture, and nothing more. And I fear that this is painfully true to a great extent. As Anglo-Saxons we must say that what may be called the necessity of art, the natural hunger and thirst for the beautiful, the *desiderium pulchri*, is not born in us. We have applied ourselves to music as an item of culture; we have, to the best of our abilities, refined our taste and sharpened our judgment; but we have not made music, good or bad, a necessary of life. We give every day stronger and stronger evidence of the factitious quality of our love for music, in that we are becoming more and more fastidious and superfinical in our taste. We are no longer drawn to listen to music, unless it be the very best, and heard under the very best conditions. Unless we can have just what we want, we care nothing about it. Music is not a natural appetite with us. True, appetite is amenable to culture, and may become fastidious to a high degree. The epicure will not turn from woodcock to feast upon greens and bacon; yet let the most jaded *bon vivant* go hungry for a while, and he will find homely fare very relishing. But unless *we* can have "*faisan à la Sainte-Alliance*," done to a turn, served on Kirk silver, and washed down with Romanée-Conti (to apply our not too limping simile to music), we prefer going hungry; in fact, we do not feel the pangs of hunger at all. What of musical culture we have in Boston — and I do not pretend to say how much nor how little we have, for what I am writ-

ing is rather a plea for exactness than a defense — we have come at by dint of work, and it is so far honorable to us. Its extent may be very lawfully doubted; but surely our lack of enterprise in concert-going has nothing to do with it, one way or the other.

— The writer of the leading article in the October Atlantic has touched upon a most interesting subject in alluding to the change now going on in the practice of church-going. All that he says I find true, but he does not discuss the *tendency* of church development, and it is this of which I wish to speak. All are agreed that the idea of church-going as an act efficacious and soul-preserving in itself has passed away, and the audiences at old-fashioned churches have thinned accordingly. But with the increase of skepticism and of practical infidelity, ritualism and Catholicism have grown apace, nor are our "orthodox" or Unitarian churches on the point of becoming empty. Assuming that the New England church-goers of to-day would have been Calvinists forty years ago, it is evident that a differentiation has been taking place in the religious church-going public, and that with the continuance of this differentiation the divergence will ultimately become so great that the origin of the one branch in a religious stem will be entirely forgotten. Not only the ministers, but the considerable number of persons interested in the maintenance of a given "society," try to provide substitutes of various kinds for the vanished belief in the efficacy of church-going in itself; and the result of their efforts is the gradual transformation of churches, especially in provincial towns, into a new and peculiar variety of club. We see people united by a loose tie paying a certain yearly tax, and coming together at stated intervals, sometimes for edification, but often solely for enjoyment; even on the former occasions instruction must be administered in an entertaining manner, and as to the latter, it is safe to say that the vestry kitchens and conversation rooms are of more importance in keeping up the society than is the pulpit, literally regarded. In this corporation the minister is naturally the leading figure, the all-important personage; but it is not in his capacity of preacher that he is so. He delivers sermons, as the president imparts his views to Congress, but there his responsibility, in this direction, ends. He is attentively listened to, partly from traditional respect (which will soon be extinct), but chiefly from the vague consciousness on the part of his hearers that the enjoyment of good things in connection with, but outside of, the sanctuary has put them under obligations which are best repaid in this way. That the minister preach well is a good thing, but it is no longer the main thing. It is of more importance that he have skill in raising money for benevolent objects, in arranging lectures and excursions, and other amusements; that he be able to advise young ladies about their art reading, and old ones about their sons at college. Besides this he has the marrying and the burying to do.

So many interests are thus bound up with parish organizations that there is no danger of their being given up as useless. And on the other hand, those emotional natures which must in some way pour forth their religious sentiment, those abnormally constituted persons who feel a greater need occasionally to be transported above the commonplace reality of daily life than a hankering after photographs and puddings, — these unfortunates will continue more and more to find a refuge in the bosom of the one Catholic and Apostolic church, or of its ritualistic follower.

— I am that gloomy contributor who was very much troubled, a few months ago, at the fashion which our printers have of decorating the first vowel in *chalet* with a circumflex accent. Having overthrown, shattered, and obliterated that other gloomy contributor, who had mildly remarked that our printers put the accent over the *a* because it was correct to do so (he misquoted the title of his authority, by the way), — having, I repeat, dispersed *him*, I supposed the matter ended. But it seems that that mongrel Swiss-French word is never to

let me have any peace. Here now is Mr. Henry James Jr. calling a cottage in the suburbs of Boston *a chalet!* He does not place the phrase between the lips of one of his Europeans, where it would properly be at home, but he uses it in his own quality as narrator. "The two occupants of the chalet dined together." I protest, though perhaps it is no more than right that we should kindly adopt the word, having so barbarously humiliated it these many years by sticking a fool's-cap on it. Yet if we *must* have a foreign name for our New England country-houses, I think *villa* preferable. Chalet implies at once too much and too little: it asks for waterfalls and Alpine vistas, and it suggests — a shed. Villa, on the other hand, is rather non-committal: it is nice and vague and "sloppy," like the name Mr. Cummings gave his friend's picture in a certain comedy printed a while ago in these pages. Moreover, the word is already domesticated among us. Do we not, without the slightest inclination to smile, speak of our villas at Newport? I fancy that it is a kind of necessity for the American tourist, when he returns from abroad, to live in a palace, or a *château*, or a castle. Perhaps it is fair to let him have even a chalet, if he insists upon it.

— Reports come back from Paris that the chief point in the indictment against American art brought by all foreigners was the lack of originality, or rather nationality, of treatment. Our artists, with but one or two exceptions, were declared to be basely subservient to some foreign school, generally the French. Those who had escaped this thralldom, and ventured to offer *genre* pictures of American life, received the highest commendation, namely, that whatever their lack of mechanical skill they showed at least that certain creative power out of which every national school of art must be born.

Our young artists in the Latin Quartier will no doubt have many a hearty laugh over this criticism. Most of them feel that they have left their country quite out of sight in their æsthetic progress. They go on diligently reproducing old monks and ballet-girls and Norman peasants, and would listen with calm amusement if you suggested that the interior of negro huts or Indian wigwams, or the accessories of a pioneer's life, or the faces of American women, were as picturesque and typical, and newer to the world at large, than any of these. Unluckily for themselves, they have not progressed far enough to see that the true historical and lasting painting must be made of scenes present to the painter's eye and known to his heart.

Our literature has advanced a good deal farther and faster in the right idea than our art. Forty years ago we were precisely in the same condition as Germany before Goethe and Schiller came to waken her to the necessity of a national literature. The weakness in our position then was, not that Englishmen sneered at American books, but that Americans did not write them. Our literature was a weakly babe suckling the breast of an alien nurse who despised it. It is only lately that we have found out that our own mother has milk and to spare for her children. Irving himself, I have heard, wondered why his Spanish Papers and the histories written with exhaustive care so soon retired to the shelves of critics, while his idle tales of the Kaatskills became at once popular and immortal.

It is a fact that every attempt by Americans to portray American life has received a more cordial welcome in England than at home. Even the vulgar braggadocio of Joaquin Miller was overlooked, and his work accepted with acclamation, because it was indigenous in its flavor; it smelled of the soil from which it came, a soil unknown to Europeans. For the same reason Walt Whitman, Hawthorne, and Artemas Ward, all representative Americans of differing strains of blood, were more appreciated in England than here.

There is one drawback to the advance of our literature in this direction which probably may not suggest itself to the readers of The Atlantic. The life and manners of New England have been

carefully painted by her sons, while the rest of the country, with its countless and widely differing phases of life, is almost untouched. Western and Southern painters of scenery and human nature are slow to see that there is material close to their hands richer than any left untouched in New England hills. A few have seen it, however; but how grudging is the recognition given them by their own sections! There are the Egglestons, with their masterly photographs of life in Virginia and Indiana; DeForest, the only man who has painted the Carolinian fire-eaters; a new writer, Mary Dean, whose little studies of farm life in New York are fine and careful in detail as a picture of Meissonier. If Boston had brought forth these people, what would she not have made of them!

— An amazing ignorance exists among otherwise intelligent people in regard to the demands and rewards of literary labor, which is likely to be dispersed wholesomely by the breezy confidences of the Contributors' Club, unless (I am not very weather-wise, yet it seems to me that cautionary signals are indicated at this point) individual publishers, authors, and critics should stir up therein a *tu quoque* typhoon, to the premature destruction of all concerned. What an old divine quaintly said of a brother clergyman's prayers I say of the Club: "I don't believe in making the throne of grace a whipping-post." But to return to our subject. Not long ago a much-knowing lady remarked incidentally, when a common acquaintance was named, "Is n't it nice? — she sold her last book for ten thousand dollars!" To my gentle demurrer over the incongruity between such a sum and the worthy little book, which I had just accepted for our Sunday-school library, my informant replied, with vehement confidence, "But I know it to be a fact!" Knowing the book and knowing its publisher, the most cautious of his kind (if "cautious" is actionable in the Contributors' Club court, I abjectly retract), I was not surprised to hear him say, a few weeks later, when I solemnly charged this prodigality upon him, "We printed an edition of seven hundred copies. A good many are still on our shelves, and we pay her ten per cent. on retail price of each copy sold; they sell for one dollar." In computation of which overhaul your Colburn's Mental Arithmetic, and when found make a note of, for future estimates of literary profit and loss.

One thing which has not been touched upon in the discussion of authors' experiences might, I think, be fittingly noticed here. When I was as yet guiltless of book-making — "ah, woful when!" — I had the childish fancy that every author had somewhere within his domains (usually in the attic, if I remember rightly) a room piled to the ceiling with his own books, and that he had only to turn his hand over, so to speak, and straightway all his acquaintances, good, bad, and indifferent, were supplied each with a crisp, clean copy. What author so small as not to have encountered the reproach from dozens of friends, "Did you know that you never sent me a copy of that last book of yours?" sometimes naïvely adding, "And I should n't have read it to this day if So-and-So had n't lent it to me!" Can the Contributors' Club delicately whisper to the uninitiated that an author generally has to pay as much for his own books and the periodicals containing his own articles as for a stranger's, and that even were he indefinitely dead-headed therefor, the probabilities are that he might prefer to present something less personal to his friend rather than seem in the least to coerce his favor? Certainly an author who "was paid in books," — a phrase I once heard with pleasure, — his own or another's, would be an object of compassion to the enlightened.

How serious this little misconception may become is best shown by a fresh example. A friend has recently published a technical work. I chanced to ask an acquaintance if he had seen the book; he exclaimed with pronounced disgust, "No, I have n't; the miserable fellow never gave me a copy!" As this "miserable" to my certain knowledge had to pay five dollars for every copy

after the two or three first specimens sent him from the press, it was not singular that his donations had not reached one who had no special interest in the subject matter, and only ordinary relations with the author. "The world is wide; these things are small; they may be nothing, but" they amount to something when multiplied by one's dear five hundred friends.

— I was unfortunately out of town at the last meeting of the Contributors' Club, or I certainly should have laid down my knife and fork with astonishment at the ignorance of the contributor who calls for a new pronoun. What! has he never heard of the great grammarian who came into literature, saw the difficulty, and at once overcame it? I have forgotten his name, but how can I ever forget his admirable circular, in which he publishes the result of his wrestle with he, his, and him? It is before me, as I copy: "The substitute for the three words which I now have the honor to propose is a word of two syllables, a compound of these two pronouns, suggestive of the singular number and possessive case, applicable as a pronoun for man or woman," namely, hizer, — "placed to hizer credit," that is, to his or her credit, — and thus declined: Hēsh, hizer, himer. "Should this addition," he adds, "be acceptable to persons speaking and writing the English language, I will subsequently propose a number of new words, as analogous improvements." It was in 1872 that this memorable circular was issued, and I myself drew up a paper with the heading: "We the undersigned hereby agree to adopt hizer into the language," and took pains to circulate it amongst my friends. What has become of the great philologist since? I have been anxiously waiting for the rest of his modern improvements. Has he joined the spelling reformers, and become engrossed in the arrangement of a new alphabet? Perhaps he is balancing the advantages of adopting or dispensing with the diacritical marks. But the discovery of hizer is enough for one man. Let him be the apostle of hizer, and leave the spelling reformers to follow at a respectful distance.

— In the Contributors' Club, Atlantic Monthly, November, 1878, it is stated that a personal pronoun of the common gender and singular number is wanted in the English language. Che was proposed in 1851 or 1852. Nominative case, che, possessive, cher's or cher, objective, cher.

— I am afraid that the contributor who discusses the secret of a book's success (*vide* the October number of The Atlantic) has not quite settled the question. He says: "In my opinion the secret of a literary hit was expressed by a young friend, herself a writer of no mean ability, when she said, 'The book that sells is the book that gets talked about.'" What a paradise were this for writers of no mean ability were that even half true in its intended sense! Then The Scarlet Letter and The House of the Seven Gables and the Twice Told Tales would have made Hawthorne a rich man in his prime, and been an inheritance to his children. No books, with possibly the exception of Cooper's Leather-Stocking Tales, were ever more talked about than his. Yet during Hawthorne's life his revenue from those marvelous fictions was less than the salary of a second-rate salesman in a dry-goods store of the period. I do not forget that Hawthorne, in the preface to the Twice Told Tales (1851), speaks of himself as having been for many years the obscurest man of letters in America. That was while he was weaving for the magazines those enchanted webs which have caught us all. But from the moment those stories were collected in a volume, they began to be talked about, in the finest sense of the phrase. While the American Dickens of that singular epoch, the now-forgotten author of Puffer Hopkins, was innocently plucking at that popular laurel which looks so like the real thing (but has no root, being merely phantom leaves), the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne were passing into literature. And to-day? What name is oftener on the general lip? Who can think or speak of American letters without breathing

the name of Hawthorne? It is a word to conjure with, not only here, but in England and in Italy. Yet if I were a publisher, and nothing *but* a publisher, I would prefer That Husband of Mine to a whole block of Houses like that of the Seven Gables. True enough, "the book that sells is the book that gets talked about;" but it by no means follows that the book which gets talked about is the book that sells. "I write of one," as Lowell says in his Memoriæ Positum, "while with dim eyes I think of three" or four authors who illustrate my argument much better than I wish. Their books get talked about at every refined fireside in the land; they are books which require only time to crystallize into classics; but they don't sell. Possibly they reach a circulation of four or five thousand copies each; but I do not call that selling in an age which buys ——'s novels by the cart-load, and his poems by the thousand feet, like the merchandise and the lumber they are. In literary circles they are never mentioned except to be laughed at. On the other hand, what poet of our own generation has been more talked about (and in a way more calculated to provoke the curiosity of the indifferent reader) than Walt Whitman? Does the book that gets talked about necessarily sell? Do Walt Whitman's labors of thirty years supply the necessities of his old age?

The author and publisher who held a confidential conversation in these pages several months ago seemed to me to be very level-headed gentlemen; but I wonder that they neglected, in bringing their argument to its delightfully inconclusive conclusion, to touch on this perplexing phase of the subject.

— Th. Bentzon, who is known on this side of the water by her admirable translations from American authors, is known in France as a novelist of unusual originality and power. Indeed, in such pictures of provincial French life as La Petite Perle, La Grande Sauliere, and Désirée Turpin she comes nearer to what is best in George Sand than any contemporary French author. Th. Bentzon has been for several years an industrious contributor to the Revue des Deux Mondes, though the editor of the journal was unaware until quite recently that his valued correspondent was a woman. Madame Thérèse Blanc — there can be no impropriety in dropping a *nom de plume* which her talent has rendered useless as a disguise — belongs to an old French family, and is a highly accomplished woman. A portion of her girlhood was passed in England, to which fact we are indebted for the careful and scholarly translations of American works which have appeared from time to time during the last six or seven years in the Revue. She has a wide familiarity with every branch of American literature, and, curiously enough in one naturally a legitimist, she takes the deepest interest in the history of the socialistic movements in this country. The masterly paper on Nordhoff's Communistic Societies of the United States, which appeared some time since in the Revue des Deux Mondes, was from the hand of Madame Blanc. But it was of her as a novelist that I wished to say a word. I notice that some one has had the good taste to translate one of Madame Blanc's charming stories for Appleton's library of foreign authors, and has been fortunate enough, or wise enough, to select her best. The plot of Un Remords, the novel in question, is singularly fresh and ingenious; there are two or three powerful and *new* situations in the story, and the characters throughout are drawn with delicacy and firmness. Pierre Liéven, Manuela, M. Walrey, and his mother are notably fine characterizations. I have not seen the translation of Un Remords, but unless it does injustice to the original the reader will look eagerly for other novels of Madame Blanc in the same form.

RECENT LITERATURE.

It seems to us that Messrs. Fields and Whipple have performed very acceptably a task of uncommon difficulties. It would have been much easier to make a much smaller or a much larger collection of verse than their Family Library of British Poetry;[1] but to produce a volume of dimensions so generous that nothing of the first value could be left out, and yet in which there should be no suspicion of padding with second-rate material, required in the editors not only a love of the best poetry, but a knowledge of what poetry is best loved. To speak within certain limits, the average reader of such a volume has the right to find his favorite poem in it; for if popularity is not an immediate test of merit, it is unquestionably one of the best final tests, and the poem which most men in successive generations have liked is pretty sure to be a great poem. We fancy that it is upon some such general principle as this that the editors have proceeded. The favorite poems, we believe, are all here; but in a royal octavo of nearly a thousand pages, they have been able to give vastly more, even in drawing from the works of some three hundred poets. The book is, indeed, fairly representative of British poetry, and whoever reads it will hardly fail of a just idea of our poetic literature, if he is able to make his own criticisms and comparisons. To these the editors have chosen almost entirely to leave him. The volume is thoroughly indexed by titles of poems, first lines, and authors' names; but nothing biographical, beyond the date of each poet's birth and death, appears to have entered into their scheme, and nothing critical beyond the brief and infrequent notes attached to some of the poems, mainly in the way of explanation. We could wish that these were even more infrequent by at least one note; that, namely, in which Lord Macaulay is superfluously permitted to assert the literal impossibility of The Deserted Village. There is a good introduction, not long, and very properly not entering into any subtleties of comment, in which the editors explain their design, and promise for a forthcoming Library of British Prose a general sketch of English literature.

Their work here has been almost confined to selection, and it has been admirably well done, with naturally curious results, on which the lover of poetry will like to dwell at greater length than we can now. It is interesting to observe, and it ought to be instructive for all intending heirs of fame to see, how such poets as Gray and Goldsmith, who wrote sparingly, are here almost wholly reproduced; and how in other cases certain rather long poems, like Pope's Rape of the Lock and Keats's St. Agnes' Eve, are of so perfect and exemplary a beauty that they must be quoted entire. The inferior dramatists are represented by the best passages from their plays; Shakespeare, on this side, is so vast that the editors must content themselves with his songs and sonnets, and some extracts from his poems. Of Spenser there seems rather more than enough; of Chaucer not quite enough, especially of the humorous side of his genius. The selection from Ben Jonson is delightful, and so is that from Beaumont and Fletcher; Milton and Dryden are as satisfactory. Cowper has a space authorized rather by his excellent humanity than the excellence of his poetry; and Burns has room far beyond his inspiration. There is not enough of Leigh Hunt, who was a poet of exquisite quality. Campbell, Moore, Coleridge, Montgomery, Blake, and Shelley are fitly represented. There is the best of Wordsworth, but much less than is quoted would have shown how tedious he could be. Byron is well managed; Browning presents peculiar difficulties, frankly evaded; Tennyson is not adequately shown in the selections.

It is easier to make these running criticisms than to justify them; they will doubtless not justify themselves to the sense of many readers, and we must defend them only by our own feeling. As far as they are adverse, they imply simply that a work of this scope must be open to censure. Its faults do not characterize it, for it is a collection not only eminently satisfactory in general, but in far the greater number of particulars. The reader may confidently go to it for the whole or part of every great or famous English poem.

— Quite the best poem in Mr. Whittier's

[1] *The Family Library of British Poetry, from Chaucer to the Present Time.* Edited by James T. Fields and Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878

new volume[1] is, we think, the ballad of the Witch of Wenham Lake. In this we have the poet on his own ground, with a story, sweet and native, to tell. He tells it as no one else could: simply, picturesquely, with a sort of tremor of intense feeling in its music. Our readers cannot have forgotten it, nor the faint glimmer of archness in the young girl's character which gives its finest effect to the tale. Mr. Whittier has more than once realized the grim witch time in his verse, but we cannot recollect that he has ever brought it so vividly and pathetically to mind, while losing none of the love-charm proper to this particular theme. He seems to feel with a passionate keenness the infernal ugliness of the superstition which makes the blackest page in our colonial annals, and no one else has enforced it so poignantly. Sunset on the Bearcamp, Seeking the Waterfall, and June on the Merrimac are poems in which the characteristic New England landscape brightens and breathes again; and the Vision of Echard is a piece full of the poet's high and consoling religiousness. The new volume contains also his beautiful tribute to William Francis Bartlett, and his Centennial Hymn. The Two Angels is again a hymn of courageous and loving faith, which finds expression in other poems. It is scarcely too exegetic, but its danger is in that direction. Otherwise, this beloved poet's art, like that of Longfellow's, mellows from year to year; and ripening late after a long growth, in which some crude flavors mingled, his poetry has now a richness as uncloying as it is unstinted. This little book represents it at its best.

We are glad to recognize the mechanical beauty of the volume. The Riverside printing is known, and we do not speak of that, but of the binding and the whole exterior of the book, in which there is an elegance, a *style*, very uncommon in American books.

— Mr. Stanley, in the double title of his latest book,[2] has happily characterized the narrative, which is in the main a frank, straightforward record of his journey, with bits of *bravura* here and there. We should be sorry to miss these passages, which at first seem to be a writing-master's flourishes, but finally strike one as intimations of the genuineness of the writer's autograph. Apart from the interest which these two volumes must long excite by their pioneer character, they are the magnificent achievement of an American newspaper reporter. We know very well that the newspaper correspondent, especially of the English press, has left his mark in current literature; Dr. Russell has been followed by Forbes, and the advance in art shown by this succession hints at a probable fixed profession of newspaper correspondence; but while Dickens may be taken as showing what cockney reporting may come to, we chuckle behind our hands at the figure Stanley will cut in literary history, as the ripest product of American newspaper reporting life. We do not believe that his career will lead to a school. There is something too isolated, too spectacular, in it. No matter in what direction some other daring reporter may attack Africa, Stanley's journey will be *princeps* because *primus*. The results of his journey, valuable as they are in the illustration of geography, must always be subordinate to the achievement, and the achievement draws its power from the central figure of this narrative. The civilization of Europe and America may require a new continent for the manifestation of its force, and subsequent material conquests may lessen the value of Mr. Stanley's narrative as a contribution to African geography and ethnography, but

"virum . . . cano"

can never cease to be the prelude to the most popular and worthy poems, and we do not see how young hearts can help beating quicker when they take these volumes from the shelf, generations hence, even if the library containing them overlooks the waters of Victoria Nyanza.

A great traveler is a man of genius, and no one can read Stanley's journey without conceding this quality to him. He has by no means a genius for writing, but his genius for finding his way and for overcoming or dodging obstacles is unmistakable. No defects of narrative can conceal this splendid faculty for going where he set out to go; nor can any presumably inadequate preparation blind one to the instinct which this traveler possesses for finding out what he wants to know. Undoubtedly other and older travelers have been better equipped

[1] *The Vision of Echard, and other Poems.* By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

[2] *Through the Dark Continent; or, The Sources of the Nile, around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean.* By HENRY M. STANLEY. With ten maps and one hundred and fifty wood-cuts. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers, Publishers. 1878. [Sold only by subscription. Agents for Boston, George M. Smith & Co.]

in point of learning, yet one hesitates after all to concede to closet study of geographical problems a superiority over that training of eye and nerve and mother wit which formed Stanley's chief outfit for his work. He tells us that before making the journey he read largely in the literature of African travel, but the sort of knowledge which he thus acquired, though helped by his previous experience, would bear little examination beside the solid work of trained students. It was the preliminary reading of a reporter who has a special task set him; when he gets into the field he relies instinctively on his eyes and ears, and makes his reading wholly subordinate. The qualities which go to make up a good reporter were present in Stanley, or were developed as rapidly as occasion demanded. The fertility of resources, the concentration of mind, the power of seizing opportunities, the unflinching fidelity, — these were of inestimable value in the gigantic task set this reporter. There were, besides, certain qualities which are pretty likely to attach to successful reporters, — great good-humor, patience, self-confidence, and a recklessness of consequences which is almost fatalism. Indeed, it is within bounds to say that Stanley's high spirits carried him through. He has been charged with boasting and undue self-assertion, but we doubt if a thoroughly modest man could have crossed Africa. Something more was needed to nerve himself and to inspire courage in his followers.

The portraits prefacing the two volumes, showing Stanley before he crossed Africa, and Stanley after he crossed, tell as plainly as wood-engravings can the effect upon him of his terrible experience, — an effect heightened by making the second portrait in profile. It is a pity that we could not have had similar pictures of the Wangwana, but the change in them was one not so easily represented by pictures. The reader scarcely needs to be told by Stanley how marked a change was wrought in these fellows by the fierce ordeal through which they passed; their transformation from a disorderly crowd into a compact, obedient, and courageous following is not the least interesting feature of the narrative, and the reaction which came upon them when their journey was completed is pathetic in the extreme.

It is difficult for the reader to realize to himself the time occupied in the journey; he is furnished with dates and distances, but the stirring nature of the journey obliterates these marks, and when, for instance, he is told: "A month ago we descended the Upper Mowa Falls; it is still in sight of me, being only three miles off. Three miles in thirty days, and four persons drowned even in this short distance!" he is sharply reminded that he himself galloped over the fifty pages covering the month with feverish haste.

The exhaustion produced in the reader's mind by the succession of perils and escapes enables him to understand more clearly the half-despairing, half-ferocious feeling with which Stanley and his followers encountered the next of the long series; for, however captious people may be as to certain details, it is quite impossible to withstand the cumulative argument for honesty which Stanley's narrative contains. No one could simulate the candor which marks the work, and all the generous qualities which accompany a truthful nature are illustrated in so many various, often unconscious ways, that one cannot escape the conviction that the book is a faithful report. Either Stanley tells the truth always, or he is a consummate artist in invention, and the latter hypothesis cannot be sustained even when one brings the most incredulous mind to the task of reading the book. So we accept the whole story, including Mtesa's conversion, and especially we accept unhesitatingly Stanley's statement as to his dealings with the barbarians.

We have not undertaken to give a *résumé* of the work. It has been more to our mind to call attention to some of the personal features, for we repeat that the book has its greatest value as an exhibition of human character and endurance. It is the story of a great achievement, and a man who achieves is worth a continent of rivers, lakes, and mountains. It is all the more human since the man who in this case achieved has a secondary interest as an exponent of a class of Americans who have hardly had justice done them in literature.

— H. H.'s Bits of Travel at Home [1] is a book made up of a series of sketches, descriptive of certain parts of natural scenery in California, Colorado, and New England. Some of the papers have already appeared in the pages of this magazine and elsewhere. Whether their effect is not somewhat dimmed by publication together, while

[1] *Bits of Travel at Home.* By H. H., author of Bits of Travel, Bits of Talk about Home Matters, Bits of Talk for Young Folks, Verses by H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

at the same time a good deal of similar material is added, is a fair question. The little book is so full of raptures over all manner of wild flowers, over sunsets and mountains, and is generally so intense, to use a word that just defines it, that many readers will probably feel cloyed before they have gone half through it, and will sigh for some soberer narrative. It is well that this danger is partly met by the introduction of a brief account of New England grave-yards and snow-storms between the descriptions of the eternal sunshine of the less arid parts of the country, but even this precaution is not wholly satisfactory.

H. H.'s perfervid accounts of wonderful landscapes are perhaps chiefly wearisome by their great number. Putting landscapes down on paper is a very difficult thing to do, and to reconstruct them, with the certainty of doing it wrong, is even more difficult; but H. H.'s fluency certainly gives the reader all the material for his fancy that he can want. It is a dangerous thing to do, too, even when it is done so cleverly as it is here, for, next to the plagiarisms from guide-books, are not the raptures over the scenery what we first skip in the letters from our friends who are abroad? We are lucky to have friends on any part of the surface of the earth who can write like H. H., but even her books, which read very much like the talk or the letters of a bright woman, lack at times the qualities that make real literature.

Her accounts of the people she met are always clever and entertaining, and it is pleasant to find so bold and imperturbably cheerful a traveler setting down her experience in strange parts. By her enthusiasm over wild flowers and clouds she addresses a limited public, but this public will be sure to find great pleasure in her book, and other readers will find many detached passages of interest about regions which are not by any means well known. Even the familiar New England scenery is set in a new light by her skilled pen.

— The readers of The Atlantic will remember some papers, printed here in 1874, which related the pathetic experiences of a family of cultivated English people, who left their pleasant home in France, at the close of the German war, and went to seek their fortunes in the backwoods of Canada. These papers have been collected and republished in a volume[1] which, if not quite unique in its interest, belongs to a class of books only too rare. It is a very touching record; and though the reader is able to make his criticism that the enterprise of those whose misfortunes it narrates seems to have been heedlessly and unadvisedly undertaken, it is none the less touching on that account; he cannot help sympathizing with their sufferings and privations, and admiring their heroic courage and endurance. The transition from the pretty country house near Calais, where the officer's widow was living with her children, to a log-cabin in the depths of the Muskoka wilderness is hastily sketched, but the sketch is full of heart-breaking suggestion; and there are few things in literature more moving than the picture of that first Christmas in the "Bush." They were people who were not only willing to work hard, but cheerfully to idealize away the wretchedness of their lot; and they had generous hopes of an unselfish prosperity. But they had no money, and they had not the unfitness for better things which would have been their best qualification for success in their venture; and they are now, the reader will be glad to know, all out of the bush, though the historian of their sojourn there sends this little book into the world from a sick-room, in which she lies hopelessly broken in health by her toils and sufferings. The settlement of every new country has involved disaster like theirs; but it is curious to read, in our much telegraphed and railroaded times, of miseries within a second or forty-eight hours of us that belong to the age of the Pilgrims in New England, and of the first pioneers in the West. It may be that in the chapter called A Wedding in Muskoka the contrasts in the life of the K—— family are more poignantly suggested than elsewhere in the book, but it abounds in passages of vivid appeal to the sympathetic imagination, and not the least appealing are those in which the sadness of their fate is carried off with cheerfulness and even merriment. Where the writer, at the end of one of her chapters, has the fortitude to address a sonnet to the pines of Muskoka, it is almost too much.

We commend this book most cordially. When the elders of the family have read it, they will like to read it aloud to their children; for it is the story of misfortune met and endured in the best spirit.

— The qualities which made Miss Jewett's Deephaven so agreeable could not fail

[1] *Letters from Muskoka.* By an Emigrant Lady. London: Richard Bentley and Son. 1878.

to appear in any book which she might write for children, and Play Days[1] is characterized by the same temper of gentleness and good-breeding which gave distinction to the earlier book. We are old-fashioned enough to like good breeding, with all that the homely, significant word intends, and we like its mark in Play Days because it is so genuine and native. It is, we hasten to say, not modeled upon the type which we recognize instantly in the literature which young English masters and misses receive with apparent docility. There is not a governess in the book. There is no lad there either, — that singular being whom Chauncy Wright so well described as "a boy with a man's hand on his head." There is no slang introduced for the purpose of shocking the governess or older sister, and giving the boy who uses it the reputation of an abandoned swearer and awful example; in effect, that conventional good-breeding which is founded on class distinction, and not on Christian democracy, is refreshingly absent from Play Days. The element which we find there is conspicuous also by its contrast with the noisy, ungrammatical, and boisterous type of young America which gets recognition enough in books for young people. The suggestions are of home life and the sweet sanctity of a protected childhood. Even the pathetic and lovely story of Nancy's Doll makes the misery of poverty to be but the dark background on which to sketch one or two golden figures; and The Best China Saucer, which comes as near as any to the conventional type of moral tales, is relieved by a grotesque humor and a charity which never fails. There is a refinement in the book which is very grateful, as we have said, but it does not take the form of a disagreeable fastidiousness. The humor is always spontaneous and simple, and not above a child's enjoyment; The Shipwrecked Buttons shows this in a very charming manner, and is the cleverest story in the book, from the originality of the frame-work, in which a number of little stories are set. There is a facility of writing which possibly misleads the author, for while all the stories are written with apparent ease, the writer does not always distinguish between what is essential to the story and what is mere graceful decoration. If Miss Jewett always had a story to tell, her charm of manner would add to the agreeableness of the story; but her interest in writing sometimes leads her to forget that children want a story, and will be indifferent to many graces which please a writer. A more positive story would add greatly to the pleasure which Miss Jewett's book gives, and we trust that she will cultivate the power of invention. She needs the development of that side of a story-teller's gift to make her work singularly good; it is too good now not to be better.

— The story of Nelly's Silver Mine[2] comes as a grateful relief from the literature for the young which deals with the more barbaric side of Western frontier life. Mr. March, an asthmatic clergyman, is promised relief and final restoration in Colorado, whither he goes with his wife and twin children, a boy and a girl of about twelve years. He even takes a deacon of his church with him, an old farmer accompanied by his wife, but we can promise the reader that so clerical a foundation is not followed by any very serious superstructure. The deacon and his wife serve for a few mild jokes, and to illustrate one effect of the Colorado climate, and then return to the East. The Marches change their residence once, and the journey to the new country, with the incidents of settling and removal to a mining district, offers an opportunity to describe Colorado scenery which is well used. The book presumably gives the young reader a truthful glimpse of a new country, although without very minute detail of life. What we especially like in it, and what seems to interest the writer most, is the characterization of a few types of border life, less swaggering and riotous than usually find their way into print. The two Swedes, the old assayer, the driver "Long Billy," are sufficiently native to the scene and fresh to the ordinary reader, while the red-shirted, long-locked crowd of miners appear only in a sketchy background. There surely can be no objection to introducing children to well-bred people in Colorado, and the exceptional character of the State may well justify such pictures, yet see how near we come to an apology for the book's freedom from sensationalism! The title seems at first a misnomer: the mine indeed appears to be found by Nelly at one time, but judiciously proves nearly worthless, — a conclusion for which we tender our best thanks to the au-

[1] *Play Days.* A Book of Stories for Children. By Sarah O. Jewett, author of Deephaven. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

[2] *Nelly's Silver Mine.* A Story of Colorado Life By H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

thor, who might by a few strokes of her pen have filled the pockets of the worthy March family with silver, and so have vulgarized her story and made it a book to be shunned by all wise parents. She has done better than reward the patient little Nelly with material wealth; she has shown the expansion of a gentle character, and the reader discovers at the end that a pretty moral lies hidden in the title, — a moral which is not obtruded, but pervades the book as a delicate perfume. We heartily commend the book for its healthy spirit, its lively narrative of adventure, and its freedom from most of the faults of books for children. If it were worth while, it would be easy to show the influence upon so skilled a writer as H. H., when entering this field, of the conventionalism which almost unfailingly shows itself in books for young people.

— Ferns and their next of kin are the most highly developed of the flowerless plants. It is believed by many that in the branching lines which indicate the ancestry of plants this group immediately preceded the pines and the tropical cycads. In that period of geologic time, these allies constituted no small part of the vegetation; in fact, even now, upon many islands in the tropics, tree-ferns are a conspicuous element of the scenery. Many of the living species are doubtless the direct descendants of those whose remains are now found fossilized in the coal-measures. On account of their instructive family history, ferns have received much attention from geologists and botanists; and what we may call the recent genealogy is pretty well made out. But far more interesting than any study of these systems of arrangement, or the determination of the relationships dependent upon descent, has been, and is still, the investigation of the life history of any single fern or club-moss. The most important features respecting their mode of growth were made out early in the present century, but absolutely nothing in regard to their reproduction was discovered until 1848. And even as late as 1873 an entirely fresh contribution to the life history of ferns was made by one of our American botanists, Dr. Farlow. From every point of view, ferns and their kindred present innumerable attractions to the naturalist. In the temperate zones, our ferns are dwarfed. In the struggle for existence, they have had to contend against extremes of temperature, against occasional droughts and frequent drownings. The stem of the fern at the North is not a columnar trunk, crowned with a canopy of immense fronds; on the contrary, it is a subterranean, root-like body, hiding for its very life. During our summer, it ventures to deck itself with a few sprays of foliage, as if they were a bit of finery kept as an heirloom, a reminder of their high descent. It is no wonder that these delicate traceries of tissue have attracted many collectors who care nothing for any scientific aspect in which the fern may be viewed. The ferns in several European countries have been accurately figured and described for amateurs, but we have had no similar work in America. This deficiency is now in a fair way to be supplied. Professor Eaton, an accredited authority in fern-lore (or, as it is commonly called, pteridology), has undertaken to describe in popular language all the ferns of this country.[1] He has begun, in the numbers before us, by giving a somewhat detailed scientific diagnosis of the species under consideration. This is followed by references to the literature. Then is given, in clearest untechnical terms, a very minute description of the species and of its varieties, together with such interesting facts as may bear upon the distribution of the plant, its possible uses, and the like.

The plates are chromo-lithographs, from drawings by Mr. J. H. Emerton. The sketches are faithful, and the minute figures are exceedingly instructive. The identification of doubtful varieties of puzzling species is rendered, by these plates, comparatively simple. It is as easy for a collector of ferns to identify his, or we may say her, specimens by comparing them with Mr. Emerton's drawings as it is to match patterns at a dry-goods store. Now, we believe that, although this work will serve a good purpose in matching fern patterns, so to speak, it will, in every instance where it is used, subserve a far nobler end. No person can attentively examine, under proper guidance, even for a short time, so complex and so beautiful a natural object as a fern without being attracted to more serious studies in the same direction. The work before us will amply suffice for the needs of amateur collectors, and its high character will render it of authority to professional botanists.

[1] *Ferns of North America.* By Prof. D. C. Eaton, of Yale College. Salem, Mass.: S. E. Cassino, Naturalists' Agency.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S

LITERARY BULLETIN

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

*** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., *Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on page* 20.

The School-Boy. — In commenting on the notable public exercises of the centenary of Phillips Academy at Andover last June, the Boston *Advertiser* remarked: —

And what shall we say of that other feature of the day, — the matchless poem of Dr. Holmes? — its vivid and moving pictures of the life of other days; the lightness and grace of the movement; the vivacity that never rests nor sleeps; its leading, before one is aware, into the land where smiles and tears are never wholly parted; the magic which captivates the ear with its melody, while it takes the heart captive with its sentiment? These are but vague and hopeless indications of the nameless charm which Dr. Holmes gives to all his later poems, and has given in a striking degree to this one.

This poem, full of picture-suggesting lines, has been illustrated by well-known American artists, who have succeeded in wedding pict-

From "The School-Boy."

ures and poetry with such grace and felicity that no one could think of forbidding the banns. So "The School-Boy" is transformed, or developed, into a Holiday gift which the best of typographical, printing, and binding skill of the Riverside Press have made almost as beautiful as the poem itself. The season will be remarkably rich in tasteful gift-books, if it shall produce many equal or approximating nearly to the poetic, artistic, and mechanical beauty of this.

John Lothrop Motley. — Dr. Holmes has written a Memoir of Mr. Motley, which will be published early in December by Houghton, Osgood & Co. The great fame of the historian of the Dutch Republic is one of our choicest literary possessions, and the wise and fervid patriotism with which he represented the American Republic in Europe, during the years succeeding the Civil War, is gratefully remembered by all good citizens. In this memoir Dr. Holmes

From "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

tells the story of his life with the hearty admiration of a personal friend, with the generous justice due to a public character, and in that perfect prose of which he is master. A fine steel portrait of Mr. Motley will accompany the memoir, which cannot fail to be one of the most engaging books of this season, and to prove anew the truth of Carlyle's remark that "biography is the most universally pleasant, universally profitable, of all reading."

Perennial Holiday Books. — Many Holiday books are prepared for one season only, to catch a passing fancy and coin it into money. These are "fiat" Holiday books. The sterling kind is good for all time, current always and everywhere among those who value artistic things. There is nothing ephemeral in the sentiment or the art of *The Skeleton in Armor*, in which poet and artist express so effectively the Berserker valor of the old Vikings and the trusting tenderness of love. *The Hanging of the Crane*, with its sweet domestic themes and pictures, appeals to every one who appreciates the gracious charm and undying affections of a true home. *Snow Bound* is not merely a realistic and poetic description of an old-fashioned New England winter, but the artist's exquisite illustrations wreathe the ruggedness of the climate with enduring beauty. *Mabel Martin* preaches a touching sermon of charity in the midst of mellow harvest scenes, and both Mr. Whittier's characteristic poetry and the artist's interpreting skill make this sermon movingly and beautifully impressive for generations. *Maud Muller* is a folk-poem, known by everybody, and with its appropriate pictorial rendering sings for nearly all of us the pathetic lament for what "might have been." Whittier's *Ballads of New England* depict so strikingly scenes and incidents in New England life and tradition that one wishes both the poet and the artist might widely extend the area of their pictorial chronicle. Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, which by common consent is the best of its kind, so that whenever any one mentions the Christmas Carol it is understood that Dickens's charming story is meant, — with Eytinge's illustrations, which are so finely illustrative that Dickens himself could hardly suggest a point wherein they were less than perfect, — is easily one of the immortal Holiday books, its subject and its literary and artistic completeness rendering it peculiarly a Christmas book. Longfellow's *Building of the Ship*, *Evangeline*, *Flower-de-Luce*, and *Excelsior*; Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*, *The Rose*, and *The Courtin'*; Saxe's *Proud Miss MacBride*; Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, *Idylls of the King*, and *Enoch Arden*; Whittier's *River Path*, and the charming collections, *Child-Life* in poetry and *Child-Life in Prose*; *Treasure Trove*; Aldrich's *Baby Bell*; and many others that might be named, combine in admirable harmony the diverse and mutually complementary charms of poetry and art.

Other books in which the literary element is supreme, and to which the pictorial element adds the perfecting grace which renders them the choicest of gift-books, are numerous on the list of Houghton, Osgood & Co.: for instance, the *Illustrated Library Edition* of famous poets, including the poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Tennyson, Lowell, Meredith, and the Songs of Three Centuries. All these are printed on fine, tinted paper, with a red-line border, are tastefully bound, and contain each

From "The Story of a Cat."

more than thirty excellent illustrations, mostly full-page; and all but the last-named volume contain spirited portraits of their authors. The *Red-Line Poets* named on another page are attractive and inexpensive books for gift uses.

A Book for every Intelligent Family is "The Family Library of British Poetry," edited by Mr. James T. Fields and Mr. E. P. Whipple. It is generally conceded to be the best, and fullest, and every way the most valuable collection of British poetry ever made in a single volume. Religious papers like the *New York Observer*, *Examiner and Chronicle*, *Christian Intelligencer*, *Christian Advocate*, *Boston Congregationalist*, *Watchman*, *Christian Register*, and *Pilot* commend it heartily for families; and journals like the *New York Tribune*, *Boston Advertiser*, *Transcript*, *Journal*, and the *Eclectic Magazine* emphasize the good judgment and taste of the editors, and the great literary value of the work to all readers and students of the best literature. It is a noble gift volume, especially in morocco or tree-calf binding, — a gift fit for a king, or for your own excellent friend.

Nathan making the Snow Man. (From "The Bodleys on Wheels.")

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be published very soon in an entirely new edition, from new plates, and illustrated with upwards of 100 characteristic pictures. To the story will be appended a bibliography of the numerous editions and languages in which this world-renowned story has been issued, by Mr. George Bullen, of the British Museum. The profound human interest, as well as the literary genius, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" gives it an unfailing hold on the minds and hearts of men. This illustrated edition will lend fresh zest to this amusing, most pathetic story.

The Ghiberti Gates of the Baptistery of St. John at Florence, which Michael Angelo pronounced "worthy to be the Gates of Paradise," easily rank among the great masterpieces of art. Casts of these belong to the Art School of Yale College and to the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. From this latter, excellent heliotypes have been made (33 in number), and with descriptive letterpress by Mrs. J. A. Shedd, author of "Famous Painters and Paintings," will form a sumptuous Holiday book. A somewhat full statement regarding the origin and character of these gates is given in Mrs. Jameson's "Early Italian Painters."

From "One Summer."

The Goethe Gallery, of Kaulbach's famous paintings of the Female Characters of Goethe, will be a choice Holiday book, — a worthy companion volume to the Landseer, Toschi, Titian, Gray, Millais, Faed, Raphael, and Dresden galleries, which have proved so popular in previous years, and which are in great demand whenever choice Holiday or birthday or wedding gifts are to be made.

Four Irresistible Books for Young Folks. — "Mother Goose," with great beauty of type, music, an account of the Goose family, and — crowning attraction — eight wonderful pictures in colors, the best color-printing ever done in a book of this kind; "The Bodleys on Wheels," with seventy-seven good pictures,

excellent stories, and a cover that is a "Merry Christmas" in itself; "The Story of a Cat," a marvelous, ludicrous, grotesque story, translated from the French by Mr. Aldrich, and fitly and bountifully illustrated with silhouettes; and "Play Days," a book of simple, pretty, delightful, wholesome stories for children, by Miss Jewett, whose "Deephaven" is so pleasantly remembered by a host of readers. These four books will make a multitude of children (and older folks) happy between now and New Year's.

From "Christmastide."

"**Drift Weed**" denotes not the quality, but suggests the sea origin, of Mrs. Thaxter's new book of poems. The varied music of the sea is in her verse, and the relation of the sea to man, as his friend and his foe, his wonder and his despair, his delight and his doom, forms the web and the woof of the charming fabric her poems are.

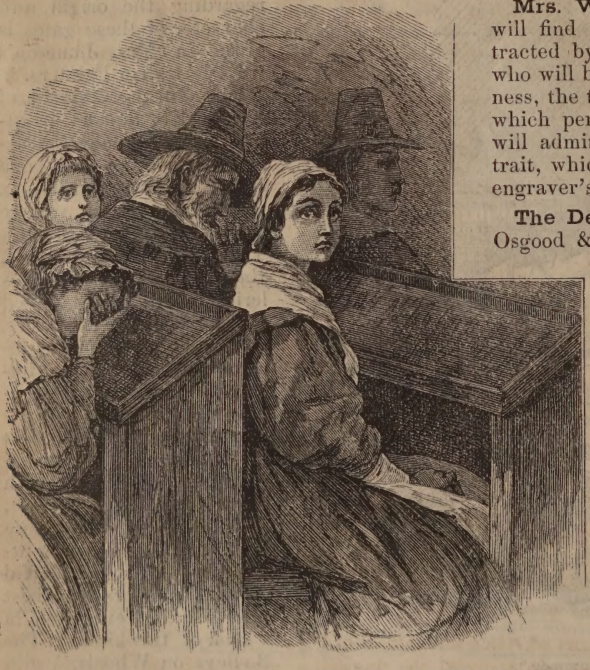
Mr. Cook's "Conscience," including the first lectures of the course for 1877–78, with the Preludes on Current Events, has just been issued. The fame of these lectures is so widespread, and the interest in them so eager, that we refrain from praising lectures whose "praise is in all the churches," and outside of them, too. The volume on "Heredity" will be published in December, and that on "Marriage" in January.

Prince Deukalion. — It is quite impossible to summarize Mr. Bayard Taylor's lyrical drama in a few lines. Perhaps it would not be misleading to say that it illustrates in a large way, and with the broad view of a philosopher and with the insight of a poet, the thought of the heir of "Locksley Hall:" —

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

It is dramatic in form, but throughout are scattered lyrics of marvelous beauty and rhythmical charm. Few poems of modern times combine profound thoughtfulness, breadth of view, and mastery of poetic forms in any degree comparable with "Prince Deukalion."

Mrs. Whitman's Poems, just published, will find not a few readers who will be attracted by the author's relations to Poe; more who will be charmed by the purity and tenderness, the thoughtfulness and deep womanliness, which pervade her writings; and everybody will admire the exquisite charm of the portrait, which is one of the masterpieces of the engraver's art.



The Virgins of the Church. (From "The Scarlet Letter.")

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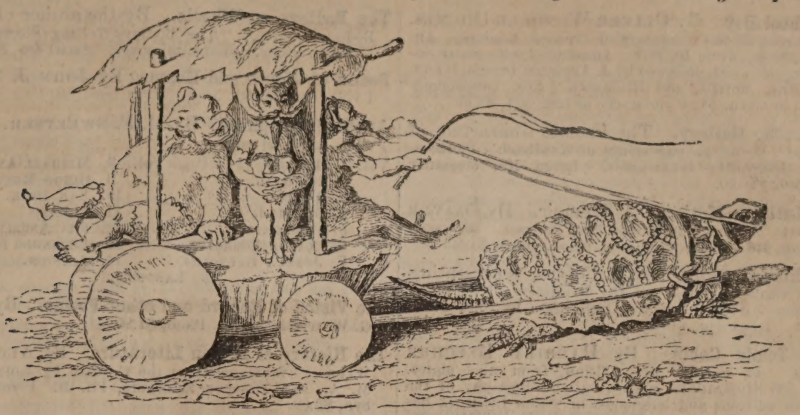

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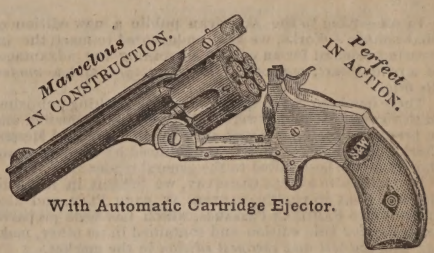

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A GRAND OFFER!

SILVERWARE FREE FOR ALL

The Old Reliable ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., whose Metropolitan Headquarters are located at **258** and **260 Broadway, New York City,** and Factory at Providence, R. I., have determined to introduce goods of their manufacture in every city and hamlet in the United States and Canadas. To do this, we will present to each lady reader of this paper a set [6] of our **COIN PLATED SILVER SPOONS,** with your last name or initials **elegantly engraved** on each Spoon, the only charge will be **75 cents** to defray expense of engraving name, packing and express charges. To avail yourself of this grand holiday offer, it will be necessary to cut out the attached Certificate No. 385, and forward it with **75 cents** on or before February 1st, 1879, to the Royal Manufacturing Co., New York.

Certificate

☞ CUT THIS CERTIFICATE OUT, ☜

No. 385.

It will not appear in this paper again.

On receipt of this Certificate, together with **seventy-five cents** in Currency, Silver or Postage Stamps we agree to **hand** engrave any last name or initials as desired on a set [6] of our **best quality Coin Plated Silver Spoons,** and prepay all shipping charges to any part of the United States or Canadas, provided this certificate is forwarded to us on or before Feb. 1st, 1879.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., 258 Broadway, N. Y.

We claim for our Silver Plated Ware that for durability and elegance of design we can not be excelled. We first heavily plate with nickle—the hardest white metal known—and then follow with a plating of pure **Coin Silver,** thus making the **most durable** plate yet discovered, and you will find by enquiry at any dealer, this quality and design of Tea Spoons will cost you about $4.00 per set, without your name engraved thereon. On each and every article of our Table Cutlery our name is stamped and we have our design copyrighted, thus preventing irresponsible and unscrupulous dealers and advertisers from palming off an article of our manufacture at high prices. On the handle of each Spoon is a crown with the word ROYAL in the band, and on the reverse side R. M. Co. is stamped. In addition to the above offer should you wish to order Knives, Forks or Table Spoons **at the same time** you order Tea Spoons we will furnish any article or all of them at the following reduced prices, and prepay all shipping charges, viz.: 6 Solid Steel Knives, blade and handle one solid piece, best steel covered with a heavy plating of Nickle and Silver, $1.75; 6 Forks, 95 cents; 6 Table Spoons, $1.20; total for Knives, Forks, Tea and Table Spoons, $4.65. The Table Spoons and Forks are of the same design and of the same quality as the Tea Spoons, and will be engraved without extra cost, the Knives being of steel will not be engraved.

☞ Remember we do not **stamp** your name, but have **experienced workmen engrave** your last name in full or initials as desired. We will not furnish any of the above goods at prices named unless accompanied by the above Certificate, as we only wish to send out a limited quantity as an advertisement, well knowing in any family we place our Table Ware it will be a standing advertisement for the sale of our other goods, a catalogue of which is mailed with each shipment.

As to our reliability we quote the following from our New York papers, and refer you to any responsible house in this city.

"The Royal Manufacturing Co., 258 and 260 Broadway, is one of the most reliable, enterprising and responsible houses of this city."—Editorial American Farmer, N. Y., April 1878.

"The Royal Manufacturing Co. of this city have sustained a well earned reputation for reliability by sending out goods guaranteed to be exactly as represented, and by this means purchasers get only the best goods at more reasonable figures than large dealers pay by wholesale."—Editorial Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 13, 1878.

"A representative of our paper was shown through the establishment of the Royal Manufacturing Co., 258 and 260 Broadway, and was surprised at the handsome character of the goods sent at such extraordinary low prices."—The Independent, N. Y., June 20, 1878.

☞ In ordering give us full instructions how you wish your name engraved, and write your name plain and in full. If an express office is not in your town, we will send by mail. Postage stamps will be received at their face value. All letters ordering Silverware must be addressed to the

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., 258 Broadway, New York.

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